

THE COMRADE



THE WAR VOLCANO

UNCLE SAM:—"I know I aint got no business sitting on this pesky thing!"

War Thoughts

By "Julian"



WHEN the war between Russia and Japan broke out my emotions were still simple and easily understood. Such emotions are common in the world in which I live and are shared by nearly every one I know. They were the loathing of a Socialist for the darkest despotism of all governments of the earth. It was the burning hatred of a Jew for the present bloody Russian regime. I felt the fervent, unmixed hope that this blood-thirsty tyrant may suffer humiliation at the hands of the Japanese. But now as I go over in my mind the events in the far East; as I think of the Russians killed in battle; as I think of the Russian peasant, the Russian student marching across the far snow-fields of Siberia; as I picture to myself these storm-swept, wind-beaten, half-frozen forms, marching to death, to destruction, not knowing why, not daring to ask; a lump wells up my throat and there is a strange tugging at my heart strings. I cannot wish these Russians death and destruction! I cannot hope for their defeat! I am surprised. I never thought such a thing possible. But it came to pass. I am swayed by other emotions. New thoughts perplex me.

* * *

I am an American citizen now. I love the country of my adoption and I am trying, in my own way, to return the good it has done me.

But I was born in Russia and a Russian. Of Jewish parents, to be sure, but in our place the religious antecedents were held of little weight. The playmates of my boyhood and youth were Russians. I have inbibed from Russian literature the ideals of young Russia. And then I have passed the golden days of my life among Russian peasants, among Russian cossacks. My earliest friends were Russians. I exchanged the first vows of a high purpose with Russians. I have felt a Russian warm hand in mine. I heard a Russian heart beat against mine. I have lived with them, hoped with them. We cried together over our common woe and sang of better times to come. I have shed tears over Nekrasov's songs of misery of the Russian peasant. Why shall I now hate this peasant? Cossacks? I was born and grew up in Rostov on Don, among the Don cossacks. To me they are not wild hordes. I know them as

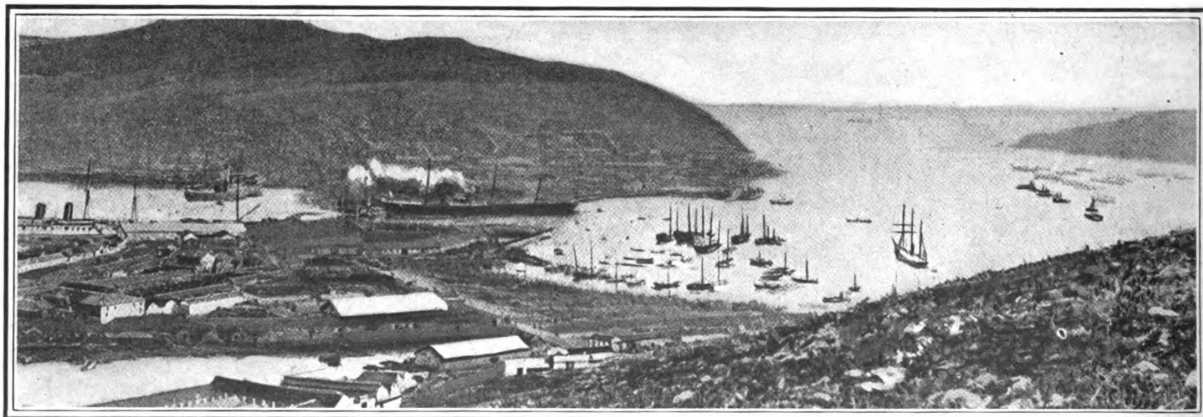
peaceful, good-natured farmers. No, I cannot hate them. I cannot wish them death or defeat.

Pogroms? Jew-baiting? This is what caused in me violent stress and whirlpools of feeling. This is what perplexed me. But my affection for Russia, for the Russian people came out all the stronger for the trial. We love the country in which we suffer, if it is the country for which we suffer. For generations the Russian Jews fought the battles of Russia without hope of reward. They mixed their blood with the blood of the Russian Christians. The streets of Sevastopol drank my father's blood, during the Crimean war. Why should I wish victory to the Japanese? What have the Japanese ever done for mankind, for civilization? Have the Japanese beaten back the tartar hordes which threatened to overwhelm Europe? Have not the Russians stood guard between Asiatic barbarism and re-awakening civilization during the period of Renaissance?

Slavs, slavs,
The serfs of all nations!
You are the outposts
Of all Europe.

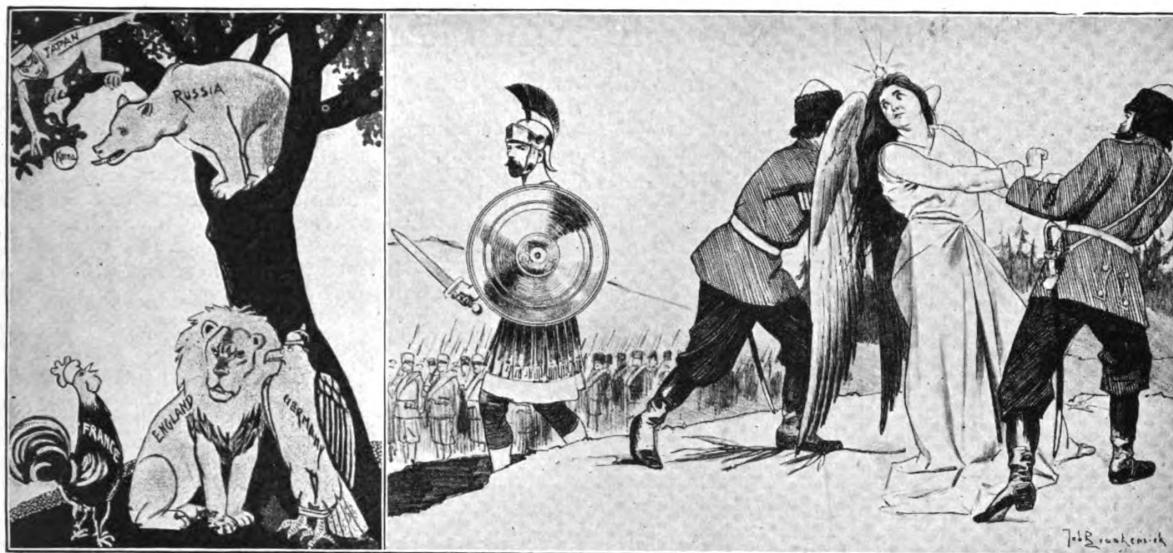
Certainly, the Russians fell behind in civilization. While Europe was cultivating arts and sciences, the Russians stood on the fire line, suffering the Mogul oppression and beating back the tartar invasion of Europe.

Russia's system of government is execrable, but we should not confound Russian national life with its system of government. Russia has carried civilization, such as we find it now, over a vaster area than any other country. You may sneer at the Russian civilization as gross and cruel, but it will compare favorably with the English civilization in India, with the German civilization in Cameroun, with the Belgian civilization in Congo and the United States civilization in the Philippines. On May 1, 1903, the international May Day was celebrated in Harbin, Manchuria, by a parade with red flags, revolutionary speeches and songs and shouts of "Down with Autocracy! Long live Social Democracy!" The Socialist ideas follow in the footsteps of the Russian conqueror. It appears that bullets and bayonets are not the only things which the Russians have carried into Manchuria. "But," may be argued; "the defeat of the Russian army will injure the Russian govern-



PORT ARTHUR

THE COMRADE



"Spheres of Interest"

Der Wahre Jacob

GODDESS OF PEACE: "Do you see how your soldiers are treating me, Nicholas?"

THE CZAR: "I'll speak to the Hague Tribunal about it."

Der Amsterdamer Weekblad voor Nederland

ment, which we all detest, and hasten its overthrow, which we all desire. It will not injure the Russian people. On the contrary, the Russian people will benefit most from such defeat."

This argument assumes that, aside from the dynastic interests, Russia has no interests in the far East; that the Russian people have no interests to protect or to further on the Pacific coast.

I am willing to abandon the sentimental ground and take issue with an advocate of Russian defeat on the high ground of reason.

What is the reason of the present conflict between Russia and Japan?

Russian invasion of Manchuria.

What is the real object of Russian invasion?

To secure an outlet into the Pacific.

The acquisition of territory is merely an incident to this end. An open port on the Pacific is the real aim of Russian aggression. And I contend that Russia has a right to seek an outlet into the Pacific. The economic, commercial and social interests of a vast country that stretches from the Pacific demand it. I will add that interests of progress and civilization demand an open port for Siberia on the Pacific coast. The economic development of Siberia requires a port on the coast. To exclude Russia from the coast means a retardation of the economic development of Siberia, a country vaster in extent and as fruitful as the United States. And for what reason should we desire such a result of the war? That it may lead to the overthrow of the present government? I doubt such result. But even if this be so, I contend that in giving moral aid to Japan, the Socialists are taking upon themselves a fearful responsibility which later they may not be willing to shoulder. Japan may be right in acting in self-defence. But Japan would be wrong in excluding Russia from the coast line. If the United States have a right to demand an open door into Manchuria, how much more right has Russia to demand an open door to the Pacific. Is not Siberia a country of over 5,000,000 square miles of ter-

ritory entitled to reach the ocean by its own port? And then Russia's defeat will only mean the conflict adjourned. It will be renewed later. It will be renewed even if Russia is a Republic. Even if it is a Socialist Republic, Russia must have an open port to the Pacific and will wage war until it has it. The struggle will continue until Russia will succeed. It must succeed finally. No sea coast state could ever withstand the attack from the rear, the inert pressure of a continent.

In the present conflict are therefore involved not the dynastic interests of the Russian Czar, but the real economic and social interests of the Russian people. Russian autocracy, or rather bureaucracy, may survive long the defeat of Russian arms. Its overthrow may be synchronous with the victory of the Russian armies. But it is illogical to argue that the opening and development of Siberia is all a concern of the Russian dynasty or bureaucracy. It means giving it more importance than even its friends claim for it. There are real Russian interests involved in the present conflict. The Socialists should not all side with Japan. The position of the Socialists should be—Russia is entitled to an open port on the Pacific, but neither Russia nor any other power should have fortified ports on the Pacific to threaten China or Japan. Russia should cede the island of Saghalien to Japan. The Russian government has blighted this island by turning it into a hellish "katorga." The Japanese need it for its fisheries.

* * *

Events prove that not only the interests of the Russian people, but of the whole world as well, demand a change in the form of government in Russia. Its unspeakable depravity and utter stupidity may precipitate a world war. With forbearance and patience Russian interests could be furthered much better than by military bluster. The Socialists should be careful not to throw into one pot the dynastic and national interests of Russia. This done, no effort should be spared to bring about the overthrow of Russian tyranny. Down with autocracy! Long live the Russian people!

Socialism and the American Farmer

By A. M. Simons



"DIVIDE and Rule" has ever been the watchword of the defenders and beneficiaries of capitalism. White and black, German and French, Gentile and Jew, Republican and Democrat, these are but a few of the names under which the ruling class have sought to set laborers into opposing camps in order that exploitation might continue. None of these divisions have been more persistent or of greater value to the exploiters than the arraignment of the town against the country.

Everywhere the farmer has been considered the firm bulwark against attacks on the capitalist order and great pains have been taken to keep him continuously hostile to all attempts to change that order in the interests of the producing classes. German Junker, Italian peasant, Flemish agrarian, Russian Mujik—these have always been the main defenders of the propertied classes against the attacks of the city wage-workers in these various countries.

From the farming community comes alike the scab who breaks the strike, the soldier to suppress "domestic insurrection," and the votes to overwhelm the protesting city workers. To be sure recent events have tended somewhat to disturb the confidence of the enemies of progress in the continued support of the farmers. Fifty thousand Italian peasants recently declared their allegiance to the Socialist Party while almost every day gives new instances of the affiliation of clerical co-operative societies in Belgium with the Socialist Party which they were organized to fight. The latest German election showed heavy Socialist gains in rural districts and the wide-spread discontent of the Russian peasants is a continual menace to the despotism of the Czar.

Yet in spite of these instances it still remains true that throughout Europe the farming districts are the strongholds of the established order. Many reasons have been offered to account for this fact. One of the most obvious is the difficulty of propaganda in rural districts as compared with the great industrial centers. The very physical contiguity of factory workers tends to hasten the spread of new ideas. In Europe at least, city laborers are apt to have received a much better education than the farm workers. City schools are better and compulsory education laws better enforced. The rural dweller is less accustomed to sudden changes. He experiences more monotony in his daily life, and becomes naturally conservative, fearing all change. In a country where the city population is largely made up of immigrants from the country, those left behind are almost certain to be the intellectual and physical inferiors, the least energetic and most submissive and conservative.

Another and more fundamental line of reasoning in support of the proposition that the country must always be the great obstacle to Socialism takes its premises directly from the Socialist philosophy. Accepting the Socialist doctrine that economic conditions are basic in all social phenomena, the claim is made that the economic evolution of farming is fundamentally different from that of factory industry, and that therefore the same social philosophy cannot apply to both. The rapid increase in the size and number of trusts has been the last nail in the coffin of the old system of economic thinking, resting upon free competition. The competitive system has already passed away so far as the great dominant industries of the productive system are concerned.

But the bonanza farm has come and gone and each recurring census shows an increasing number of small private-

ly owned farms. The opponents of Socialism have been quick to seize upon this fact and borrowing a leaf from the Socialist philosophy of economic determinism, they declare that this situation proves the impossibilities or any general application of a collectivist program. The farmer, they tell us, must always combine the dual functions of capitalist and laborer. Hence he constitutes a firm and enduring bridge across the chasm of the "class struggle."

Finally in spite of all the tremendous centralization of population in the great cities that the modern factory system has brought about, the farmer still forms by far the largest wing of the army of production.

In view of these facts the defenders of the present social order are justified in considering the farmer their strongest ally.

