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The Socialization of Art.

THROUGH the attainment in the present age of a large art consciousness it is no longer possible to justify the phrase "Art for art's sake." The proposition "Art for truth's sake" is equally void, since it represents but a partial inclusion of the modern consciousness. Nothing less than "Art for life's sake" will satisfy the requirements of democracy. But if art is now to be subdued to human uses it must give up that independence it has enjoyed through centuries of privilege and assume the pains and responsibilities of the social order. The socialization of art involves, in short, two processes: a reduction of specialization and an increase in the general sense for unity.

It occurs to me that in the history of "Exposition" building in this country we have an apt illustration of the growth of a social consciousness in respect to art forms. Our three Expositions represent so many phases of the evolution of a true art spirit. The directors of the Centennial Exposition took for their motto, "Art for Truth's Sake." That exposition was an exhibition only. Instruction was the guiding motive. It was a show primarily of the world's products. Little was given to beauty for itself and the feeling of unity was altogether lacking. The architecture was neither beautiful in itself nor did it subserve function.

The World's Fair at Chicago was primarily a spectacle, the exhibition idea being held somewhat in abeyance. "Art for art's sake" would very nearly describe the effect of the array of structures. What was wanting was the principle of function and the conception of a true unity. The fundamental error and the first violation of function was the choice of the classic style for the architecture. The phrase "The World's Fair," conveys to the mind the idea of a holiday. An excursion to a World's Exposition represents a lyric moment thrust in between the incidents of business and worldly cares. The time is a play-spell—one is in the

holiday mood, not seeking to be edified alone, or alone to be moved by a spectacle of beauty, but to be free and festive even. Grecian architecture. perfect for Grecian uses, is almost meaningless when set down on a level plain by an inland western lake—altogether meaningless when forming an arena for a democratic people on holiday. Between the rigid and severe simplicity of the classic styles and the essential sentiment of a "fair" there is no possible reconciliation. "The White City" made a beautiful "show." And as a "show" it was enjoyed and approved. But it stopped far short of unity since it was not built with primary reference to the people. Instead it was built timidly and negatively, in actual fear and distrust of the people. The fair would have been beautiful the same—if there had been no one to behold it. It derived nothing of its meaning from the people who were present; the people saw nothing of themselves reflected in the fair.

The third of our great expositions, the Pan-American at Buffalo, showed a striking advance upon all previous conceptions and approximated a perfect socialism. Its primary purpose was sociological—the purpose, that is, of creating a festal scene appropriate to a people on holiday. Based on this elementary fact of function the exposition carried out the same principle throughout its entire structural scheme.

To indicate the nature of the particular enterprise a Spanish Renaissance style was adopted for the architecture—a style that lends itself admirably to festivity and admits a lavish use of color and ornamentation. Architecturally the exposition converged toward the Electric Tower, which, with its suggestion of Niagara, was naturally the focus of all paths.

The principle of socialization was perhaps most apparent in the coloring. For the coloring was not independent but, so to speak, sociological. The color scheme, extending from south to north, typified the advance of civilization from barbarism to culture, the primary colors at the beginning denoting the barbaric stages, as the milder tints of the central buildings pointed to the intellectualization of mankind.

There were two exception to this order. The electric fountain, having come to the dignity of a "fine art" (that is, an independent art), could not be socialized and was therefore banished to an island by itself. The other exception was strangely the government building of the "United" States. For some reason the government would not be socialized and hence this building stood as an excellent illustration of the fact that our present governmental forms pertain to a condition of society the people themselves have outgrown. One is reminded of Emerson's saying: "The good man must not obey the laws too well."

The sculpture, of which there were some five hundred pieces,

also formed an integral part of the plan. The sculpture, like the color, told the story of civilization. There were three series, each conveying a distinct historic progression: the story of Man, the story of Nature, and the story of Industry. Besides these main histories the groups at the Tower revealed the history of the subjugation of Niagara, which is indeed almost the most splendid story of human achievement. Each building had its own appropriate symbols in addition to those which served the general scheme.

Altogether the exposition disclosed in the clearest possible way the manner in which an individual may live his own life and yet maintain a place in a general harmony.. In fact this was to me the chief lesson to be learned from the "Rainbow City." The entire spectacle, moreover, took meaning from the people and the people recognized at every turn their own history.

Oscar Lovell Triggs.

PHILOSOPHICAL CONVERSATION

Between Quip Ego and John Sanity.

I HEAR you have a new philosophy, Friend John. Is it a monistic or a dualistic philosophy; an objective or a subjective; a materialistic or spiritual, tell me, I pray you, for I am a man of itching ears?

J. It is like thee, John; if it be a true philosophy; and therefore it is all of these.

Q. I want to know! Good heavens! like me and yet like all of these! What a mixture! and what will be the name of your encyclopedic philosophy?

J. My own name. I hope the world will give it that. If it be less, or in excess, of sanity it will pass doubtless, with all men's other thinkings, into one of the rivulets that shall ultimately gather unnamed philosophies into the common stream of truth; but it shall be there.

Q. Really, now, an ignorant, a wholly unread and unschooled man, as you have confessed yourself to be, should not presume to philosophise for others. Should you?

J. Verily, Quip, this happens to be my little qualification. Nature endowed me for thinking on these matters, and fortunately it was no one's business to unfit me by schooling me into conventional errors; and so, in my life's autumn I do look out upon the world as free from any scholastic affiliations as any man from Mars. I have thus a better chance of getting a glimpse at human life than those who wear the spectacles of the schools. And where ignorance is thus, 'tis folly to be wise.

Q. But, Friend John, this is the very nose tip of egoism, that you should undertake, out of your isolation and ignorance, the work of bettering the philosophy of the whole world. Be wise and silent.

J. The work of better expressing the philosophy of the world only, Friend Quip. Expression is the part of philosophy that falls to you and me, because it is the objective part and is experimental always. The life it stands for is subjective, general and unconscious, and every man, whether he tries or not, is working at this philosophy of expression.

Q. Ah, there she goes, your cat has left her bag. You are, I perceive, a subjective philosopher. Are you not also dualistic? I fear me greatly there is no room for you in this overtrodden field. Joe Smith (Poor Joe!), the last of the revelators left no prophet heirs behind him; neither look we for a philosophic Mes-

siah to the tribe of gypsies any more; the colleges and schools are good enough for us.

J. The world's salvation from the natural freaks of egoism is thus made hopeful by thy lack of confidence in the unlicked cubbery of the crowd. If thou wert true to the claims of individualism, thou wouldst always be looking for Joe Smith. I take my hat off to him, for what his mission whispered, that mankind needs new revelations of truth, or new statements of its old truths; and because he perceived the immediate necessity which is laid upon a true religion to reconstruct society. The next truth to ours which is that religion has no other expression but the social.

Q. Oh, "to ours" you say. So you are not altogether an original thinker, there is a company of you it seems.

J. If I felt that I were indeed alone in my thoughts, that is original, I would write no more of them, but burn what I had written. There is no solitary thought; the brains of men are but the veins of God, and God is the heart of the human family. But you have asked a question, and I have only been following a verbal incident of that question. You ask, do I, or challenge me to the denial, that I do, merely belong to the subjective and dualistic bag of cats so well known already as to need no further expression.

Q. I asked you that.

J. And I will not answer thee because I am not the proper person to do it. And because, being averse to attaching final labels to any thoughts, I care not for giving such finality to my own.

Q. Well, well, but let us get at you. What is your line, your synthesis, your norm say about society? Since you have told me, in former conversations, that you believe the so-called personal life, as expressed by terms describing "private character" is but a fetish with which people have been amusing, flattering or deceiving one another since Eve first blushed.

J. As you know, I fully accept the modern message of Socialism to the working classes as one of war on capitalism. The reality and tremendous import of the class struggle as developed by commercialism and the economic weapons of modern machinery to me is a dreadful necessity; but alas! truly and manfully, it is the urgency of the hour. Outside of that I am a freethinker, perhaps an involutionist as to the Socialist philosophy.

Q. This is a strange thing. I hope you do not differ from Marx! I hope you do not set yourself up against any of the fathers of Socialism.

J. Nay, sir. This is most unbecoming in you. Am I to understand that you censure me for being a free thinker in Socialism. You, whose glory has been free thought and whose indict-

ment of Socialism hitherto has been that it gives no play to the free ego. Are you free no more?

Q. I am free to see that Socialism will have to choose its philosophy and purge itself of freaks.

J. And that I grant you; but Socialism is not here yet. The Socialistic experience must precede that choice. No man can give us the philosophy of the unexperienced. So any Socialist may now throw off the swaddling clothes of earlier formula if he can clothe himself in a better, or desires to try, and so let the comradeship choose and think together.

Q. Well, let us have your "try." As I have already asked you, what is your norm?

J. I suppose you mean by that the central thought of my social philosophy. (I can see you nod assent.) Well, then, the center of my philosophy is a force, a real all human pervading force, under the dominion of which I am this moment, and I write these lines by its constraint. It is not a something of which I write alone, but it is the social central energy that ever has been operating among men, the law of social gravity, which blindly bids me write and so I blindly scribble on. Later on, a great number of the comrades thus writing, thinking, doing, and rebelling, will meet at one point and we shall have found our philosophy; therefore, you will understand that I do not offer you a whole philosophy, but my line.

Q. As I have said before, it promises to be an encyclopedia if this be but a line.

J. My friend, only some of it will stick, the rest will fall away. Much reading and a manifold experience will fit into a five-foot body as easily as a little. The product is not an increase of volume, but a net flavor, neither better nor worse, a greater tendency here or there. The world adds to you, you gather in of yourself; but not as unto a storehouse; you are as a jewel set in society and are by every new access of light newly related to other jewels, perhaps the figure may be further helpful by adding, and your hue may be changed.

Q. Good, good, but let us have a little more of your social philosophy. You have started with an actual force engaged in making societies. What would you call that force? Is it God?

J. No. I would not call it God, for I think it is as blind as gravitation. But what I may think of it, or call it, is not that power. You and I are in its hands. Its first law is coercion; slavery has therefore been its primary ordinance, and through slavery mankind has been bound and ground into preparedness for the next stage of evolution—the society of co-operation; and

thence to the next of fellowship. And then to that when we all shall be unconsciously one.

Q. Why, then, you look upon slavery as a good thing?

J. There is no other thing. Ruder ages maintained the race by it, and maintained authority by exhibiting its chains and whips. That was their art of government. More refined ages with no less coercion in their constitutions concealed the slavery. That was their art. And it is our art of governing a democracy to-day. We were under the necessity of slavery always and always will be for the private person. We have been gradually getting ashamed of this dishonorable compulsion to the service of single persons and are learning to adapt ourselves to service under more agreeable names; but to dispense with the essential bond itself; that is with slavery or its modifications, co-operation or fellowship; to establish the individual for life and yet be slaves is a dream of the opium eater. A man cannot be free. But the bitter part of this necessary bondage has passed away. The agony, chains and sweat necessary to keep the race together for its great altogether destiny are no longer here. The mechanical economic development of modern times now calls for the co-operative stage.

Q. You have left but little to make garlands for the heroes of liberation as they arose in history.

J. There has been no room for heroes on that line, and no space for liberty until the dawn of the mechanic economic age.

Q. And the intellect of the ages, had it no power at all to break the chains.

J. The intellect of the ages has been but an instrument of record and not too faithful either, it was powerless to initiate anything. The intellect of the ages is only now growing racial; it never rose above its surroundings and is but slowly rising towards them now. It is to the affectional and emotional life of man that we owe our preservation. While intellect slumbered love kept watch and ward. It seems a shame to the cold intellect of to-day that the early Christians were taught to be passive as to slavery and yet it would have been a crime to have taught them to resist it.

Q. Would you still disparage the work of the intellect as a practical force in sociology?

J. When I look around me and find so few Socialists, when I see the trained intellect of the world, like asses toiling in the harnesses of selfish, stupid and wicked capitalistic economics, I am not disposed to look for all my guidance from the academic rostrums. When I know what an intellect was that of Mill and yet how frightfully blind he was I am inclined to look more to the emotional and effectual life of the world for Socialist progress.

Q. Where does the spiritual life come in in your philosophy?

J. The integrating and reintegrating process is spiritual. The disintegrating, or egoistic process is unspiritual. Socialism therefore is the spiritual life, while individualism is the objective anarchy.

Q. But this is in direct contradiction of our experience; during all the years of Socialist propaganda, the rank and file of the Socialist movement have been bitterly opposed to religion.

J. Not any more opposed to it than the spiritual life was opposed to it. The spiritual life always meant the same process of self-denying. The religions of the world have clustered around that law without yielding to it and the free thinkers, the anti-religionists who have rallied to Socialism, are but the spiritual element of the race rallying around that truth.

Q. But these men resent religion for its mental despotics and come to Socialism for its individual enlargements, for liberty, freedom, equality, fraternity.

J. The two first will not be needed when the latter two are ours. The Socialist who talks of selfishness being his sole motive, is but uttering the back wash of an old thought wave which has passed away a century ago.

Q. If slavery be as you say, unavoidable in one form or another, why do you encourage the working classes to resist wage slavery?

J. Because I see the time has come for a change of masters to the individual man, and for the motive of his coercion. He now may serve society directly instead of serving it through slave-owners and by securing order and simplicity relieve himself of much of the physical pressure on his life. Machinery calls to this relaxation.

Q. And how came you to see this to be the propitious time? Was it with your affections and emotions you judged the economic hour to be now?

J. Hitherto we have trusted all to the wise thinkers and were misled. The machines are here now and blessed be the mind that knows their message to man. I am only a little one, the great ones have not seen it yet. It is not a scholarly nor a scientific movement; it is the people seeing.

Q. This is a true confession, more so than I dared to expect from you concerning your philosophy, who are the author of it. That it is neither scholarly nor scientific is most true, but not so is Socialism.

J. If you are aggrieved that I deny the scholarly and scientific character to Socialism with which its best and least judicious friends have so long barred it from the people, I pray you re-

member that I use these words in the sense of bookishness for the one and of finality of formula for the other.

Q. Oh, good sir, I see you are not quite incorrigible. You will allow science into your philosophy of Socialism as long as it is not binding.

J. I conceive that the philosophy of Socialism will be one of experience rather than law, the tendency to formulas, that is to make a written science (for human conduct), has always characterized the smaller, meaner and more fearful types of men. Individualism scared each of its miserable little personalities to cut themselves up into sections and scientise themselves all over. Its psychologies of the self conscious, its palmistries and phrenologies and what nots were all a timid leaning against its own self-made laws which it fondly dignified as science. For these the great race man, once moving, will have no more need. As a whole, he will be a law, a science, to himself; he will be a true democracy resting on social economic mechanics, a material unit having no knowledge of the private soul?

Q. So you will have no word at all in your philosophy for the conduct and beautifying of the private soul?

J. Hardly a word, sir, save one, of advice to depersonalize itself speedily in will, habit and desire out of its phantom personality, and to get into the truer, larger personality of society. To close in, to step together, to live together; this will be ego's science when religion, civilization and philosophy are uttered in one word, "organization."

Q. There is no provision at all then in this dream of yours for the maintenance of the personal life and therefore none for the development of a sense of moral responsibility and of that which is good in a man, and the suppression of that which is evil.

J. If the private personal inwardness of a man ever had given any other evidence of its reality besides that of accumulating property, the race would have known him for his better self ages ago, and no true philosophy would presume to deal with him as a fiction; but he has not put in any satisfactory appearance to that effect in history, and as a collector of property, Socialism renders him defunct.

Q. What! Do you mean that you would dare to ignore altogether the private life!

J. No. I would look about to see how much there is of it and bring it into the man of the State and world. Friend Q., let me tell you a new set of affections, a broad, an infinitely true and lovely life will be commenced, is commenced now in fact, by the Socialist propaganda. Fear and want being driven out of the world, our joys shall be as stable as the earth,

and the individual being no longer a detached dust atom, will know the greatness of being one in all.

Q. Although you do not make yourself entirely plain to me, good comrade, I gather this: that you regard organization as the greatest good.

J. Our thoughts must remain somewhat distant from and obscure to each other, Quip, and be theories only until they meet in a genial condition. When a genial common condition is consciously experienced by both, all such thoughts and theories as fit that condition will be understood and cordially received; you have not yet sensed yourself as being more in the social organization than you are in your personal organization.

Q. Most assuredly, Master John, I do not sense any such nonsense; and if your theories require my consciousness to enter into that state, and to perceive from that point of view, the social phenomena around me, I fear Quip Ego and you will never reach together that genial condition where we shall have common thought and no more theories but all swallowed up in the science of friendship.

J. Prophecy not against yourself, old neighbor, we see many changes in ourselves since we were boys; changes which as solo thinkers we never foresaw. We think in nations now, Quip; as single persons we hardly think at all. Thinking and thoughts are already collective, and material properties will all soon join the trust.

Q. I deny most strenuously; I do my own thinking, I do it alone. I am always myself. I am an original man, free, initiative; with character and property all inalienably my own.

J. Thou are wrong, Friend Quip. No hermit of the ages ever thought, save with his brain in the lap of the human family and with his eye fixed upon the human face. There is no other but collective thought; thou hast none of the things enumerated, in the sense and isolation claimed.

Q. I know, I know. They discussed that in our club. But what is all your thought of collectivity and organization worth, if it has no potential expression in world facts? Get it from under your hat, John, and let us see it move about.

J. Why, it is moving in all the great factors of the human world; they all are its expressions. There is nothing in our lives of use or destiny but proceeds from the will of it, the habit, the necessity, the delight or the science of it. Organization, sources all value; it is the means and the end of human life, it includes everything; it is itself all.

Q. So, so. Where is it, my economic mystic, where is it? I am Thomas. Let me thrust my hand into the side of it. I have had enough of thoughts now, give me things.

J. I will put it into thy hand, Friend Quip, and thou shalt take it home with thee. Here (giving him something), it is the sacrament of society.

Q. Why, this is a piece of money.

J. That is the measure of the world's organization, or, if you prefer the phrase, it is a value measure. Some think it is the concrete of labor power only; but it is the crystallization of social intercourse. The gospel of the world is written on its face.

Q. Ah, I see. "In God we trust."

J. Nay, turn the other side. From pluribus to unum is the history and the highway of redemption.

Peter E. Burrowes.

A Congress of 140,000 Socialist Peasants.

THE crowning event of the last two years of proletarian agitation in Italy was the full indorsement which Socialism received at the first national congress of the peasantry, held in Bologna on November 24th and 25th. Delegates had been sent by 704 leagues representing 144,178 Italian peasants. All kinds of tillers of the soil were represented by accredited delegates; small proprietors, small farmers, share farmers, farmhands, field laborers by choice and from necessity, day laborers: All those who had so long suffered in silence under the yoke of the great and small bosses and priests, who on hearing the message of the Socialists had straightened themselves up, looked into each others' faces, understood one another and joined hands from one end of Italy to the other.

