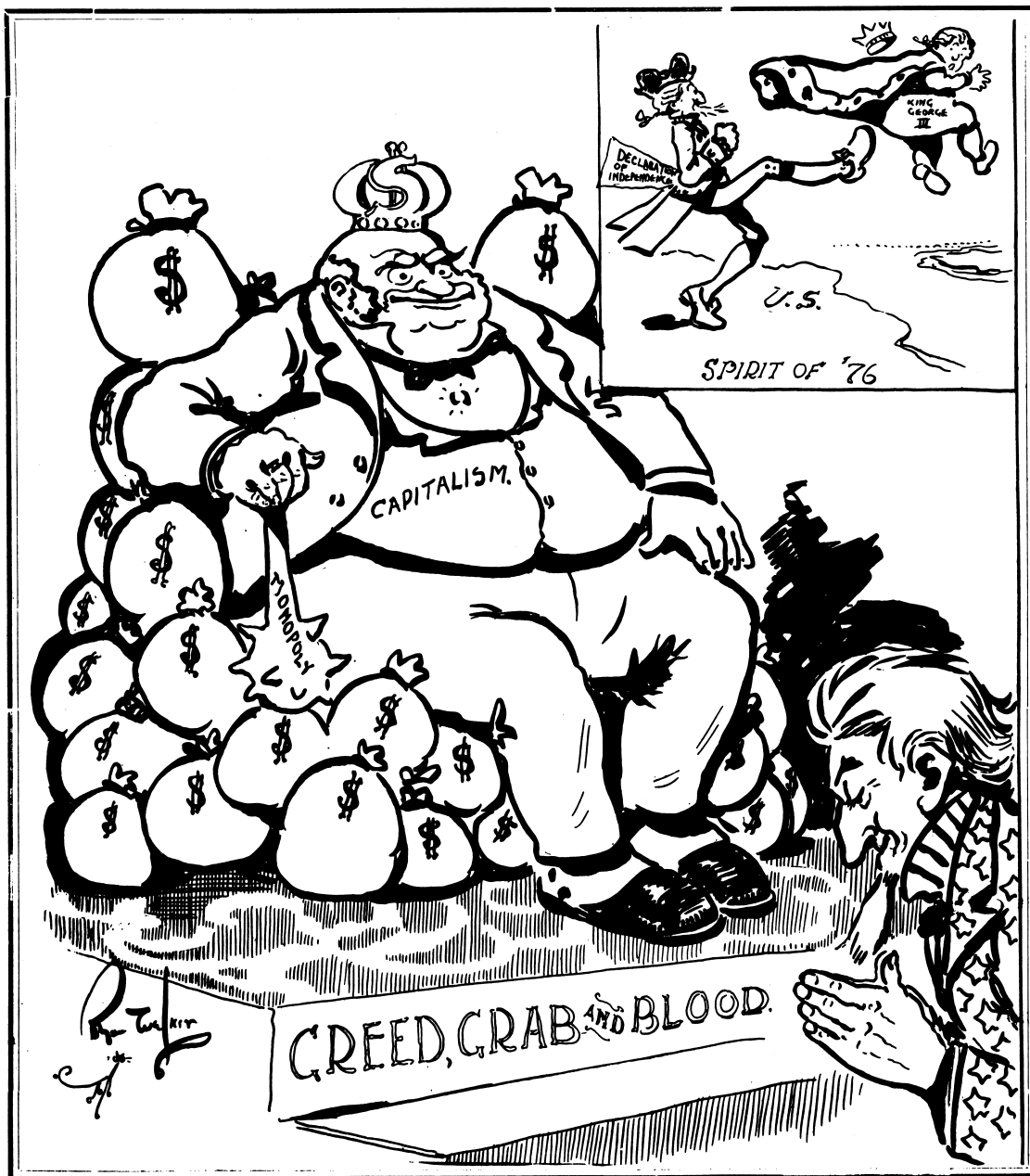


THE COMRADE



THE SPIRIT OF 1903 (AND 1776.)

Love and Labor

By Ernest Crosby



HARLES WATSON was reading the newspaper in a hammock on the verandah, but notwithstanding his attitude of repose he was uncomfortable. At first he hardly knew why. It was not the noise of the mowing machine which disturbed him as it laid low the tall yellow rye—the sound was rather soothing than otherwise—but

when it turned the corner at the lower end of the field and came towards him, and Thomas, sitting on the hard, backless seat, embraced him and the hammock in his field of vision, the laborer's eyes seemed to pierce him through and through and he felt thoroughly ill at ease. The paper fell from his hands to the floor. "Damn that fellow," he said aloud to himself, "why can't he look somewhere else?"

"Good heavens, I should think he would get tired of that business," he went on in silent thought. "Let me see," and he took out his watch, "it is quarter past eleven and he has been at it since half past seven—nearly four hours, and he had to feed and groom the horses before that and oil his machine; he'll go on till twelve o'clock and have five more hours of the same thing after dinner. How can he do it? I wonder what he thinks of me and the hammock. There he has turned again and can't see me any longer. Dear me, how round-shouldered he is and how the seat jolts with him. I'm not going to stay here and have him stare at me. I'll go in before he gets on the home stretch again, and finish the paper in the house." And with a yawn and a superhuman effort Weston succeeded in picking up the journal and retreating into the door before Thomas's face was again visible.

He sat down in an easy chair in the drawing-room and had quite forgotten his annoyance when there was a knock at the door and in came the village cabinet-maker with his arms full of folded curtains. "Excuse me, Mr. Weston," he said. "Mrs. Weston wants me to hang these this morning," and in a few minutes he had put up a ladder and was hard at work with hammer and tacks.

"Well, I'm to be driven out of this room, too," thought Weston. "I don't know why I can't sit still and see him work; it never troubled me before, but I can't. I should like to know what he thinks of me lolling here while he is so busy. I don't care what he thinks. It's none of his business anyway," and he went out slamming the door behind him, and ascended the stairs to his wife's room. He found her examining some new clothes which had just come from town.

"Confound it, Ellen," he cried, "I believe there's a conspiracy to keep me from reading the 'Times.' Why can't Johnson hang the curtains at some other time? What's the good of curtains anyway. I never knew anybody like you for shutting out sun and air. I can't sit there while he's banging away with his hammer. He makes just as much noise as he can with it."

"Why don't you sit on the verandah, dear?"

"I was out there, but—well—to tell you the truth, I don't like to lie there in the hammock while Thomas is mowing out in the hot sun and staring at me as if I were a freak."

"There, I knew it," retorted Ellen. "It's all those absurd new Tolstoy ideas of yours; I was sure of it. Why shouldn't Thomas work? Don't we pay him well for it? And it's all nonsense about his staring at you. He has to watch his machine too closely for that. I really believe you're going crazy."

"Ellen, you know I'm right, only you pretend you don't. Why shouldn't we have any of the rough work to do, and leave it all to Thomas and men like him? It's a shame that we should loaf about the way we do."