But these are not all the facts. Many of the things claimed are only partially true, or not at all applicable to American farmers. Still less do they fit the conditions of the farmers in the western states of America.

In the first place there is much less isolation among the farmers of America than those of Europe. In recent years, especially, the local co-operative telephone, the inter-urban trolley and rural free delivery have brought the farmers into closer touch with each other and with the outside world. Often the farming group is as closely connected by social ties as the workers in a factory. When they do meet for the exchange of ideas it is on an even more democratic base, with a closer personal acquaintance and less difference of race and language.

In relation to education also, the country schools of the Northern and Western sections of the United States are often as well or better attended than those in the laboring districts of the great cities. Recent movements toward the consolidation of township schools and the extension of the work of agricultural colleges into the country is giving the rural neighborhoods still greater advantages in this respect.

The closer we examine the farmer of western America the more evident it becomes that he is even more susceptible to revolutionary propaganda than the city wage-worker. So far from being a reactionary and stupid "social residuum" from which the more intelligent and enterprising members have been selected to make up an urban population, the residents of these states are the pick of the people of the eastern states of America and of Europe.

So far from the western settlers being naturally conservative, they are really the only hereditary rebels known to history. Every observer of the American frontiersman has agreed that he was a man who brooked no restraint, and who was in continuous rebellion against the conventions of commercialism. He was accustomed to create governments and social institutions whenever he desired. He saw society pass from savagery to capitalism with kaleidoscopic rapidity and he is not therefore predisposed to regard the present stage of capitalism as unchangeable.

In European countries governmental and economic tyranny have combined to create an environment so hostile to the social rebel that in a great number of cases he has been unable to survive, and were it not for the fact that this very tyranny breeds new rebels social progress would cease. Even when he did survive, it was most frequently by fleeing to America and casting in his lot with the race of native discontented whom we are considering.

In America, on the other hand, the man who found himself oppressed by economic conditions had only to move a

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little further west to find himself in the lower social stage of the frontier where he could exchange the complex struggle against commercialism for the simple elemental battle with wilderness and savage. Here on the frontier he thrived and generally raised up a swarm of children to carry on the gospel of social unrest and rebellion. These children drew in new inspiration to freedom and resistance to conventionality with every breath of the air of the forest and prairie. When the next advancing wave of commercialism overflowed the wilderness home, these children in their turn, after a brief protest, or sometimes a short political, or even occasionally a momentary fierce physical, battle against the oncoming society, moved still further on. Thus there was created an environment in every way fitted to produce social rebels. Everyone in any way familiar with American history will agree that this environment has produced the largest body of socially discontented the world has ever known. When, after the panic of 1873-5 there took place, during the eighties, the last great "moving on" of this class, it constituted the mightiest "Völkerwanderung" this world has seen in those days in the dim dawn of history when the Aryan forefathers of these same people left their primeval birthplace, in response to that same economic necessity that has ever spurred the race further toward the west.

It is a commonplace now-a-days to point out that this long race march is ended, and that Orient and Occident have met at last after circumnavigating the globe. But all this great movement is of interest to us now only as affecting the psychic attributes of the farmer of the western plains, and surely no one who considers the facts we have just been recalling can fail to see that those who are hoping to perpetuate present social injustices by the help of the conservative mental attitude of the American farmer are apt to suffer a rude awakening.

But after all none of this discussion disposes of the really fundamental question whether the farming industry is not inherently of such a nature as to tend away from collectivism. If agriculture is becoming more and more individualistic, and is evolving in the opposite direction from other industries, then all this rebellious spirit must seek some other outlet than Socialism, and farm and factory will move in opposite directions. If their lines of social evolution are opposite or divergent, then there can be no alliance between wage-worker and farmer. They must continue to pull in opposite directions and while the social structure remains intact their efforts will but aid in holding it more firmly in its present position.

Let us get the argument before us. It is now quite generally admitted that the movement toward concentration in many lines is a movement toward collectivism, and therefore the factory laborer in the Socialist movement is working in accord with economic evolution. It is claimed that agriculture shows no signs of such concentration. On the contrary, surface indications seem to show a tendency towards decentralization. The most frequently offered proof of this tendency is the previously quoted fact that each recurring census shows that taking the United States as a whole the average farm is constantly growing smaller. To be sure this is such an extremely superficial fact that no important conclusions can be drawn from it in relation to an industry covering so great a territory and such diverse conditions as does the agriculture of the United States. It is only necessary to point out in this connection that in many cases a decrease in the area of the farm unit indicates a transition from extensive to intensive farming and frequently is accompanied by a greatly enlarged capitalist unit, and hence is a mark of growing concentration.

When we are endeavoring to determine lines of social evolution it is sometimes well to consider the whole productive process, which ministers to all the wants of society and of the individuals who compose its entirety. There was a time in the childhood of the race, and, until very recently, on the American frontier, when almost the whole of that process was confined to the farm, and was considered a part of agriculture. Wool was raised, spun, woven and made into clothing by members of the same family who afterwards wore that clothing. Gradually certain steps in the productive process were taken from the farm and located in the city factory. It is in these steps which have been removed from the farm that the tendency toward concentration has been so marked. But removing these from the farm did not relieve the farmer, who was left behind to perform only the unimproved, disagreeable and undifferentiated tasks, from their influence.

Indeed the more of these that were removed the more they dominated the ever fewer and more dependent processes that were left behind. The industrial steps in which the movement toward concentration is most marked, the transportation, mining and metallurgical industries—are just those most essential processes which dominate the whole productive machinery of society.

Because the farmer owns certain small individual tools necessary to the crude steps which he performs in the industrial process it does not follow that he is thereby free from domination and exploitation by the owners of these concentrated industries. Nor is the farmer alone in this position. The carpenter, miner, and teamster of the great industrial centers all own certain essential tools of their craft. But the possession of saws, planes, picks, and even teams, does not exempt their possessors from being compelled to dispose of their labor power in a competitive market, and suffering all the disadvantages of the wage-worker. The things which are essential, and the possession of which carries control of the industry and lives of those connected with it, are the great industrial organizations of capital to which these men must sell their strength.

Looked at in this way it is evident that it is the whole productive machinery of society which is coming more and more under the control of fewer and fewer individuals, and not simply isolated industries here and there. So long as farming is a part of that productive process the farmer is equally affected by this movement toward concentration with those who are working in the particular plants which change owners.

If, therefore, this commercial despotism is not a good thing, then the farmer is injured equally with the wage-earner. Moreover if the concentration of the productive process is tending toward collectivism, and collectivism furnishes a remedy, or constitutes the next social stage after concentrated private ownership, then the interests of the farmer and wage-worker are identical and both are working in accord with economic evolution when they cast in their lot with the Socialist movement.

To sum up. I contend, First, that psychologically the American farmer, and especially the western farmer, so far from being the ignorant tool of a reactionary ruling class, is the most distinctively revolutionary class known to history. Second, that, so far as social evolution is concerned, there can be no difference in direction, and that if collectivism is the goal of any portion of industry, it is of all. That is—just as competition was once the controlling force in the dominant industrial process, but has now given way to monopoly, so future evolution will supplant monopoly by co-operation in these same fields.

Stirred—At Last

By Edwin Arnold Brenholtz



PECHT did not trouble to take the pipe from his mouth as he said, "Times will mend.—Better a half loaf than no bread!" in reply to the walking delegate's appeal to him to join the Union and support his fellow-workers in their strike against a reduction of wages.

John Oliver had heard Specht get off those oracular sayings more than once. They, together with the man's cool indifference to the welfare of the workers as a class, carried him beyond bounds, and he shouted:

"Condemn your easy-going soul, Simeon Specht! you seem to think that letting those words pass your slow-moving lips in that ponderous style makes them finalities. Times may change without mending; they are changing right now; and the time may come when you will need the men to stand by you. And in that day—"

Mother Specht, a small woman with tremendous energy (and fully aware that a bank account did not remove them from the class of wage-earners), attracted by the loud tone, opened the door behind them and finished his sentence for him, saying:

"And in that day, John Oliver, the easy-going man will have been awakened, and will surely be one of you. You are wasting time and talk on him now. I have lived with him seven long years, and ought to know."

Specht smiled pleasantly at her. "Let the others do as I have done and save as we have saved, and they'll be able to stand a ten per cent cut when it is necessary. Mr. Thornycroft told me personally, it is."

Oliver laughed scornfully his utter unbelief of Thornycroft's statement, but said only, as he turned towards the gate:

"It will take quite a shock to awaken him, Mother Specht, don't you think?"

* * *

It came about because of Specht's baby.

The baby was born in the eighth year of their married life, on the same day that Specht's employer, Thornycroft, bought a pedigreed bulldog pup.

Of course, Specht made an idol of the baby.

Both the baby and the idolatry seemed harmless.

Not so the bulldog pup!

It took on aristocratic tastes; snarled and snapped at poorly dressed people, bit severely several more or less ragged specimens of humanity, tolerated Specht with a toleration that Specht's wife found worse than snarling, snapping or biting.

But Specht did not notice. He continued to be easy-going in everything but his devotion to baby.

Specht thought that everybody and everything must inevitably love and be kind to baby; and Elder Thornycroft's condescending notice of the little one in church went a long way in keeping Specht out of the Union when he found that although times had improved the promised restoration of that ten per cent in the shape of an advance did not take place. The bulldog came to church with the Elder, and while Thornycroft was talking to Mother Specht about the child, Specht would encourage the little chap to pat the bulldog's nasty head. Mother Specht protested; but Specht laughed at the thought of danger;—pointing to the fact that the animal was the especial pet and plaything of Thornycroft's child.

* * *

It all happened suddenly on a peaceful summer day two years later when Specht and his fellow employees were again idle; this time being locked out because they demanded better wages and shorter hours. The promised ten-per cent increase had never materialized; but the high prices incident to "good times" had—and quickly.

Specht would not join in the strike. Nevertheless, the mills were idle and Specht's wages stopped. His bank account was already perceptibly smaller.

The men left Specht severely alone.

His employer, with the bulldog at his heels, came past where Specht was leaning on the front yard gate with baby in his arms. He respectfully removed his cap and spoke to the dog's owner, asking what were the prospects for a speedy resumption of work.

Mother Specht, hearing their voices, came to the door, just in time to see Specht stoop and let baby pat the dog—just in time to see the brute fasten its cruel white teeth on the tender little hand—just in time to catch the full force of its agonized shriek. Unfortunately this was not church day; and baby had on the ordinary clothes of a poor man's child.

Oliver, coming up the street, saw and heard it all:

Saw Specht's employer stand with drawn revolver threatening Specht to harm the dog (though all his efforts to unloose that vice-like grip had been in vain).

Saw Specht—disregarding danger and death—fling himself at his employer's throat. For baby's screams swept all Specht's easy-going scheme of things to swift and sudden nothingness.

And while the men in maddening combat swayed and struck and struggled for mastery, the dog held on tenaciously until a common cobble stone from the highway became in the hands of Mother Specht, the instrument of relief, revenge and death.

For never shall the hour arrive when genuine maternal love will pause to weigh man's legal, vested rights against the cry of agony of child of hers.

* * *

It was all over so quickly that John Oliver arrived at the scene of action only in time to unclasp Simeon's powerful hands from Thornycroft's neck.

Thornycroft was already black in the face. He had fired once—but the bullet had not touched Specht as he leaped towards him.

"Don't be a fool, Specht," said Oliver as he pulled him off his prostrated foe.

"Do you want to swing for it?" he asked as Specht tried to get at Thornycroft again.

"My baby, my baby!" cried Specht as his wife with the little one in her arms came towards them; and he snatched the child from her and hastened to the drug store on the corner.

Thornycroft showed signs of coming to, after Oliver had dashed a basin of water in his face. Then they followed Specht; and as they passed the dead dog Oliver gave the body a vicious kick, saying:

"That, for the meals you ate, and the money you cost, that belonged to our children; and that (accompanying another kick even more forceful) for the insolence of your owner in naming you "Starvation," because you had never lacked a meal."

Mother Specht had not paused; and when Oliver overtook her, and while they hurried down the street, he said: "I think he is awake; he certainly was stirred."

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Bronislaw Slawinski

By Simon O. Pollock



IN the fiftieth number of the "Iskra," a Russian Socialist paper, a secret order of the Central Police Department of St. Petersburg, dated May 22, 1903, numbered 4896, was re-published. It was directed to "all Governors, Governor-Generals, Heads of Cities, Chiefs of Police, Chiefs of gendarmes, Heads of local Police Departments and to all points on the frontiers," and ordered "that Bronislaw Slawinski and Nicholas Kotchurichin, two political offenders who escaped, while serving their term at hard labor in the Narchinsk silver mines, be apprehended, and brought back under a strong guard, and replaced at said place at hard labor."

While this message was flying over the wires all over Russia, European and Asian, the two comrades in exile and escape, were hurriedly making their way through Manchuria, Japan and China, and finally reached a place of safety.

Bronislaw Slawinski was a student of Natural Science in the University in Warsaw. While a student, he joined the Polish revolutionary party, "Proletariat," and shortly became one of its leading members. The "Proletariat" was greeted with enthusiasm by the Polish workingmen. It assisted the party of the "Will of the People" in its heroic struggle against the Russian Government. It successfully organized the workingmen in Warsaw, and other cities in Poland, established a secret press, carried on a great political agitation, and thus formed the foundation of the present Socialist movement in Poland. The government concentrated its best efforts upon capturing the leading members of the party, and succeeded, in 1884, in arresting twenty-nine men, four of whom, Bardowsky (a judge), Kunitzky, Ossofsky and Petrusinsky, were hanged in 1886, the rest having been sentenced to hard labor.*

Slawinski, however, escaped, and thus foiled the efforts of the government to make him a "defendant" in the case against the "Proletariat." Shortly thereafter, he returned to Warsaw for the purpose of meeting and discussing party matters with his comrades, the well-known Yanowitz and Damsky, and while in a café, known as the "Krakow Suburb," they were recognized by a spy, named Kusarsky, who, together with a force of gendarmes, attempted to place them under arrest. The arrest was resisted. Slawinski and Damsky made their escape. Yanowitz, however, was overpowered and taken into custody. He was convicted, and after serving a long term of imprisonment in the Schlüsselburg Fortress, in St. Petersburg, was deported to Saghalien, where he committed suicide.