North Italy has now 65,178 organized peasants; Central Italy, 70,372, and South Italy, 7,728. The great majority of the reports on the state of organization on the contests waged, the strikes, the victories, etc., were written by peasants in clear and simple language. Even the peasant women had reported on the energetic fight carried on by their organizations, especially against the priests, who are their fiercest enemies.

The salient feature of this congress was its plain, enthusiastic and magnificent support of the Socialist aim, the socialization of land.

The speakers differed on the question as to who should be admitted to membership in the national federation of farm workers. It was argued that the small proprietors, the farm owners and the share farmers could not be excluded when their interests were identical with those of the wage earners, when they do not only work on their own land, but are also compelled to become day laborers in order to add a few days' wages to their meager and insufficient annual income. They are, as Turati stated, in the same position as the industrial laborer who has deposited a very small sum in a savings bank.

Their admission was agreed upon. But when the matter of the co-operatives, of the small proprietors and farmers was broached, who differentiate their interests from those of the bourgeois conservatives, it was proposed that only those co-operatives should be admitted to the federation or a side branch of it that "show a leaning toward the ultimate socialization of land."

This was a plain indorsement of socialism. A small number of Republicans declared loyally that they could not vote for this

proposition (they are in fact the representatives of the small anti-socialist bourgeoisie in spite of their revolutionary pretensions), but the congress voted almost unanimously in favor of it, with hands uplifted, waving of hats, and the cry from all lips: "Hurrah for Socialism!"

This vote signifies, as Enrico Ferri said, that the overwhelming majority of organized peasants are Socialists. And it cannot be otherwise, as the movement of the Italian country people is the expression of the class struggle and the fruit of purely Socialist propaganda. The outcome must naturally be the acceptance of collectivist aspirations.

After that, the formation of a central bureau of statistics was discussed with a view to meeting the drawbacks of competition between laborers and of lack of employment in the country districts. This bureau will regulate the labor market and the migration of laborers between the different regions of Italy. It will also see to it that no strike is declared without authorization. Another important question was also approached: Whether the peasants' leagues should support the labor exchanges that organize at present the industrial laborers.

As these labor exchanges have still a somewhat uncertain character and are rather timid on account of the influence of the indifferent, the Republicans or the anarchists, the congress emphasized the solidarity of all workingmen and the superiority of the organizations that are socialistic in sentiment, and expressed the hope that the labor exchanges will adopt the same spirit. It was left to the leagues to judge of the advisability of adhering to the labor exchanges according to local conditions.

It was decided to agitate for agricultural arbiters, for the extension of the laws on accidents of agricultural laborers, and for laws to protect female and child labor, to reduce the price of salt, and to reclaim uncultivated land.

A general council of the federation, with its seat in Bologna, was formed of five peasants, one peasant woman, and five organizers, all of them Socialists.

The congress closed after two days of hard work with a very fine address by Turati. It was a paean on the agricultural proletariat that steps into historical prominence and hopes the advent of the peasants into the life of the Socialist party will re-animate and strengthen Socialism that threatened to choke in the city environment.

Alessandro Schiavi.

(Translated by E. Untermann.)

Rome, November, 1901.

The Vote on Implement of Progress.

I PICKED up a book the other day on Edward Carpenter, by Ernest Crosby, and came upon this sentence:

"To do justice to another we must attempt to catch something of his spirit, and it is in his poems, contained in 'Towards Democracy,' that Carpenter's spirit and character show themselves clearly. The name of the book is the worst thing about it. To feel its significance we must go back to the France of the eighteenth century, when democracy was still a dream and when the name had not been debased by association with discouraging experiments and narrow parties. We must conclude from Carpenter's use of the term "democracy" that its original polish has not worn off as completely in England as it has in America. He certainly had not in mind its etymological derivation, as implying the rule of the people in any sense by majority votes, representative institutions or the initiative and referendum. I can only ascribe his infelicitous choice of a title to the common weakness shown by distinguished writers in naming their literary offspring." These remarks brought home forcibly the fact that there is a growing sentiment in America against the institution of voting, not only among the retrograde portions of the community who wish to limit the suffrage for their own personal ends, but among large portions of the community who regard themselves as progressive, and desire the reform of social and political institutions. I speak of the individualists or philosophical anarchists or whatever they may choose to call themselves,—whose ranks seem to be enlarging very rapidly. With their ideals I have no special quarrel. They are, for the most part, lofty and noble, but the methods by which they would attain them and preserve them appear to lack practical efficacy. Their hearts may be all right, but their heads seem to get lost in clouds of illogicality. A cardinal doctrine with them is that it is against the freedom of any man to submit to the rule of a majority vote. Their desire for the freedom of the minority is so strong that it finally leads them from the coercion of the minority by the majority to the opposite evil, the coercion of the majority by the minority. But if you point this out, their reply will be, that leadership should be voluntary, and the followers of the leader should be voluntary followers, and only people who agree should gather together in communities. Practically speaking, not enough people could be found to agree so absolutely as to found such communities, and if they could be found to agree at the start, differences of opinion as to the carrying on of the general affairs of the

community would be sure to arise and the question again comes up how is the policy to be settled? The logical individualist will say, the minority must secede, and form another group, the illogical one will admit that in such cases there must be a resort to a vote.

It will be seen very plainly that if the plan of the logical individualist were followed, it could end in nothing but the gradual disintegration of all human society, for differentiation is a necessary law of development, and that society in which all were so perfectly agreed that no difference of opinion could arise, and no need of bearance or forbearance be possible would inevitably fall into a static and finally into a decaying state; therefore, groups or communities would have no power of self-preservation. When the illogical individualist admits the need of a vote to settle any matter whatever, he admits the weakness of his own position, though that he is naturally not willing to admit, and with fresh courage will re-state his conviction that coercion by means of a majority vote is as bad as slavery.

That there is reason in his feeling against coercion must be admitted, but on the other hand this feeling is one of the most powerful forces at work in the bringing about of progress. It is this which sets humanity working for its freedom. It inspires new ideals, and gives men the courage to express them and the strength to bring mankind up to their standpoint until the coerced minority becomes the coercing majority. When it reaches this point a new minority will be in place to take the world on. The one sole method by which the benefit to society of constantly moving majorities and minorities can be preserved is in the exercise of the vote; and the more universally it is given the better, for with the spread of this power of voting, society grows more and more strenuous in its efforts for the education of its members, and for the best methods by which this education may be secured. The danger in ignorant and unscrupulous voting has been recognized and some would rectify this by greatly limiting suffrage, others by doing away with voting and substituting the rule of the voluntarily appointed best—an absurdity well illustrated by Shakespeare in Bottom the Weaver, who thought himself the best fitted to play every part from Thisbe to the Lion. To tamper with or destroy the suffrage will not take things forwards but backwards, for force of arms will assuredly be the outcome sooner or later, and a worse form of coercion than that implied in the rule of the majority. The only safety is in the education of the voter to the point where he will be capable of convictions and of voting for them. When voting is brought up to that standard, every step in progress taken through a majority vote will be a solid one, and the laws of a whole people will be in the way to be based upon

such broad foundations, and to become so full of wisdom that no individual will be coerced more than he is willing to be for the happiness of the whole number, including himself.

There is nothing better for the individual than to alternate between being of the rulers and of the ruled. If he be always of the rulers, his self-satisfaction will lead inevitably to his degeneration; if always of the ruled, his despair will kill him, but if he know that by working for his ideals he may attain them, hope glorifies his life, and if he know that when attained they may at any time be overturned by another majority, he will be strenuous in the practice of them.

I believe, therefore, in the vote as the wisest implement man has ever devised as an aid to his own perfecting; and I believe neither the word democracy nor the theory of democracy to be tarnished any more than I believe the Divine is tarnished because his name has been taken in vain, nor love, because human beings have dragged it in the mire. The failure of the experiment is not due to the weakness of the ideal, but to the failure of humanity to bring themselves up to it, and in this very failure, is proof of the exaltation of the ideal and the need of fresh striving to realize it.

Helen Archibald Clarke.
Editor "Poet Lore."

Bo[illegible] April 10, '01.

The Co-operative Movement in Belgium.

(Conclusion.)

LET us shift the scene again and watch the working, not of a great Socialist co-operative in a luxurious city like Brussels, nor of one in a manufacturing city like Ghent, but of one situated in the midst of the Walloon country, surrounded by villages half industrial and half agricultural. The example chosen is the co-operative called the "PROGRESS" in Jolimont, a village situated between La Louviere and Haine St. Pierre.

On the 25th of October, 1900, the co-operators of the PROGRESS of Jolimont recorded the 15th anniversary of their first baking of bread.

This industrial region is quite devoted to the co-operative and to Socialism. The Progress, as regards amount of business, takes the third rank among co-operatives, and its members may be proud of the results obtained through their persevering efforts.

Jolimont is also the place where the first Maison du Peuple was built. In 1872 the members of the International acquired a building. This subsequently served for the location of the Progress, which was founded there, and which ever since has been the landmark for the great and solid organization of the workingmen of the central provinces.

To-day the Progress makes itself felt throughout the country. The proletarians of all the neighboring towns are served by this powerful society. The spacious buildings which it has erected under the name of Maison du Peuple at Morlanwelz, Houdeng, Ecaussines and La Louviere, remain its property. In them the workingmen meet in times of conflict or of festival. Its moral force has been considerable, and the workingmen are well aware to whom they are indebted for their strong organization.

After the bakery, a brewery, drug stores and meat markets were established simultaneously. At present, new branches are being organized. To the enterprises now well established will be added stores for dry goods, groceries, furnishing goods, etc. The final aim pursued by the managers is to be in a position to furnish their members everything that they require for the satisfaction of their needs.

The following table shows the condition of the society on June 30, 1900, as given in its balance sheet:

Assets.

Cash on hand (francs)	20,535.60
Real estate, fixtures and machinery	673,933.19

General merchandise in salesrooms	24,615.61
Merchandise in the bakery	3,594.33
Stock of drugs (three stores)	13,200.00
Stock of meats	43.00
Stock of wines (in storage and four restaurants)	4,007.41
Stock of goods at brewery	18,553.10
Wines and oleomargarine at central store	391.45
Accounts receivable	15,600.52
Advanced to consumers' relief fund	15,548.19
Shares in Socialist newspapers	42,750.00
Advanced to employes' relief fund	432.00
Advanced to employes' insurance fund	576.00
Advanced to industrial establishments	5,854.64
Total, in francs	848,825.59

Liabilities.

Reserve fund	60,000.00
Membership fees at 2 francs	26,497.50
Bonds of 100 francs each	288,790.00
Accounts payable	103,065.84
Sinking fund	284,536.86
Net profit	85,935.39
	848,825.59

The Progress numbered on June 30th 14,087 members, an increase of 621 since the first of January. The expenditure for the relief of members disabled by sickness or accidents was 45,415.20 francs.

We can not but admire the efforts which must have been made to arrive at such results. It should also be noted that the Progress co-operative of Jolimont has assisted the development of mutual benefit societies and that it has made great sacrifices of money for Socialist propaganda in all its forms. It gives to the Socialist party its best men, the most devoted propagandists, all the more effective workers because their independence is assured by the employment afforded them by the Socialist co-operative.

To conclude this review of the results obtained by the co-operation of consumption, let us cite a few examples of small co-operatives located in manufacturing or farming towns.

First take the co-operative of the united laborers of La Basse-Sambre, at Anvelais. Eighteen months ago this society had 489 members; it now has 836. In December, 1898, it baked each week 7,253 loaves of bread each weighing 2 kilogrammes (4.4

pounds). To-day, this figures has risen to 13,477 loaves of the same size. The profits have been as follows:

	Francs.
1898, second half-year	4,904.33
1899, first half-year	4,217.60
1899, second half-year	9,106.77
1900, first half-year	11,137.58

Take another small co-operative located at Gesves, a little town in the province of Namur, the United Workingmen. Founded only five years ago, this society is making marked progress, as the following figures show: (Amounts are given in francs.)

Year.	Sales.	Total profits.	Rebates to members.
1896	27,705.75	596.41	.....
1897	54,196.71	4,027.04	2,944.50
1898	69,776.24	5,486.55	4,068.33
1899	73,696.94	5,607.61	4,169.41
1900	76,396.82	6,688.41	5,002.51
	301,772.46	22,406.02	16,184.75

We might offer a hundred more examples in support of our position, but we content ourselves with these facts which go to show that the co-operative, large or small, whether situated in a large city or in a manufacturing or farming town, invariably prospers if well managed.

There was still need, however, of an organism capable of rendering great services to the isolated co-operative societies, that is to say, a federation of these societies for the purchase of food products at wholesale.

This gap has lately been filled. A few days before this article was written, the Moniteur published the regulations of the Federation of the Belgian Socialist Co-operatives.

The minimum capital of the federation is fixed at 25,000 francs. This capital is subscribed by the principal co-operatives of the Socialist party, in proportion to the number of their members. The object of the Federation is purchasing at wholesale, to sell again to the societies, which will thus profit by the advantages of purchasing in large lots at bottom prices, thus avoiding the profits exacted by agents or wholesale dealers.

Later on, the Federation will be able to manufacture for itself the goods required by its federated customers, just as has been done so well and so profitably by the English and Scotch federations, without speaking of the federations of Germany, Switzerland, Holland, etc.

Already, before its legal incorporation, the Belgian Federa-

tion had commenced operations and had sold various lots of merchandise. During the first months its sales were only three to four thousand francs. By this time the sales have increased to 25,000 francs a month, without including the goods for which the Federation served as a mere intermediary between the producers and co-operatives.

As regards associations for the benefit of the agricultural population, and the total results accomplished by these, nothing is at hand but an abstract made by the minister of agriculture. The last of these statistical reports is brought down only to Dec. 31, 1898. Here are a few figures taken from this official publication:

Farmers' Trade Unions. It is well known that the law of March 31, 1898, granting civil rights to trade unions, was adopted with a special purpose of favoring agricultural leagues. On Dec. 31, 1898, three farmers' unions had been chartered; by July 1, 1901, this figure had increased to 53.

There exist moreover 152 farmers' alliances with 25,746 members, an average of about 162 each. The receipts in 1898 amounted to 369,352 francs and the expenditures to 248,484 francs.

The agricultural Leagues are 607 in number, with 49,284 members, receipts of 62,230 and expenditures of 61,537 francs.

Apicultural societies to the number of 237 include 9,326 members, with annual receipts of 25,162 francs and expenditures of 21,988 francs.

There are horticultural societies to the number of 130, with 17,705 members.

There are poultry associations to the number of 29, with 2,107 members. They expended 27, 027 francs in 1898.

Last, there were 187 societies for improving the grade of cattle. These included 5,694 members, owning 14,792 registered animals. Their receipts, including subsidies, were 66,292 francs and their expenditures 66,962 francs.

Of societies for the purchase of seed, fertilizers, etc., there were 602 in 1898, mostly organized under the co-operative form, with 48,747 members. In 1897, their transactions amounted to 8,427,328 francs, averaging 178 francs per member. In 1898 the amount of their purchases footed up 11,730,764 francs, averaging 240.65 francs per member.

Co-operative Creameries. At the close of 1900 there were 258 co-operative creameries, a gain of 59 over the year before. The number of members was 24,519. These creameries in 1898 sold products to the amount of 12,802,795 francs, an average of 54,020 francs for each society and 522 for each member. The figures in detail were as follows: Milk, 125,372 francs; butter,

12,577,614; cheese, 52,947; other products, 116,852; total, 12,802,785 francs.

Agricultural Distilleries. Of these there were 43 at the close of 1898, of which number 24 were in operation. The number of members was 800, averaging about 21 to each society. The value of the products sold in 1898 amounted to 3,987,233 francs.

Associations for Farm Loans. These are divided into four clases. There are 9 rural loan agencies, which on Dec. 31 had loans in force to the amount of 4,399,329 francs.

There are two co-operatives on the Schulze-Delitzch system, which have negotiated loans to the amount of 106,808 francs.

There are 199 Raiffeisen banks, with 7,812 members, of whom 6,283 are agriculturists. These societies placed 1,933 loans in 1898, amounting to a total of 740,424 francs.

Finally, there are 6 central farmers' trust companies, having 189 societies affiliated with them. These companies lent in 1898 40,228 francs, and opened credits to the amount of 134,776 francs.

Associations for Insurance of Cattle. On Dec. 31, 1898, there existed 509 societies of this class, with 49,578 members and 139,859 head of cattle insured, making 73 more societies than the year before. The number of losses amounted to 3,762.

The reader will observe that the movement which is carrying on the Belgian farmers toward a closer association is continuing more and more rapidly. The spirit of brotherhood is gaining ground daily among them while the egoistic thought of every man for himself is disappearing.

For the sake of completeness we must say a word here regarding the People's Banks of Belgium. On June 30, 1901, there were in existence 22 People's Banks organized on the co-operative plan. The oldest date from 1865. They are composed, in great part, of mechanics and small manufacturers and merchants who have associated themselves to obtain the credit necessary in their business.

These People's banks formed themselves into a federation twenty years ago, and this holds a congress every year. The following figures were given out at the last congress of the People's Banks, and give some information as to the condition of these 22 institutions for savings and credit:

Number of members	44,379
Capital (francs)	3,515,739
Total transactions	422,079,911
Total of loans negotiated last year	80,864,406
Dividends distributed	2 per cent and 15 per cent

Reserve and contingent fund 1,121,838
Amounts due to the Caisse d' Epargne and to depositors 5,889,437
Amount of current accounts receivable.....11,626,808

The bank of Verviers has the largest number of members, 3,662, and the one at Gosselies has the fewest, 21, although it was established in 1892. It is a curious fact that the People's Bank of Verviers, with a capital of 724,000 francs, did a business of but 53 millions, whereas that of Ghent, which has a capital of but 399,000 francs, did a business of 184 millions. The People's Bank of Alost distributed no dividends. Those of St. Nicholas and Jumet have had dividends of 15 per cent. The other banks distributed from 4 to 8 per cent, but most of them vary from 4 to 6 per cent.

We have thus completed our task. As a conclusion to all that goes before we can only repeat what we have already said, namely, that the co-operative movement of Belgium has become of great importance, and that at the end of only a few years.

The Belgian co-operative of consumption is strongly impregnated with the socialist spirit, its character is very popular; it is accessible to all, to the poorest as well as to those most comfortably situated. It is rendering great services to the working class, and it plays a part by no means secondary in the evolution of the laborers toward a better future. Moreover, socialist co-operation is furnishing resources in men and in money to the socialist party.

Consequently we can do no better than recommend to our friends of all countries to follow the example given by their Belgian brothers. The facts are there and undeniable. The results that have been obtained are important and they are effective enough to convert the most refractory to the Belgian method.

The best proof to our mind of the efficacy of this method is that it has been borrowed from us by the clericals and the liberals, from the moment that they conceived the hope of conquering the masses of the people to their doctrines, or keeping them in the ranks of their respective parties.

Louis Bertrand,
Socialist Deputy from Brussels.
(Translated by Charles H. Kerr.)

The Socialist Co-operative of Chicago.