"Please speak for yourself," answered Ellen. "I've been taking care of Aunt Mary all the morning. She's got a frightful cold and can't come down to lunch. Why don't you read in your study?"

"Jane's 'doing' my study. She's always 'doing' it," he groaned.

"Then why don't you go and do some out-door work and stop talking about it?"

There was no answer possible to this, and Weston sat down on a stiff cane-bottom chair near the window and resignedly finished the morning's news.

He was very quiet at lunch, and the children did most of the talking. He was busy thinking. Why shouldn't he do some work in the fields or in the garden? He could show his good intentions at any rate, and if men really are brothers they ought to share in the drudgery of life.

After lunch he strolled out to the vegetable garden. He had never used a garden tool in his life. What would James, the gardener, and his assistants think now if he made a beginning? He found them engaged in spading up some sod in the corner, where nothing had been planted for several years.

"What are you doing there, James?" he asked.

"Making a new strawberry bed, sir. The old one's about wore out."

"Let me try your spade and get another yourself."

James looked at him questioningly.

"It's too heavy work for the likes of you, sir, and there ain't no other spade in the garden."

Weston was baffled and did not have the courage to renew the attack at that point.

"Never mind," he said. "What else is there to do this afternoon? I want some exercise."

"You might take a hoe at yonder beets and lettuce, sir, or else cut down the old pear tree. It's dead and I want to get it out of the way of the strawberries."

Weston went to the tool house and got a hoe and an axe. James followed him anxiously and when they reached the rows of beets, he took the hoe from him and showed him how to use it for a few feet. Weston followed his instructions and started out with great energy, and for a short time all went well. At first the work seemed easy, but the ground was hard and dry and the silver-weed and rag-weed and pursley were much taller and stronger than they should have been, and it was not always possible to avoid rooting up the beets along with them. Besides, it was very hot and the sweat was soon dropping from his face to the ground. His fingers were grimy from handling the roots of the weeds and the garden loam, and when he forgot himself and put his hands to his face, he could feel the mud forming there. In a few minutes his handkerchief was transformed into a dirty wet rag and became quite useless. Then he felt unaccountable pains in his back and he tried to hoe left-handed to ease it, but that was awkward. The flies would light on his forehead and he could not keep his soiled hands away from it. His fingers ached too from the gout. He had had premonitions of it sometimes when driving, but then he could change the reins from hand to hand, while here he must use both. He was conscious too that the three gardeners were eyeing him from time to time with ill-concealed merriment min-

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gled with contempt, and he was ashamed to let them see how little he had done. Finally a careless movement of the hoe brought up half a dozen beet plants in a row and he threw it down with disgust, hid the up-rooted vegetables under a pile of weeds, and, picking up the axe, walked over to the pear tree. This, at any rate, looked like an easy job. It was not much over eighteen inches in diameter and it ought not to take long to cut it down. The first few strokes made a marked impression upon the trunk but then his progress became slow. The wood was dead and very hard, and it was much more difficult than it looked to hit the same place twice. He worked gradually round the tree to the left, but when he got back to the side where he had begun, he was cutting at least a foot above the original opening and the track of his axe wound up and round the tree like a corkscrew. Then he concentrated his attack on the other side and at last the wedge-shaped aperture extended well beyond the heart of the tree. Why did it not fall? He leaned against it and pushed it, but it did not budge. He wiped the perspiration from his eyes with his sleeve and stopped for the twentieth time to breathe while his heart beat like an engine. A grocer's wagon had driven down the road behind him without his noticing it, and had stopped some minutes before him, the grocer meanwhile looking on at the unusual spectacle.

"Good day, Mr. Weston," he said at last. "I guess yer hain't cut down many trees from the way yer go at it. The axe is hefty, ain't it?"

Weston smiled in a sickly way and attacked the tree again without replying, hoping the man would drive on. But no; there he stayed, and now the gardener and his two men came over from the other end of the strawberry patch and added themselves to the audience. This was a little too much. Weston could feel them grinning behind him and he could not summon up courage enough to order them back to their work. The blisters began to break in his hand and the tree stood as firm as ever.

"I never saw such a dull axe," he said finally, as he stopped for a minute between strokes.

"Here, let me finish it, sir," said James patronizingly, and he stepped forward and took the axe. Weston yielded it with a feeble, half-uttered protest to the effect that he was not tired at all. When in two minutes' time, he heard the tree begin to crack and then saw it slowly topple over and fall with a crash on the newly dug ground, he was thoroughly vexed with himself for not having persisted to the end. As he walked away from the garden he looked at his watch. Was it possible? He had scarcely been away from the house for an hour and three quarters, and it seemed like three or four hours at least.

There was unaccustomed glee at the gardener's supper table that evening, when he and his men and some of the farm-hands who boarded with him gathered round the board.

"You must come and see the stump to-morrow," said one of them. "It looks as if he's chewed it down."

"He's left enough of it above ground to make a flag-pole," shouted another.

"And did yer see how he held his axe?—just like Conkey when he's knockin' a home-run and goin' to sling his bat!"

"And did yer ever see anybody het up so?"

Some hours later Weston lay again in the hammock on the verandah in his evening clothes, smoking a cigar and ruminating upon the events of the day. His vexation had departed and he was luxuriating in a quiet conscience.

"What good fellows they are," he thought. "I should really like to be on brotherly terms with them. Talk about education. Bless my soul. They know more than I do. There's James. He may murder the Queen's English, but he can mend a mowing machine and build a house and he knows all about plants and trees and horses and cattle. I'd give a good deal of my Latin and trigonometry—if I had any

left—in exchange for what he knows. And then he can fell trees all day. How on earth can he do it? How my heart goes out to these simple useful people who do everything for use and do it so cheerfully and are unconscious of their worth! What wouldn't I do for them! And a warm glow stole over him as he spoke thus to himself and he longed to embrace all mankind and the world and the stars up there above the dim maples.

"Are you out there, Charles?" It was Ellen's voice. "Aunt Mary is much worse. I have just taken her temperature and it's nearly 103. Won't you go to the stable and drive over for the doctor?"

"Can't John go just as well as I?" asked Weston without moving and puffing at his cigar.

"John is in the village this evening and I am afraid of trusting one of the other men with the message. You must bring the doctor back with you, you know, and they can't explain it to him."

"Ellen, it's all wrong to make the doctor come out at night. It's most inconsiderate. You had better wait till tomorrow morning."

"And with her temperature at 103?"

"How often have I told you that we oughtn't to have one of those wretched thermometers in the house! It's always putting ideas into your head. If I ever find it lying around, I'll throw it away. And I'd like to know why John is in the village. And how you hate to see a man comfortably seated in a hammock! I believe it gives you pleasure to stir me up whenever I get comfortably settled down for five minutes."

"Charles Weston," said Ellen slowly, drawing in her breath. "You're the most selfish man I ever saw. You'd rather let Aunt Mary die than get out of that hammock. Now come, be a good fellow. Pretend it isn't me or Aunt Mary at all, but one of your blessed Russian peasants that's sick."