Slawinski went abroad and there associated himself

with the foreign section of the party of the "Will of the People," which then published the "Messenger of the Will of the People," in Paris. A life, far from the battle-field with the enemy of the people, could not satisfy Slawinski. He decided to begin a Socialist propaganda abroad, that is, in Austrian and German Poland. Together with Yanishewsky, the Social-Democratic Deputy from Posnan, and others, he organized Socialist clubs, took part in campaign agitations, travelled from place to place, and spoke at public meetings. This activity covered the period of the end of the eighties, during the domination of the anti-Socialist laws, when such propaganda was prosecuted as a crime, and was suddenly checked in 1888, when, together with sixteen other comrades, Slawinski was arrested in Germany.

The arrest was made for the purpose of extraditing him to Russia, and the German government was ready to do so,

and it was only owing to a vigorous protest then made by our German comrades that such was not done at first. But, to please Russia, a case against Slawinski was manufactured, and after a long confinement he was convicted to two years and nine months at hard labor, and to deportation from Germany at the expiration of the sentence. While in preliminary confinement in jail, he was kept in chains, notwithstanding his continuous protests, but, whenever taken to Court for preliminary examinations, or during the trial, the chains would be taken off before entering the Court room. And when he would enter his protest against being chained in prison, his plea was denied by the authorities, and his appearance in Court without chains has been continually offered as proof that chains were not at all being put on him.

"My imprisonment in Germany, in the hard labor jail, Plötzensee," he said, "was the hardest that I have ever gone through—and I have gone through a number of them."

In addition to the treatment in Plötzensee, there came the uncertainty as to his future and extradition. His apprehensions were realized. The German Cabinet, after Slawinski had served his term, deported him—he was taken to the Russian frontier. There, by a previous arrangement, he was awaited by a corps of gendarmes, who took him to the famous fortress in Warsaw, known as the "Citadel."

Five long years of imprisonment followed again. His activity in the "Proletariat," escape, and his resistance of the arrest, and even his agitation in Germany, formed a basis of the accusations against him. The Court, among other things, found him guilty of entertaining and agitating political views, forbidden by the Russian government and of

* A picture of five of the convicted Polish Socialists, taken on the way to hard labor, was reproduced in the "Comrade", February, 1903, in the article "Some Russian Revolutionary Pictures."



Bronislaw Slawinski

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forming a conspiracy against the Government, and the death sentence was to be imposed, as required by the Imperial law. Strelnikoff, the presiding Judge, following the example of his not less cruel brother, who had sent to the gallows a number of men, voted for the death sentence. But his two associate judges, realizing the cruelty of such sentence, voted in favor of a commutation of sentence, to life imprisonment, at hard labor. From this sentence Strelnikoff and the District Attorney appealed to the highest authorities in St. Petersburg, for the reason that the judges had no jurisdiction to commute the sentence, such being the prerogative of the Czar. The noble jurists were upheld in their appeal. An order arrived from St. Petersburg dismissing the associate judges from office, and directing the Court to "try Slawinski again, and sentence him to death." A second comedy followed and the order was carried out. It was then, to prove his magnanimity, that Alexander III., when the sentence came up for confirmation, commuted it to life imprisonment, at hard labor.

Slawinski, however, did not petition the Czar for commutation. It is hard to conceive what Slawinski had experienced from the time of the reversal of the first sentence, during the second trial, and up to the time of the commutation of the last sentence. As the true martyr, he hardly speaks of the sufferings he was subjected to—he is the very embodiment of modesty. But, when hard pressed, he only said, "When the last death sentence was imposed on me, I felt relieved. The comedy of the trial ceased, the judicial farce was over."

One who is acquainted with the character of proceedings against political offenders in Russia can readily realize that death often amounts to actual relief.

But, notwithstanding all this, the eighteen years of imprisonment and hard labor did not break Bronislaw Slawinski, and he preserved enough courage and strength to make his last and successful escape from hard labor, and be once more among his friends and comrades in arms.

"I am only twenty-four now," he said when asked about his age.

When asked what he meant by that, he replied with a smile:

"I did not live for the last eighteen years, so I may now well begin with twenty-four."

At a recent gathering of Polish comrades, Slawinski, who, true to himself, did not announce his identity, was "disclosed." It is hard to imagine the joy and delight of the comrades. The small gathering turned into an impromptu banquet. Congratulations and speeches followed, and when a young orator, in glowing terms, began to praise his work, Slawinski interrupted him, exclaiming, "Comrades, you need not speak of it. Where there is war, there must be victims."

Let us hope that our brave comrade will again find his place in our movement, and that he will live to see the day when the ideal, for which he had sacrificed the best and youngest days of his life, will be realized, and his tormentors condemned by the human race.

War's Shame and Wrong

By Elwyn Hoffman



HATEFUL is war! For what is war at best
But licensed murder? Though with justice drest,
The plumed general leads his men a-field
And hurls them at his foes until they yield;
Or he, repelled, sees backward o'er the plain
His shattered host, retreating through its slain,—

Hateful is war, and all its ways accursed!
Its deeds barbaric,—shameful, when rehearsed!

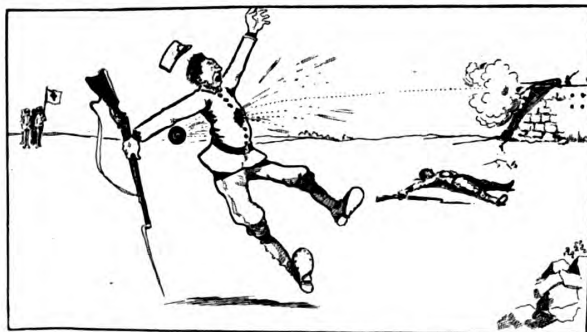
What is the substance of the Chieftain's fame?
What makes the glory of the Captain's name?
'Tis but the dark field, wet with human blood!
The sea, shot-plowed, and redd'ning in its flood!
And this is glory, and a greatness worth
The grace of heaven, and the thanks of earth?
Ah, never! Never! Though the cause be "just,"
War still is hateful, and the child of lust!

The state or nation that is ruled in peace
Will have abundance and a fair increase;
Rome once was mighty, but her armies grew
And now but ashes is the power she knew!

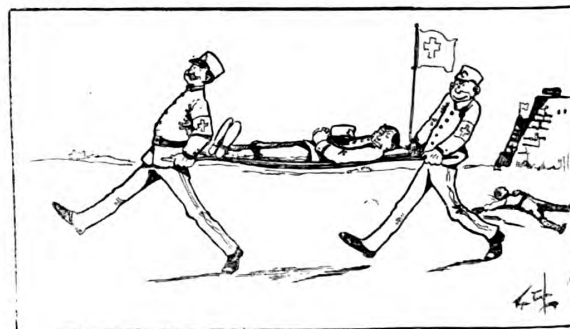
Behold proud England, high-throned as a lord,
Yet growing weaker with each new wrought sword;
Her far-sent thunder sounding in her ears
With premonitions and uneasy fears!

Foolish is war! For would the world but try
Its blades might rust, its flags forget to fly;
Its thunders sleep, and on the uncursed field,
The fruitful grain give up its golden yield.
States then would smile on states, and peaceful, each
In thought be kin, if not akin in speech;
Each grievance settled, not in war's red court,
But with calm thought and wisdom's fair report.

The sea is groaning with its armored tons;
The land calls answer with its pond'rous guns.
Each nation bristles with the savage steel,
Half crouched, expectant of the trumpet's peal!
States live afraid, each greater state their foe,
And all forboding an impending blow.
How long, O Mankind! Ere sweet Love, supreme,
Shall strike war from thee like a hideous dream?



We get shot full of holes and then —



We are carefully doctored up to be shot at again!

THE COMRADE

At Sunset*

By Elsa Barker



NOT in the burning splendor of the noon
Is the day justified;
Nor does the rosiest dawn decide
The measure of the unimagined boon
The hours may earn ere the returning tide.
Only at evening can we ever say
The day's own deeds have justified the day.

Not in the noon of life may we demand
To wear life's honored crown,
However far the reach of our renown,
However strong our hand.
The lovely rose of youth may be as frail
As any other flower;
Its beauty may not live beyond the hour,
And all its sweet be but a brief remembrance
In the soft bosom of some nightingale.
Youth may not wear the crown of perfectness.
But when our sun of life toward the west
Returns in honor at the evening hour
With glories manifest,
Yet going slowly, with deciduous power;
When we have found the guerdon of the quest
And know all we once guessed,
Then life itself binds on our whitening brows
Its royal silver crown of consummation.

Beautiful is the quiet of old men
Who live in memories of mighty deeds
Done in the past that every day recedes
A little farther from the young world's ken;
But far more beautiful it is to see
The gentle majesty,
The fearless look facing infinity,
Of her whose love has given form to men,
Whose lips have called men forth out of the void
With bugle tones that made the silence hear,
The mother of mothers cannot be destroyed.
Her teeming womb is mortised in the race,
And on her sphinx-like face
Is the calm smile that challenges the future.

The aging warrior counts old victories,
And in his eyes—
Grown dim with battle smoke—still burns the fire
That made the battles his.
But she? She counts her children, and her eyes—
Grown dim with many vigils—burn with love,
The pure white flame set like a lamp above
The row of little beds the long night through.
Her battles were with Life, sometimes with Death.
She knows the gloomy god that steals the breath,
And she has faced him too,
And with her hands forced him outside the door,
Setting a potent seal upon the floor
That he shall pass no more.

I know a home where dwells an aged bard
Weighted with worldly honors and with years.
And though he hears
No more the song of his beloved sea
Nor the winds' melody,
Yet in the silence, for his inner ears,
The Calydonian chorus still renews
The rhythm that Apollo taught the Nine,

And the strange singing of the Lesbian muse—
She who was more divine
Than Aphrodite—beats upon the brain
That made her silent song relive again.

The mother whom I sing
Hears in the silence of the wakeful night
Sounds rarer still. Again with new delight
She hears the faint cry of that little thing,
Her first born child, to her more wonderful
Than all the mystery of the Pleiades.
And then—eloquent as a god's decrees—
The first word, half articulate and weak,
Each baby learned to speak.
There was another joy that was half pain,
And life was never just the same again,—
Sweeter, maybe, but never just the same,—
When, with shy smile and lips all tremulous,
The grown-up baby came
And said—it seemed to her so marvelous!—
"There is another shall be one with us,
Another I shall love my whole life through
As well as I love you."
So in the silent hours the sounds go on
Until the night is gone.

What painter, though his fame rang round the world,
Ever produced the color or the grace
Of that blush rose that is a grandchild's face,
Of the sweet-scented lily that lies curled
Within a grandchild's palm.
Hers is the painting, hers the alchemy
That only mothers' mothers understand.
Long must we women work and patiently
Ere we may paint upon the shifting screen
Of human life that most enduring scene—
A mother and her child, both born of us.

But there is something beyond motherhood,
Something beyond the boundaries of the home,
Something unbounded. She has understood—
She the strong woman loving ardently—
What weaker women do not dimly see,
The meaning of the passion to be free.
'Tis nearly half a century ago
She fought the battle first,
Fought it for others as she fights it still;
Fought for the very low,
They whom the lords of being had accursed
With brands and unimaginable ill.
The battle to make free!
It was not ended when her party cause
Became the country's laws.
It was not ended when the poor black slave
Was given freedom to pursue his way
Unhindered—to starvation and the grave!
We have that freedom in the land to-day
For white slave and for black—
A skulking lie wearing the mask of freedom.
The Liberty that marks our water-gate
Should douse her torch and turn her scornful back.
The time has come for her to abdicate—
Or go to battle for our broken vows,
If she would be more than a decoration,
A bloated master's useless, barren spouse.

THE COMRADE

Lady who fought for Liberty at dawn,
The ardent sunset sees you fighting still.
Yours the indomitable will—
More potent in the end than steel or brawn—
The will to truth and justice among men.
The fatted Church has felt your sabre-stroke
Beneath its velvet cloak;
And false Convention has crossed swords with you
And been run through.
So on your birthday we, your friends, are here
To wish you many birthdays and more battles
With every added year.
May the steel never tremble in your hand!
And when the wind of retribution blows

With long-pent fury o'er our fated land,
May there be ever near you some of those—
A large and growing band—
Who love you for the courage in your heart,
The laughter in your eyes,
Your bold avowal of the better part,
Your wise contempt for lies;
Who honor you
As mother of a comrade tried and true,
And foster-mother of the mighty Cause.

** Written in honor of the seventy-sixth birthday of Mrs. E. D. Rand, and read at her birthday dinner, given by Mr. and Mrs. George D. Herron, February 4th, 1904.*



The One Foundation

By Edward Carpenter



ONLY the people can thrive that loves its land and swears to make it beautiful;

For the land (the Demos) is the foundation element of human life, and if the public relation to that is false, all else is of need false and inverted.

How can a flower deny its own roots, or a tree the soil from which it springs?

And how can a people stand firmly planted under the sun, except as mediators between Earth and Heaven—

To dedicate the gracious fruits of the ground to all divine uses?

Think of it—

To grow rich and beautiful crops for human food, and flowers and fruits to rejoice the eye and heart,

What a privilege!

Yet this to-day is a burden and a degradation, thrust upon the poor and despised.