Readers of the Review who have followed Comrade Bertrand's interesting account of the Belgian co-operatives through the last four numbers have no doubt reached the conclusion that

the example of the Belgian comrades should be followed in the United States. I am happy to announce that a start has already been made in this city. The Socialist Co-operative of Chicago has been incorporated under the Illinois law regulating "associations not for pecuniary profit." Any one can become a member by paying five dollars, but only members of the Socialist Party can become active members with the privilege of voting.

Goods are sold to members at the customary retail prices, and at the end of each quarter the net profit above expenses is to be figured out. Of this one-eighth is to be devoted to socialist propaganda, one-eighth is to be set aside for a reserve fund, and the remaining three-fourths is to be returned to the members in proportion to their purchases. This virtually gives members the privilege of buying goods at cost.

Membership is not confined to residents of Chicago. Any one can join, and any one in the Central States, where transportation rates from this city are not excessive, can reduce his living expenses by joining the Socialist Co-operative. A full line of groceries is already carried in stock and other lines will be added as the membership increases, so that socialists will soon be able to procure all necessary articles from the Co-operative.

The present location of the Co-operative is at the temporary Socialist Temple, 120 South Western avenue. This is an old church, which has been rented until May 1 by the Chicago socialists. The front part is used by the Co-operative and the main auditorium for socialist propaganda meetings. It has been decided to erect a permanent building on or near Western avenue, with an auditorium to hold 1,000 people and stores for the use of the Co-operative.

This is the pioneer movement of the kind in the United States. Its success will make the way easy and plain for establishing a Socialist Co-operative in connection with every socialist local in the United States. Chicago is the natural distributing center for at least half the United States, and the Socialist Co-operative of Chicago will be in a position to assist any new Co-operative to buy goods in the most favorable market.

The political effect also of a large and well-located auditorium at the disposal of Chicago socialists can hardly be overestimated. Stirring events are bound to come about in Chicago in the next few years, and the new Socialist Temple will be the center for the activities of those who are struggling on the side of labor.

In view of all this I am sure that every reader of the Review will realize that it is a privilege to be a part owner in the Temple. A booklet explaining how to join the Socialist Co-operative will be mailed on request. Charles H. Kerr.

Economic and Political Determinism.

THE Proletarian revolution now in progress presents essential differences from all previous revolutions. These differences are generally overlooked and when noticed at all are not given sufficient importance. It should be our constant aim to get a clearer view of the task before us, and of the means at our disposal. In this way alone can we conquer our worst enemy— our own illusions. To this end we offer a few observations which have occurred to us and which may be useful to some of our comrades.

Observation One. Previous revolutions were brought about in this way: The ruling class was practically the only class having political rights. A subject class, without political power, gradually became through economic evolution the most powerful class economically and then began a fight for political supremacy against the ruling class which had retrograded economically. This fight was always successful and was usually carried on by unlawful and violent methods because no way for conducting a peaceful and lawful revolution had been provided.

Observation Two. No class except an economically dominant class could ever win and maintain political supremacy by force. The lowest exploited class, whether slave, serf or wage, unlike all other classes, never has had and never can have any economic power whatever. Under the old method of butting over a government in the absence of popular suffrage by sheer economic and physical force, main strength and awkwardness, the lowest class stood no show at all; its efforts in this direction inured to the benefit of some economically higher class.

Observation Three. All former revolutions being a test of economic power, regardless of political rights, were necessarily violent. The proletarian revolution being a test of political power within the lines of political rights must necessarily be peaceful. The proletariat can gain nothing by force. Reason: because in countries where it has the ballot the use of force shows that it is not intelligent enough to use the ballot and could not retain any power which it won by force; and in countries where it has not the ballot its use of force would only inure to the benefit of the bourgeoisie and enable this to free itself more completely from the remaining shackles of feudalism. This does not mean that the proletariat should not assist in bourgeois revolutions in countries where such are still historically inevitable. It will do so. But it must not expect thereby to win its own economic liberty. Its share of the spoils will be merely a modi-

cum of political liberty good for future use only. "Workingmen have not so misread history as to think that capital was ever vanquished by labor in a struggle in which the weapons were force." (Judge Kohlsaat.)

Observation Four. In countries where there is no popular suffrage the proletarian revolution cannot be said to have fairly started. The first struggle must be for the ballot. This was emphasized by Lassalle.

Political supremacy can be readily added to economic supremacy, but economic supremacy cannot be made subservient to political supremacy. The governing class, if different from the dominant economic class, cannot permanently maintain itself separate. It must go over to the dominant economic class, which amounts to its identifying itself with that class. Political rights which do not lead to economic power are merely nominal and are liable to be taken away at any time. The enfranchised proletariat are compelled to use their political rights for economic purposes on penalty sooner or later of being deprived of them.

Observation Five. Since these things are so, since economic power is the cause and political power is the effect, how then, asks Mr. F. D. Festner in The Challenge, can the proletariat, having no economic power, ever gain political power by the foolishness of voting? Hic Rhodus, hic salta. He thinks that it cannot, and therefore proposes to make the proletariat economically independent by a scheme of industrial co-operation, preparatory to gaining political supremacy. What use the proletariat would have for political supremacy after gaining its economic independence we are unable to see.

Observation Six. Instead of trying to change the conditions to fit the theory, as Mr. Festner does, the better way is to change the theory to fit the conditions. The answer to Mr. Festner is this: Economic determinism, which is another name for the class struggles going on in society, is not an eternal law. It is nearing the end of its course. It did not exist prior to the rise of private property, nor will it exist under socialism. It appeared after the introduction of private property, which means economic inequality, accompanied of course by political inequality. It existed down to the introduction of popular suffrage, which is of very recent date and is still imperfectly carried out and amounts to little more than an experiment. In practice it is much hampered by innumerable checks and limitations. Under complete political equality economic determinism would be and will be supplanted by political determinism. Society unified by the common ownership of capital will become the conscious master of its own destiny free from economic class control.

Observation Seven. To repeat. Under political equality the method of former revolutions must be reversed. A peaceful way having been provided, force, whether physical and direct or economic and indirect, is no longer necessary. The ideological reacts upon and controls the economic instead of vice versa. "They only need to will thus in order to obtain a majority" (Liebknecht). Socialists, driven by necessity and not claiming or deserving credit for it, adopt the policy of a peaceful propaganda, because the character of their struggle and the means at their command are such that force defeats their object. As long as the working class is too unenlightened to ask for socialism at the polls, how could they be held together to fight for socialism by force? And when they do ask for socialism at the polls the need of force has disappeared. Apart from all theories we stand as a matter of fact squarely on the platform of non-resistance in a physical sense. In this regard our attitude cannot be criticised by the most severe moralist, whether Christian or heathen. In the same manner as we repudiate force we abandon at the outset all hope or desire of every becoming an exploiting class, not because of our superior morality, but by necessity, because the conditions of our own emancipation imply universal emancipation.

Observation Eight. Shortly before his death Friedrich Engels, in that splendid retrospect which constitutes the introduction to "Class Struggles in France," wrote as follows:—

"All previous revolutions resulted in the displacement of one class government by another. All previous ruling classes were, however, only small minorities compared with the subject mass of the common people. A ruling minority was overthrown; in its stead another minority seized the helm of state and reshaped the political institutions according to its own interests. In every case this minority was one which the progress of economic development had trained for and called to rulership, and for that very reason and only for that reason, it happened, that at the time of the revolution the subject majority either took sides with it or at any rate let the change take place without resistance. * * * This gave the minority the appearance of being the representative of the whole people. After the first success the victorious minority as a rule became divided; half were satisfied with what had already been gained, the other half wished to go still farther and made new demands which at least in part were in the real or apparent interest of the great mass of the people. These more radical demands were in particular instances carried through, but for the most part only temporarily; the more moderate party again prevailed, the latest gains were wholly or partly lost again. The radicals then raised the cry of "treason" or attributed their defeat to accident. In fact, however, matters stood

about so:—the results of the first victory were made secure only by another victory over the more radical party. This being done and thereby the present demands of the moderates being attained, the radicals and their following disappeared from the stage. * * *"

"Thanks to the intelligence with which the German workingmen made use of the universal franchise, introduced in 1866, the astonishing growth of the party is laid bare to the world in incontestable figures: * * They have shown their comrades of all countries a new weapon, and one of the keenest, in showing them how to use the ballot. * * * Moreover, with this successful use of the ballot the proletariat had learned a wholly new method of warfare, which was rapidly perfected. It was found that the political institutions on which the rulership of the bourgeoisie is based offer the very means by which the working class can attack this same rulership." Bourgeois legality, alias constitutional government, is the sure death of the bourgeoisie. It is only by constantly breaking or evading the constitution and laws, either directly or indirectly, that the bourgeoisie maintains itself.

Observation Nine. This process or revolution can only take place with an educated proletariat. Some do not seem to grasp clearly how the proletariat is going to become enlightened enough to free itself. Loria is among this number. The competition of capitalist nations with each other compels them to educate their proletariat not only in manual work but also intellectually. This is necessary to furnish them with cheap labor, for the most skillful and intelligent labor is the cheapest considering its productiveness, and the vast complicated machinery of modern civilization cannot be operated by clumsy and ignorant workmen. The more the bourgeoisie educates its slaves the more profit it can make out of them, and the penalty of neglecting this is to be outstripped by other nations. France realized this in the war of 1871 with Germany, and immediately thereafter turned her attention to popular education. The same with England; the pressure of German and other competition on the industrial field forced England, much against her will, to undertake the expensive and dangerous innovation of educating her proletariat. The effect of this has not yet been fully felt, but it will soon begin to bear a rich harvest of discontent. Economic evolution does not go on in each society independently. It is modified by foreign influences.

The capitalist hypocrites, as usual, turn their economic interest into virtue, and point out what wonders they have done towards elevating the people, but the motive of it they neglect to state, viz.: the making of more profit for themselves. The

working class owes no gratitude to the capitalists for an education given them for the purpose of increasing the rate of exploitation. Nor need anyone fear that this good work will be stopped; self-interest—the love of more profits and the fear of being outstripped by other nations—is driving the capitalists on to certain destruction, and preparing the proletariat for the work of co-operative administration. Nothing short of a conspiracy of capitalists the world over to lessen their own profits for the purpose of keeping down the proletariat could stop this advance. It will be time enough to meet that contingency when it arises. In this particular, as in all others under exploitative society, general progress is indirect, involuntary and incidental to the economic interest of the ruling class.

Observation Ten. Economic determinism applied to the development of the trusts does not lead directly towards socialism, as claimed by some; it simply means that the control of politics is passing into the hands of a few instead of many. The only direct progress that is being made towards socialism is along ideological lines; in the throwing off of political bigotry, the awakening of class consciousness in the proletariat and its learning how to use political power for business purposes, instead of for horse play as heretofore.

It is true, ideological development follows the economic, but for the most part it lags behind at a considerable distance. The task of socialists is to shorten this interval by enlightening the working class, and not to rely solely on the slowly-awakening instinct which results from economic progress. To be rigidly scientific according to the laws of economic determinism, as interpreted by some fatalistic writers, would imply that socialists should direct their efforts towards hastening economic development, making inventions, building railroads, forming trusts, etc., and let the political results come of themselves. But the capitalists are doing this economic work for the socialists, and the latter are right in confining their work chiefly to developing the mind of the worker and counteracting the perverted ideas instilled into it by the formidable array of educational or "connective" institutions (including school, pulpit and press) so acutely analyzed by Loria.

Observation Eleven. Previous revolutions reached their climax by a sudden outburst; they were in a sense blind and unconscious; their tendency and outcome were not clearly foreseen and proclaimed.

As to the proletarian revolution its aims and methods are not only clearly announced, but are widely taught in systematic courses of instruction. Its progress is savagely opposed on one hand and supported with dogged and invincible tenacity on the

other. Every local victory is the result of a hard-fought battle. Honors are not easy. Capitalism will not collapse, as some of the comrades seem to think. The final national victory can only come after innumerable local ones and will be foreseen and expected and will not come as a sudden climax, though the full effects of a non-exploitative organization of society will then for the first time be felt.

The capitalist class is hard to overthrow for the reason that it has no antagonist of its own character, which is able to use its own weapons of cunning, fraud and force. It has destroyed all other exploiting classes and has left nothing opposed to it but a mass of proletarians, out of which no new exploiting class can arise. This has not before it that keenest incentive, the spoils which victors take from the vanquished. It must fight fair and square, open and above board; no tricks can help it; it has no secrets. True, an appeal can be made to the self-interest of the proletariat, but it is a self-interest inseparably linked with the interest of all, and only as the proletariat can be slowly lifted to this broad national and international view can they combine and co-operate as an effective force against capitalism.

Observation Twelve. Various causes have been assigned for the moderate growth of socialism in England and America, compared with other countries. Industrially they are the highest developed, and politically they are the freest; in both respects they are the most favorable for the growth of socialism. Why their backwardness? It is because of the political bigotry of their proletariat. Habituated to voting before the development of industry had become so great and the class distinctions so clearly marked, they conceived their interest to be to assist the more radical parties and to keep an eternal vigilance over bourgeois liberty and prevent any relapse. This work, once necessary, has now become subordinate, but the old idea still asserts its influence, and blinds its victims to the new conditions of to-day. It appears that with equal industrial development the proletariat in those countries where popular enfranchisement is most recent is most clearly conscious of its own interests; while in those where the ballot has been longest in use the class consciousness of the proletariat is blurred by political bigotry. To remove this is a matter of time and patient effort. It is almost as difficult to attack as religious bigotry. Both the religious and the political superstition are skillfully used by the capitalist class to blind the proletariat. They constitute what is called the American spirit, British sentiment, the genius of our institutions, public opinion, etc. This is another evidence that the "scientific" explanation offered by the fatalistic or "socialism inevitable" school is not wholly satisfactory, probably not at all scientific. On the

field of political activity, science, as conceived by the economic fatalist, breaks down; it becomes unscientific. In trying to convert a voter to socialism you are not dealing merely with a man, as a subject for scientific experiment. No such thing exists in politics as a man in the abstract, pure and simple, whose mind is blank, ready to be operated on. You have before you either a republican or a democrat, not simply a man, and before science can work on him he must be de-republicanized. It is the old story of unlearning things. This process is the most difficult one with which socialists have to contend in countries such as England and America, where political liberty is of long standing.

The foregoing observations have a bearing on the question of so-called Immediate Demands. If the proletariat can only win its freedom by reversing the method of former revolutions, by using political power to overthrow economic power, then its immediate interest is to extend its now imperfect political power; it must demand a more complete democratization of all our political machinery, especially the legislative and judicial parts, so as to make the same quickly obedient to the decision of the ballot box. This we consider more important than measures along economic lines, such as municipal ownership.

Instead of "Let the nation own the trusts," our motto is, "Let the workers run the government."

Marcus Hitch.

Chicago Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

CLEAR up at the very top of the "Woman's Temple," of Chicago, in a little room next the roof, there was held during the first part of this month an exhibition of which few Chicago Socialists ever heard, and of which less than half a dozen thought of visiting. Yet this exhibition was in its way as much an expression of Socialist thought and philosophy as any of the speeches expounding the "class struggle" which were delivered in a score or more of meeting places throughout the city during the same time. The exhibition was that of the Chicago Arts and Crafts Society. This is one of the many organizations that have sprung up from the seed sown a score or more years ago by William Morris and his co-workers, and that are to-day endeavoring to restore to the worker a more complete control over his product, and to give that product something of the beauty and originality that it had before the institution of private ownership set up barriers between man and tool and product.

Considered simply as a thing to look at, the exhibition was well worth the time of any one. First and foremost in interest and beauty were the beautifully bound books from the Hull House shop of Miss Ellen Starr. Perhaps this was because she was so closely connected with the master who started the movement—having learned her trade at the famous "Doves Bindery" in Hammersmith, London, whose founder and head-workman, Mr. Cobden Saunderson, was a co-worker with Morris almost from the very beginning. Here were books that in contents, mechanical workmanship and external decoration were a joy to look upon. Indeed, and this I take it is but a proof of the attainment of the end aimed at, there was no way by which the work as a whole could be divided and say—this is the product of the shop, and that of the studio. Shop and studio had become one and it was easy to believe that with such beautiful products no other playroom would be needed than this same studio-shop.

A collection of beautiful dishes, which had been made, or painted and fired by different members of the society was next in interest, yet there was here somehow a sense of something lacking. They were dainty, useful, handsome, you could not well criticise them, yet you somehow felt they were intended as yet for the parlor mantel rather than the kitchen table. The studio predominated over the workshop. Decoration rather than utility was their most prominent characteristic. Perhaps this was only because the observer knew how utterly impossible it is for such articles to enter into the actual home life of present society.

These defects were still more glaring in other departments. There was quite an extensive exhibit of tiles—beautiful designs revived from ages long gone by. But in this day of furnaces, steam, hot-water and electricity, tiles are an anachronism. The uses which once made them a fundamental necessity of daily life belong to a social organization now extinct, and their revival is reactionary rather than progressive.

It was still worse with another of the most prominent features of the exhibit—the Deerfield rug and basket work. The rugs were simply not very well woven old-fashioned rag carpets, after designs and color schemes furnished by members of the Arts and Crafts Society. These designs could just as well have been given to some great rug manufacturer, who would have done the work even better and with much less waste of human energy. The baskets were only playthings for the wealthy—of little more use than the "tidies" and "samplers" of a generation ago. That these facts were somehow realized by those in charge was seen by the fact of frequent references to the improvement which the introduction of this industry had wrought in the condition of the people who made them. But this attempt at an economic justification begs the whole question and would lead the discussion into a field where, if one chose to follow them, it would be easy to make out a strong case against the whole business.

Some of the cabinet work exhibited was simply a slavish imitation of old and well made things with very indifferent workmanship. Such action is again distinctly reactionary. Design, workmanship and completed article should be fitting to the time in which the thing is created. With books and dishes this is still possible. Their use is practically the same to-day as when the first ones were formed by man. No new article has risen to supplant them. No change in social organization has rendered them antiquated.

I saw an article in a technical engineering magazine a few days ago that will illustrate my point. The writer complained that as yet the makers of automobiles were slavishly following carriage patterns of construction and had as yet developed no distinctively automobile forms. Unconsciously, it seems to me this man had caught something which the Arts and Crafts Society would do well to learn. They are still trying to revive beautiful forms now antiquated and graft them on to a society that has outgrown them. The result is liable to be neither useful nor artistic. Design and workmanship are not suited to the object and neither is in harmony with the surroundings in which it must be placed.

Perhaps the key to these contradictions will be found in the converse of the condition noted at the beginning, i. e., that no la-

borers visited the exhibition. It is equally true that the Arts and Crafts Society knows little of the labor movement. William Morris found political activity to be such an essential part of his artistic work that when he found no satisfactory field ready for his effort, he helped to establish the Social Democratic Federation. Every day since then has made the political side of this movement of more importance and more promising of results. Yet not one member of the Chicago Arts and Crafts Society has enough interest in the Socialist movement that is going on all about them to even read its literature or attend its public meetings.