Weston went.



Light!

By Algernon Charles Swinburne



LIGHT, light, and light! to break and melt in sunder
All clouds and chains that in one bondage bind
Eyes, hands, and spirits, forged by fear and wonder,
And sleek fierce fraud with hidden knife behind;
There goes no fire from heaven before their thunder

Nor are the links not malleable that wind
Round the snared limbs and souls that ache thereunder;
The hands are mighty, were the head not blind.

Priest is the staff of king,
And chains and clouds one thing,
And fettered flesh with devastated mind.

Open thy soul to see,
Slave! and thy feet are free;

Thy bonds and thy belief are one in kind,
And of thy fears thine irons wrought
Hang weights upon thee fashioned out of thine own thought

From "Songs Before Sunrise."

How I Became a Socialist

No. XV.

By Jos. Wanhope



THE editor of *The Comrade* insists that it is my turn to tell the readers of his magazine "How I Became a Socialist," and will take no denial, he must be held responsible if a rather commonplace story, such as mine undoubtedly is, shall be inflicted on them. "Nothing is, but everything is becoming," said some German philosopher whose name has escaped my memory, and if this is true, it would be more correct that this sketch should be considered rather as a description of how the writer arrived at his present stage of development—the reader being left to decide as to whether "became" or "becoming" is the more appropriate term to be used in this connection.

One can but judge from their own experience, and mine has been such that I cannot truthfully point to any particular event in my career that would justify me in asserting that it was this or that special incident that decided the casting of my lot with the Socialist movement. So far as I can see I possessed two characteristics in my mental make-up that would have probably have led me to gravitate towards Socialism in any case. I was a born rebel against "lawfully constituted authority," and was troubled with a mania for asking awkward questions, to such an extent, that in my juvenile days the prophecy was freely indulged in by many grave and reverend signors that I would some day be hanged.

As something of an offset to these reprehensible traits, I was an apt and diligent student of Calvinistic theology of the most pronounced Scotch type, the sort that finds no difficulty in reconciling predestination and free will, and which was so mercilessly scored by the poet Burns, of whose works I was even at that period an ardent admirer. I may here explain that I was neither attracted by the logic of the creed nor alarmed by the terrors of its hell, though the latter was particularly hot stuff, but rather my diligence was due to the fact that the most promising scholar periodically received books as prizes for proficiency, and to my untutored mind, all books, even those selected by a Sunday School superintendent, contained valuable information. But this incentive I was prudent enough to conceal, as I instinctively felt that it might not be healthy for me to make it public.

This trait raised some hopes that I might eventually occupy a pulpit, but at the age of fifteen or thereabouts it became apparent that so far as the ministry was concerned, I

was a decided misfit. So I was in a manner allowed to drift and ultimately drifted to sea.

For the first five years, like the jolly young waterman in the ballad, I rowed along "thinking of nothing at all," visited many strange lands and lived some time ashore in several of them, gathering a miscellaneous stock of experience and information, much of which was of little value, and a little, as I found afterwards, of some service. But at the age of manhood, the glamor of the sea had largely worn off, and my old habit of rebellion returned when I discovered the slavery that really underlay a seaman's life. And with the rebellion, the other old habit of asking questions came back also.

I turned towards books again, but still followed the sea for bread, and my mania for reading speedily gained me a fore-castle reputation as a pronounced crank. I read Socialism a little and "free-thought" much. Tom Paine, Ingersoll and Bradlaugh bulked big on my trail in those days though they have shrunk considerably since. But I read, and with the reading, the rebellion grew apace. I knew there must be "something wrong" somewhere. I joined the Socialist Party (at least they said it was a Socialist Party) in Australia about 1887-8, but not finding a job ashore, went to sea again in a month or so, but the experience turned me definitely to Socialist literature, of which I read much and understood little.

Finally I quit the sea. When a man does that, there is generally a girl around somewhere hauling on his towline. So I blew into Chicago to behold the glories of the World's Fair, and make a "home" for myself and another, and cast anchor a thousand miles away from salt water.

And then came one event which perhaps was the greatest determining factor in my progress towards Socialism. In the lean years of depression, of '93 and '94, I ran with a full

head and sail and brought up all standing on "the problem of the unemployed."

I was strictly "in it," and it was a new experience to me. At sea we had a saying that "there were more ships than parish churches," and I believe that there is no body of men so little affected by lack of employment as seamen, though they are not wholly immune. But now for long and weary months I walked the streets of the Windy City, seeking in vain for a master. It was useless to think of the sea again. My moorings had by this time been strengthened by the arrival of a baby boy, and I knew the old life was no longer possible. In those days I did plenty of serious thinking—I



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had the leisure to do it in. And when I came home after the usual unsuccessful search, I turned savagely to my books, and read as never before, with the added satisfaction that I was beginning to understand. There was "agitation" on the Lake Front in those days, and even the garbled reports of the "incendiary" speeches in the capitalist press helped me not a little. And in 1896, when my citizenship papers were nearly due, I hunted up a local of the Socialist Labor Party and joined forthwith.

In about six months I had mastered the formulas, and could talk of class consciousness, surplus value and the sale of labor power, as well as most. The latter I understood best, as I had plenty of actual experience of it. But on the whole I learned rapidly.

So rapidly in fact that I speedily reached the point (I think all Socialists reach it sometime in the transition) where I had scaled the whole height of economic knowledge. There was really nothing more to learn. I did not quite understand the significance of this exalted position, but on looking back now I can readily see that it only meant that there was a jolt coming to me from somewhere. It came—this time from a Socialist.

I had upon occasion been dispensing my new found information in a very liberal, and I suppose a positive manner, when a grizzled old veteran with whom I was but slightly acquainted, attracted no doubt by my "What-lack-I-yet" attitude, growled out a few short and spiteful sentences and handed me a copy of the Communist Manifesto. A book was always an attractive bait for me, so I pocketed it and my outraged feelings at the same time, after the old man had extracted from me a needless promise that I should study it carefully. I have that copy yet, amongst many others, and I intend to keep it. And about four months ago I attended at a function where my old comrade's sixtieth birthday was celebrated. May he live to see the realization of that Co-operative Commonwealth he fought so long and valiantly for, is the best wish I can send him.

The Manifesto did the work. No need to sketch the subsequent process of development. The formulas began to take on a real meaning, the essays and economic treatises began to say tangible and practical things to me, things that I could grasp the more firmly the more I read and studied them. The wonderful generalizations of Marx, the new conception of universal history, the class struggles of the past and present, and the part they play in the progress of the race, in fact the entire Socialist philosophy began now to unfold itself gradually before me, as something I had never before dreamed of.