The Scotch farm-lad strides across the ploughed leas, scattering with princely hand the bread of thousands;

The Italian peasant ties his vines to the trellised canes with twigs of broom, and the spring sunlight glances and twinkles on him from the cistern just below;

The Danish boy drives the herds home from the low-lying pasture lands in the sweet clear air of evening;

And the world which is built upon the labor of these disowns them, and they themselves sink earthward worn out with unheeded toil;

While the Politician and the Merchant who flourish on lies and fill the people's ears and mouth with chaff are publicly seated in the highest places.

And the Earth rolls on, with all her burden of love unheeded.

And sadness falls on the peoples divorced from the breasts that fain would suckle them.

Think of it—

To place a nation squarely on its own base, spreading out its people far and wide in honored usefulness upon the soil,

Building up all uses and capacities of the land into the life of the masses,

So that the riches of the Earth may go first and foremost to those who produce them, and so onward into the whole structure of society;

To render the life of the people clean and gracious, vital from base to summit, and self-determining,

Dependent simply on itself and not on cliques and co-

teries of speculators anywhere; and springing thus inevitably up into wild free forms of love and fellowship;

To make the wild places of the lands sacred, keeping the streams pure, and planting fresh blooms along their edges; to preserve the air crystalline and without taint—tempting the sun to shine where before was gloom:

To adorn the woodlands and the high tops with new trees and shrubs and winged and footed things,

Sparing all living creatures as far as possible rather than destroying them;

What a pleasure!

To do all this in singleness of heart were indeed to open up riches for mankind of which few dream—

So much, so infinitely more than what is now called Wealth.

But to-day the lands are slimed and fenced over with denials; and those who would cannot get to them, and those who own them have no joy in them—except such joy as a dog may have in a fodderam.

And so, even to-day, while riches untold are wrung from the Earth, it is rather as a robbery that they are produced—without gladness or gratitude, but in grief and sadness and lying and greed and despair and unbelief.

Say, say, what would those riches be, if the Earth and her love were free?

But all waits. And the underclouds brood in silence over the lands, meditating the unlippled words of destiny; and the sky rains light upon the myriad leaves and grass, searching inevitably into every minutest thing;

And Ignorance breeds Fear, and Fear breeds Greed, and Greed that Wealth whose converse is Poverty—and these again breed Strife and Fear in endless circles;

But Experience (which in time to all must come) breeds Sympathy, and Sympathy Understanding, and Understanding Love;

And Love leads Helpfulness by the hand, to open the gates of Power unlimited—even for that new race which now appears.

And the blue sea waits below the girdle of the sun-fringed shores, and lips and laps through the millenniums, syllabing the unformed words which man alone can pronounce entire;

And the sunlight wraps the globe of the Earth, and dances and twinkles in the ether of the human heart,

Which is indeed a great and boundless ocean, in which all things float suspended.

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EDITORIAL

BEFORE another issue of The Comrade reaches the majority of its readers the Socialist Party will have held its national convention in the city of Chicago and, with the nomination of candidates to head its ticket, entered formally upon the most important electoral campaign in its history. In common with all our fellow Socialists we hope that its proceedings will be characterized by enthusiasm, unanimity, and an entire absence of acrimony or factional disputes. So we hope; and we are confident that that hope will be realized.

We do not know, and would not even hazard a guess, who will be chosen as the standard-bearers of the party. The question troubles us not at all and interests us very little. So long as they are comrades of tried integrity, and possess the ability to present our principles convincingly to the people and to rally the party membership and inspire it, no true Socialist will care whether they come from East or West, North or South. We need the best men—the men worthiest and fittest to represent our great ideals.

Naturally, in a nominating convention the question of candidates is a most important one. But it is not, by far, the most important question for this convention. Far more important is it that the perfecting of our party organization and policy result from its deliberations. The matter of the national officers and their authority to arrange propaganda tours wherever needed is one of the most pressing of

the many questions which the convention must face. There is no likelihood that the party membership will consent to the abolition of what is known as "State Autonomy," nor does such a step seem called for. But some plan must be evolved which, while preserving intact the right of each state organization to manage its own business, will end the present silly and intolerable condition of affairs and give the national committee or its officers the power to carry on agitation work in any state without regard to the fears or prejudices of the state organization. If a speaker is being routed through any section of the country it is ridiculous to allow him, as now happens, to pass without speaking through a state where agitation is sorely needed simply because the State Committee either will not or cannot arrange meetings for him.

Then, too, some provision for proportional representation of the membership must be devised. Two recent referendums upon this question have taught us, or should have taught us, that our party constitution needs very careful revision in this direction. It is only fair and in accord with democratic principles that a state with a large membership like New York or Illinois should have a proportionately larger representation than that of a state with only a small membership like Vermont or North Dakota, for example. At the convention, New York will have twenty delegates and Vermont two, that being the relative strength of the party in the two states. But on the national committee, under the decision of the membership through the recent referendum on the subject, they will be equally represented. Perhaps the members of the party were afraid to give one man the power to cast twenty votes on the national committee. There is a good deal to be said against that. On the other hand it would make the committee too unwieldy to elect twenty delegates from New York, eighteen from Illinois, and so on. Yet again, if the constitution were changed so as to give one vote only for, say, each five hundred members, or major fraction thereof, it would disfranchise completely some of the states where the movement is new and weak. The problem exists and demands solution: the convention must find a solution.

With regard to questions of policy we do not anticipate any very radical changes. The old bugbear of palliative proposals, or "immediate demands," will doubtless be raised once more. It is very improbable that anything practical will result from another threshing of this very "academic" question. A

great deal may be said for and against the inclusion of even such palliatives (we prefer that term) as our platform now contains. Practically, it seems to us impossible for a political party to make progress without such a program of palliative measures, and it is not improbable that in the not far distant future we shall be forced to add to it in order to make and maintain a position of real importance in national politics.

Our policy upon the trade unions question will, it is more than likely, be seriously challenged. There are not wanting signs that an effort will be made to change the position of the party as defined at the Indianapolis convention in the direction of supporting unions of the type represented by the American Labor Union, and opposing such organizations as the American Federation of Labor. We sincerely hope that nothing of the kind will be done. But it is well that the matter be discussed at the convention. For our part we are of the opinion that too much importance has been attached to the trade union movement. We do not believe in the policy pursued by our friends at the conventions of the A. F. of L. The game is not worth the candle. We shall find out later, perhaps, how little the trade unions really mean. And then we shall see fit to cease appealing specially to them and address ourselves to the working class as a whole and refuse to allow the question of a comrade's being a member of a trade union to influence us. But that time is not yet and they who would force that issue do the party harm rather than good. For the present we think the Indianapolis resolution should be substantially reaffirmed. It should be reaffirmed so far as it goes, but should be materially strengthened. As it stands it is altogether too academic and colorless.

It seems to us that the convention should remodel that resolution so as to call specific attention to the decreasing power of the present form of trade union organization. It should point out the meaning of the many recent combinations of employers; of injunctions and damage suits, and clearly define the purpose of all our trade union activities as Socialists, to wit, the advocacy in the unions of definite political action aiming at the possession of the public powers by the workers as a means toward the overthrow of capitalism.

We have no fears or misgivings upon any of these matters. We hope and believe that this convention will do much to establish firmly the Socialist movement of America. May its labors be crowned with success! S.

Victor Hugo

By Thomas Mufson



It was in the summer of 1808. A little band of travellers was making its way onward from France to Italy. Among the company there was a woman with her three young children. The woman was Madame Hugo. The youngest of the three children was a little fellow of six named Victor.

In 1808, Europe was still palpitating from the effects of that inevitable social operation begun by the French Revolution and finished by Napoleon Bonaparte. Napoleon was in the midst of that intense struggle which made France the leader among nations and, in conjunction with the United States, the pioneer in forcing upon the world a higher civilization. Such were the times in which Victor Hugo, then a boy of six, found himself. His sensitive nature absorbed all the sights and sounds which days of that kind afforded. As his mind developed, thoughts of Napoleon, the army, the people, freedom, equality, all coursed through it and left an indelible impression upon his pliant heart.

The first incident, to effect his mind, happened in that year when the family of Hugo was on its way to Italy to join General Hugo, who held that rank under king Joseph Bonaparte. The roads were unsafe. Bands of marauding robbers and deserters infested the highways. Numerous conflicts occurred between these and the regular soldiers. A robber captured was immediately hung upon the nearest tree, and his body left hanging as a warning to all others. It was this sight of the dangling body of a gibbeted bandit suddenly seen swinging in the wind which rooted six-year-old Victor to the spot, and he stood speechless, with wide staring eyes, gazing at his first sight of human cruelty, danger, and bodily death. Then it was that his young heart was lit with that holy flame of love and compassion, for all that was weak and helpless; a flame of love which in later years warmed all that were cold with misery and took in its embrace all those who groaned under the heavy weight of combined ignorance and cruelty.

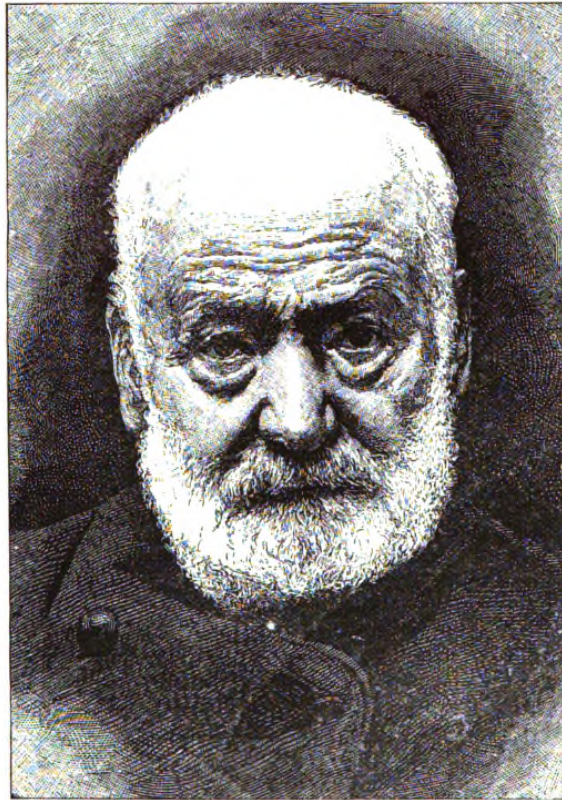
Not like the ordinary child was Victor Hugo. While his companions, following the laws of child nature, roamed and frolicked in the open glades, Victor dreamed his solitary dreams. This was the moulding of his character. Thus he was prepared for the later years; those years of laughter and of tears, of triumphs and defeats, of love and consecration.

The child grew to be a youth. Urged on by the inner

strugglings of his soul, he poured forth in the music of words the feelings and emotions which surged in his breast. It is great to be a poet of the head. Milton, in the sublime outpourings of his noble intellect rises to heights at which the human mind grows dizzy in striving to contemplate. His vast imagination circles our universe and sees it as "a star of smallest magnitude." But he is not for the simple; his music does not heal the wound of the peasant. Greater, far greater, it is to be a poet of the heart. From there the sweet stream flows in unending melody, comforting and refreshing the prince and the peasant, the king and the worker, the wise man and the dull one. Such a one was Hugo. A poet to him was a priest, a prophet, who should

speaking direct to the great mass of humanity. And in the degree that the poet of the heart is greater than the poet of the head is Victor Hugo a greater poet than John Milton.

The mind of Hugo was receptive. When he had passed out of the period of youth, he cast his looks about him. He scrutinized society; he examined humanity and his heart cried out in agony at the sight of the terrible sufferings under which his wretched fellow-beings writhed. He looked further; "he felt the vague oppression of a keen universal sorrow. He saw the vision of the foaming wave of misery dashing over the crowd of humanity" and carried away by his emotion he cries, "Ah, were I powerful! would I not aid the wretched? But what am I? An atom. What can I do? Nothing." The same words which Hugo used of one of his principal characters in his great novel can be applied to Hugo himself. "His spirit was enwrapped in the contemplation of every succeeding apparition of wide spread misery. The physiognomy of man is modelled by conscience and by the tenor of life, and is the result



Victor Hugo

of a crowd of mysterious excavations. There was never a suffering, not an anger, not a shame, not a despair of which he did not see the wrinkle. The mouths of those children had not eaten. That man was a father, that woman a mother and behind them their families might be guessed to be on the road to ruin. There was a face already marked by vice, on the threshold of crime and the reasons were plain, ignorance and indigence. Another showed the stamp of original goodness obliterated by racial pressure and turned to hate. On the face of an old woman he saw starvation. In the crowd were men without tools, the workers asked only for work, but the work was wanting. Sometimes a soldier came and seated himself by the workmen and he saw the spectre of war. Here he read want of work, there

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man forming slavery. On certain brows he saw an indescribable ebbing back towards animalism and that slow return of man to beast produced on those below by the pressure of those above" and then from the very depths of Hugo's soul is torn the cry, "What, in the crowd, is there no child that grows but to be stunted; no race that blooms but for the slime of the soil?"

Hugo's long life was thus given up to the betterment of the conditions of the people. He consecrated himself to love and brotherhood. He sought out pain to mitigate it, and sorrow to console it. Wherever tears flowed he was there to dry them with the warmth of his throbbing heart. Whenever he saw the people in danger of being sentenced to moral and intellectual death—the only death to be lamented—there was Hugo to save them. Thus it was in those memorable days following 1848. Louis Bonaparte, with the aid of the army made himself Emperor of France. Then was Hugo roused. He saw the Republic overthrown and the liberties of the people endangered. Without a moment's hesitation he threw himself into the work of rescue. He hurried among the people and stirred their moods to resistance. By morning he had the men of Paris behind barricades ready to oppose the forces of the usurper. But it proved of no avail. Hugo's raw recruits sunk under the fire of perfect discipline, and disheartened, gloomy, his heart torn with anguish he was compelled to flee, leaving behind everything that was dear and beloved.