Without this connection their work must continually tend to degenerate into faddism and utopianism. It is to-day analogous to the "colony schemes," in that it attempts to realize an ideal within a society whose very existence depends upon the suppression of all attempts at such realization. It is not alone that capitalism competes good workmanship out of the market. It destroys the artistic sense which would know good work if it saw it. Neither in the slum nor on the boulevard can things of merit find appreciation and reward. A society which holds out its richest prizes to those who have the most of the swine in their nature will not produce intelligent patrons of art among the ruling class. A society which forces the producers of its wealth to sell their power of creative labor into wage slavery and fixes values in an impersonal competitive world market cannot endure, much less reward, good individual craftmanship.

Whoever really wishes that the hand of man should create what the brain connected with that hand conceives, and would have that brain know and conceive good and beautiful things must first seek the establishment of a social environment in which such things are possible. Otherwise their work will be hollow and false in the deepest sense of the word. It will lack that completeness and symmetry which really makes up art and will degenerate into a "fad," a subsidized game, a playing at work and a gigantic parody on the thing aimed at. There is a sermon in all this, too, for the exclusively political socialist, but as yet I am living in too much of a glass house to preach it with much enthusiasm.

A. M. Simons.

Maxim Gorki, the Portrayer of Unrest.*

TRAMP but a while ago, this young man, just above thirty, ranks to-day next to Tolstoy in favor with cultured Russia, and is making his way into the world's literature.

Who is Gorki? Alexei Pyeshkov (for Gorki—"the bitter one" is but a nom de plume) was born a poor man's son in 1869. He lost his father when he was four, and his mother at nine. Left to shift for himself in a friendless world, he began work for a living as an errand boy, and, after changing a few positions, found employment on a steamer as a cook's apprentice. The cook befriended the lonely lad, and, very fond of reading himself, fed him, in his leisure hours, on popular dime novels along with some of the masterpieces of Russian fiction. Gorki remembers the cook as his first instructor in literature.

The craving for knowledge aroused by the cook, brought him at fifteen to Kazan, the university center of the Volga region, in the naive belief that education could be had for the asking. Instead of the university, he settled down in a bakery shop at 3 roubles a week. He succeeded, however, in picking up an acquaintance with university students, and gained access to their literary clubs. (All such clubs are in the nature of secret societies, none being permitted by the government.) The revolutionary spirit, characteristic of academic Russia, took hold of the baker's apprentice. His imagination was fired with visions of revolutionary leadership in a battle for the reconstruction of the world. But the contrast between imagination and the stern reality of his life,—to some extent, possibly the deadly effect of pessimism which hung over all thinking Russia in the 80's,—drove him to attempt suicide when he was barely twenty. Fortunately, the injury was not fatal; he recovered and resumed his wanderings.

In 1892 he wrote his first story, "Makar Tchoodra," which was published in an obscure country paper. It is a romantic story of the struggle of superhuman passions in an extraordinary environment (among the nomadic gypsies). Some critics have discovered in it a leaning toward Nietzsche. A much simpler explanation suggests itself in the influence of his early reading reinforced by the revolutionary romanticism of Russian secret societies.

A year or two later he met the gifted novelist, Korolenko, who, as he says, "taught him how to write." His conversion from

*Foma Gordeyev. A novel. By Maxim Gorki. Translated from the Russian. Scribner's $1.00.

romanticism to realism is evidently the work of Korolenko. His teacher introduced him into the great magazines.

What has made his tremendous popularity with all classes? Is it a fad due to the unusual story of his life? Even were it so, it would be a sign of the times. There were writers of talent before Gorki, who, like him, had arisen from the common people and won places of distinction in Russian literature. Every schoolboy knows by heart the poems of Koltzov; they were made accessible to the non-Slav world in the beautiful translation of the German poet Bodenstaedt ("Mirza Schaaffi"). Nikitin's poetry inspired the progressive generation of the 60's. Yet neither found the opportunity to break away from the "kingdom of darkness" which surrounded them, neither became the writer of his day, like Gorki. The success of Gorki marks the democratization of culture in Russia since the days of Puslıkin and Koltzov, when literature was the pastime of the select few among the landed nobility, and could not assure a livelihood even to a Koltzov.

It is not Gorki's personal history, however, that has won him the enthusiastic admiration of all Russia, regardless of party. "Tramping with tramps" in genuine fashion, not to gather material for detective stories, Gorki has thoroughly penetrated the psychology of the "submerged tenth." He leads the reader into the nether region of social degradation, crime and vice, and shows that

"A man's a man for a' that."

There is in this a certain kinship between him and Dostoyevsky. Both take their characters among "the humiliated and insulted." Yet Gorki is entirely free from sentimentalism, which pervades the works of Dostoyevsky. Dostoyevsky's criminal and vicious types are personified ideas; they are the cry for redemption coming from the victims of social wrongs. Gorki is strictly realistic: his thieves are confirmed thieves, and yet they are men like other men, not devoid of feelings of friendship and even sympathy for their victims. ("The Chums.") His fallen women are quite reconciled to their lives, and yet there is a spring of unselfish womanly love and sympathy in their hearts. This might sound paradoxical in cold reasoning, but the truth of it is forced upon one who faces the live pictures drawn by the masterful pen of Gorki.

And is it after all so paradoxical? Is not municipal corruption as much a continuous crime against property as petty larcency? And yet the leader of the gang enjoys perfect peace of mind, he may be a devoted husband, a loving father, a faithful friend. Corrupt politics is merely his "business." So is petty larceny or vice with Gorki's characters. The unfriendly interference of the law

is felt in either case as an annoyance, more or less so; yet it is in no sense a factor affecting the self-esteem of a Tweed or a McKane, or the public opinion of the social group which surrounds the "protected" crook in Gotham, or the hunted down hobo of Gorki's.

Some Russian critics have sought to make out his "barefooted" into a sort of an "over-barefooted," a variety of Nietzsche's "overman," a strong individuality in rebellion against society. This seems to us a strained interpretation. His types are those who have failed for one reason or another to adapt themselves to their environment; they lack will power as a rule, or at best, they are capable of one spasmodic effort which is usually defeated by its own aimlessness. Such is Koovalda ("Men with Pasts"), such is Foma Gordyeyev. As individuals they are weak, they may develop strength only when gathered in a mob. He shows them in a state of discontent and fermentation; their favorite topic of conversation is some fantastic scheme of cruel destruction, most frequently some plan for the complete extermination of the Jews. The periodical outbreaks of Jew-baiting within the last twenty years, the "cholera riots" of 1893, directed against physicians and hospitals, are evidence that these schemes of destruction do not always remain within the realm of imagination. It is this social psychology of the slum dwellers that strikes the attention of the Russian reader in these stories: the "barefooted" of to-day may turn up the sans-culottes of to-morrow.

This state of unrest is not confined to the lowest strata of Russian society. In "Foma Gordyeyev," his greatest work, the author deals mainly with the rising "third estate." The marvelous industrial growth of Russia within the last twenty years has raised the Russian capitalist to a place of prominence in national life. The evolution from the old-fashioned guild-merchant to modern European capitalism gradually passes before the reader's eyes with the development of the story. Old Ignat Gordyeyev is a typical representative of the past, as portrayed in the dramas of Ostrovsky. He is a self-made man, a millionaire; the monotony of his life, absorbed in money making, is relieved only by periodical fits of beastly drunkenness and dissipation. His life-long friend and executor, Jacob Mayakin, is also a self-made man with but a common-school education. But he is a man of regular habits, with a mind of a thinker and the ambition of a public man. He enjoys the universal respect of the mercantile community; he can command any honor within its gift. But the merchant class, which is to him the economic groundwork of the Russian state, is without a voice in the direction of the affairs of State and must bow to an impecunious bureaucracy, which is deeply despised by the man of money. As a man of wide ambition, Mayakin keenly feels this

contradiction: a strict conservative, to the length of repudiating his own son for adherence to socialism, a subscriber to the subsidized "Moscow Record" (Moskovskiya Vyedomosti),—he is, however, opposed to autocracy, and dreams of constitutional reform which would place the propertied class in control of the government.

The new generation is typified by African Smolin, Mayakin's son-in-law. He is a young man with a European education, with a taste for literature and art, and with the manners and speech of the Russian "intelligentzia" (the most advanced crust of intellectual Russia). But he has not chosen a profession, as would have been quite natural for one like him a generation ago. He has taken up his father's business, he has studied abroad the international conditions of his trade, and now intends to devote his energies to pushing his goods in the world's market. As a man of European culture, he appreciates the value of the press and interests himself in a plan for the establishment of a newspaper representing "the interests of commerce."

Mayakin's son Taras is a character out of the ordinary. He was a university student in the 70's and was drawn in by the Socialist wave which swept over the academic youth in those days of "storm and stress." He paid the penalty of his enthusiasm in Siberia. There he found employment with a mining company and worked his way up to a position of superintendent. Years of exile and contact with business life changed his socialism into a moderate progressive view. Under the watchful eye of the censor, Gorki could not go very deeply into the mental development of this character, and much remains to be guessed. But from what can be read "between the lines," Taras Mayakin is a believer in the capitalistic development of the industrial resources of Russia, as the only sound foundation for intellectual progress. Doubt has been expressed by Russian critics whether Taras Mayakin is a real type. Why should it be questioned when an accomplice in the Netchayev "conspiracy" of thirty years ago holds to-day a cabinet position as the head of the department of commerce and manufactures?

African Smolin and Taras Mayakin are the spokesmen of the coming Russian bourgeoisie. Foma Gordyeyev, old Ignat's son and heir, has inherited the temperament of his father, but not his passion for money-making. He has inherited an instinctive love for justice, from his mother, a devout adherent of one of the persecuted non-conformist sects. When, after the death of his father, he comes in close contact with the merchant community, in daily intercourse at the exchange, his innate sense of honesty is deeply shocked. His resentment of his environment gradually grows into rebellion. But he lacks education, he can find no outlet for

his protest; he seeks oblivion in dissipation. He concludes by raising a row at a party where all the notables of the mercantile community are assembled. He hurls at every one of them personal denunciations, the more stinging because known to be true. He is overpowered and placed in a lunatic asylum.

It is impossible to do justice to this novel in a brief note. It seems to us a fit counterpart of Tolstoy's "Resurrection;" the latter is a picture of modern Russian life in stagnation, while "Foma Gordyeyev" shows the elements of unrest and—should we say, progress?

The place which has remained vacant since the death of Tourguenev has at last been filled. Like Tourguenev, Gorki is both an artist and a thinker. His novels, like Tourguenev's, are not mere pretty playthings penned by the hand of an artist, nor are they tendency novels, but they deal with the great problems of life, and his characters, like those of Tourguenev, mark the successive stages in the growth of Russian society.

Marxist.

THE CHARITY GIRL.

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

CHAPTER XX.

The donation of food and dainties from the North was long on the way. In the meantime, the quality of the army ration had improved. Good food began to be plentiful, but to Julian, good food now suddenly ceased to be the object of such pitiful, heartfelt concern. Since the moment when he beheld the Drygoods Clerk dipping into his can of spoilt beef and fresh maggots, the business of eating had become horridly distasteful, and a matter of the very least importance.

The Drygoods Clerk was observed to be growing daily worse, but he still contrived to make himself a person of exceedingly great unpopularity. His discourses on the excellence of the army ration and the paternal care vouchsafed to the American soldier by his government, produced symptoms of immediate nausea; every group promptly broke up when his gaunt spectral figure appeared with finger raised and hollow eyes burning in fierce invective against the babyishness of the pampered volunteer. There were indeed times when he stood in danger of personal violence, but on such occasions, he was found to be under the protection of Julian, whose tent he shared, and whose good humor in listening to a crank's illogical rhapsodies was accepted as an example of heroic patience—Julian himself being regarded somewhat as a leader among them.

It was observed that the Patriot Clerk was becoming more incoherent as his strength waned. Finally in a mood of strange ecstacy, he announced that he had the camp fever and was going to the Division Hospital.

Possibly the reputation of this hospital was exaggerated by imperfect knowledge, but it was whispered that even the surgeon of the regiment had broadly hinted to sick men not to go there. The men of Julian's company had pledged their word to stand by each other and keep their sick comrades out of the hospital. It was far better, they said, to stay in the regimental hospital or to die in their own tents or in the open fields—looking into the faces of their comrades bending in pity over them—than to die in loneliness under a roof of authorized neglect. Eagerly they besought the suffering Clerk to stay where he was, to give up the morning drill and all other duties and remain in his tent under the care of the regimental surgeon. They would buy milk, ice and quinine

for him; with their own hands they would sponge him twice a day with cold spring water. What more could he desire?

"I desire," said the sufferer, grandly, lifting himself on his elbow and speaking with the panting utterance of heavy fever, "I desire the beneficent care of my government. I am a soldier and in a soldier's hospital I will receive the attention I deserve. They will send for me to-night." He sank back exhausted and lay for the rest of the afternoon in a stupor. At six o'clock, the hospital ambulance arrived and bore him away.

After his departure the men spoke of him with the tenderness which we bestow on the dead, whose virtues we failed to appreciate in life. The thought of his extravagant loyalty to the government whose uniform he wore now affected them to tears. Bitterly they reproached themselves that they had ever spoken to him harshly; in their thoughts he was canonized as a saintly hero.

A whirlwind of indignation was now sweeping through the country over the treatment accorded to the soldiers of the great Republic. The alms of the nation were falling upon them like the gentle rain from heaven; the freight trains were bringing them countless gifts of food and clothing from men and women of all conditions of life. The cry wrung from suffering which the soldiers were actually beginning to believe they should have borne mutely had at last touched the hearts of the people and the response was generous.

But now that the condition of the rank and file of the American army was the theme of every tongue in the land, the sufferers discovered that it was their duty to maintain a stiff-necked silence in accordance with their archaic military ideal. Apparently the men of this regiment forgot all that they had suffered; certainly they blushed that they had ever complained. They remembered only that they were soldiers born for heroism and an immortal death, and every patriot resolved simultaneously to seal his lips forever on the subject of his regiment's wrongs—while he munched the potted chicken, the sweetmeats, the stale cake and the jellies so injudiciously but prodigally provided by the ministering angels of the nation—and wore pajamas which did not fit, and which he did not want to wear even when they did, in recognition of the joy that he was thus giving to the angels at home.

"This is a wholly new experience to me," said Julian, leaving his seat on a keg of canned sardines and languidly testing an experiment of mouldy biscuits spread over with orange marmalade. He threw himself on his blanket. "I have been administering charity to others for three years with patrician grace—it seems odd enough to have the situation reversed."

"It is most disgusting to have to stand in the sun waiting our turn to get a share of the delicacies! And the waste over there—how horribly you do things in this country! The many boxes and barrels piled up by the station and rotting under our eyes—our noses, rather! It makes me very ill to go near that place."

It was the ungrateful Cuban who voiced this complaint, but his unpatriotic comrades encouraged him with passionate grunts of assent. They were still a little group of dissenting pilgrims on military matters—but anyway, this was charity, and not the military ideal they were discussing.

"You are describing two very familiar aspects of 'out-door relief,' my friend," replied Julian; "first, the enforced humiliation; secondly, the wonderful ingenuity that contrives to compass every possible inconvenience to balk the poor applicant's search for relief, and break his spirit. This is all as it should be. We are merely getting the usual dose."

"What very disagreeable words you Anglo-Saxons use," said the Cuban, frowning. "'Out-door r-relief,' because I suppose you first turn them out of doors and then keep them standing in the cold or in the sun while you bestow upon them dry morsels of stale bread? Is this the picture you want to present—you benevolent peoples?"

"I don't know anything about your accursed works of charity," interrupted the Undertaker's Son, savagely, "but I do know there's wretched mismanagement somewhere in this business. It ought to be organized on a proper basis—but you Americans—we Americans, I mean—can never organize anything without fraud and corruption."

"For heaven's sake," cried Julian, with a burst of hollow laughter, "don't suggest 'organizing' the thing any further! Let's take our charity as we can get it and be thankful. Why, if this outdoor relief department were organized any more than it is, we shouldn't get anything at all! We really shouldn't! We should be investigated and faithfully recorded—the annals of our lives would be written out on card catalogues—the short and simple annals of the poor are short and simple no longer, my friends—thousands of clerks would be paid to write us up with all our ancestors and all their diseases—and we shouldn't get a thing to eat—not a thing! And last of all, we should have to submit to the Friendly Visitor, to teach us how to endure our poverty and starve with nobility of mind!"

The Stonecutter sat up with a look of inspiration.

"It just comes to me now that it must have been a Frindly Visitor that called to pay her respects to me wife the day mesilf and me broken leg was carted off togither in the orspital. A gran' young lady she war, an' she comes to the door o' me little home an'

siz she—peekin' in at me wife a-washin' up the dishes, 'It's surprised I am,' sez she, 'to see the likes o' ye a-washin' up yer breakfast things at this late hour o' the mornin',' sez she. Me wife was that struck dumb wid shame that she sat down in a heap and beganst to cry, an' it was one o' the childer—a long-legged slip of a lass with a tongue as long as her leg—that spake up an' give it back to the lady. 'It ain't the breakfast things me Ma's washin' up,' sez she, 'these here be the dinner dishes,' sez she. 'We-uns has dinner at twelve,' sez she, 'an' we-uns has breakfast while you-uns is a-lyin' in bed,' sez she. The lady turned red as a turkey cock an' took out her teenty-bit o' a watch to see if me gurrl was for tellin' her a lie. An' thin she casts her eye roun' the room an' she axes me wife what she be a-doing' to support all them childer. Me Maria, she shakes her head, spaachless like, an' me gurrl squeaks up again': 'She ain't a-doin' nawthin'!' sez she. An' the young lady she looks rale mad, an' she sez quick and sharp, 'Ye had ought to take in washin',' sez she, 'an' help yer own selves an' not be axin' we-uns to help yez along,' sez she. Me Maria wor a-sittin' wid her two weeks old baby in its bit o' a cradle 'long side o' her, an' her heart mos' broke wid bad luck an' misfortune, but she cut her tongue loose for the wonst, an' sez she, 'Me good man ain't o' the same mind as yersel', ma-am, in regards to me a-takin' in the wash—nor the docthor nayther—wid me babe jist born into this sorrowful worrld yesterday two weeks back. I give me man the word that I'd not be for takin' in the wash this time till me babe's a month old,' sez she.

"How is it that yez kin kape clear o' debt the whiles?" sez me gran' lady—a-liftin' up her satin petticoat, an' holdin' her pretty head higher an' higher, 'ye's must kape clear o' debt,' sez she, 'or ye'll git no coal from we-uns,' sez she. (I disremember the words o' her discourse, but I'm for givin' ye the manin' straight.)

"'I ain't axed nobody to help we-uns but thim that has coal to sell chape to the poor,' sez Maria, firin' up at the last. 'An' its in debt we be, an' in debt we'll stay to the butcher an' the grocer an' the landlord, till me good man gits out o' the 'orspital, ma'am! There's reasonable folks in the wurruld who'll not press a poor body in misfortune, an' glad I be to have 'em thrust me the while instid o' starvin' the childer! But if the likes o' ye has got a mind to lift the debt, ye's kin pay me bills any day that suits yer pleasure, ma'am, an' I'll warn ye, me furniture ain't paid for nayther—no more'n the food we put in our mouths, ma'am.' Whin that there young lady heerd them words, she took hersel' off in a gran' rustle o' a hurry, an' me Maria an' the childer sot there an' laughed an' cried till they mos' busted their sides—that's what they did—an' there ain't been no Frindly Visitor 'round since that there day."