And the old man and I went out into the highways and byways of the locality and worked the street corners for a year together, two or three times a week. The audiences were shy in those days and often I stood on the curbstone as a make-believe audience, while my companion went out a few yards in the street, struck an attitude, and commenced to declaim in an oratorical tone how old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard. When any passerby came within earshot to find out what it was all about, we instantly switched into Socialism.

During all this time new books came to me and were eagerly devoured. New phases of the great social questions of the day continually came up for consideration. And curiously enough, I became more confident of my ground, the more it was borne in upon me that my knowledge was really very limited. I never forgot that "over the mountains there are also oxen."

And new Socialist acquaintances now began to come into my circle, as the few bourgeois friends dropped away from the Socialist crank who sacrificed his dignity and respectability by talking on the street corners. But they were never missed. I was too busy with the new acquaintances, for I made it a sort of duty to sit at the feet of those whom I saw knew more than I did, and renew my old habit of asking questions. None of them told me that I would be changed, but on the contrary, gave me all the information they possessed. Several of these comrades have already told the readers of this magazine "how they became Socialists."

And so have I. And now that my story is finished, I would only add that in the years that have passed since then, I have, while constantly learning, written and spoken much, and that the Socialist convictions I imbibed in those years gone by, have never been more firmly and strongly entrenched in my brain and heart, than in this year of grace, 1903.



In the Red Sea



The Hosts of Capitalism are drowned in the "Red Sea" of Socialism.

From DER WAHRE JACOB

The Influence of Emerson and Thoreau

By Leonard D. Abbott



The "Old Manse" at Concord where Emerson and Hawthorne lived.



"Emerson House," Concord, where Emerson lived for nearly fifty years. (Emerson himself in view.)



THE celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birth has brought into special prominence the little New England village in which he lived for nearly half a century. Those of us who have been privileged to visit Concord, Mass., have doubtless seen the "Old Manse," which was the birthplace of Emerson's "Nature," and has been immortalized by Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse." Close by is the large white "Emerson House," shadowed by pine trees and standing at the juncture of the Cambridge Turnpike and Lexington Road. In this house Emerson wrote most of the essays that have carried his name around the world. Here was the home of the literary school of "transcendentalism," which so profoundly influenced the life and thought of a whole continent. Emerson and Hawthorne are but two of the brilliant group of writers whose names are associated with that of Concord. Henry David Thoreau, the poet-naturalist, was a native of the village, and shared Emerson's home-life for two years. Bronson Alcott, Louisa Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Ellery Channing and George William Curtis have all lived and worked in this place.

In the chorus of praise and criticism evoked by the Emerson centenary, but little has been heard of the distinctively social aspects of Emerson's teaching. Perhaps this is due to the fact that his philosophy perpetually eludes us. It is so comprehensive that it contains—or at least may be interpreted to contain—any and all schools of thought. He was at once conservative and radical. The inward regeneration of the individual is the keynote of his doctrine; and yet he was keenly alive to the injustice of property statutes, and has plainly declared: "Of course, while another man has no land, my title to mine, your title to yours, is at once vitiated." It has been said that Emerson's mission lay in calming men rather than in rousing them, and in the inculcation of serenity rather than in the spread of excitement. But

even Emerson's attitude of detachment was broken down on occasions. The anti-Slavery agitation drew from him the revolutionary lines:

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

He received John Brown as his guest, and after the ill-fated raid at Harper's Ferry was not deterred by ridicule or abuse from participating in a public meeting held at the Concord Town Hall in commemoration of Brown's martyrdom.

It was the same event which awakened Thoreau from the philosophic indifference in which his daily life was customarily enwrapped. His "Plea for John Brown," an address delivered in Concord and Boston while the famous abolitionist's life was still hanging in the balance, shows extraordinary intensity of feeling, and belies the common impression that Thoreau was a man isolated from the social movements of his time.

There can be no doubt that Emerson had great respect for his eccentric friend, and he considered his time well employed in editing the writings of a man "who was bred to no profession; never married; lived alone; never went to church; never voted; refused to pay a tax to the State; ate no flesh, drank no wine, never knew the use of tobacco; had no temptations to fight against, no appetites, no passions; refused all invitations, preferred a good Indian to highly cultivated people, and said he would rather go to Oregon than to London." One of the items of this amusing category recalls an anecdote that strikingly illustrates the difference in temperament existing between Emerson and Thoreau. The latter's conscientious objection to tax-paying (on the ground that he was unwilling to trace the course of his dollar "till it buys a man, or a musket to shoot one with!") resulted upon one occasion in his arrest and imprisonment in the local goal. "Henry, why are you here?" asked Emerson, who hastened to his side upon hearing of the arrest. "Why are

*The three pictures, Emerson's two houses and his grave, are reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., from their Centenary Edition of Emerson's Works.

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you not here?" was Thoreau's reply, aimed at the characteristic caution of Emerson. The episode was terminated, it may be added, by Thoreau's sister, who paid the tax for him, much to his disgust!

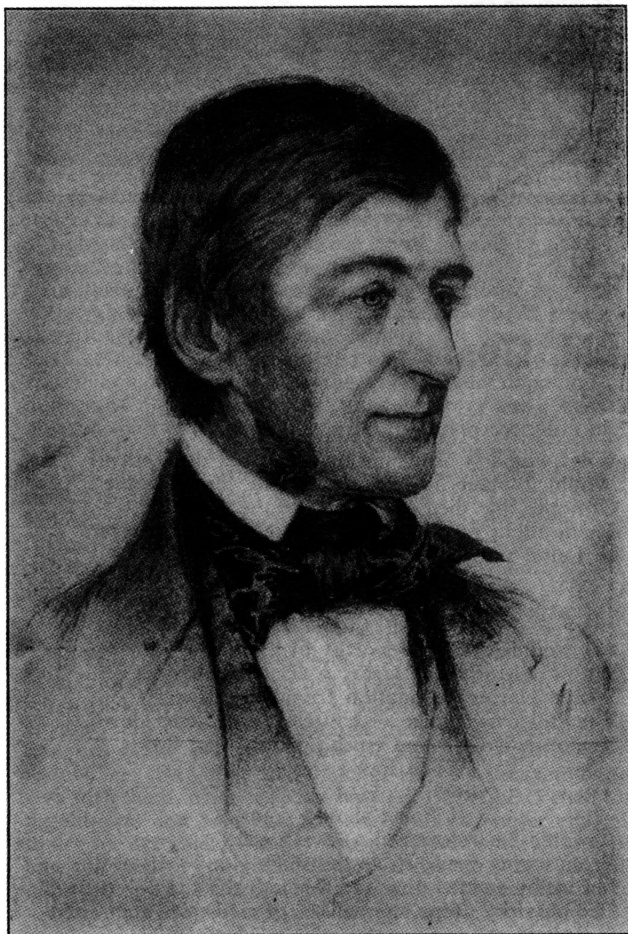
The motives which impelled Thoreau to retire for a couple of years to a hut which he built for himself on the shore of Walden Pond have been so often misunderstood and misrepresented that it is interesting to quote his own words in relation to the whole matter. "I went to the woods," he says, "because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life, living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live as sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and shave close, to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion."