A few years after, Louis Bonaparte as Emperor extended a general pardon to all who had taken up arms against him, especially to Victor Hugo. Hugo was urged to return to France, but the old exile refused, sending back the answer, "I enter when liberty enters." For the long years that the usurper sat upon the throne and liberty lay prostrate, Hugo suffered his voluntary exile, torn away from his people, his country, from his friends and his home. At last, after many weary years, Louis Bonaparte was dethroned. The French army—of the same stock that had fought at Jena and Austerlitz—staggered under the blows of the conquering Germans. Then Hugo, old and hoary, returned to France. He approached Paris. As he looked, his eyes glowed with a great love. He saw the peasant working by his cottage and heard the sound of French children at play, and slowly the tears began to trickle down his face. The old man wept. Suddenly another sight came before his eyes. The French soldiers, defeated, wounded, bleeding, were straggling back to Paris. Without restraining his tears Hugo leaned out of the car-window and waved a salute. In a moment he was recognized; wounds were forgotten. From parched throats swelled a great shout, "Vive la République! Vive Victor Hugo!"

From this moment begins the crowning period in the life of Hugo. Now he stands forth like one of the ancient prophets of Israel. The spirit of Isaiha had descended upon him. The storm of life had subsided and he looked upon existence with a heart more calm. "Les Misérables" was doing its work. The gospel which it preached was permeating the minds of men. Through it they understood the great problem of life. Man was to be saved through the child. The stunting of the child was the death of the man. Save the man by educating the child. Under the flood of misery which flows through the great book there glides onward the steady stream of a higher hope. It proves that if there is the probability of the beast in man, there is also the possibility of the God. And it sounds a solemn warning to society indicating the terrible danger which threatens it whenever it attempts to crush the God in man.

At this time Hugo stands and with the eye of a prophet he gazes into the future. The nineteenth century was drawing to a close and the first streaks of the new century were

quivering upon the horizon. Hope rises in his breast. He sees and speaks. "In the twentieth century war will be dead, the scaffold will be dead, royalty will be dead and man will survive. Some day will come that which is true. Then there shall be free and living men. There will be no more masters; there will be fathers. Such is the future. No more baseness; no more ignorance; no more human beasts of burden; no more kings; but Light."

Then he comes out with the purpose of his life. His heart overflowing with the emotions which fill it he throws out a glowing appeal to all men who have minds to think and hearts to feel. "Let us consecrate ourselves. Let us devote ourselves to the good, to the true, to the just. The function of thinkers in our day is complex. It is no longer sufficient to think, one must love. It is no longer sufficient to think and love—one must act. To think, to love and to act is no longer sufficient—one must suffer. The future presses. Tomorrow cannot wait. Humanity has not a moment to lose. Quick! quick! let us hasten. The wretched hunger, they thirst, they suffer. There is too much privation, too much nakedness, too many convict prisons, too many tattlers, too many defalcations, too many crimes, too much darkness; not enough schools; too many little ones growing up for evil; by the side of misfortune there is vice, the one urging on the other. Such a society requires prompt succor. Let us seek out the best. Civilization must march forward; let us test theories, systems, amelioration, inventions, reforms.

"But before all, above all, let us be lavish of the light. All sanitary purification begins by opening the windows wide. Let us open wide all intellects; let us supply souls with air. Let the human race breathe. One step after another, horizon after horizon, conquest after conquest; because you have given what you promised, do not hold yourself quiet of obligation. To perform is to promise. To-day's dawn pledges the sun for to-morrow."

Such was the pleading of the prophet. And, at the beginning of the twentieth century, that which Hugo was pleading for, which he fought for, and which he lived for is beginning to be realized. The light which his eyes were straining to see is now becoming visible to all. That happy day for which his soul yearned is near at hand—the day of human brotherhood.



THE "GLEANERS" OF MILLET*

By May Beals



HE was no Socialist they tell us, he
Who painted these bowed forms and grasping
hands,
These women gleaning on the fruitful lands
Whose harvest is heaped up abundantly
So near the gleaners—but not for them. See
How sheaf on sheaf the garnered harvest stands,
Beneath the owner's eye, how few the strands,
Sparse-scattered, that their hands clutch carefully.

He was no Socialist. He had no thought
In painting these, the owner and the owned,
Of the great gulf between. He heeded naught
Of brutal wrong. He wrought for Art alone.
Millet, such words, if they indeed be true,
But prove you wrought more nobly than you knew.

* "Millet's point of view was pictorial rather than Socialistic. There has been much writing . . . to prove that he was a political agitator . . . who was painting the hard lot of the peasant as a protest against the existing order—but Millet denied that."—Professor John C. Van Dyke.

Why Marxian Economics Finds Increasing Favor

By A. P. Hazell



THE Marxian economic theory has been subjected to the fierce criticism of all classes of writers on political economy throughout Europe for half a century, and in no country has it been more vehemently assailed than in England. Despite all adverse criticism, however, it is more popular than ever, its adherents being co-equal

with the number of Social Democrats who are rapidly increasing in numbers. The Socialist movement we readily admit contains many who are ever ready to disavow economic principles as propounded by Marx, but such are really social reformers, not Social Democrats. Such, for instance in England, are the Fabians, a number of the I. L. P., and many labor men. Happily this class of Socialists have really no voice in determining the fundamental principles of the International Social Democratic movement, such influence as they have—generally pernicious unfortunately—being confined to the tactics pursued by the Party.

To the question, "Why does Marxian economics hold such sway over Social Democrats?" I should say: Because it appeals to them intellectually and ethically—satisfying their sense of reason as well as that of equity.

The Social Democratic movement, however, has so many attractive sides, that one finds it difficult to formulate its chief principles in a few simple words; but to put it as briefly as possible, we might say that what attracts men to it most, and succeeds in retaining them, is, firstly: The criticisms of Social Democrats on present Social inequities, and their insistence upon social equality. Secondly, their claim that labor is the creator of social wealth. Thirdly, their arguments, based on material facts taken from history and current events, that society is evolving on collectivist and co-operative lines, demonstrating that Socialism is based on scientific principles which are in accord with the highest possible development of society and of the individual.

In his work on political economy, "Das Kapital," Marx brings out into particular relief two very strong controversial points which, though not apparent at first sight, have a direct bearing upon two most important Socialist propositions, namely, that the worker is exploited by the capitalist system under which he produces, thereby necessitating social injustice and inequity; and that labor is the substance of exchange value. By proving these two theorems Marx justifies the claim so precious to Social Democrats that labor is the creator of all wealth, and, consequently, that social equality is a necessary outcome of the present economic system.

Classical economists admit neither of these propositions formulated by Marx, and even many who call themselves Socialists, while freely admitting the first, seek to avoid the latter. It will be well, therefore, to give a summary of what Marx has written bearing upon the subject, and the reader can then judge for himself whether he holds the invulnerable position claimed for him by Social Democrats.

Marx starts with asking what are those things which shopkeepers display in their windows for sale and store in warehouses, and in the making and distribution of which the majority of men and women spend the whole of their active life?—They constitute, he says, the wealth of society, and are called "commodities." A commodity, then, under the present economic system can be rightly taken as the unit of capitalist wealth. Continuing his analysis, he says, wealth is an object outside of us which we regard as useful.

Anything which is socially useful we recognize as wealth. What is regarded as rubbish to-day may be regarded as wealth to-morrow. For instance, waste products are thrown away until some one finds a use for them. Simultaneously with the discovery of their utility they assume the form of wealth, and for that reason we say that utility is the substance of wealth. We can, therefore, start with formulating this broad definition of wealth, that utility is not only the embodiment of the first or primitive form of wealth, but must necessarily remain the basis of all wealth whatsoever form it may evolve or assume. Proceeding with his argument Marx says, as society progresses the superfluities of various communities are exchanged, and, in course of time with the growth of civilization and consequent power over production, men create utilities for the purpose of exchange this class of goods naturally beget a new name, that of commodities, and are exchanged not on the basis of their utility, but on their cost of production, or the labor-time taken to produce them, and in this category of commodities Marx includes labor-power, or labor, as it is more commonly called, which is sold to the capitalist and consumed by him in his workshop. By placing these commodities on the market their owners naturally have to compete one against the other, which they do by lowering, and eventually forming a market price which becomes established and recognized as the exponent of exchange-value, or of the average social amount of human labor embodied in them.

Because Marx holds that labor is the substance of value, and fights for it tooth and nail, he has incurred the bitter hostility of the upholders of the capitalist system. To the ordinary public, however, the name of Marx is associated more with that of surplus-value than value, but as surplus-value is only a subsidiary form of value, he rightly endeavors first of all to establish labor as the substance of the latter, that being the corner stone of his building. Bourgeois economists know if they concede to Marx that labor is the substance of value they may as well become ultra-Marxists and save themselves from defending an absurd and illogical position. They accordingly meet it with their bitterest opposition.

As many readers are unfamiliar with the discussion on value, it will be well to state Marx's conception of it. Putting aside for the moment exchange-value and use-value we will deal with value. Value itself is in its essence a word of comparison. Now, when we make a comparison, we must do it in terms of a given substance in obedience to psychological law. To make this clear, Marx gives the example of weight. If we wish to weigh two articles we must do it in terms of weight. We do not box up the sounds from cornets and place them in opposite side of a pair of scales to find out the relative weight of potatoes. Value, it is plain, is a relation of two quantities of one quality, involving that the things equated must be qualitatively equal to allow them to be quantitatively compared. This fact appears very trite and simple when pointed out, but psychological professors find it inconvenient at times to recognize it when they deal with exchange-value according to Marx. We now come to the question, what constitutes the substance of exchange-value? We know that utility is the substance of use-value, we have now to seek that of exchange-value.

By common agreement economists admit that the substance of exchange is either utility or labor. There are innumerable use-values, such as land-values, cloth-values, bread-values, and the like, but they can all be summed up

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under the heading of utility, as they all possess that property. Marx accordingly falls in with this view of use-value. The exchange-value of a thing, he goes on to say, is contained in the article before it is exchanged, exchange being only a means or method of expressing value. It necessarily follows from this that exchange-value must be expressed at the point of exchange. So Marx pertinently puts the question: can the expenditure of labor embodied in commodities be measured at the point of exchange?—Yes, by means of labor-time. On the other hand, can utility be measured at the point of exchange?—No. And why?—Because the utility of a thing can only be realized by the act of consumption which must necessarily take place after exchange. If I want to realize the fact that a pair of boots will keep out the wet I must wear them. To test the utility of fruit I must consume it, and so on. The utility of a thing thus fails to express value at the point of exchange. Utility being of a subjective character its expression depends upon the individual taste of the subject who appreciates it. An acid fruit, for instance, may please one but not another. Again, a loaf of bread is more useful to a man when he is hungry than when he is well-filled, but the exchange-value of a loaf does not vary whether he is hungry or well-filled. Utility has, therefore, to be discarded at the very first examination on account of its incapacity of expression at the point of exchange. And this leaves labor without a competitor. Labor has to be acknowledged as the substance of exchange-value. Ascertain the quantity of labor in a commodity, and you get a true expression of its value. Simple energy, or abstract labor, remains triumphant as the substance of exchange-value.

Having shown that labor is the substance of exchange-value, Marx then formulates his conception of surplus-value. Out of the latter he says the capitalist secures his wealth at the expense of the worker. To make his position clear he divides capital into two divisions, "Constant" and "Variable." That portion of money which buys plant, raw material, and the necessaries for production he calls "Constant," because their value never changes. For instance, if the skin of an animal is worth a pound, and is made into a jacket, then, so far as that skin is concerned, it represents the same value in the jacket as it did before it was cut, and sewn into a garment. And the same argument applies to raw material of every description, including buildings, machinery and plant. The term "Constant," he argues, is correctly applied to them because they do not increase their value. It is different with "Variable" capital, which is employed in the purchase of human labor-power. The worker sells his labor-power at the market rate. He operates on raw material, and the result is that he put into that raw material a value exceeding his own market-rate cost of subsistence. The reason of this is because labor power has the capacity of creating more than its own cost or exchange-value. The wage of a worker which represents the variable capital of the employer only embodies so much labor, the consequence is if the worker labors longer than the given labor-time which his wages represent, he creates surplus-value for his employer. The difference between the value of his labor-power and the value he produces Marx calls "surplus-value," because it is a value given to the capitalist by the worker for which the latter receives no equivalent. By this means the capitalist and his various partners become rich, while the genuine producer must perforce remain poor.

To this analysis bourgeois economists have little to say in the matter of argument, preferring to make their attack on some point where the issue can be obscured.

There are, however, many things which make it difficult at first sight to see eye to eye with Marx. One difficulty in particular which arises to the general reader is that if human

labor or energy is the substance of value how it is that men are not equally awarded; and again, why it is that labor in a commodity does not conform to its price. How do you account for the disparity between the wages of an architect and that of a navvy? The disparity, says Marx, is due to social forces which have steadily grown with the methods of exploitation, and which go farther back than the era of capitalism. Exploitation, it must not be forgotten, is not confined to the capitalist system. It has existed in all ages. It commenced when man became subjected to his fellows, and this happened before recorded history. Slavery, serfdom, and capitalism are only various phases of exploitation—peculiar historic methods of obtaining surplus-value.

The method of reckoning value by its price or money form, and the distribution of wealth by exchange is responsible for obscuring the issue between capital and labor, and preventing the workers from realizing how they are collectively exploited. If capitalists took to reckoning the value of an article by the number of hours of labor embodied in it they would soon come to grief; but by placing their goods on the market, and pricing them in gold, the basis of the real value relation is not apparent. It is, therefore, necessary to give attention to the price-form of value.

It is common to speak of a standard of exchange-value. As a matter of fact exchange admits of no direct standard or unit. But as we have already explained psychological law compels us when we make a comparison to do so in terms of a given standard of some sort to every form of value. As exchange does not admit of a direct standard of labor-time—it, of course, being liable to vary every day—a ready method of reckoning has to be devised. When doing business men do not want to be bothered with making a fresh calculation with every transaction as is done in primitive barter, so a common article of exchange is selected for the purpose of reckoning, and thus we get the price-form of value. Gold happens to be now that favored commodity, and though the method of pricing things by a single commodity is extremely simple it is little understood.