"It sounds like the genuine article," Julian admitted drearily, after the laugh had subsided.

"The theory at first struck me as very fine, but it works out just as our friend has described in the vast majority of cases. Of course, there is great improvidence among poor people, and it did seem as if a system of friendly visitation might prove a help."

"I am deeply impressed," said the Undertaker's Son with heavy sarcasm, "with the brilliant spectacular satire that our Anglo-Saxon friends put upon the stage for the benefit of suffering humanity! Who else but the English would have thought of setting idle and extravagant women of fashion to teach lessons of thrift and self-denial to the starving? And of course, you Ameri- *we* Americans, I mean—have copied this beautiful ideal from the from the virtuous British female herself."

"The good these well-meaning people might do is negatived by their assumption that the poor are made of different clay from themselves—this is what I used to come against at every turn," said Julian sadly, "it used to make me sick of the whole wretched business of philanthropy."

"Don't you see," said the Undertaker's Son, leaning upon his elbow and regarding his comrade with great earnestness by the dim light of the stars—they were all lying on their blankets with the sky for a tent—"don't you see that this assumption is really necessary to tender-hearted people who wish to preserve their sanity and still live under our abominable social system? The assumption does credit to their hearts—it makes me think better of them!"

The whole thing does seem an abominable system, true enough," said Julian, slowly, after a puzzled silence, "but what else is there to hope for except that men may become more merciful, as long as justice is out of the question?"

"It is not out of the question," retorted the German, angrily, "what right have you to assume that justice among men is always to be regarded as a Utopian scheme,—what right have you to sneer at those who see the possibility of an ideal justice working out into a perfect social state? Your pessimism seems to me immoral and revolting!"

"I do not sneer—you mistake me," returned Julian with surprising gentleness. "I confess that I have never given much thought to the Utopian visions you speak of—but I am very far from looking on them with contempt. The very worst that you can say of me is that I regard them with—with a kind of melancholy curiosity—nothing more."

The young German laughed. "I will put your 'melancholy curiosity' to the test some day, my young friend. By the way, did you read those books I gave you of Howells?"

"They delighted and charmed me—I had no idea Howells had gone so deeply into the question of our social inequalities. In many of his books he seemed to be to be always hovering around the edge of the problem—yet really evading it. But with what delicate irony this little tale shows up the hypocrisy of our Christian civilization!"

"But the remedy—the remedy—what do you think of that?" asked the impatient German.

"The remedy?" repeated Julian, somewhat vaguely, "do you mean that our novelist was really in earnest when he pictured the ideal commonwealth of the Altrurians? I took it that he meant to show us by force of contrast how miserably selfish and insincere our lives are—but I've not yet finished the story."

"Poor Howells," murmured the Undertaker's Son, with something between a laugh and a groan,—"this comes of having too much art—it takes the heavy skill of a blacksmith, I fancy, to break an idea into the American mind. So you put his best efforts aside as worthy of a Sunday School moralist, hey? Have you never read Bellamy's 'Looking Backward?'"

"Years ago—but not very carefully,—it was before I had had any experience in social problems."

"Read it again, by all means, and 'Equality' also—it is just out. I have a copy and you shall have it next. Each country has its own prophet and Bellamy is yours—ours, I mean. His minutely inventive genius just suits a nation of wheel worshippers—a people who are content to stand open-mouthed before the problems of their own existence, seeing nothing but the wheels going round—not wanting to see anything else. I fear you have ignored all your prophets—and do you call yourself a student of social conditions?"

"I assure you I've studied the very best authorities," protested Julian, laughing.

"Will ye's shut up an' let other folks git a wink o' sleep afore sunrise?" grumbled the Stonecutter. The Cuban murmured a polite endorsement to this request and the German consented to shut up forthwith and continue the discussion by daylight. He turned over on his blanket, tilted his hat over his face and was apparently soon fast asleep.

Julian tried to follow his example, but his brain seemed to be on fire, and sleep was out of the question. He lay on his back staring at the stars—thinking deeply. He tried to recall the chief features of the industrial commonwealth in "Looking Backward" and pieced out what he could not remember by what he did remember of "The Traveler from Altruria," and he wondered why he had given the subject such superficial attention. It must be because he had unconsciously accepted the misery of the

poor as their normal condition; he had worked only to palliate evils, never to remove them! His attitude of complacency was as culpable as that of the "privileged classes"—nay, he was more culpable, for he had not their excuse of self-interest.

The tenderness for humanity that was the life-giving spirit of the Altrurian stole into his soul and painted a fresh vision of a new social state more perfect than any that he had ever conceived of before. In this vision, poverty was practically abolished and all men were grouped as workers and lovers upholding together a noble ideal of brotherhood. The sweet picture of Elisabeth stood as the center piece of this vision. Elisabeth, removed from the degradation of the proletariat and the withering clutch of charity, stood engrossed apparently in some light and pleasing task, her face turned smilingly toward him and her eyes tender with love and happiness. In the light that radiated from her in every direction, the background was distinctly visible, stretching out far away from her, and it was wonderful to see the slums and city streets—receding—receding—as if in accordance with the young Mennonite's prophecy—and finally giving place to the woods, fields and hills of the open country, where men and women were meeting and strolling about arm in arm in blissful enjoyment of a new freedom. Their pale faces showed plainly that they had but lately passed out from the slums. Ah! If this could be true, if it could only be true! Why should men torment themselves with such visions if there were no truth in them,—if they were indeed incapable of prophecy?

A great pain smote Julian in the forehead; the incandescent lamp in his brain seemed to have gone out suddenly with a kind of explosion. He raised himself on his elbow, and looked towards the east. The red streaks of early dawn were burning into his eyes; they penetrated his eyeballs. He turned away in great pain, shut his eyes and lay still. His head was aching horribly. All the insects of the Southland were tuning their instruments and screaming like a discordant orchestra in his ear.

CHAPTER XXI.

The next day the four comrades sat on one side of their tent, moving only when the march of the sun withdrew from them foot by foot the tent's shadow, when they languidly arose and moved with it. Julian and the German had been taking turns reading aloud, and a pile of English authors lay around them.

"I am tired of playing sun dial," said the Undertaker's Son, with pathos, throwing down the book he had been shading his eyes with, "for how many weeks have we been revolving round

this blamed tent? I wish I were at home fixing up dead people—everything cold and plenty of ice, you know."

"Ah, ice!" sighed Julian, with a restless glance at their keg of drinking water which was now low and warm, the dearly prized lump of ice having disappeared from its depths early in the day. Ice was the only thing he craved and the mention of it made him frantic. He was lying on his side, a yellow-faced, hollow-eyed image of a recumbent soldier,—but indeed they were all of the same order.

"Let us talk of the Anglo-American alliance," he suggested with an attempt at a smile, the subject being already worn threadbare.

The Stonecutter raised a clenched fist.

"Is it not enough for the 'Merikin gouverment that we be baked by slow degrees in our own land, to the dr-ri-edupness of dr-r-ied cod-fish without bein' slung to the tail of a Baste av a Briton and slapped in the face of all the nations av Europe—includin' them that has been fri'nds to us since the beginnin' o' the wurruld?"

The others grinned spectrally to express their satisfaction at the Stonecutter's loyalty to the traditions of his race—all except the Cuban, who had not smiled since the pacific blockade of Cuba was begun in the spring.

"What's wrong with the Englishman?" he asked disdainfully. "Is he anyways different from the American in his treatment of what he is pleased to call an inferior race? My friends, you have not studied well the lesson England is trying to teach you—the lesson of calling heaven to witness the purity of your intentions, while you put your hand into the pocket of your unfortunate neighbor to steal from him all that he holds dear! What you call the deceit of the Latin races is childlike simplicity in comparison with the hypocrisy of that Pecksniff among nations! Ah! but you will learn rapidly—you Anglo-Saxons! you know already how to go to war 'for humanity's sake'—yes—and to rescue a starving people—after waiting until they are all dead!"

He turned abruptly and gazed through bitter tears in the direction of Cuba. No one answered him for a moment. They pitied him deeply for they knew that in Cuba he had left two sisters living with an aunt near Havana, and he had received no word from them for many months. They looked at each other in perplexed distress, and then Julian said shortly:

"I deny that we are Anglo-Saxons. I am an American."

"And I—and I!" asserted the other two with unnecessary emphasis; they were in no danger of being mistaken for Anglo-Saxons.

The Cuban laid his head down wearily and said no more. As

the Undertaker's Son expressed it, his company was about as cheerful as the blowing of the wind on the back of your neck in a graveyard. He was nothing now but a moan circulating about on two legs.

"Does the Anglo-Saxon lack anything whatever?" asked Julian with his eyes shut, his head aching madly. "Is he not about as near perfection as a mortal race can get? Tell us,—you of German blood—tell him how different we are from the Anglo-Saxons—we imperfect, misunderstood Americans."

The Undertaker's Son sat up and looked about him dreamily. He was several years older than Julian; a close intimacy already existed between them, notwithstanding that he was a "theorist."

"Must I gratify your national vanity which you label patriotism? Behold, I am going to lay my highest principles at your feet! I believe the Continentals consider the Briton an out and out materialist with gross instincts constantly breaking loose. Look you,—with all his opportunity for culture and after centuries of contact with artistic races, he has proved himself incapable of creating a national music. Even your negroes here—our negroes, I mean—have developed original forms of melody characteristic of their mental and moral development,—an outpouring of their sufferings during slavery, their hope of freedom—all their history congealed into folk-song. But where are the folk-songs—where are the great composers of England?"

"Music is itself a thing of the senses; it is no evidence of morality," objected Julian. He thought of his instruments which he had broken and laid away. He was glad they were in Elisabeth's keeping.

"No, but it is an evidence of ideality—that is, the highest kind of music is—and there can be no high morality without a still higher idealism to beckon it onward."

Julian, lifting himself painfully on his elbow, looked anxiously at the young German.

"But we are not a musical people, either, my friend,—we are as bad as the English."

"No one knows what you may become,—we, I mean. America is young. She has lately been too much under the influence of English thought for her own good. What literature she once could claim as her own—that is the best of it—was strongly tinged with idealism. Take Hawthorne, and Emerson, the Transcendentalist—take any one of the American poets, nearly all of whom were governed by ideas rather than external impressions. And then American history,—look what terrible wars have been fought for abstract principles. Oh, yes, there is hope for America! There is even hope that she may evolve a music of her own some day,—when she has learnt how to control the spirit

of commercialism which threatens now to strangle all her best impulses. But after commercialism has introduced militarism, my friends, into isolated, independent, free America—stretching from ocean to ocean—then she will understand at last that her democracy has been built upon quicksands! She needs to learn this lesson, and after she has mastered it, she will overthrow her idols of stone and brass; she will teach the world the meaning of the word—democracy. Not for nothing does that statute of liberty stand looking across the ocean. It is a symbol of the future,—for liberty has not yet come to America."

A silence followed this remark, broken only by a groan from the Stonecutter, until Julian observed demurely—his eyes still closed and a half-smile on his lips:

"I know you want to tell us about those glorious possibilities of the Industrial Commonwealth. But why have you set me to study the poetic details of the ideal social state from a lot of degenerate, materialistic Anglo-Saxons—why is this, my friend?"

"I really believe that national types are even more influenced by environment than individual ones," observed the German with an indirectness of thought that amounted to an evasion. "Remember that these islanders have been conquered and reconquered so many times in their history that they have learned at last the hard lesson of submission to the inevitable. To live as a nation, they have had to become a nation of materialistic producers. Many things that might have belonged to them have been lost in the struggle for existence."

"A race of mongrels—this is what they are," sneered the Cuban,—"mongrel puppy dogs!"

"Who can say what is the national type? Does not the same soil produce the towering spruce and the delicate white birch side by side? The idealist and the poet live in the shadow of the British factory; they are choked by the smoke that is incense to the nostrils of the manufacturer. They are powerless to influence this acquired national type—but their influence is felt in other lands."

"Perhaps a few strains of pure native blood have remained separate from the general mixture," suggested Julian. "Who knows but these radicals may be the descendants of some unconquered and unconquerable ancient Briton?"

"Must you always go back to heredity to justify your conservatism?" asked the German severely. "Why do you seek to bolster up the theory of an inherited, inherent superiority which can be handed down from father to son like an entailed estate? It is the theory on which aristocracies are formed, and it is false to nature—utterly false."

"A thousand pardons," laughed Julian, "I had no idea that I was suggesting anything approaching an aristocracy. Let me

tell you that I am never happier than when you rip up my unconscious conservatism—it is like letting in a breath of pure air—a mountain breeze."

The Undertaker's Son smiled grimly.

"I confess that I do not know what to say to you sometimes. What stuff are you really made of? You are so absurdly unscientific. You seem to me to choose fancy rather than fact—always."

"But the Irishman——" interrupted the Stonecutter, explosively, "he ain't no Briton,—ye can't make that out! Ireland's no part and parcel o' them British Isles—she's jist held there by the spirrits o' contrariness in them blasted British—an' some fine mornin' she'll cut loose and sail off by her own self!" He had been listening for sometime with an air of smouldering displeasure, and he felt now that the moment for self-assertion had come.

"You're just a little more of an ancient Briton than all the rest put together—a true son of a Briton, I call you!" repeated the German, with tantalizing deliberation.

"I ain't no mongrel!" protested the Stonecutter, scowling with dreadful fierceness at his comrades.

"You're right, you ain't—perfectly right," agreed the German, laughing, "that's just where the trouble comes in, I fancy. Look you, Julian,—here's your pure strain that won't mix. How does it fit your pretty theory?"

Julian hastened to change the subject.

"When I look at this question of race antagonism I have a fancy——" He turned with a wan smile to the Undertaker's Son —"pray excuse the term and the occasion for it; my poor overheated brain won't spin anything more tangible than these cobwebs of thought—I have a fancy that nations have sex characteristics as well as individuals. I place the Anglo-Saxon in the masculine gender along with several other European types, all showing the same overmastering brutal strength and determination to conquer nature. Then the Oriental races, and in fact nearly all dark-skinned people, I class as feminine,—they are emotional, artistic and submissive to nature, instead of being bent on conquering her. All of these live the indoor life as it were—life in a tropical country being like a woman's life indoors. They are consequently softer, gentler and more given to cultivating pleasing manners. They fascinate the Anglo-Saxon brute just as the individual woman fascinates the individual man—often to her own undoing—sometimes to his, when he gives up his own ideals for hers."

"He does that never—never, I say!" interrupted the Cuban, passionately. "When he reaches the shore of the dark-skinned

peoples, then you may see the same drama that takes place in your streets,—the maid giving all she has to her seducer, and receiving nothing but his hatred and contempt. He has no ideals to exchange—none,—and he would destroy all of hers!"

"What a frightful mix-up you have made with your metaphors," cried the German, impatiently. "Why can't you speak a plain language, Julian, and leave metaphors to those who seek to confuse thought? God in heaven! Isn't the problem of sex enough by itself without mixing it up with ethnology and world politics? How little you seem to understand the true nature of things! The false system under which we live—the false economic basis, I mean—is the underlying cause of our unjust sex distinctions. It is also the cause of all the hideous orgies in history. Commercial wars are a necessity if the rule of the few over the many is to be maintained. The question you will not answer to my satisfaction is this: Do you believe in maintaining this system and wringing from the laborer all the wealth that he produces save the pittance that is necessary to sustain him for the next day's work? Answer, my friend—answer!"

"How can I answer such a question?" said Julian, irritably. "You might as well ask me if I believe in retaining death in the world—or sin—or disease,—when there is no chance of doing away with any of them."

"Now, do give a straight answer! The question is not whether you can do away with this system—but, whether or not you would do away with it if it were possible? Now, come, my boy,—would you do away with it if you could?"

"Would I do away with it—with poverty—and inequality—and injustice—and wrong?" repeated Julian slowly. "Oh, my friend, why ask me such a question! Certainly I would do away with it to-morrow if I could—to-day!"

"And you would be willing to give the laborer his just share of what his toil has produced?"

"Yes—but what do you call his just share?"

"All that he produces."

"All—all, do you say? But—the laborers produce only half—capital produces the other half."

"Does not labor create the capital? Why, then, is it not entitled to what it creates? What you call 'capital' is the gigantic 'steal' of the commercial exploiter. It is a heap of stolen goods—nothing more."

"You are leaving out the brains that go with capital to direct its enterprises. It takes great brain power to create wealth and it directs both capital and labor. I have discovered the fallacy in your argument—and I am sorry for it," returned Julian in mournful tones.

"Not yet,—you haven't yet," smiled the German, who was now in his element and supremely happy.

"You have only defined another class of laborers who have been made more conspicuous by our wretched system than they deserve to be. They are entitled to their just share of what they help to produce, certainly—just like any other laborers."

"Where then is the difference? They now take what they consider to be a 'just share' and what is left but a pittance for the ignorant laborer?"

"Picture to yourself, Julian,—you are so fond of pictures—a somewhat different order of things. Picture the laborers no longer ignorant, but educated because they have leisure and means for education. Picture to yourself these men—collectively—holding the reins of power by electing their own representatives. Picture a government existing for the benefit of all workers—not for their exploitation. Think of this government as created to control and direct the economic functions of the people, instead of representing merely the ascendancy of one political party over another. Think of it as owning—holding the title deed to all the industrial activities of the people and administering them not for the enrichment of a few, but for the benefit of all, the profits to be shared by all the workers instead of being locked up in a treasury for the benefit of a few capitalists. Picture to yourself——"

"I see it—I see what you mean. Say no more! You are picturing again the Ideal Commonwealth,—that heavenly vision!" Julian, lying on his back, stared unblinkingly for a second into the dazzlingly blue sky over head and shut his eyes in pain and ecstasy.

"I am like a starving man in a desert, gazing at a beautiful mirage,—why do you continually bring it before my eyes while we lie here rotting in this sunlight—unable to stir a finger to help on the progress of the world, or to stem the tide of human misery?"

"We are undergoing only another form of exploitation, my young friend,—and if you only realize that it is a question of embalmed beef all the way through life with the laborer,—you will not have eaten it in vain. But I am tired of your metaphors. A mirage—indeed! Can't you get down to a scientific study of the facts as they are, and let metaphors and day dreams alone? I almost wish I had never given you any fiction on the subject, for you do not seem able to separate fact from fancy any more. Ah, Marx,—my Marx—should I have plunged you head-foremost into the hands of this perverse boy? He would have turned you into a Midsummer Night's Dream, and peopled your world of fact with his fairies!"

"I am an ill man—that is the truth," said Julian in a low

voice, while he struggled with great difficulty to his feet. "My head feels queer—as if it were not my own and I decline to be held responsible for anything it may make me do or say. I can't think any more. I have only fancies to express—illusions, perhaps. But I tell you all, I do see a light gleaming ahead—I see it clearly over there—and I am going out to meet it."