That Thoreau's experiment revealed "the essential facts of life" is undeniable, and if it had resulted in nothing else than the publication of "Walden," it would have been abundantly justified. In this remarkable chronicle we are led back to the very fundamentals of living. We return once more

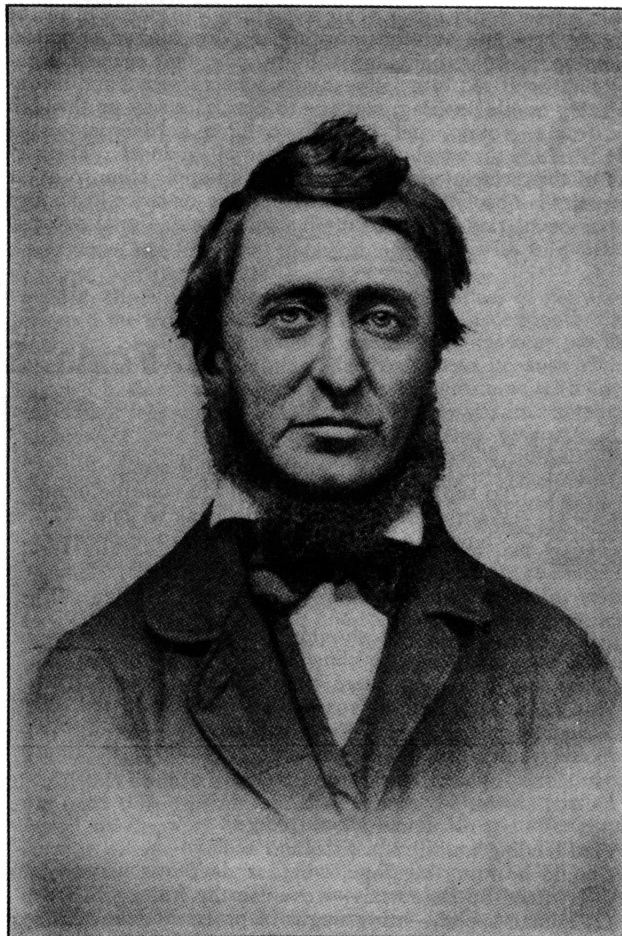
into vital communion with the great Earth-Mother; we learn to renounce all that is artificial and insincere, and to love the simple, primitive, wholesome things. "Walden" is a unique contribution to world-literature, a nineteenth century sermon based on the old text that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

It is, after all, as masters of strong and beautiful living that Emerson and Thoreau were pre-eminent. They were noble human creatures, and themselves the prophecy of an age in which men should measure up to the standards by which they endeavored to rule their own conduct. They were ever non-conformists and disturbers of cherished traditions. Emerson was urgent for "the soul of the world, clean from all vestige of tradition." He insisted that impulsive and spontaneous rectitude is higher than the strength to conquer temptation. He hoped for a future era in which the environment behind every man should make it easy to be moral, in which the life of men should develop as spontaneously as does the life of tree and flower, in which, finally, the natural motives of men should be inherently and inevitably conducive to the welfare of all. And how can such a world be achieved, it may well be asked, except through the realization of a Fraternal State, a Co-operative Commonwealth? In the light of this concept, Socialism can gather to itself the sentiment which inspired Emerson when he wrote:

"Let me feel that I am to be a lover. I am to see to it that the world is the better for me, and to find my reward in the

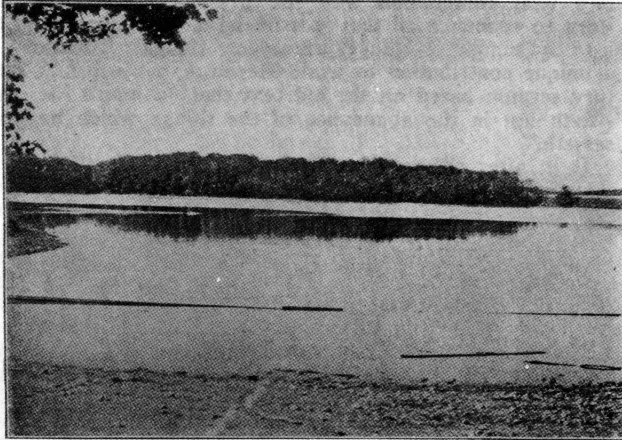


RALPH WALDO EMERSON



HENRY DAVID THOREAU

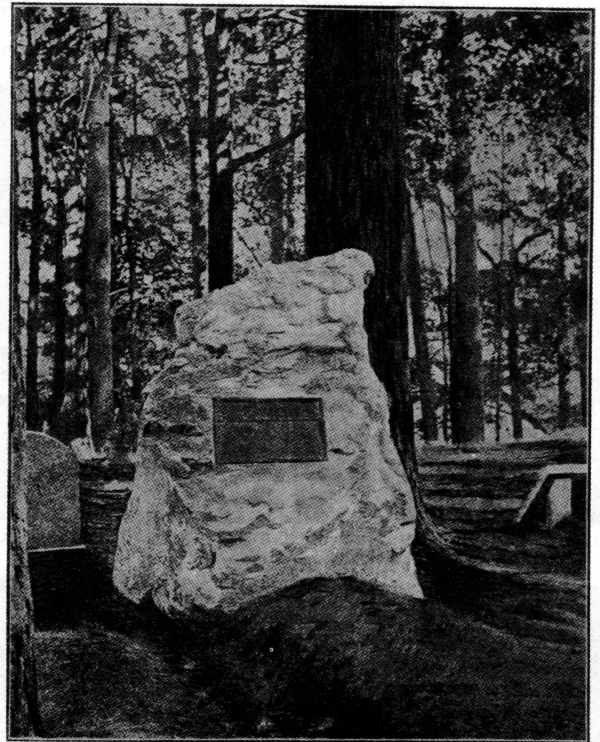
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Walden Pond as Viewed from the Site of Thoreau's Hut.

act. Love would put a new face on this weary old world in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long, and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies and navies and lines of defence, would be superseded by the unarmed child. Love will creep where it cannot go, will accomplish that by imperceptible methods—being its own lever, fulcrum and power—which force could never achieve. Have you not seen in the woods, in a late autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom—a plant without any solidity, nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush or jelly—by its constant, total and inconceivably gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift a hard crust on its head? It is the symbol of the power of kindness. The virtue of this principle in human society in application to great interests is obsolete and forgotten. Once or twice in history it has been tried in illustrious instances, with signal success.

This great, overgrown, dead Christendom of ours still keeps alive at least the name of a lover of mankind. But one day all men will be lovers; and every calamity will be dissolved in the universal sunshine."



Emerson's grave with the Quartz boulder memorial at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord.