Let us give an illustration. If we take up a piece of gold and say that it is valuable in exchange, and do the same with a jacket, how can we compare the two? They are of different qualities—a difficulty which has to be met. It is done this way. Gold is taken as the recognized form of value, so we turn our jacket into an imaginary piece of gold. The rest is simple. All we have to do is to compare their two weights, the latter becoming their standard of measurement instead of labor-time. Weight instead of labor-time thus fulfils the condition imposed upon us by the laws governing comparisons.

Price, however, unfortunately opens the door for all evils of contradiction. Being an ideal or imaginary form of value it is liable to suffer from the vagaries of the imagination. Consequently persons can put a fancy price on anything they choose. Every commodity, when it enters the market, has to assume the price-form, and labor is no exception to the rule. To the capitalist the labor of a navvy represents, say six-pence per hour; a plasterer, one shilling; an architect, three shillings, as the case may be. Like Marx, he does not recognize when dealing with value any special kind of labor. When he sells or buys a house he would laugh if he was asked, how much navvying, painting, or carpentering labor there was in it, so that its market-value might be ascertained by labor-time. To him the house represents so much gold, and how the architect or surveyor or navvy comes to be remunerated at different rates he does not bother. We know, of course, that he tries to reduce labor of every description to one level; and to pay him a compliment, nothing would delight him more than to reduce the labor of the architect to six-pence per hour and put him

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on the level with the navy. We see, then, that the price-form of value helps very much to obscure the real issue of the labor question and of value.

Capitalism, however, is not primarily responsible for the differences in the reward of labor, and its various grades as manifested in the price-form of labor-power. Social distinctions were as pronounced under feudalism as they are to-day although, perhaps, not so numerous. Capitalism found the standard of comfort of various classes and individuals already fixed, and when capitalists required the services of labor, they had to pay the price equal to the skilled artisan, or unskilled laborer's standard of comfort.

Now, if we admit that the standard of comfort of the worker is founded on custom and convention, we still have to go farther back into history to find on what custom and convention is based. If we take the feudal system as our starting point, we find that the barons held their own by the aid of physical force. Their might was their right. They and their bands of armed men dominated and subjected those engaged in peaceful pursuits to such a degree that the producers of the common necessities of life were no better than slaves.

Men in early times, as now, fought with the best weapons they could obtain, and he who made the best swords and offensive and defensive weapons received regard and esteem, and was socially recognized by those who used his weapons. Here, then, we have the elements of social grading. The military chief, his officers and retainers take the best the law can give either in food or raiment; his artificers come next, and then the laborers, and then we have classes graded on the basis of physical force, and a distribution of wealth in accordance with the power of the sword. But this arbitrary distribution of the good things of the earth does not interfere with the absolute quantity of time taken to produce them; or, in other words, with their cost of production in labor-time.

To make this plainer, let us again draw on our imagination. A community for a time peacefully grows the agricultural products it requires for its necessities, but to defend itself from attacks of raving adventurers, it has to elect its younger members to do battle for them, which adds one hour to the working day. In this instance it has the effect of raising the price of the producer, because the labor of the young warriors may be accounted as part of the labor necessary to produce the food, for without them no production would perhaps take place. Gratitude for their success of arms enables the warriors to form themselves not only into a defensive body, but also into an offensive body or class, and to secure full control of the government of the community. As time progresses they, in their arrogance and power, force exactions from the community, and appropriate double and treble the wealth without rendering further service. Here we have exploitation by force and caste distinctions founded on the appropriation of wealth and property. The same number of hours are necessary for the production of the given commodities, but the distribution of wealth is altered. One section demands and enforces a greater power over consumption than the other, though producing no equivalent. History tells of further development. How a section of producers becomes artificer for the wealthy, and are recognized as being distinct from the common manual workers who cultivate corn and fruit, and herd swine and oxen. How that, if members of a lower caste demur at fulfilling their tasks or obligations, the sword immediately menaced their lives. What does such a system of society demonstrate? That its distribution of wealth is of an arbitrary character, and that caste is based on property extorted from the producers by means of physical force, though such distribution of wealth does not alter its cost of produc-

tion in labor. As society evolves physical force seems to disappear. Religions and customs do their work. The power of the sword, however, embodied in customs, conventions, and contracts, takes its place in law which has the force of the state and of the sword at its command. Labor, despite all changes, remains always servile; the governing classes and the property owners always dominant.

Capitalism thus finds castes already established, and at its command a servile class ready to produce wealth on the same terms as was its wont—its cost of subsistence. If it requires labor of a higher class it can obtain it by giving it a price which commands its standard of living. Capitalism can thus readily secure the services of the highest as well as the lowest at a price—a price which covers its standard of living or caste or social standing. Because one man receives a sovereign, another two, another four, another eight, and so on, as weekly wages, or reward for services, it does not prove that each recipient creates value proportionately to such sums of money, it only demonstrates that each has a purchasing power to that amount, which convention, founded on an arbitrary basis, has historically determined.

There are, however, some who obstinately contend that it is absurd to class a bricklayer or a scavenger with a professional man like an architect or a doctor in regard to the utility of services rendered. So far as my experience goes, I have heard of houses being built without the labor of professional architects, but never without the labor of the common laborer. But let us compare the services of the scavenger and the doctor, who are now in the social scale as far away as opposite poles. Scavengers suddenly demand the same rate of remuneration as doctors. Society ridicules their claims. Result: No scavenging work done. Soon every house becomes a nursery for disease. Fevers abound. Doctors are called in but without avail, and eventually the cry is raised for scavengers to remove the filth, the cause of the evil, at any price. It is at last recognized, though grudgingly, that "Prevention is better than cure." Society has finally to admit that it is better to give honor to the scavenger, the now recognized savior of society than it is to the doctor who is more adept at hurrying patients out of the world than prolonging their existence in it. And what man is there who would not rather give a double doctor's fee to the scavenger to remove the cause of fever than pay a doctor to treat him after infection. Social distinctions between labor are artificial, the real cause of inequality being power over wealth produced by others backed up in the last resort by physical force.

To give the capitalist his due he believes that he robs nobody. He reckons up the money spent to produce his commodity, and adds so much interest on it in the name of capital, which surplus amount varies according to the rate peculiar to his particular industry. So extraordinary and remarkable are the conditions under which he produces that, as he says, there are often many who make more out of his business than he himself; but such anomalies do not alter the fact that his whole business rests on the exploitation of labor.

Marx's theory of value denuded of its technical economic development then resolves itself into this: That society expends so many hours of labor in the production of its wealth, and then arbitrarily distributes it, awarding so much to the working classes, the real producers, and giving the rest to the parasitic class under various pretences of services rendered. The price of individual labor and its value as measured by time varies, but in the mass prices and labor-time correspond. Individual variations become crystallized in well-recognized forms of social awards.

Coming to the task of demonstrating that there is an evolutionary economic law which makes for democratic col-

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lectivism Marx finds it an easy one. He points out that competition drives producers to perpetually contrive means to lower the cost of production of their commodities so as to secure control of the market. Under this law the larger capital triumphs, until at last monopoly drives out all competitors, leaving society divided more plainly than ever into two antagonistic sections—the exploiter and the exploited.

Under the present system we can have but limited co-operation. Each manufacturer necessarily puts the product of his group of co-operation on the market in opposition to other capitalistic groups, and thus we have an internecine war carried on which claims more victims than either sword or powder.

The laws of collectivism and co-operation must, however, continue to expand, and the absorption of monopolies by the community will inevitably continue to progress until the Social Democrat's view of a universal system of collectivism and co-operative brotherhood becomes a reality. With the abolition of exploitation men will collectively co-operate, and labor-time will be recognized as the standard of value, though not of exchange-value, for exchange-value will then be abolished, social production and social distribution taking its place. When all are economically free, all will be socially equal. Production will be so abundant that men will no more think about what this man and that woman consume than they do now when they see them drink water at the public fountain. Waste, if waste there should be, would be corrected by social censure. Freed from the curse of conflict for subsistence, all would soon attain a high level of physical and intellectual excellence. Differentiation in knowledge and skill there would be, but it would not be due to physical or intellectual decadence of the denizens of the East and exaltation of the educated West as a result of exploitation but the difference which accrues from variation in training and occupation as now occasionally obtains between the devotee of one science and that of another. Men need not enter into conflict to obtain excellence, they can obtain it but by co-operation in which all gain and none lose.

Fortified by the writings of Marx Social Democrats say that they are intellectually right in prevising that the so-

ciety of the future will be democratic. By his analysis of value he shows how it consists merely of simple human energy, and that even capitalism under the price-form of value does not escape its claims, and that we only require collectivism to have labor-time recognized as the standard of social economic value. Social Democrats consequently write on their banners "Social Equality for All," confident that they have a secure economic basis for equality independent of sentiment.

The principles of co-operation and collectivism Marx demonstrates evolve side by side, and are surely though slowly forcing their way to ultimate triumph superseding the individualistic co-operative groups which are at the present time manipulated for the advantage of the few to the detriment of the many. Strong in their knowledge that collectivism and co-operation will be victorious, the question of the division of wealth in their socialistic ideal of the future becomes to them of secondary importance. They are conscious that wealth will become so abundant that the question will be not what one shall consume, but how short shall be the labor-time devoted by society to wealth production, so that its intellectual and ethical development may be the more progress.

At the present moment Social Democrats are thought of as a body of men devoted only to altering the present methods of production and distribution. This is only a partial truth. They recognize that until the necessaries of life are assured, the intellectual, artistic and ethical development of society in the mass must be retarded. Food is a first necessary to physical stamina of the individual, being the first essential, and it is the same with society as with the individual. If the subsistence of a society becomes precarious, then it has to devote its physical and mental energies to making that subsistence assured before it can develop the higher elements of its nature. The material basis of man's nature, in accordance with the principles of evolution asserts itself first before its ethical and intellectual growth. Social Democrats look, therefore, with hope to the future. Strong in their ideals and full of hope in humanity, they work on assured that the economic forces inherent in society will realize the triumph of collectivism and with it their ideal.

The Wager

Translated from the Russian of Anton Tschekov

By Julius Schneyer



It was a dark autumn night.

The old banker was walking from corner to corner in his room and thinking of the evening party he had given one autumn, fifteen years ago.

On that evening there were many wise and intelligent guests who kept very interesting conversations.

Among other topics they spoke of capital punishment.

The majority of the guests, among whom there were many learned men and journalists, maintained that capital punishment should be abolished, as they thought it to be out of time, unfit for Christian civilization and immoral. The contention of others was to replace it by imprisonment for life.

"I don't agree with you," said the banker. "I've experienced neither capital punishment nor imprisonment for life, but, judging *a priori*, I think the former to be more humane and moral than the latter. Capital punishment kills at once, while prison does it slowly. Which executioner is a better

man? He who kills you in a moment, or who draws out your life gradually, drop by drop, during many years?"

"Both are equally immoral," remarked one of the guests, "because both tend to one aim—deprivation of life. State is no God: it has no right to take that which it could not return if it wanted so."

Among the guests there was a lawyer, a young man of twenty-five. When asked for an opinion he said: "Both capital punishment and life-long imprisonment are equally immoral, but if I were to select between the two I would certainly prefer the last. To live somehow is after all better than not to live at all."

This aroused a pretty lively discussion.

The banker who was then much younger and, consequently, more enthusiastic and excitable, suddenly struck the table with his fist and exclaimed, addressing solely the young lawyer: "It is not true! I bet two millions that you will not stand even five years in prison."

"If it is earnest," said the lawyer, "I take up this bet, and, moreover, I'll stand it for fifteen years."

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"Fifteen? Good!" shouted the banker. "Gentlemen! I put up two millions!"

"Agreed! Out with your cash, and I stake my liberty!" cried the lawyer.

And this monstrous and most unnatural wager has taken place! The banker, then ignorant of the number of millions he possessed, at times whimsical and easy-minded, was in ecstasy about the wager. During supper, jesting at the lawyer, he said:

"Change your mind, young man, while it is not yet too late. Two millions for me constitute actually nothing, and you are risking to lose three-fourths of the best years of your life, as I am confident that you'll stand it no longer. Don't you forget, miserable man, that voluntary imprisonment is more trying than compulsory. The very thought that at any moment you can be free, is apt to poison your very existence in the prison. I pity you!"

And now, the banker, pacing his chamber to and fro and recollecting all the particulars and details of that eventful evening, queried himself: "Why did I take up that wager? What benefit will the fact bring me that the lawyer lost fifteen years of his life and that I shall have to throw away two millions? Will it prove to the world that capital punishment is better or worse than life-long imprisonment? Not at all! Stuff and nonsense! On my part it was merely a caprice or whim of a satiated man, and on the lawyer's—a plain greed for money. . . .

Then he remembered what had happened after the evening described. It was decided to lock up the lawyer under his strictest supervision in one of the wings of the garden. There was a mutual understanding, that during the fifteen years the lawyer should be deprived of the right to overstep the threshold of the wing, to see a living being, hear a human voice and receive letters or newspapers. He was allowed, however, to have a musical instrument, read books, write letters, drink beer or wine and smoke. With the outside world he could communicate only silently, through a little window, made for the occasion. All he wanted, as books, music, wine or other things, in whatever quantity, he could order by a note through the little window. The contract had many other details and provisions making his confinement most lonely and solitary, and compelling him to serve a term of exactly fifteen years, commencing from 12 M. November 14, 1870, and ending at 12 M. sharp, November 14, 1885. The slightest attempt by the prisoner to break the agreement, even two minutes before the end of the term, was to release the banker from the obligation to pay the money.