He looked around at his comrades and pulled his hat over his eyes. He pointed with his thin right hand to the horizon.

"Whatever that is—that beautiful picture over yonder you've painted for me—whether it's a dream or a coming reality, I know not and I don't care—I don't care, I say! It ought to be there if it isn't. It's what I'm going to work for and believe in for the rest of my life. I dedicate myself to yonder picture or mirage—or paradise on earth—and I'll stake my hope of heaven on its becoming a reality some day. I say, God bless the coming of that Ideal Commonwealth!" He took off his hat and waved it wildly at the horizon.

"I'd rather die a penniless dreamer believing in that picture of human justice than live a millionaire with no use for my fellows but to exploit them. I'm going to set out to find that lovely temple—that mirage in the desert—who'll go with me?"

"Count me with you—and me," shouted the Stonecutter and the Cuban, waving their hats deliriously.

"Don't act like an idiot, Julian! You two fellows ought to have more sense! Don't you see the man's got fever and is almost out of his head? Stop, Julian—I want to feel your pulse. Heavens! How hot your hand is! Look here, my friend, your eyes look terribly queer,—they're bloodshot—and you're shaking all over!"

"I've strained my eyes looking at that mirage—they'll be all right soon. I never felt better in my life!"

"Bathe your head and eyes in this cold water—do, Julian!"

There isn't any cold water there—it's boiling hot, thanks. All my fault. I forgot I was to go to the spring to-day. The sun's under a cloud, thank heaven, so I'll make hay while it doesn't shine. I'm going now—I'm going to get you boys some water." He grabbed the pail with feverish energy.

"You're not fit—let some one else go," cried the others, but Julian paid no heed to them and staggered off to find a wheelbarrow. They soon saw him trundling it along the road. He smiled at them—a vague boyish smile—very wan, shrunken and waxen he looked in the dusty sunlight.

"I'm off to find the Temple of Justice,—I'll get there some day —some day!"

He waved his arms at them.

"We want to know what it's like—don't stay long, Julian," they

called after him. Julian answered gravely that he would tell them all about it—when he got back.

The spring was nearly two miles distant, and Julian followed a dusty road between cotton fields. He walked in unsteady haste, dreading the reappearance of the sun's rays. His pulses were fluttering and his temples throbbing; but the worse he felt the faster he hurried towards the spring which he knew was concealed in the depths of a small pine wood.

When he reached it he dropped panting by its grassy slope. Having recovered his breath, he drank greedily of the water. The process of filling the can by dipping into the spring with a smaller pail, was tedious indeed, but it was at last accomplished and he refreshed himself by pouring the cold water over his head and shoulders. The desire to return to his comrades as speedily as possible grew with the consciousness that his limbs were shaking beneath him. He hastened with his heavy load out of the wood and found the road lying in brilliant sunshine. There was nothing to do but to go on. The distance seemed interminable. After a desperate struggle to keep up at a rapid pace, he was forced to stop and rest.

Julian started forward again, now wheeling the barrow slowly. It would not run straight, but ambled from side to side, like a drunken man. He kept on for half a mile further and by this time the sun had dried his hair and his wet jacket. His breath came in gasps; his heart was jumping about in his chest like a cannon ball thrashing across a cornfield. A deadly nausea seized and overpowered him. He stopped, reeled and fell forward on his face by the side of the road.

An hour later, an ambulance came rumbling slowly along. It stopped by the side of the fallen volunteer; a surgeon sprang out, examined him, and in a trice, the insensible form was lifted into the ambulance and the vehicle went on its way.

CHAPTER XXII.

When Julian regained consciousness, he found himself on a mattress by the side of many other prostrate forms whose heavy breathing and inarticulate groans and mutterings oppressed him dismally. The atmosphere was stifling; bad odors offended his nostrils; he panted for breath, and cried aloud repeatedly for water. What manner of place was this into which he had fallen? What had happened to him? Slowly the events of the day arranged themselves in his memory. He traveled over again, step by step, his journey to the spring; he remembered filling the can and the agonizing struggle of the homeward march. He was horror-stricken at the thought that his comrades through

his weakness were deprived of means wherewith to quench their thirst. He must return to the spot where he had left the barrow and the can, and in the coolness of the night air he could surely reach the camp of his regiment. His effort to raise himself from the mattress produced an overpowering giddiness; he sank back on the pillow. A heavy sleep soon took possession of him.

When he opened his eyes for the second time, the light of early morning made his surroundings distinctly visible. The fever in his veins had moderated somewhat; his brain felt clearer. He sat up, took account of all that had happened, separated his painful dreams from the still more depressing realities, and divined that he was in one of the wards of the Division Hospital. Feeling very weak, he looked about for food and for the nurses and attendants which one associates with a hospital. Some one at the other end of the ward was moving about with a tray on which was gathered a number of tin cups and earthenware bowls. Julian looked eagerly towards this man, who finally approached him and laid a cupful of liquid by his side. He inquired of the attendant for the examining surgeon, but the man, who was an unshaven, unkempt-looking creature, shook his head and moved off stupidly.

Julian devoted himself with interest to the contents of his cup; taking it up with a trembling hand he put it to his lips and tasted a greasy, unpalatable soup. An anxious inspection revealed the presence of half a dozen flies floating on its surface. He put the cup down hastily and lay back on his couch. His eyes sought the canvas overhead and he was disconcerted to observe that it was black with torturing insects. These detestable creatures were already beginning to stir themselves in anticipation of a renewed assault on the unhappy victims who lay below. As the sunlight streamed in, some of the patients covered their heads, others fought the flies off by waving in the air emaciated arms and hands, cursing hoarsely meanwhile; others turned heavily on their faces and lay still. Julian beat the air with the rest until exhausted.

He tried to think coherently and calculate his chances of life. All that he had heard of the horrors of this hospital returned to his mind with appalling distinctness. He longed for the sound of a friendly voice—some one to encourage or advise him. He thought of the Drygoods Clerk, who was still a patient here. He would look for him and learn his experience and what to expect in the way of treatment and nursing.

Finding himself still clad in his soldier's uniform, with even his shoes on his feet, Julian decided that there was nothing to prevent his making a tour of the ward in search of his comrade. He swallowed a few mouthfuls of soup by sheer force of will,

and managed to get on his feet. He then started on his pilgrimage by slow stages, holding sometimes to the ropes of the tent, and sometimes to the cots on which a minority of the patients lay. He went to the end of the ward and back again without discovering the object of his search. Then he concentrated his attention on a long, motionless outline that lay on a mattress in a corner apart from the other patients. A bony hand extending outside the cover looked familiar. Julian approached this figure. The face turned upward, revealed in sharp outline the high promontory of nose, brow and cheekbone which identified the Drygoods Clerk. The mouth was mide open, the jaw fallen. The expression of the face was one of terrible irony. Julian in tremulous tones called him by name.

"Robert—Robert!" There was no reply.

Julian touched him to see if he were alive. Yes, he was breathing—he still lived. As he bent over him, he made a ghastly discovery: the poor fellow's mouth was black with flies; they were not only around it, but they swarmed inside and half way down his throat. Trembling from head to foot, Julian raised the discolored sheet and gazed upon Robert's wasted limbs; he dropped the sheet hastily and fell on his knees with his arms around the insensible figure of his comrade. He burst into tears.

"Robert—you patriot—you lion-hearted fellow—is this the way they have served you? Open your eyes and look into a comrade's face!"

He drove the flies away with a fierce gesture and laid his hand on Robert's forehead to smooth it repeatedly. The caressing touch seemed to reach the consciousness which Julian's voice had failed to penetrate. Robert stirred slightly, he sighed, his eyelids quivered for a brief second. Though his condition was one of coma, he seemed to feel the presence of a friend. His expression became more and more peaceful; it wore soon an air of noble repose.

Julian glanced about him for restoratives. On a chair by Robert's side was a can of condensed milk. Seizing a spoon, he dipped into the thick liquid and poured a few drops cautiously into Robert's mouth. But Robert was incapable of swallowing. Julian seated himself on the edge of the bed and devoted himself to brushing away the persistent flies. He swayed heavily when he tried to sit upright, and for the most part leaned on his elbow, on which he strove to support his dizzy head. Thus he lay in great misery until a merciful oblivion overtook him.

It was late in the afternoon when he awoke with a wail of self-reproach in his heart for having fallen asleep in his watch over Robert. What had happened in the meantime? He found

himself lying in bed. But why was he at this end of the ward? An attendant was passing with a pail of water in his hand.

Julian called to him and with great difficulty framed a sentence of inquiry, in which nouns and verbs were strangely jumbled. The fellow was pulling off his orderly's jacket, which he carelessly flung across one of the cots.

"He's dead—and taken away. You can have his bed now, if you don't fret. Lie still, and content yourself there till the doctor comes," was the answer.

He was lying in Robert's bed—in which Robert had just died. He was put there to die just as Robert had died, with the black flies ready to cluster down his throat!

The cunning that illumines the perceptions of the insane now evolved in Julian's clouded brain an almost superhuman forethought. He waited in apparent acquiescence until the attendant had withdrawn to the other end of the ward; then he crawled cautiously out of bed with his eyes fixed on the doorway. All of his senses and what remained of his intelligence were concentrated on a determination to live—to make a break for life—health—happiness, and Elisabeth!

The thought of her gave him a fierce strength.

Perhaps no one would hinder his departure from the ward, but stationed outside was a sentinel who passed backward and forward. Julian's glance traveled uncertainly from the ward to the sentinel; his eye fell on the jacket which the attendant had just discarded, owing to the intense heat. A disguise was what he needed; he staggered towards it, joyfully recognizing the stripes of the hospital orderly as he pushed his arms into the sleeves. By the door stood an empty pail. He clutched this with a trembling hand, reached up to a peg on the wall and removed a felt hat belonging to one of the patients. He set it on his head, pulled it well over his eyes and stumbled towards the opening of the tent.

Summoning all his wits and energies he started on a run. He waved his bucket at the sentinel, held his fluttering jacket together at his throat with the other hand, and shouted:—

"A man's dying in there for water—water!" and dashed by the astonished guard, to whom such zeal on behalf of the dying was more than a nine days' wonder.

The unnatural strength which had come to his aid lasted until he reached the road which led to his regiment. Then his legs gave way and he fell in a heap; but he was so filled with exultation over the success of his escape that he recovered strength enough to scramble up again and run on. In this manner, now stumbling, running, falling and reeling from side to

side, he continued his flight. On meeting an officer he had enough presence of mind left to walk slowly and give the salute.

It was nearly dark; strange fancies were crowding his brain; he seemed to have parted from his body and to be flying through space on a spirit's wings. Not far ahead he saw the lights of his regiment, and he knew exactly which were those of his company; brighter and brighter they gleamed as he drew towards them. He passed tent after tent which was not his own. His heart was bursting with the thought of a mission yet to be performed on behalf of Robert. He knew now why he has escaped from the hospital!

Suddenly he came upon his own tent, beside which were lying his three comrades and several other men on blankets. By the starlight he could just distinguish their faces. He stopped before them and raised both hands high above his head.

"Robert is dead—dead! We must give him a military funeral, for he is a greater hero than Hobson or Dewey. He died of neglect, I assure you. The flies were his nurses. Get up all of you and fire a salute for Robert!"

The three men looked at him in amazement. Julian, gasping for breath, pushed back his cap and stared wildly at them. He thought their looks indicated reproach.

"I did the best I could—I tried to—I tried to——"

Speech and memory failed him. He could not remember what he had tried to do for Robert. The reproachful gaze of his comrades was piercing his heart. He clasped his hands over his eyes in anguish. The stars overhead, the tents surrounding him, and the men at his feet whirled suddenly together in black confusion. The cold, silent rage of his comrades was frightful to behold; they would next seize the stars from Heaven to throw at him; the tents of the entire regiment were collapsing; earth and sky were shaking and shuddering at him because he had deserted his friend! With a cry, Julian staggered towards the Undertaker's Son and fell at his feet.

"Good God! Endicott! Julian!" The men, all of whom were ill themselves, scrambled to their feet with words of affectionate welcome. But Julian's superhuman effort had come to an end and he lay like a log.

Several hours later, as the three sick and weary occupants of the tent sat together by the side of their insensible comrade, they saw coming up the road in the dusty glare of the sunlight another flying figure which reminded them strangely of Julian's draamtic approach of the night before. It proved to be the regimental surgeon. He held in his hand a paper which he waved frantically.

"Good news!" he exclaimed, breathlessly. "Let me have your

temperatures, every man of you—I've got the whole regiment down all except this end of it and what's in the hospital. Look at this schedule—I've been at work since two o'clock taking temperatures; there's not one down here below one hundred and two and five-eighths, and all the way up to one hundred and six —and God knows what! Something great is coming from Philadelphia—my native city; a hospital train—chuck full of doctors and nurses, ice-bags and bath-tubs! Gol bless them all!"

His voice broke and he began to sob hysterically.

"Do you think I haven't—I haven't—suffered, too? Confound it all, to think I worked my way through hospitals, dissecting rooms and dispensaries in that Quaker village to stand still like this! Do you think I'm that kind of a fool, you idiots? Why, what could I do when I hadn't the medicines or anything?"

The men looked at each other mournfully.

"He's got off his head, too," they whispered.

"No, I haven't," shouted the surgeon, "I'm not out of my head yet—I'm only drunk—that's what I am—drunk! I've known for a week I was in for typhoid, and last night I knew I had just a few hours left to keep on my feet and that hospital train coming forty-five miles an hour, so I filled up this morning with whisky and quinine—forty-four grains of quinine and a lot of whisky—enough to make a man as drunk as a lord, and that's what I am. But I'm not too drunk to take your temperatures all right! Come, you yellow-faced rascal, hold this thing in your mouth just three minutes. Fetch me that stool to sit on—and get me a pail of water." He seated himself and mopped his forehead, on which great beads of perspiration were gathered. His face, usually a boyish, clean red and white, was now darkly flushed, his eyes staring and bloodshot. He went on talking rapidly while noting the temperature of each and writing it down.

"This is purely mechanical—like a deadbeat letting himself in with his latch-key; but you needn't fear I'm not getting it down all right. It's d——d right! The Philadelphians will open their eyes when they see these temperatures walking about on two legs! It's heroism, nothing else. What ails that boy lying there?" pointing to Julian.

The Stone-cutter undertook to reply with his hand on Julian's forehead.

"He's another hero done for. It's his last breath he's drawin', and praise be to God that he's drawin' it in sight of his comrades and fri'nds, who'll close his eyes with respectability. A fine lad he was, docthor—with a grand turn for righteousness, and the love of humanity strong in him; those were his traits and his specialties, as we knowed that loved him."

The young surgeon moved to Julian's side, feeling first for his heart, his pulse, then parting his eyelids gently with his fingers.

"Get ice, quick—plenty of it." The men looked dismally at their keg of drinking water, in which was an extra lump, bought to cool the water for Julian's forehead. "Do you hear what I say? Crack up that ice and put it in a handkerchief, quick!" They brought him the ice as directed. He spread it like a cap over Julian's head and wrapped a blanket around it.

"You'll soon have ice in plenty when the hospital comes. It's due here at five o'clock; it's got the right of way with a Baldwin locomotive in front and a Pennsylvania engineer running it for all his life's worth. Do you think we deal in track-jumpers and dilly-dallies in my State? Get out of the road, I say! It's five minutes of five now. Don't you hear the bells ringing and the whistles blowing? It's coming 'round the curve. Three cheers for the Philadelphia Hospital Train! I'm off to flag it right here and get the sick of my regiment on board before any others have a show to crowd you out. You'll be on board before it pulls up to the station! Hurrah! Here she comes! I've got all your temperatures and I'm running this show now, till we get to the Quaker meeting."

He started off on a full run towards the track of the railroad, which lay to their left about half a mile distant. The men watched him, amazed, incredulous, sorrowfully convinced that overwork and fever had dethroned the poor fellow's reason. They knew nothing of any hospital train coming to their rescue, and they could hear neither whistle blowing nor bell ringing. They followed him with their eyes, however, and groaned when they saw him stumble and fall. But he was soon up again and on his way cheering and hurrahing. Soon he had reached the railroad, and they saw his figure clearly defined against the evening sky, his cap off, his arms waving.

Was he really insane? The depressing thought turned them ill—iller than they had been before. They looked at each other in sickening fear. Was everybody going crazy?

Then a sound-wave of wonderful import reached their ears. A long, piercing shriek stabbed the silence, followed by the clanging of a locomotive bell. A train was coming—a train which they knew was not on the time-table of that railroad. It had rounded the curve—it was coming into sight. Great heavens, there it was in full view, stopping at the bidding of the young surgeon!

Every man started to his feet. They ran forward and backward; they cheered and waved their hands, they threw their hats into the air; them embraced each other, and wept.

"It's too good to be true!" many of them cried. Some of them stumbled forward to get on the train; others did the same but returned hastily, remembering friends too ill to walk whom they could not desert; among these latter were Julian's three comrades. Deliberately the trio waited in stoical patience while they sat in a group around Julian. The Undertaker's Son tied a large handkerchief to the end of his rifle and hoisted it as a signal of distress.

From the train numerous persons were now emerging and forming a procession, carrying stretchers, bottles, baskets, and what not.

"Look!" cried the Stonecutter, "women! God bless them!"

"Why are they all dressed in white?" asked the Cuban, fearfully; might it not be after all but another visitation from one of America's queer religious sects?

"They're trained nurses, you fool! Oh, God be thanked! How beautiful they are—how beautiful—how celestial!" Staggering to his feet the Undertaker's Son stood gazing at the procession with streaming eyes and arms extended. Hats were already off and all the men who were able to stand were on their feet to greet the deliverers.

The procession drew near and stopped by the side of Julian. He was lifted to a stretcher and carried swiftly to the train; wonderful appliances were set in motion to restore him, through all of which he remained unconscious.

By nine o'clock that night all the sick of the regiment were on board the Flying Hospital, including the plucky surgeon, who was put into the first cot. The bell rang, the whistle sounded, the soldiers outside cheered their heartiest. The Philadelphia Hospital Train turned its blazing eyeball about and started its great caterpillar feet of incredible swiftness—its long, low line of cheerful light—mercifully to the North.

(Concluded next month.)

SOCIALISM ABROAD

Professor E. Untermann.

Germany.

While starvation is staring 93,000 unemployed of the capital in the face, while the icy blasts sow misery and disease among the destitute, while reports of extreme suffering come from all parts of the empire, while the industries are in the throes of an acute crisis, the Reichstag is discussing the "hunger tariff," which is to protect the interests of the wealthy agrarians at the expense of all other interests of society, especially those of the wage workers. With brazen impudence and tottering arguments the degenerate lords are trying to obtain by "legal" methods what their ancestors obtained by open robbery—the fruits of other people's labor.