If Fame Should Come

By T. M. Hyder



If Fame should come
With lifelong lift and agonizing strain
To sap the heart's blood and to coin the brain,
Wistful the lofty Mountain Peak to gain
Above the herd that swelters on the plain;
Would social vale and hermit hill be one
If Fame should come?

If Fame should come
And memory, dim-twinkling through the mist,—
Light up the scenes where Youth and Love kept tryst,
And Life's long path by rose-lipped morning kissed,
Bloom as fair Eden ere the serpent hissed—
Could vanity bring back these raptures flown,
If Fame should come?

If Fame should come
And lauding multitudes with loud acclaim
Should hear my message, would a deathless name—
—Hymned by Immortals—woven in the frame
Of human speech—bring aught of praise or blame?
Could Man's weak plaudits sway the scales of doom
If Fame should come?

If Fame should come
What would it bring me that the soul doth crave?
Would it plant flowers around the lonely grave
Of hopes that died ere fickle fortune gave
Them aught but budding promise? Could I lave
In Lethe and forget that shadow tomb
If Fame should come?

If Fame should come
Ah, would it find me worthy of its crown?
Would Virtue's face wear an accusing frown?
Would blaring coronation trumpets drown
The still small voice of conscience, or keep down
Remorse, if faith and truth and leal had flown
When Fame should come?

If Fame should come
It would be welcome if a loving gift
From loving men; If, as the thick cloud-drift
Is torn by sudden gust and through the rift
The blue sky peeps and splintered sunbeams sift
A mellow radiance over peak and dome,
Fame thus should come.

The Serpent in the Rosebush

By Paul Shivell



WAS about, in my dreams, to pluck a rose, blighted, but rare, from the once beautiful young rosebush that I found growing wild here in my pioneer home happy years ago, when I saw a snake sunning itself in the branches. Its dull and moving color was so like that of the rosebush that I did not see it at first. Its sliding startled me.

For the name of my rosebush is Liberty. And here, I was told in my dreams by one that stood by, was the place where certain of my people came to worship, and had built them cities, with churches and palaces, and great factories for hard toil, with hovels near them also, for the workers to dwell in. For they that worshipped there were either rich or poor; and the poor were many and many and yet many; but the rich were few. And the rich found favor with the snake; therefore, the poor served them; and all the people died slowly for them all the days of their life, that they might obtain from them the right to dwell there, and the power also to oppress and hate one another. But if any refused to worship the snake, and receive his cunning image in their faces, they were often starved and stripped of their homes; whereat, if they rebelled, they were seized and sometimes dragged through the cities and thrust out to wander up and down the earth. But if at one time the number of such as rebelled was great, the snake writhed, and the militia was ordered out by the rich to quell the riot.

So the people worshipped them that found favor with the snake, and the poor built them palaces, and resorts by the great sea, and in the beautiful quiet mountains, and made them lords of the ships also, and gave into their hands all power and lands, and the food and clothing of the people, and ascribed to them wisdom. And the rich grew great in the eyes of the poor, and the poor arose and set them upon thrones of judgement over all the people, to make and unmake their laws. So the rich loved the poor and oppressed them, and gave them many promises exceeding precious, and copper coins, also of value to buy a little bread with, in return for their toil. And the people, subsiding, fall down upon their faces before the thrones day and night, and before them that snore thereon, and give to them glory and dominion and honor and majesty, and to the snake, forever and ever. And no man dare buy and sell, save he that hath the mark or the name of the serpent, or the number of his name.

Then suddenly, while in the midst of my dream, I was disturbed with the noises and commotions of traffic; and I waked, and remembered that all my roses were blighted, and that my rosebush had become a poisonous bramble.

Yet even these blighted flowers that still bloom now and then on my once beautiful possession, were prized by the children of my poor friends overseas; and when they behold one, or hear of its beauty, their stupid souls are startled with a desire to see the bush on which it grew; and many toiling long hours for their harsh masters, look forward to the time when they also may come and labor on patiently under its shadow, and be free. So I adopt them as my own sons and daughters, and many, grateful for this, teach their children to love me. But some, and many of my own sons and daughters with them, when they see how few of the blackened buds unfold, and how they and their children no longer enjoy life under its decreasing shade, but must toil continually winter and summer for the great owners of the lands and factories, and to support the many other necessary overseers and custodians of my rosebush, and how they are poisoned under its shadow, they bethink themselves earnestly of such revolutionary and opposite remedies, that I sometimes fear they

will tear up my wonderful bush by the roots; and many are hurt in their unbrotherly blamings of each other, and even of me.

But I saw with sorrow that my rosebush became less and less, and the atmosphere about it more and more poisonous, in despite the wisdom of them that were chosen by my children to watch it and give it care, and in the face of the strict piety of such as were paid to pray for its welfare; and I thought it must be so because those that toiled laid so many of their darlings in the ground under its shadow, where they had pined away at their tasks and withered. And I thought it must also be a punishment of nature, because they themselves were not good, but were often dissolute and improvident, and idled away their time, and did many grievous things and thought many evil and covetous thoughts distasteful to their overseers, and to the chosen guardians of my rosebush, and to them that were set apart to preach and supplicate before the throne of God for my wayward children.

For so I was assured by many of my most learned sons and daughters; and various other lessons contradictory did this one and that one suggest to me in my grief. And then, to add sorrow to my sorrow, many of that class of my children who were born to toil, being unused to anything higher, and unprepared for nobler work, were becoming discontented; and, joining themselves together, they refused to work generously for the overseers of my rosebush, who held honorable deeds and leases to the mines and dark factories, and were therefore, entitled to continual service from them that dwelt there. For so it had always been, and so was I assured must it always be, that the many, being ignorant, should toil, that the worthier might give themselves studiously to their books and to prayer; while others, more practical and far-seeing, by reason of their experience, should lead the people, suppressing in them, by law and gospel, and by violence only when necessary, all unbecoming tendencies to rebellion against God's holy will.

Also, these thoughtful protectors and leaders of the people assured me from time to time that the great originators and fosterers of our magnificent commerce, which kept my children in employment night and day, that these, because of their shrewd business sagacity, were able to determine with surest care what was unquestionably for the people's interests; and many were already giving munificently of their own vast earnings to build colleges and massive churches, and thus encourage that learning and piety among the lower classes, for which these gentlemen themselves were so widely noted. In these colleges, poor young men and young women, of sound body and precautions minds, were thus enabled to acquire an ancient and aristocratic education along with the children of the chiefest families, by applying themselves industriously to whatever work they could find to do; and at night, by denying themselves rest, and studying books of an inspiring nature, they were at last, if they lived, given a diploma signed by some of the wisest and most conservative men of the age, and sent forth, with a degree, to conquer in the battle of life, and to win for themselves and their children fortune, renown, and, loftiest of all, immunity from degrading labor.