The first year, judging by his notes, he suffered intensely from loneliness, dullness and a constant yearning for society. Incessantly day and night could be heard from the wing the heartrending notes of the pianoforte. Tobacco and wine he refused, as wine, he wrote, arouses desires, which are the greatest foes of a prisoner and, besides, nothing is so tiresome and tedious as drinking good wine all alone. As to tobacco, it spoils the air of the room.—The first year they would send him books of a very light character: novels with complicated love stories, fantastic tales, dramas, comedies, etc. The second year the music hushed, and he would order in his notes merely classics. At the fifth year the music started again, and the prisoner asked for wine. Those who observed him through the little window reported that all that year he would only eat, drink, lie in bed, often yawn and angrily converse with himself. Books he did not read. Sometimes during whole nights he would be busy writing and in the mornings he would tear up into pieces all he had written. Not infrequently was he heard sobbing.—At the second half of the sixth year of his confinement

he commenced to study languages, philosophy and history. He was studying so eagerly that the banker could hardly get enough books for him. In four years he mastered six hundred scientific volumes. At that time the banker received from his prisoner the following note: "My dear Jailer! I am writing you these lines in six different languages. Show them to competent men. If they find no error, order a sign given by a gunshot which will prove to me that my efforts were not spent in vain. The geniuses of all ages and lands speak and write different languages, but in the hearts of all of them burns one and the same flame. O, if you should only know what unearthly happiness my soul experiences at present, knowing that I can master so many languages and sciences." His wish was granted. The banker ordered two shots fired in the garden. Then during the tenth year he would sit at the table and read the New Testament, though it seemed very strange to the banker that a man, who devoted four years to so many scientific volumes, wasted a whole year on the study of so little a book, as the Bible. After the Bible followed the history of religion and theology. The last two years of his confinement he read very much and without discrimination. At one time he would read natural history, at another he would ask for Byron or Shakespeare. Some of his notes would contain the following order: a book on chemistry, a medical manual, a novel and some philosophical or theological treatise. . . .

His reading was analogous to the swimming among the debris of one ship-wrecked in mid-ocean, who would try to save himself by grasping now at one fragment, now at another! . . .

II.

The old banker, now recalling all this, reflected: "Tomorrow at 12 M. he gets his liberty, and I'll have to pay him the stipulated two millions. And if I do so, all is lost, I am ruined. . . ." Fifteen years ago he had no idea as to the amount of his capital, but now he feared to ask himself, whether his liabilities did not exceed his assets. Hazardous play at the Exchange, dangerous speculation and a hot temper of which he could not rid himself even in his old age, gradually brought his affairs to a decline, and the fearless, self-confident and proud millionaire was suddenly transformed into a second-rate banker, trembling before every rise and fall of his stocks. "Confounded bet!" muttered the old man in despair and agony pressing his head with both hands. "Why did not he die? he'll deprive me of all I possess, will get married, as he is only forty years old, will enjoy life, play in stocks, while I, like a beggar, will gaze with envy and jealousy, and every day hear one and the same annoying phrase: 'As I am obliged to you for the happiness of my life, so allow me to help you!' . . . No, no! this is too much! My only salvation from ignominy and bankruptcy is the death of that man!"

The clock struck three. The banker listened. All were asleep in the house; one could hear only the monotonous and melancholy murmur of the frozen trees behind the windows. Endeavoring to make no noise, he produced from his fire-proof safe the key of that door, which had not been opened in the course of fifteen years, put on his overcoat and went out of the house.—In the garden it was pitch-dark, and cold, and dreary; a damp, sharp and cutting wind was blowing, giving no rest to the trees. The banker was straining his eye-sight, but could see nothing: the wing, the trees, the white statues and the very ground were hidden in the gloom. Directing his steps to the wing, he called twice to the watchman. No answer came, but somewhere, far away in the garden, he only heard the husky resonance of his own voice. Apparently the watchman had hidden himself from the rough weather and slept somewhere in the

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kitchen or in the pavilion. "If I have courage enough to accomplish my intention," thought the old man, "the suspicion may fall on the watchman." He felt in the dark the steps and the door and entered the vestibule of the wing; then he groped his way to a small corridor, and lighted a match. There was not a soul. There was a bed without bedding and in the corner an old iron stove. The seals on the door to the prisoner's room were safe. When the match went out, the old man, shivering with nervous agitation, peeped into the little window. In the room dimly burned a candle. The prisoner was sitting at the table. Only his back, the hair on his head and the hands could be seen. On the table, the two chairs and the rug open books were scattered. Five minutes had passed in silence and the prisoner had not once moved. Fifteen years of imprisonment had taught him how to sit immovably. The banker knocked cautiously at the window-pane, but the prisoner showed no sign of hearing it.—Then the banker broke the seals and put the key into the hole. The rusted lock produced a hoarse sound and the hinges of the door creaked. The banker expected to hear a cry of surprise and steps, but about three minutes passed and behind the door there was silence as before. He resolved to enter. At the table the man was sitting, who was unlike other men. This was a skeleton covered with skin. His hair was feminine and beard disheveled. His complexion was yellow with an earthy hue, the cheeks hollow, the back lanky and narrow, and the hand supporting his hairy head was pitifully thin and haggard. His hair was streaked with gray, and the pale, enervated and deeply wrinkled face was like that of an old man, so that no one could believe him to be only forty years old. He was sleeping. Before his drooped head, on the table, there lay a sheet of paper covered with lines of a very minute hand. "Pitiful man," thought the banker, "he is sleeping and probably dreaming of millions! And should I only grab the half-dead man, throw him upon the bed and choke him slightly under a pillow, and the most conscientious inquest would detect no signs of murder. However, I'll see what he has written."

The banker took the paper and read the following: "Tomorrow at noon I shall get my liberty and the right of associating with others. But before I leave this room and behold the sun I deem it necessary to tell you a few words. Honestly and sincerely, as before God who watches over me, I declare, that I despise liberty and life, health and all that we call happiness! For fifteen years I have been carefully and diligently studying all forms of life on earth. Although I had no chance of seeing in reality either the earth or the life of men, yet in your books I imbibed pleasure from the fountain of life, drank aromatic wines, sang lovely songs, was hunting in the woods deer and wild boars and loved beautiful women! The ethereal and cloud-like maidens, created by the witch craft or magic fancy of your great ingenious poets would haunt me by night and whisper to me wonderful tales, intoxicating me and giving an idea of

a renovated and rejuvenated life of another world and other men! In your books I was climbing on the mountain peaks and viewing from their summits the glory of the world. I beheld, how in the mornings the sun would rise and in the evenings it would flood the sky, the ocean, and the mountain peaks with a purple-golden hue; and I also observed how overhead intersecting the clouds the lightning would flash and glimmer; and beheld green and dense forests, fields and meadows studded with flowers, lakes and rivers swarming with golden fishes, and rippling with the reflection of the starry skies; and heard the singing of birds and the charming music of the shepherd's flute, felt on me the wings of those beautiful devils who would descend to me to discuss about God. In your books I would hurl myself into bottomless gulfs, create miracles, destroy and burn whole towns, preach new religions, conquer entire kingdoms! Your books gave me wisdom; and whatever human thought and intellect created during ages of tireless work, was congested in my skull into a small lump. I am aware of the fact that I am wiser than all of you! So I despise all your books, abhor all the good of the world and hate your wisdom! All is vain, perishable and illusive, transitory, false and deceptive like a mirage! Granted that you are proud, wise and beautiful, but invincible Death will wipe out all of you from the face of the earth, together with the underground rats and bats, and your posterity, history and immortality of your geniuses will freeze or burn together with the whole globe! You are gone insane and travel on the wrong track. Falsehood you accept for truth, ugliness—for beauty. Would you not be amazed at seeing your apple and orange-trees bearing frogs and reptiles instead of fruit? Thus am I astonished at your having exchanged Heaven for Earth! I do not want to comprehend you, and to prove to you in practice my hatred of your way of living I reject your bloody millions of which I was dreaming in the days of yore as of Paradise, as of Heaven on Earth! Therefore I shall leave this prison five hours before the end of the term and thus break the agreement." . . .

* * *

The banker finished reading the paper, put it on the table, kissed the extraordinary man on his gray head, and, overcome with emotion, burst into tears, and left the room. And never, never in his life, even after most crushing losses at the Exchange did he feel such an intense hatred of himself as he did at that moment. Coming home he dropped on the bed, buried his face into the pillows, gave full vent to his tears and passed a long, long sleepless night. On the next morning the watchman reported that the prisoner sneaked out from the window, walked out through the gate and vanished. And together with the servants the banker went to the wing and established the flight of the prisoner. In order not to arouse superfluous gossip, he took from the table the paper of abdication, and, returning home, he locked it up in his safe.

Views and Reviews



NE of the most informing and permanently useful books which it has been my lot to read upon the ever-absorbing trust question is Mr. Edwin Sherwood Meade's "Trust Finance," published by the Appletons. Mr. Meade has left the domain of theory for the more substantial domain of fact. He devotes very little space to the

discussion of the theoretical aspects of the trust problem. He gives us what no other writer before him has attempted upon anything like a fully developed plan, a careful and min-

ute exposition of the mechanism of the modern trust. Here we have a careful and generally lucid study of "high finance" which all students of the trust question will find not only valuable but well-nigh indispensable.

In the earlier chapters of the book Mr. Meade discusses the transition from "The Regime of Competition" through the "pool" and other temporary forms of consolidation to the "holding company." This form of consolidation rose out of the Corporation Act of 1889 of the State of New Jersey. This statute, one of the most important of all the laws bearing upon the subject, the author discusses at length and

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with great discrimination. Under it "a body of men may form a corporation under the laws of New Jersey which, among other manifold privileges, may purchase and own the stocks, or other property of any corporation engaged in any business in any state." The Northern Securities Company which has just been declared illegal, was formed under the provisions of this law. What effect, if any, the decision against the Northern Securities Company will have upon the law which made its creation possible remains to be seen.

In order to understand fully the momentous character of this statute of New Jersey we must view it in the light of contemporary conditions and sentiment. "Sixteen sovereign states had passed searching and stringent laws in prohibition of competition; laws whose detailed minuteness of specification could hardly be improved upon; which had been proved effective against the only form of competition regulation yet attempted, and which undoubtedly represented the conviction of a majority of the people of the United States—a conviction finding more general and authoritative expression in the Sherman anti-trust law, and strengthened by the anti-monopoly provisions of the common law; a well-nigh unanimous sentiment opposed to any form of trust or pool, and the little State of New Jersey, containing two per cent. of the population and one and three-tenths per cent. of the wealth of the United States, by the simple act of amending its corporation law, nullified the anti-trust laws of every state which had passed them."

After showing how this law laid the foundation legal, Mr. Meade goes on to prove by a wealth of illustration that the time was not "ripe for the universal application of the trust principle to manufacturing industries." The manufacturer on one side, tired of competition and seeing no salvation except either by consolidation with his rivals or selling his business, found his opportunity in the attitude of the public on the other side impressed with the profits of the trust and anxious to buy shares in industrial combinations. Here was the opportunity for the promoter who stepped into the situation with alacrity. Most of us have an idea sufficiently clear for ordinary purposes of the part played by the promoter, but few of us can read Mr. Meade's chapters on "The Sale of Stock" without adding an immense amount to our fund of information upon the subject. But it seems to me that his classification of enterprises into two divisions named respectively "investment" and "speculative," while very suggestive, is superficial and largely fallacious. In the first instance it seems to me that the railroads, for example, which he regards as "investment" securities, have become such only as a result of much development. They have passed through the "speculative" stage. Then again, though one sometimes gathers the impression that Mr. Meade is heading for the point, there is no definite development of the highly important point that the real difference between the two classes, if we accept, as we very well may do, his classification, is that the "investment" enterprises are those based upon the definite and direct exploitation of the producers, while the "speculative" enterprises are those which depend upon those peculiar and often very shady methods of "high finance" by which the small capitalists and investors are fleeced.

But the portion of the work which possesses the greatest value and interest is that devoted to an examination and exposition of the methods of financing individual trusts. Here the facts are so many and so detailed that no review of them is possible. Suffice it to say that, in my judgment, nothing equalling it in value has yet been published. It is a book which every student of economics, and especially every Socialist, ought to familiarize himself with.

Mr. Meade is not a Socialist. It would be too much to expect from the Professor in Economics in the University

of Pennsylvania a treatment of the trust question from a point of view even remotely similar to that of the followers of Marx. Dr. Meade writes from the point of view of the small investor and regards the movement for concentration as an abnormality, something which calls for remedial efforts on the part of the state. He discusses means whereby the interests of the small investors may be safeguarded, and while we may very well be skeptical as to the amount of good any such methods could possibly accomplish, as Socialists we shall find abundant suggestion of much practical worth in his discussion of the difficulties surrounding the problem. The book, which is one of Appleton's excellent "Business Series," is well printed and bound and a well prepared index adds greatly to its value as a work of reference.

* * *

Another book of interest and value to the student of economics is Professor J. Shield Nicholson's "Elements of Political Economy," published by the Macmillan Company. Dr. Nicholson is Professor of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh, and has long been regarded as one of the most brilliant writers of the individualist school. He is a disciple of Jevons and Marshall and in his present work, which is a condensation of his much more elaborate "Principles of Political Economy" (3 vols.), there is little that is new or striking. In the larger work the distinctive feature, the feature which most appealed to me at least, was the historical matter of an expository nature and the lucid treatment of the history and development of economic thought. These have necessarily been omitted from this smaller work. But their importance is sufficiently emphasized in the text to induce the really earnest student to consult the authorities indicated.

The value of this work lies in its suggestiveness. There is scarcely an important question in economics which is not at least raised and briefly discussed. That we differ from the author's views need not blind us to the fact that his book will abundantly reward whoever gives it a careful reading. Did not the limits of space make it impossible, there are a great many points on which it would be a pleasure to dispute Prof. Nicholson's conclusions. And many more points where language seems to have been employed to conceal thought rather than to express it. But it is useless to attempt any sort of analysis of the contents of more than five hundred pages of condensed matter upon the manifold complex problems of economic science in anything shorter than a brochure of some pretentiousness.