The Socialists challenged and proved the inaccuracy of the statements of their opponents in press and speech. They left to the champions of the tariff no other ground to stand on but barefaced covetousness. A better lesson on the value of parliamentarism as a weapon for proletarian emancipation was seldom offered than by this struggle between socialist and capitalist representatives. The fable of the "suffering landowners" was held up to scathing criticism by Bebel, Singer, Molkenbuhr and others. It was clearly shown that the defenders of the tariff had no definite economic program; that the period of highest prosperity in agriculture had been at the same time a period of lowest wages for farm hands; and that the miserable condition of the farm laborers was not due to low prices of agricultural products, but to excessive exploitation. The Socialist land owners, some of them very wealthy men, did not require a higher tariff, and also the emperor, who is one of the largest landed proprietors, is opposed to it.

Count Schwerin made the remarkable statement that Germany could produce its own supply of grainstuffs if the price of grain were only raised by a tariff. This would be possible, according to him, by limiting the use of cereals for stock feed and cultivating more of the land now growing green forage or lying untilled, because the raising of grain does not pay. Vorwaerts admits that the raising of the price of cereals by the help of a high tariff might reduce the feeding of corn and rye and lead to a cultivation of a larger area of cereals, but doubts that sufficient grain could be produced in Germany to meet the local demand. According to Vorwaerts, the agricultural and horticultural area of Germany has not increased since 1879 in spite of a steadily increasing tariff, but has remained almost stationary around the sixty-four million acre mark. Only the proportion of the different crops has changed from time to time.

Hence Vorwaerts maintains that the increase of the cereal area would have to come out of the area for green forage, and that the already insufficient supply of the latter would have to be imported from other countries. But as the agrarians demand a tariff not only on grain, but also on forage plants, they would lose on one side what they gained on the other. Another result of the tariff would be the increase of diseases among stock in consequence of lack of green forage. The extensive use of artificial stock feed caused mouth and foot disease on 162,657 farms in 1899, and the slaughter houses of the large cities rejected 159,000 cattle and 160,000 hogs, 129,000 of which were suffering from tuberculosis.

While the proposed tariff would nearly double the income of the great land owners, it would almost remove bread and meat out of reach of the poorest part of the population. Even now, hunger is rampant in wide districts. Investigations made secretly by several teachers in Saxony show that 25 to 30 per cent of the children in a certain school of Saxony had lived on nothing but dry bread for several months, while about 50 to 60 per cent had only potatoes and linseed oil for dinner. No wonder that the petitions protesting against the hunger tariff were brought in wagon loads to the bureau of the Reichstag, three and one-half million signatures having been secured by the Socialists.

The deep seriousness of the question was fully impressed on all when Comrade Bebel took the floor to reply to the speakers of the other parties. He said that their program meant the complete ruin of industry. In reply to the charge that the Socialists were inciting the people against the government he said that no one had used more inciting language than the League of Landed Proprietors, who had threatened to withdraw their support from the government if they did not get the tariff they demanded. He showed that the land owners would make an annual profit of 657½ million marks through the new tariff. "Why, it all depends on the management," interrupted Count Schwerin. "Just so, Count," replied Bebel, "if you would manage your business better you would not need a higher tariff!" And the Count took another guess. Bebel exposed the hypocrisy of the land owners who invoked the protection of God for their usury, and of the wealthy clergy, who favored this tariff and taught the poor people to pray: "Give us this day our daily bread!" He proved that the number of those who would profit by the tariff was very small, and that most of royal and princely land owners were among them. "Do the German princes belong to the suffering land owners?" he asked sarcastically. The excitement of the House reached a dramatic climax when Bebel related the following touching incident: "A pupil of a Cologne public school had been buried, and the teacher told the children that their playmate was now in heaven. Then he asked: 'Who would like to go to heaven?' Three little ones arose, among them a little boy who had been looking very ill for some time. The teacher asked him why he wanted to go to heaven, and what was the answer? 'Because there I should not feel hungry any longer!'" "Perhaps his father had spent all his money for drink!" shouted Count Arnim derisively. Cries of "Shame!" arose on all sides, and the house was in an uproar for several minutes. "That is a shameless remark!" exclaimed Bebel. "The Count is laughing! That is callousness!"

Subsequent investigations showed that the child belonged to a very poor family. The mother was sick, the father was unemployed for a long time, there were five children, two of them too small to walk, and neither bed clothing nor fuel was sufficient for the winter.

Bebel went on to show that there were 700,000 men out of work, 300,000 of whom were married, so that about 1,600,000 human beings were the victims of bitter destitution, and there was no prospect of relief. "We have paid thirty-three millions for the St. Gotthard tunnel," he exclaimed, "and now we are met by protective tariffs that obstruct the passage of the Alps anew. Millions have been spent for steamship subsidies, and now we cut off international trade. We go to China in order to open it, and at the same moment we become Chinese ourselves and erect a Chinese wall around us." His summing up of the effect of the tariff on workingmen was "deterioration of the condition of the small craftsmen, increased need of assistance to the poor, sick and invalid and growth of crimes." He closed his magnificent effort with the shout: "In the name of justice, in the name of the welfare of the people, into the abyss with this bill!"

Singer, though less emotional, did not spare the exploiters, whose only aim was exploitation of the people at any price. The fifteenth annual convention of the Central Federation of East Prussian Agrarians, he said, had demanded a shorter school day, so that the children might have more time to tend cattle. The land owners of Mecklenburg had declared that it was sufficient for children of the working class to acquire "a knowledge of the divine father" and "as much writing, reading and reckoning as they would need later on in farm service."

The fate of the bill is as yet unknown. But the immediate effect of this attempt to exploit the weak, as predicted by the Socialist speakers, is the increase of Socialist votes. Not less than 136 municipal councillors have lately been elected by Socialists in different places, and if the Reichstag were now dissolved the Socialist party would be the only one to benefit thereby. Bebel did not neglect the opportunity to taunt his opponents with this fact. At all events, the Reichstag will soon open its doors to a new Socialist member, Eduard Bernstein, who is sure to be elected in Breslau.

England.

Edward's domain is the undisputed Eldorado of capitalism. Socialism is hoodooed in the United Kingdom and dependencies. The name of the hoodoo is "Liberalism." Every capitalist who knows his business believes in this charm, for there is none more potent to conjure socialism with. The flower of England's manhood is sacrificed on the altar of greed—alias patriotism—in South Africa. The home of Manchesterdom is so thoroughly flooded with American goods that the label "made in America" is now John Bull's nightmare as much as "made in Germany" once used to be. The trades unions of England are the oldest in the world. Competition is in its last throes. The field should be an ideal one for Socialist propaganda, according to economic determinism. But here not economic conditions, no, the "idea" of Liberalism determines

the acts of man. The case is unique. Though London was the cradle of modern socialism, no modern state has a weaker socialist movement than England. At the moment when socialist agitation should be at white heat; when the proletariat should be flocking to their emancipation in thousands; when the whole socialist phalanx should advance like one solid wall and take the capitalist enemy unawares where it is most exposed, at home; when the English socialist press should be ringing with the cheers of their approaching victory—this is what we gather from the revolutionary papers: A nerveless sophistry in the editorials (except Justice), sleepy and dispirited reports in the propaganda columns, and personal abuse as the only sign of energy. Hyndman finds his position in the executive committee of the S. D. F. so thankless that he resigns after twenty years of unremitting work and seeks the more congenial field of independent activity. Tom Mann gets disgusted and goes to New Zealand. Bruce Glasier and his friends, backed up by Sam Woods, oppose the candidacy of Quelch for Parliament. Sidney Webb helps Chamberlain to spread imperialism. Blatchford's manly breast swells with patriotism. Bernhard Shaw writes comic operas while wage slaves are groaning in dull despair. Keir Hardie tries to introduce Socialism by decree of Parliament and gets the cold shoulder, although all the members of the house are Socialists now, according to Sir Harcourt. This "milieu" has inoculated Eduard Bernstein with enough of the Harcourt brand of Socialism to last him a lifetime.

There is only one bright gleam in this liberal fog—Gaylord Wilshire is now under the protection of the British crown. He knows how to assert the "I," and he didn't get the idea from Helen Wilmans either. Perhaps his dash will succeed in demonstrating to the English comrades that the Socialist ideal of propaganda is not to "calmly wait till hurrying fate meets your demand with sure supply," but to get out and hustle. I would rather see "I" in Chicago than anywhere else, but if he must go into "exile," I wish he would go to England and help Quelch. The Canadians can take care of themselves.

Russia.

No government on earth can boast of a more simple and summary way of dealing with social problems than the Russian. Father Tsar's panacea for strikes, hunger riots, demands for better wages, shorter hours of labor and other workingmen's irrationalities is made up from the following prescription: Take equal parts of Cossacks, policemen, prisons and Siberia, and apply in generous doses wherever the body social shows any eruptions. This allopathic method of suppressing symptoms instead of doing away with the causes of disease has been liberally applied during the last months. In all parts of the vast empire, mass arrests of workingmen, students, professors, and writers have taken place. The Tsar evidently believes in the rule, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." There is little doubt that a more effective way of educating the broad mass of the people cannot be found. The immediate result of this policy is the formation of two new labor or-

ganizations—the "Workingmen's Federation of North Russia" and the "Workingmen's Federation of the Volga Districts."

Norway.

Municipal elections were very favorable to Socialists. In Trondhjem, eight councillors were elected by them. In Christiania, fourteen Socialist councillors succeeded in gaining seats, thanks to the active work of Socialist women. Other smaller towns also had to admit the red spectre into the halls that had so long served the interests of sacred property.

THE WORLD OF LABOR

By Max. S. Hayes.

The A. F. of L. convention at Scranton this year, while the largest in point of delegates attending and members represented, took no marked advanced position over previous sessions, either industrially or politically, except to put the quietus to the cry of "autonomy" in craft affairs by adopting a straddle, and to sanction the opening of union doors to a discussion of politics. Although a dozen Socialist resolutions had been introduced, the dilatory tactics of the committees prevented a discussion of that subject, as the resolutions were brought in late in the afternoon of the last day's session. The vast majority of delegates anticipated a lively debate on the question of Socialism for a week, but they were doomed to disappointment, the authors of the resolutions announcing that they were not prepared to shoulder the blame for an extraordinary session. There was much criticism of the actions of the committees by delegates who desired to hear both sides, and if the administration can gain any comfort from the result it is welcome to it. The "autonomists," finding that they were outnumbered, adopted a resolution pledging their fealty to the Federation, but giving notice that they will carry on their agitation inside of the lines. The Chinese were notified to remain out of the country, and the questions of child labor and court injunctions aroused spasmodic debates. A proposition to increase the number of members of the executive council by two members was defeated, as was also a resolution to increase the salaries of president and secretary. The same fate was met by resolutions to elect officers by the referendum, and that committees be elected by the delegates instead of appointed by the president. Despite newspaper reports, Shaffer, of the iron and steel workers, did not raise "rough house." The same officers were re-elected, and the two delegates chosen to visit our British cousins will probably cause more sarcastic comment on the other side of the pond. A large number of boycotts were placed and grievances discussed. A few trade fights were settled, more were shoved off for another year, and several new ones begun, among the latter being an ugly dispute between the pressmen and bookbinders on the one side and the printers on the other, which developed during the closing hour of the last day's session. Altogether the Scranton convention will go down in history as a very mediocre affair—that is, if it is not forgotten before it gets to the historical point.

During the past month a great hullaballoo was made in the daily press about a meeting that was held in New York between representatives of organized and well-known capitalists and a few "plain citizens." After many spread-eagle speeches, in which Mark Hanna and Charles

M. Schwab on the one side, and Sargeant, of the firemen, and Phillips, of the hatters, showed that "the interests of capital and labor are identical," a committee of thirty-six was appointed to devise ways and means of bringing about a sort of brotherhood between the two classes that have "misunderstood each other" for so many years. The committee is composed of twelve capitalists, as many laborites, and the same number of "plain citizens," like Grover Cleveland, James A. Eckels and Cornelius Bliss, the latter to guard the interests of the dear public in the negotiations to "harmonize" everybody and everything. The thirty-six met and solemnly elected Senator M. A. Hanna chairman and Samuel Gompers vice chairman. The new movement is being fathered by the National Civic Federation, which only a short year ago had a consuming desire to get organized labor to consent to being shackled by compulsory arbitration laws. The new move will be watched with some curiosity and even amusement by organized working people.

The Western Labor Union and the A. F. of L. have locked horns in the Denver central body and in several other towns in the West.

An English inventor has produced a machine with which it is possible to treat China grass, which grows extensively in the far east, and convert it into textile fabrics that resemble silk and costs little more than cotton. Enthusiasts aver that it will revolutionize the cloth industry. Another recent invention transforms palm leaves, treated with an alkaline preparation, into a fibre of great strength and can be used in textile fabrics.

H. Gaylord Wilshire has removed his suppressed Challenge to Toronto, Canada, and says the freedom of the press is guaranteed under the British flag.

Morgan has thrown his hooks into several more iron and steel mills, and is said to have also got a line on the Illinois coal fields, which will be combined into a $75,000,000 octopus.

A new alloy of aluminum has been discovered from which tacks and nails can be made which will not corrode and are cheap.

Zanesville carriage workers have been injunctioned.

Three Chicago unionists were fined $50 and one was sent to jail for thirty days for disobeying an injunction.

Socialists of the province of Ontario, Canada, held a convention and laid the ground work for a national party. It is expected that in September a convention, to be composed of representatives from all the provinces, will meet and form a permanent organization. The union people have taken hold of the movement in earnest and are pushing the propaganda in an energetic manner.

A company has purchased 180,000 acres of wheat land in Western Kansas, which will be made the largest wheat farm in the world. The latest improved machinery will be used, and it is expected that wheat can be raised at one-third the cost that small farmers can produce it. Another syndicate of capitalists purchased 109,000 acres of land in Louisiana, which will be turned into the largest cotton plantation in

the world and also operated with improved machinery. Thus concentration goes merrily on and hastening Socialism in our time.

Secretary Greenbaum announces that charters have been issued to new locals in the following places: Orlando, Fla.; Granite Falls, Minn.; Logan, Utah; Stillwater, Okla.; Fort Scott, Pittsburg, Cherokee, Cherryvale, Columbus, Oswego, Parsons, Garnett, McCune, Galena, Whitelaw, Garfield, Kan.; Independence, Colo.; New Orleans, La.; Burnham, Okla.; Newburn, Va.; Mt. Pleasant, Utah; Sioux Falls, S. D.; Murray, Utah; Baltimore, Md.; Little Rock, Ark.; Burma, Ark.; Golden, Colo.; Idaho Falls, Ind.; Angus, Minn.; Cedar City, Utah; Magnolia, Ind.; Richmond, Va.; Salt Lake, Utah; Norfolk, Va. A large corps of national and local organizers and speakers are in the field, and reports from every part of the country indicate that the Socialist party is a movement that moves.

A $35,000,000 international kodak trust will take snap shots at the people's pocket-books.

Santiago Iglesias, who was sent to Porto Rico on an organizing expedition by the A. F. of L., and who was arrested the moment he stepped on shore for having led a strike, was sentenced to three years imprisonment.

Report from Indianapolis has it that the billion-dollar trust has secured control of an automatic device which will displace all skilled men in tin-plate production. The machines will be operated by ordinary $1.50 day laborers, and one man will be able to turn out as much work as four skilled men who received $6 to $8 per day, and at the same time turn out three times more product. President Schwab watched a test of the machine at Elwood and gave orders to erect a mill specially arranged to operate the new system. Is the labor question a serious one?

Contractors who will erect the buildings for the world's fair at St. Louis have thrown down the gauntlet to organized labor and declare that they will not employ union labor only or stand for sympathy strikes.

Waiters at Portland, Ore., were injunctioned.

In Seattle, Wash., a unionist carrying a banner inviting people to boycott a certain saloon was arrested for "inciting to riot."

The labor mayor of Ansonia, Conn., is having his own troubles. The city council stands five Democrats, three Republicans and seven Laborites, and the two old ones have drawn the class line and have a majority of one. If labor people can't see the class struggle, the other fellows can show it to them.

Jim Swinton, pioneer labor agitator, died in New York last month.

The tin-can trust has closed 33 of the 155 plants taken in when it was formed.

H. C. Frick is reported as corraling all the independent iron, steel and subsidary plants into an $800,000,000 trust.

Vanderbilts are reported to have closed a deal to secure the suburban trolley railway system that parallels their lines from North East, Pa.,

to Grand Rapids, Mich., a total distance, all told, of nearly a thousand miles. Thus another hope of competition in railroading is going a-glimmering.

Despite denials, it is reported that the iron and steel workers are accumulating a war fund to take another whack at the United States Steel Corporation.

A prominent New York financier says six interests in that city control $1,105,000,000 bank deposits, or 85 per cent, and that the little capitalists can do nothing but "sit tight" and hope that there will be no repetition of the old gold corner. What do workingmen vote for?

Up in Northport, Wash., a big corporation notified its employes to quit the union or their jobs. They quit work, organized into the Socialist party and also went on strike at the ballot-box, with the result that, notwithstanding the fact that the Republicans, Democrats and Populists combined against them, they elected their candidates for mayor, four councilmen, city clerk, treasurer and health officer. Now there was a sensible crowd of workingmen.

There are still rumblings in the hard-coal district of Pennsylvania that foreshadow trouble. The miners claim that the operators are deliberately harassing them at every opportunity, and the bosses in some instances openly admit that they will not treat with the union. The miners hold their national convention in Indianapolis this month, and it is difficult to predict what the outcome will be, but it looks as though a demand will be made for recognition and probably the eight-hour day.

St. Louis boot and shoe workers adopted resolutions calling upon working people to vote to overthrow the capitalist system.

Dun's Review, the acknowledged capitalistic statistical authority, says it costs at the present time $97.74 for the same amount of edibles and clothing that could have been purchased in 1897 for $72.45, an increase in four years of 34 per cent. The increase during the past year was 7 per cent. This is "prosperity" for those who have something to sell besides labor power. If the wages of workingmen did not advance 7 per cent last year, or 34 per cent since 1897, it is equivalent to a reduction. Who "throws away" his vote!

Prof. Lebon, the great French scientist, claims he has discovered a new and cheap method of separating water into oxygen and hydrogen, and that he will be enabled to produce unlimited heat and power at small expense. Another revolution that will make itself felt.

The scheme to form an "independent labor party" in Chicago has fallen through. It is charged that certain small-fry politicians were engineering the scheme for trading purposes. The Socialist trade unionists attended a conference that was called, and when the promoters learned that their game was known they quit.

Ben Tillett, the famous British labor orator, is making a speaking tour in this country. His address before the A. F of L. convention, to which he was elected a fraternal delegate by the English trade unionists, was pronounced a masterly effort. Tillett declared that all the active,

energetic trade unionists of Great Britain are Socialists, and that they are making a continuous and aggressive campaign to secure political control and better the conditions of the working people. Tillett is eloquent, humorous and level-headed, and withal a modest chap. He has made thousands of friends on this side during his short stay, and here's hoping that he will soon return.

Carriage makers of Cincinnati have been honored by having a second injunction hurled at them—the first one didn't take.