All this seemed reasonable when it was thus explained to me from time to time by those whom the people trusted to guard my rosebush and to pray for our peace and offer thanks for our prosperity, but I was filled with unutterable sorrow nonetheless, for I wanted all of my children to be happy, and my friends and their children overseas also; and now that they had no more reason to love men, my soul was bitterly, bitterly disappointed; and I could not find comfort in what they said, nor in anything that was being done, however zealous-

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ly, but only dreamed of the time when, by some kind wind from Heaven, the heavy poison, that hung sullenly in the atmosphere would be blown away, and my once beautiful young rosebush thrive again.

To Heaven, therefore, I prayed earnestly and long, and praying must have fallen again to sleep. For I dreamed a terrible dream of horrifying oppression among my own people for gold, and of conquest and cruelties in the name of the gentle Jesus and of civilization. I saw many of those whom I thought most worthy to be trusted with power, and they were astride the necks of bony women and little emaciated children, with woe in their thin faces, and were spurring them to and fro all night over long illuminated bridges, and up great factory stairs among the wheels of deafening machinery; and down into deep mines, and out again, and round and round like madmen; and when I asked what it was for, they said they were cheapening production; and every one was shouting for me and boasting his patriotism, and calling those that stood in the way cowards and traitors and blackguards and anarchists; and as fast as one child sank with exhaustion, they mounted others, bellowing and waving their flags and firing pistols into the air. And great bonfires were being built of the people's food, and of their fuel and clothing, to celebrate our liberty, and our victories over helpless peoples; and beautiful monuments, to commemorate the betrayal of nations that had been betrayed, were built around the bonfires, the people shivering at their work and staring blindly. But when little girls were starved and enticed and treated shamefully before my face, and driven afterward wailing out into the night, all the churches being silent as to the cause of it, I cried out in my sleep, and wept, and cried Heaven to wake me, that I might save my children!

Then I thought of some of my sons and daughters, and of the children of my poor friends overseas, stood all about me and shook me, and rudely demanded me to open my eyes and see, and my ears and listen. But the poison, called conservatism, had gotten into my veins, and I could only pray and moan in my sleep, and sing foolish gospel songs, and beg Heaven do for my children what they desired. But they shook me the more rudely, and cried into my ears with rough cries, saying, "Thou art Heaven thyself! To whom art thou calling! Wake, and arise, and stand upon thy feet and hear us, for we have strange news to tell thee! We have heard chuckling in the shadows of the rosebush as we toiled there; and we looked and saw a horrible creature in the branches, hissing at us; and down in the ground beneath heard we our brothers and sisters crying faintly for help! Come, quick, arise and go with us, while we slay the terrible Beast!"

And I arose, mighty as of old, and went with them. And I gathered all my patient sons together from their useless tasks, and the sons of my poor friends overseas. And I looked at my sons, once stalwart and independent, and at my listless daughters, and at the poor that had come to us, and at all their thin-breasted children, and I saw, as I had not seen before, that they were all alike, that they were human, and that mutual suffering had kept them so.

I had not time now to regret my long ignorance, nor they to upbraid me; for it was that day called among us Election Day. A strange disquietude and holy fear seemed to come and go and return, as if a great storm were preparing to lift its oppressive weight and move before us in majesty. Unnatural anger, that had long been stifled in honest bosoms, now began to blaze into devotion as we prepared to march against the common foe. My sons, and the sons of my poor friends overseas, stood looking at me with burning eyes, waiting the signal; for it was yet early. False leaders took their natural places in the rear, or departed to fight for the Beast, whom they had been secretly serving. My great heart throbbled with pity for them, and my sons prevailed with many to stay, who knew not what they were doing.

After that I cautioned my children, and the children of my poor friends overseas, and others with them, that they all

obey their own noblest impulse, and with heads cool and feet firm upon the Earth, to receive orders of no man, for none must ever again from this day forth assume himself in authority greater than his brother or his sister. Let none be last, let none be first, but all be equal, as in my sight they were, and I would not only lead them myself as of old, but would trust them as they had never trusted themselves, and their own faith in one another would assure them victory.

With that we committed ourselves to him that worketh in all the Heavens, that hateth a lie, and that loveth a just cause; and without further command, moved. Earth trembled and smoked beneath our tread! Thunder and lightning rolled and flashed, clearing the way! Slowly gathering power, the great army of truth-tellers approached the hideous Lie!

Then, in the hush that was in Heaven, a mightier Voice than all the voices of Nature, spake one Word, that passed from lip to lip along the interminable lines, and hovered like a golden dove in an oriole of light over every head, and every head was crowned with it, as with a crown of many virtues.

As we approached the repulsive spot the air before us became dense and foul with smoke, like the smoke of many factories burning children's bodies for fuel; and there arose a smell as of the smell of cities built upon untimely graves, and settling into their foundations; then knew I that the day of deliverance was come. For there was yet silence in Heaven, and tears of hope stood in the inspired eyes of my haggard sons, and of the sons of my poor friends overseas, and hymns arose from the throngs of women and children on the hills and village housetops as we passed.

Yet moved we on, burning like a forest fire as it bursts from the forest into the great city, and there around the rosebush, eating and dancing in and out of their palaces, which the poor had built for them, we could see handsome women in gorgeous attire, and fashionable men dancing with them; and they and their dazed offspring were allowing themselves to be devoured by the great Beast, a huge serpent, that twined itself around the poisoned roots of my once beautiful rosetree, where its den was; and there was the Thing in full view of Heaven, for it could no longer hide its gorged body under the ground.

"Old Tyranny!" cried I aloud, so that the hills answered, "Old Strife, gigantic! visible ten thousand miles at sea! Thou that devorest my children! that came with me hither in another age, concealed in royal grants of these lands! I thought my sons and the sons of my friends overseas had slain thee a hundred years ago! Hast thou hid thyself here amongst these precious roots all these times, and thinkest to destroy with thy infernal hatred my children and me!"

Here was that sudden rustling and sliding I had dreamed of long ago, that time when I thought in my dreams to pluck a rose for my friends across the sea. The very branches themselves now moved and became tails and bodies, and I saw that my rosebush, which is called Liberty, was a serpent! Its dull and lifeless color was so like that of the once beautiful bush that I had not seen it in reality. In my dreams its sliding had often startled me.

Over graves and churches we marched—nothing could now stay my sons. Over pompous courts that I once thought were courts of justice; through streets of sinful palaces that I once believed to be occupied by the noble and fine; into aristocratic capitols, where gamblers were joking and drinking, while judges and legislators snored in their sleep. Through camps of foul-mouthed soldiers, across battlefields and trenches that did stink with dead, and with the records of generals and statesmen that I thought were friends of the people.

We could now see the empty eyesockets of the Beast gleaming. Through filthy slums, we marched, where the faint cry of a voice in prayer went up from a sincere heart, with noise of routing and lewd dancing, the moans and the silences, that tell of sins and despair and sorrow, such as only the wicked know.

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And now we feel the hot breath of the Monster, and see the cruel faces of them that appeared handsome—for see! they are hiding heavy bags in the earth; and calling on the mountains to fall on them, and the hills to cover them! But the Beast extends into their hollow hearts, and into their eyes, and out of their fingers.—and look! they themselves are a part of the hollow and hideous creature that feeds on them!