For instance, it seems to me perfectly clear that to call sunshine a "commodity," as Prof. Nicholson does (p. 24), is a piece of academic silliness or a wanton misuse of language. And it would be easy to dispute with a solid backing of fact his statement that "the development of mechanical appliances since the industrial revolution has increased the skill of the individual workers, or, what is the same thing, this increased division of labor demands greater skill." (p. 48.) In either form the contention, which the author made the thesis of a former volume, seems to me to be contrary to the sum of observed facts. At any rate, there is a great deal to be said against it. The suggestive discussion of "Definitions" is a valuable feature of the book, and it will surely do no harm to emphasize the point, already developed by the principal writers from Smith's day, that terms like "labor," "production," "distribution," and the like, must not be too narrowly interpreted. Of course, the transportation of an article to the point where its utility really begins—i. e., where it becomes accessible to the consumer—is in reality, though often referred to as its distribution, a part of its production. The old physiocratic discussion of that point has been well nigh forgotten. And it is also perfectly ob-

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vious that the term "labor" must be understood to mean more than mere manual labor; otherwise we should be obliged to say that the designer of an engine had no part or lot in its production. No economist of modern times, so far as I know, ever framed such a proposition as that or based an argument upon such a restricted definition. Mill said all that Prof. Nicholson says and said it equally as well. Very well, then, Prof. Nicholson includes all mental and manual functions which in any way contribute to production in his concept of labor. That is generally accepted by all schools of economists now. But why, then, does he include (p. 35) organization, which some writers, notably Mallock, have called the "fourth factor of production," in his definition of capital, rather than in that of labor where it properly belongs? Surely, the organization of productive energies to secure a maximum of efficiency is an act of labor in the very spirit and sense of Prof. Nicholson's definition of it!

Again, in dealing with labor our author realizes that skilled labor is, in the terms of Marxian theory, only a multiple of simple labor. But he does not even mention Marx in connection with it. That of itself would not be very important, for, after all, others before Marx had developed the point. What is more important is the fact that Prof. Nicholson does nothing with the fact: he does not appear to see in it any possibility except the making of what is at this day a somewhat puerile criticism. Constructive value for him it has not. It is sound doctrine, so far as it goes, to say, "There may be more labor in an hour's application to a trade which it cost ten years to learn, than in a month's industry at an ordinary and obvious employment." (p. 38), and the ensuing argument that the educator is in truth an indirect producer, because his teaching results in a more intelligent direction of power to production on the part of the direct producer cannot be questioned. It cannot be held with success that the cost and energy expended in teaching mechanics to those whose possession of such knowledge fits them for certain branches of industry can ever be eliminated from the real sum total of productive cost. In the hands of a master such as Marx was, as also some of his predecessors in England, this concept of social labor became a doctrine of fundamental importance. Upon it rests the most established and widely accepted theory of value in the history of economic thought. Prof. Nicholson sees only the fact: its importance to economic science is not yet apparent to him.

Upon the subject of the law of wages Prof. Nicholson "blows hot and cold" to the exasperation of the reader. In contradicting upon one page what has been said upon a preceding page he outdoes John Stuart Mill. He makes (p. 129) the bald and unqualified assertion—certainly untrue in this unqualified form—that "The 'iron' law of wages is not now accepted by an economist, even as a first approximation to the theory of wages." It will be noticed that the Lassallean adjective is used in inverted commas. It is true that no reputable economist accepts the rigid, inflexible term used by the always bombastic and rhetorical Lassalle. But it is also true that it was never so accepted by Socialists other than the immediate followers of Lassalle. And it is equally true that not a few economists still hold it true in the sense and limits of its development by Marx, namely, that while for individual workers the competitive forces of supply and demand may prove determinant forces; sometimes forcing them below the wages line equivalent to the cost of reproductive subsistence, for the workers as a whole that wages line must be maintained and operate as a minimum wages law. And, in turn, the action of the competitive forces of supply and demand will always tend to keep wages down to that level.

Prof. Nicholson's treatment of the long exploded wages

fund theory is the least satisfactory portion of the book. He accepts it (p. 155) as "a first approximation to an adequate theory of general wages," and then immediately and successfully argues the wages fund theory out of court. His modifications and reservations are so many and so large that practically nothing remains. A single word, characteristic of an exuberant and verbose advocate, caused our author to balk at the cost of reproductive subsistence theory of wages, but for the wages fund theory he could rewrite the dictionaries!

In this brief review I have only barely touched upon a few points of interest. From cover to cover the book bristles with such points, and its reading is therefore a good mental exercise. As an authoritative guide it is of little worth, but as a suggestive and stimulating book calculated to rouse the spirit of enquiry and research in the mind of the student—in a word as a mental stimulant—it has had few equals in late years.

* * *

Even at the risk of giving the impression that I am in a captious mood, I shall venture to notice also Mr. B. O. Flower's latest volume, "How England Averted a Revolution by Force." The book comes from the press of Albert Brandt, of Trenton, New Jersey, and its mechanical excellence is worthy of note. But I am bound to say that Mr. Flower's work is not so satisfactory. With good intentions the editor of the "Arena" can certainly be credited, and his literary gift is indisputable. But he lacks the historical sense and the present work is the veriest jumble of half-digested facts and ex-parte statements of little or no value to the student of English social and political life in the first decade of the Victorian reign, the period with which it deals. There is wheat, true, but it is so little relatively to the amount of chaff that it will scarcely repay the winnower. In other words, while Mr. Flower has gathered a good deal of information the reader can easily find the same information, and more of it, without the confusion common to Mr. Flower's pages.

To Mr. Flower, as to a good many other excellent people, the repeal of the Corn-Laws represents one of the grandest events in England's history. When one reflects upon the undoubted hardship and misery which those laws occasioned by making bread almost a luxury this is not by any means a surprising attitude. But if any reader is persuaded by Mr. Flower that the movement for the repeal of the Corn-Laws was primarily intended to benefit the working class of England, or even that in practice it did materially benefit the workers, he is sorely mistaken. This is not an argument against Free Trade or an argument for Protection. Free trade between free nations is a condition devoutly to be wished for. But I do say that the predictions and the warnings of the Chartist leaders have been abundantly realized, and that economically the position of the workers of England is every whit as bad as in the protective regime of the Corn-Laws. Notwithstanding sixty years of Free Trade, we have in England conditions such as those described by Jack London in "The People of the Abyss" and Robert H. Sherard in "The White Slaves of England." I should like to ask Mr. Flower to explain where the benefits of Free Trade appear in the lives of the great mass of the English laboring population to-day. That will give him enough to be going on with.

As a matter of fact, every careful student of English political history knows very well that the repeal of the Corn-Laws was a movement inaugurated and carried on by the manufacturing class for the purpose of securing cheaper labor, and, in consequence, higher profits. For that reason, and for no other, did the manufacturers devote thousands of pounds sterling to the agitation. For that reason, too, did

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they give the great orator, Richard Cobden, \$400,000 for his advocacy of their cause.

Now Mr. Flower is quite right in attributing the defeat of the great Chartist movement to the success of the Anti-Corn-Law movement: there is no doubt about that. But that was certainly not a gain for the people—meaning by that term the common people, the working class—but a victory for the masters of the people—the most brutal employing class in history. For not even the record of Nero's infamies excel in horror the annals of English industrial life in the period of which Mr. Flower writes.

Mr. Flower's general position may be stated in a few sentences: He believes the repeal of the Corn-Laws wrought untold good for the working class of England; he believes also that the Chartist movement was distinctly a good movement, but thinks that unwise leadership made it a menace instead of a blessing. Accepting the common and altogether exaggerated opinion of the "physical force" element in the Chartist ranks, he pictures the country as being upon the verge of bloody revolution—a fate only averted by the "conservatism," "devotion," "wisdom," and other manifold qualities, of the leaders of the Anti-Corn-Law movement. All of which is an excellent example of historical hysteria. In the first place, Mr. Flower over-estimates the tendency to physical force amongst the Chartists and ignores altogether the very commonly known fact that the *Agents Provocateurs* of the government were always fostering the spirit of violence for political reasons. A large number of well authenticated cases of this are on record. Mr. Flower quotes from Gammage, the Chartist historian, when it suits his purpose. Now, Gammage is not always reliable in his statements on matters of internal Chartist policy: he was too often himself embroiled in personal squabbles to be an altogether impartial witness, but his book does contain a vast store of valuable information and is the best work of its kind. But why does Mr. Flower ignore altogether Gammage's intimation that much of the Welsh Insurrection, for instance, was due to the secret agents of the police magistrates? In the next place, why does Mr. Flower ignore the fact that the Anti-Corn-Law people were for many years more addicted to physical force—arson, assault and rioting—than the Chartists ever were? I do not say that the leaders of the Anti-Corn-Law League were guilty of these things, but that their followers not infrequently resorted to such violent methods is undoubted. Mr. Flower waxes very eloquent, and preaches quite a distressing homily to prove the superior wisdom of the League leaders, because, when attacked by mobs, they counselled their followers not to respond in kind. Very well, but didn't the Chartist leaders do the same thing hundreds of times? Even George Julian Harney, the extreme and bold advocate of physical force, did that many times as Mr. Flower could have learned from Gammage or any one of a score of other sources. The real reason for the success of the Anti-Corn-Law reformers lay in the fact that they represented the new manufacturing class against the old and outworn landlord class, and that they had almost unlimited financial resources; the Chartists on the contrary were almost always poor men and their funds consisted of the pennies and sixpences of the proletariat.

It is impossible to read Mr. Flower's book without feeling that all his sympathies are on the side of the middle class of that time, the capitalists, as against the workers. If there is a worthy leader of the working class to be mentioned, like Bronterre O'Brien, Mr. Flower's shrug of the shoulders is evident. But when it comes to a morbid, egotistical fanatic like Thomas Cooper—himself, by the way, one of the physical force leaders—who became a renegade, Mr. Flower calls him "noble-minded." If ever there was a

vain, petty spirit Thomas Cooper possessed it. So, too, with regard to his attitude toward Cobden and Bright upon whom he showers all the compliments imaginable. More relentless opponents of everything proposed in the interests of the workers never lived. Has Mr. Flower ever read the history of English factory legislation, I wonder? Has he ever read the story of the trade union movement? And if so, what does he think of the attitude of Cobden and Bright toward these important phases of democratic advance? The good Seventh Earl of Shaftsbury, in his noble efforts to secure legislation to protect women and child workers, had no bitterer enemy than Bright—and Cobden ran him a good second. Bright was "my most malignant enemy," said Lord Shaftsbury, referring to his great fight for the Ten-Hours Bill which Bright opposed in perhaps the bitterest language ever heard in the House of Commons. Cobden and Bright, the bitterest enemies of trade unionism and factory legislation that ever sat in the English parliament—these are Mr. Flower's chosen heroes!

As showing the recklessness of Mr. Flower's method I have space only for one other instance. On page 209 he speaks of the "most radical and important" demands of the Chartists, namely manhood suffrage, vote by ballot, and the abolition of the property qualification for members of parliament, having "long since been granted." The fact is that manhood suffrage has not even yet been granted, nor anything approximating it. And while it is true that there is no stated property qualification for members of parliament, each candidate has to pay his own election expenses—ranging from \$2,500 to \$7,500—and serve without payment, so that the barrier is well nigh as effective as ever.

The best thing about the book is the appendix containing a selection of some of the best known poems and songs of the period—and that selection might be easily improved. I turned to Mr. Flower's book with a good deal of expectation, for I have always had a particular fondness for books dealing with such topics as it discusses. But I closed the book in sore disappointment. Mr. Flower had better find a subject fraught with less difficulties when next he contemplates writing a book!

J. S.

PERSONAL

The death, on March 20, of my beloved wife and comrade has greatly interfered with the work of issuing this number of *The Comrade* and with other matters. Those of my correspondents whose letters have been unanswered will, I know, understand—and understanding, forgive.

To the numerous Friends and Comrades who have sent messages of sympathy and cheer in this time of trial and sorrow, I take this opportunity of expressing my thanks. J. SPARGO.

Books &c. Received

- ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By S. Shield Nicholson, M. A. D. Sc. Cloth; XVII-538 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company.
- HOW ENGLAND AVERTED A REVOLUTION OF FORCE. By B. O. Flower. Cloth; 288 pages. Trenton, N. J.: Albert Brandt.
- *SIXTEEN YEARS IN SIBERIA. By Leo Deutsch. Cloth; illustrated; XVI-372 pages. Price \$3.00 net. New York: E. P. Dutton.
- *THE YOKE. By Elizabeth Miller. Cloth; 616 pages. Price \$1.50. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.
- *THE SOCIALIZATION OF HUMANITY. By Charles Kendall Franklin. Cloth; XI-481 pages. Price \$2.00. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.
- *THE SHAME OF THE CITIES. By Lincoln Steffens. Cloth; 306 pages. Price \$1.20 net. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
- *TRUSTS OF TO-DAY. By Gilbert Holland Montague. Cloth; XVIII-219 pages. Price \$1.20 net. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
- *THE TRUTH ABOUT THE TRUSTS. By John Moody. Cloth; Maps, Charts, Diagrams, etc.; XXII-514 pages. Price \$5.00. New York: Moody Publishing Company.

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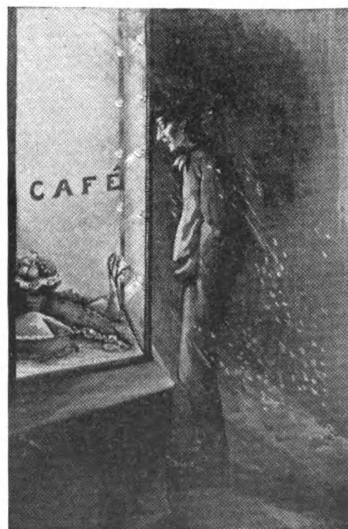
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