Trade unionists and Socialists of Erie, Pa., combined and put up a winning municipal ticket.

B. H. Krager, a Cincinnati capitalist, who owns forty retail stores, claims to have secured control of an invention with which bread can be baked by electricity, and he declares that he is "determined to crush out all competition in the bakery business."

Philadelphia building trades have been injunctioned against calling sympathy strikes, and New York contractors assert that they will attempt to have the scheme enforced in that city also.

Chicago Socialists are talking about building a central headquarters.

It's reported that despite their loss of the strike on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Road, the switchmen have gained the shorter workday—the bone of contention. The strike in Pittsburg, like that on the Rio Grande Railway, was lost, because the switchmen not only received no support from the other brotherhoods, but were actually opposed by those organizations. The switchmen swear vengeance, and already some of the Western central bodies have taken up the matter and are assisting them to be in a position to punish their enemies.

BOOK REVIEWS

Economic Crises. Edward D. Jones. Citizens' Library, Macmillan. Half morocco, 252 pp. $1.25.

This is a monograph which was much needed in American economic literature. The various theories of crises are set forth at considerable length with numerous references and an exhaustive bibliography. The Socialist theory of crises is given quite fairly and frequent reference is made to standard Socialist works. In his discussion of "The Organization of Industry" he shows the present confusion which prevails and the need of some intelligent control, but concludes that: "The chief obstacle which prevents the growth of comprehensive governing agencies is the fact that production is carried on for private gain. The presence of individual interests prevents certain very desirable forms of co-operative action. Exceptional ability to comprehend the workings of industry is guarded for private use, so that it may contribute to private gain. So also information which would be of the utmost advantage to trade as a whole, if made public, is guarded in secrecy to serve as a source of private gain."

When he comes to discuss remedies for crises, however, the book falls flat. Although he has once said concerning the influences exerted by trusts and monopolies and the disturbing effect of "invention, the opening new means of communication, or the opening of new markets," that: "Nothing short of a comprehensive reorganization of industry, such as is proposed by the Socialists, would avail much;" nevertheless, he seems to forget all this in his conclusion. He brushes aside Socialism with a slight variation on the very old and very silly and hundred times answered objection that you cannot change human nature. He then goes into a long, tedious and often ridiculous discussion containing such "mind cure" gems as the following: "If we could cultivate other interests sufficiently to right the intellectual balance, the crisis period might lapse indefinitely." The book is by far the best thing in English on crises and will always remain a standard work on the subject, but it might have been much better.

The Times and Young Men. Josiah Strong. Baker-Taylor Company. Cloth, 247 pp. 75 cents.

This is one of those strangely contradictory books that the present intellectual conflict is producing. The following extract is an excellent simple statement of some of the main principles of economic determinism. "Tell me one thing about a people, viz., how they get their living and I will tell you a hundred things about them. A tribe that lives by the chase is savage. If a people gain their livelihood directly from domestic animals, they must wander to new regions, as their flocks and herds re-

quire new pastures. That is, they are nomadic, and their food, their dress, their shelter, their government, their customs, and their laws are such as always belong to a nomadic civilization." He follows this line of thought on through the Industrial Revolution and points out that: "Tapping the earth's great reservoir of power solved the problem of production and made possible universal abundance," and concludes that: "Thus the fundamental movement of the times is from an individualistic to a social or collective type of civilization." Then he proceeds to confuse this with theological idealism and talk of the identical interests of capital and labor. But in spite of all he may say he cannot undo having told the truth once and told it well, and this makes his book well worth reading.

Outlines of Economics. Richard T. Ely. Macmillan Citizens' Library. 432 pp. $1.25.

This is a new edition, without change of matter, of a work published some seven years ago. It still remains one of, if not the best summaries of the principles of Political Economy. The Socialist will find it one of the most valuable treatises on that subject. The historical introduction is an excellent summary of industrial history and the development of economic thought. There are many things to criticise. It is sometimes indefinite and often unsatisfactory, and the Socialist can easily find defects in some of the reasoning. Nevertheless, a careful reading of such a text book will afford an excellent introduction to and basis for the study of Socialism.

Books Received.

Orloff and His Wife. Maxim Gorky. Scribner's. $1.
The Shrine of Silence. Henry Frank. The Abbey Press.

Among the Periodicals.

William F. Willoughby, in the Quarterly Journal of Economics, discourses the "Integration of Industry in the United States," in which he describes a movement in industry by which "dissimilar but interdependent branches of an industry" are being kept together. He points out how, for example, the coal fields, railroads, coke ovens and later the iron ore, steel mills and all the various distinct processes by which iron is taken from the ground and finally marketed, are being consolidated in a single hand. This movement is quite different from the process of uniting various firms performing the same process and marks a new stage in industrial development.

The principal article in the World's Work is "The Rebuilding of New York" and gives one a most vivid idea of the tremendous engineering problems arising in a modern city. An exhaustive description of the fur trade gives a review of an industry of which little is known or heard at the present time. E. Dana Durand, secretary of the Industrial Commission, tells of the mass of facts which this body has gathered and made accessible to the public.

EDITORIAL

The Program of Capitalism.

Seldom has a ruling class enjoyed such unimpeded sway as the great capitalist class of America has at the present moment. The carrying out of their ideas is not met in any department of government with anything that can be called effective criticism, to say nothing of open, earnest opposition. President Roosevelt has long been recognized as one of the most authoritative mouthpieces of concentrated capitalism. He is noted for his frank outspokenness. His message can therefore be considered as partaking of the nature of an official statement of the capitalist program and the plans of the ruling class of America for the immediate future. As such it is an interesting document.

The conventional tribute to McKinley and the very foolish discussion of anarchy need not detain us. The latter is only interesting as furnishing one more illustration of the fact that capitalism either becomes or must feign to become panic-stricken when confronted with its own logical conclusions. It dare not attack the anarchist philosophy lest it undermine its own foundations. So it scolds and raves at the individual anarchist and suggests ridiculous ways of "suppressing" him.

In the discussion of the "trust problem" we see capitalism taking a look at itself and trying to decide what it will do with itself. The final conclusion, according to Roosevelt, is that it must take another and closer look at itself and call it "publicity." "Publicity is the only sure remedy which we can now invoke," says the message. "I am heartily in sympathy with President Roosevelt when he says that all great combinations should be given publicity," says President Schwab of the Steel Trust, addressing the Chicago Bankers' Club. It should be easy to apply this "remedy," since both judge and criminal agree as to the methods of reform. Just what "publicity" is to remedy neither President informs us. Again, capitalism finds itself unable to either understand or control its own offspring.

"The executive of the modern state is but a committee for managing the common affairs of the whole bourgeoisie," said Marx and Engels in the Communist Manifesto over fifty years ago. "There should be created a Cabinet officer, to be known as Secretary of Commerce and Industry. * * * It should be his province to deal with commerce in its broadest sense; including among other things whatever concerns labor and all matters affecting the great business corporations and our merchant marine," repeats President Roosevelt, thus offering an eloquent

testimonial to the prophetic character of that document which some socialists would have us believe is now antiquated.

The portion on the labor problem sounds like a chapter from Samuel Smiles or Poor Richard. What memories of the almanac and the copy book arise at this pondorously false commonplace: "The chief factor in the success of each man must ever be the sum total of his own individual qualities and abilities." Capitalism in its dotage drones again its Manchestrian cradle hymns. Its spokesmen and defenders dare not openly admit the influence of environment into their philosophy, and so all the intellectual triumphs of its own age but furnish weapons for the hands of its enemies. "Each must walk for himself," oracularly continues Roosevelt, forgetting that in an earlier paragraph he had said that, "The fundamental rule in our national life—the rule which underlies all others—is that on the whole and in the long run we shall go up or down together," and then asked for a Secretary of Commerce and Industry because social relations have become so complex that no man, in his industrial and social life, can walk save in lock step with half the world.

The demand for an extension of governmental action in the field of forestry is a confession of the failure of competition and a recognition of the truth of the Socialist indictment against capitalism as a productive system. This is a field in which the Socialists can look with greater satisfaction upon an extension of the principles of state capitalism than in almost any other. During the period of care and protection of forests the action of a capitalist state will be little different from that of a Socialist society, save in its attitude toward employes. It is only through governmental ownership of forests that future generations can be protected from the anarchistic rapacity of the present competitive society.

In the same way the extension of the very valuable work which the present Department of Agriculture is doing is laying the basis for a Department of Agriculture in a future Socialist government that can do infinitely more valuable work. It is worthy of note that while the need of national irrigation has been pointed out for many years, it was not until the lands to be irrigated began to be monopolized by great corporations that the government took any interest in the matter.

Those who have been frightened by the bug-a-boo of militarism are told that capitalism does not propose to rest its case upon force, and hence does not need a large standing army. The army as it now stands is able to repress any mob movement, and to overawe strikers, and the day of forcible revolutions have passed. Hence there is need only of an exceedingly mobile, well-drilled and disciplined force that can be quickly concentrated upon any point of disturbance. A large standing army would continuously serve as an illustration for the preachers of discontent and in this way would actually hasten the political revolution—the only movement which capitalism really fears.

The last remnants of tribal communism among the Indians are to be stamped out and the red man forced to enter the competitive individualistic struggle. This is supposed to be a solution of the Indian problem. It is probable that the solution will consist in making "good Indians," in the frontier sense that only dead ones are worthy of approbation, out of the majority of those affected. But capitalism knows no other way of

meeting the problem. A small communistic colony, settlement or reservation in the midst of a competitive society developes the worst features of both systems. Social progress is from tribal communism, through capitalism to co-operation, and so the lower form must give way to the higher.

The proposals concerning expansion, open door in China, exploitation of America's new colonial possessions, improvement of the consular service, enlargement of the navy, emphasis of the Monroe doctrine are simply suggestions of the ways in which it is proposed to use the powers of government to get rid of the tremendous surplus of wealth with which American wage-slaves are burdening their masters.

The discussion of the second-class mail matter settles the question as to whether the recent acts of suppression by Edwin C. Madden were upon his individual responsibility or were a part of the policy of the administration. President Roosevelt declares that the Postoffice Department "should be sustained in its effort" to "remove the abuses by a stricter application of the law." This means that "freedom of the press" is to be restricted to the limits pleasing to plutocracy. The only force which capitalism fears is free discussion and criticism of its acts. Therefore in the name of economy, at a time when the treasury surplus is so great as to be a burden, and when the small postal deficit is disappearing so rapidly that in three more years there would have been no excuse left for action, the powerful hand of organized exploitation acting through its government is to be used to crush out all who dare to criticise the foundation upon which exploitation rests.

This, then, is the program which the most highly developed capitalism in the world proposes to follow: Use of the powers of government for the better organization of industry, and to assist in disposing of the surplus plunder derived from exploitation, while a quiet, cowardly attack is being made on all who dare to criticise the exploiters. But this is an old, old program that has been tried and tried again, only to fail miserably. Unless American capitalism has something better than this to offer its days are numbered.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

The American Farmer.

The economic position of the farmer is a subject which has thus far been neglected in our literature. A. M. Simons' forthcoming book, entitled "The American Farmer," is the first attempt in English at any adequate treatment. A brief summary will show the scope of the book.

The introduction discusses the question of what constitutes the American farmer, and points out the various types existing in different sections of the United States. Each geographical division of the country is then taken up historically. In New England the author describes the remnants of feudalism once existing in colonial days and their gradual disappearance with the growth of capitalism. The peculiar social and economic conditions that prevail in the South make up an interesting chapter which deals with the influence of the race question, the disappearance of negro chattel slavery, the breaking up of the great plantations, the position of the "poor white," the mortgage and rack-rent systems, and, finally the dawn of capitalism and the factory systems in this hitherto backward section.

Another chapter traces the peculiar pioneer life of the Middle West, the clearing of the forest, the semi-co-operative neighborhood stage of industry of the early days, and its final crushing out by the advance of modern competitive society. The sudden occupation of the wheat and corn belt of the "Great Plains" and the servitude of the settlers of this region to the railroad and elevator corporations and the mortgage holders are faithfully described.

The farming industry in the Pacific Coast States has had a history wholly unlike that of any other section of the United States, or even of any other nation on earth. In a little more than a lifetime it passed from an almost typical pastoral stage through the great ranch system, the wild boom times of the gold rush, on into fruit and corn farming on a scale unknown anywhere else in the world, and with such marvelous and complicated machinery as has never been used hitherto or elsewhere.

The story of the "Arid Belt," with its sudden prosperity and equally sudden reverses in the early days, with the wonderful results of the application of water to an apparently barren desert, with the present monopoly of water and the resulting enslavement of those who use it, and an explanation of the present activity of the national government in this field, makes up one of the most interesting chapters in the book.

The second part of the work deals with agricultural economics. This

is a field in which the author is particularly well fitted to speak, since he graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1895 with special honors in economics, and has ever since kept in close touch with the economic thought both of capitalism and of socialism. He first discusses the movement toward the city and the industrial changes that have driven so many of the country people into the great centers of population. These important facts are treated from the agricultural point of view, a position rarely taken by previous writers.

A chapter on "The Transformation of Agriculture" describes the wonderful mechanical changes that have affected this branch of industry. It has always been held that because agriculture did not apparently tend to monopoly, it must therefore remain an insuperable obstacle to the success of socialism. The discussion in this book of "Concentration in Agriculture" is without doubt the most exhaustive treatment of this phase of the subject yet published. It is almost certain to make obsolete many ideas hitherto prevailing among political economists on this subject.

A chapter on "The Modern Farmer" describes the present social and industrial position of the agricultural producer with his relation to the great world-market and its problems.

The last chapter in this division treats of the mutual relations of the farmer and the industrial wage-earner, and it shows conclusively that their interests in the field of politics and economics are mutual.

The last division of the book treats of "The Coming Change" and opens with a chapter on "The Line of Future Evolution." This contains an exhaustive treatment of previous efforts at relief, including the Grange, Alliance and Populist movements, and points out that society as a whole, the farmer included, is obeying certain definite laws of social evolution which must be recognized in any effort at obtaining relief.

A chapter is then devoted to the Socialist movement, giving a clear, concise summary of modern scientific Socialism, with special emphasis upon the phases related to agriculture. The next chapter, "Socialism and the Farmer," is a further discussion of the relation which the Socialist movement, philosophy, and ultimate aim bear to the farmers of America.

The final chapter, entitled "Steps Toward Realization," is a suggestive discussion of the transition period which must precede the Co-operative Commonwealth, and it rounds out the thought of the book by giving some idea of the probable evolution of farming under intelligent direction.

The book is written in plain, non-technical English, which may easily be understood by a farmer, or wage-worker, without any special training in economics. At the same time no effort has been spared to secure technical accuracy, and an elaborate set of foot notes are given to substantiate the statements of the author and to serve as a guide for more extensive reading.

The American Farmer is the third volume in the Standard Socialist series, and is uniform in style with the previous volumes, entitled Karl Marx and Collectivism. We expect to have copies ready for mailing on the 10th of January. The price, including postage to any address, will be 50 cents, or three copies will be mailed to one address for $1. Stock-

holders in our co-operative company will be entitled to purchase copies at the net rate of 25 cents by express, or 30 cents by mail.

Liberal terms will be allowed to agents who will make a systematic effort to sell the book to farmers. It contains a wealth of information which cannot fail to interest any farmer and which will make it acceptable to thousands of them who have hitherto refused to read anything on the subject of Socialism.

Never since the establishment of the International Socialist Review have we had so many interesting and valuable articles ready for publication. Our February number will contain an article from Mother Jones giving a most vivid description of conditions among the miners of West Virginia. This will also contain a copy of the articles of slavery which each miner is obliged to sign under oath and by which he agrees to have nothing to do with unions. Kiyozhi Kawakami, one of the founders of the Japanese party, has contributed an article, which will appear in an early number, on Socialism in Japan. Mr. S. G. Hobson, the well-known English Socialist writer and lecturer, who has just completed a tour of the United States, has sent us the manuscript of a most interesting article on "Boodle and Cant," in which he suggests that Socialists might do well to cultivate the boodler. Miss Ellen Starr has written for the Review a discussion of the relation of Socialism to artistic production, which will be a valuable contribution to this phase of Socialist philosophy..

These are only a few of the manuscripts which are now on hand, while H. M. Hyndman has promised us an article for an early number, and Herman Whitaker writes that he has something in preparation. An article by Prof. Harlow Gale, of Minnesota University, on some developments in the modern church, which will attract widespread attention, will be published at an early date, together with a reply to the positions there set forth; the reply to be written by one of the best known writers on social and economic problems from the religious point of view in America. Last, but far from least, both Prof. George D. Herron and his wife, who are now traveling in Europe, have promised us articles on their observations among the foreign comrades.

These are but a few of the good things that are awaiting future readers. But now just a personal word. With the February number "The Charity Girl" will be completed. The Review was enlarged to eighty pages, largely for the purpose of running this story, which we believe our readers will all agree to be one of the best sociological novels ever published in this country. Its conclusion will leave us about sixteen pages each month, which it was our original intention to fill from now on with articles of a lighter and more directly propagandist character than those which have generally appeared hitherto. There has been considerable complaint that the Review was "too heavy;" but it was not our intention to compete with the weekly propagandist organs, but rather to conduct a periodical of education and discussion. But we feel that some concession might be made to this demand if these additional pages only were used for this purpose.

Now, however, comes another question. Ever since the establishment of the Review it has been run at a slight loss. Since enlargement

this deficit has been so great as to constitute a serious drain on the book publishing department of the firm and to require heavy sacrifices on the part of the editorial and managing staff. We now propose to put the question directly to our subscribers: "Do you want the Review to continue in its present size and to be improved as it will be possible for us to improve it with proper support?" We can do this with only 2,000 additional subscribers paying the full dollar each. That is considerably less than one new subscriber for every two that we now have. But many subscribers are not yet Socialists and cannot be expected to take an active interest in the extension and improvement of Socialist literature. Hence those who are really active must do so much the more. If every earnest Socialist worker who is a subscriber to the Review will do his best to increase our subscription list for the next month, the present size can be continued and the present quality improved. It is for you to decide.

Socialism and Modern Science

By ENRICO FERRI.

SCOPE OF THE BOOK

The strength of modern scientific socialism lies in its theory of social evolution through the class struggle. Although Marx first formulated it, it was never systematically elaborated until the Italian socialists, Professors Labriola, Ferri and Loria, have taken it up. The present book treats of Darwin's theory of evolution in its application to society, and takes issue with Spencer in showing that far from being a contradiction, socialism is the logical outcome of Darwinism. The book is divided into four parts.

The first treats of the socialist explanation of Darwin's fundamental propositions of the natural inequality of individuals, the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest.

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The third, of social evolution and individual liberty, evolution, revolution, rebellion, violence.

Fourth, sociology and socialism.

There is also an appendix containing a polemic with Spencer on the subject.

213 pp. Cloth, gilt top, $1.00.

The People's Marx, by Gabriel Deville, is a resume of Karl Marx's first volume of "Capital" and is excellent as collateral reading to the above for further study.

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