The thick Storm, now almost over the accursed spot: blackens with gloomy aspect, and forked lightning leaps to and fro among the rolling clouds, impatient to strike.

Again that Voice above the thunder, out of a brightness calm and unsearchable, speaks, and that one Word passes again from lip to lip along all the unwavering lines; and the doves in the millions of orioles glow, the faces beneath them beaming sweetness, while every eye, still fixed on that hateful Beast, flashes fire, and every right hand, grasping firmer its weapon, we march, march, march, with magnificence and peace like banners floating over us, where Victory on wide wings is blowing her trumpets, and we close in, my sons close in from all sides, far and near, and the sons of my poor friends overseas, and others with them, we close in forming an ocean that is encroaching slowly upon a blasted island, a fire that consumeth the Earth, and is about to consume Hell in its fury, while the daughters and mothers of my people watch us, cheering from all the hills, and faint from the far blue mountains cheering, and the ships in fleets at sea, rainbowed with flags, are firing salute after salute, echoing and re-echoing around the world.

But see! as we approach the Thing it stings itself in its terror, and curls like a parchment of lies in a fierce fire. We feel its foul breath as it disgorges rights and private privileges, concessions, titles and sinecures, fashions, bonds, stocks and liquor licenses, all into one flaming mass, and still disgorges itself in its withering fright, and hisses and crackles in the intense heat of our conviction.

Oh! loathsome! hideous! The rumbling Tempest now directly over the spot, gathers all its bolts to strike. The lightning quivers, deep is the gloom, the rolling thunder, and the darkness; and still the divine bearers of Truth march on, their eyes upon the shrinking Reptile, their hands grasping and holding high triumphantly their weapons.

All, and all at once, their flaming arrows fly at the Thing's head! The Thunderbolt strikes! And there is darkness; but a great cry goes up from all the hills and streams and mountains, and from all the nations and races of people on the Earth; while the stars, for an instant, shine in the clear firmament. The Beast!—we cannot see it for Light. Its venom is spent. Its power is gone. The Thing itself is not there—it was as if we had been dreaming. The degradation of man, the ancient competitive system is no more. But there grew my beautiful young rosetree, in bud, ready to burst into bloom on the morrow.

Then in our midst, as night deepened, and the stars came forth one by one, above the last shouts of victory, and out of sweet homeward anthems and praise and thanksgiving, we heard as it were, the voices of all the Prophets, and of the Martyrs and Patriots, and of the good and just of all ages, saying, "It is finished. Our lovers have finished the work that Thou gavest us to do. Peace be unto them and their posterity, and unto our Father, joy in His children, as long as Eternity shall be."

And the women with their babes, and the youth and maidens leading the little ones by the hand, came and met us, and

stood with their deliverers, and with their lovers and sires, and with their brothers, and lifted up their voices with them, saying in a chorus that shook Earth and shattered Abaddon forever, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Father, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all that love his appearing when he cometh to make up his jewels; and we shall shine in his presence as the sun, and as the stars, forever and ever."

So, all the sky was ablaze, as with sapphires, and as with lamps myriads in number, whose brightness outshone the sun and moon, and whose splendor was as the beauty of Heaven, which is Holiness; and it descended and came nearer, and was in our midst, and we were in the midst of it, so that we saw not one another his faults, but each his neighbor's virtues, and his goodness. For that Light entered into us, and into our secret hearts, and into our inmost souls, and all our being shone, that we were transfigured and glorified with God. Therefore understood we the Word which had been given us of God in battle; for the Word was Love, and God Himself was the word which He had given. And we felt that Voice, speaking to us out of the midst of our silence, and saying, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and I will dwell with them and be their God, and they shall be my people."

So we slept; and out of that Brightness came music, and faintly out of the stars; and angels, all night, fanning their fragrant wings, moved to and fro among my children, inducing sleep; and their dreams were filled with the softness of their chanting and of their golden instruments, so that when Morning came all were up with me bright and early, stripped and harnessed for the Great Day. And I had never seen my children happy before, nor their eyes so beautiful, nor ever heard such voices as theirs, that I heard now, as they came to meet me, laughing; for they were my children now in very deed, and they loved me each and with all, and were divinely affectionate one toward another.

Hand in hand they went forth to the fields and to the cheerful workshop singing, and hand in hand came home soon with sweeter songs and holier faces, saying they had plowed up the dead roots of bitter weeds, and burned them, and had quarried the stones from around the young rosetree, that had grown, oh, wonderful in the night, and everywhere had built them new houses, and set trees, and sowed all the fields with grass and grain, and marked the boundaries of the woods, while they sang.

And all day in the fields and in their homes they sang new songs, and all night their songs came back to them out of the skies, more beautiful and precious, and blest them while they slept; so that each morning they went forth with sweeter voices, and returned to their rest at night with deeper affections and loftier hopes for the morrow, till it seemed as if it were all a dream, so wonderful it was, yet how real, methought, and how possible.

For I am America, that great nation; and if I have been dreaming, are ye not able, O my children, to bring to pass that which I have dreamed? Gather ye yourselves together, O my sons, gather ye yourselves together; and welcome, a glad welcome, sweet sons and daughters of God from the four winds of the Earth and the Great Deep. Prepare for Battle! Prepare for battle against the Beast! For I am with you, saith the Lord God of Hosts, I, the Almighty and Terrible Truth. Arise, stand upon your feet, and I will make you strong.




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EDITORIAL.

Dehumanizing Commercialism

 All the terrible accounts of the awful disasters by floods in South Carolina and elsewhere, there has not appeared anything as truly heartrending as the following passage taken from a long telegraphic dispatch in the *New York Sun*:

A reporter has traversed the most stricken district, a radius of fifteen miles, embracing the villages of Clifton, Pacolet and Glendale. At the latter place there will not be suffering, as the mill will be closed only temporarily, but at Pacolet and Clifton, where between 7,000 and 10,000 people are out of work, and with nothing to look forward to, there is keen distress.

While they are not in actual want, it required the combined efforts of the preachers and bosses to calm the weeping and hysterical thousands. **This kind of people have no initiative. They are accustomed to look to the mills for their living.** These are old factories, and there they had their homes. When the mills were destroyed in the flood the operatives became hopeless.

If at first the horror of this last paragraph does not impress itself upon the mind of the reader, we hope that it will receive a little closer attention, when,

we are satisfied, its full meaning will become apparent. Why should these 7,000 or 10,000 people be more helpless than other people facing the same conditions? What does that sinister phrase, "*This kind of people have no initiative*" mean? Just think of the terrible way in which the awful fact is set down! "This kind of people," forsooth! What 'kind of people?'"

Americans: citizens of a great republic whose very name stands for initiative, for grit, for self-reliance and courage. *But they are without initiative!* Read and mark well the words, you freeborn, sovereign citizens of America. Mill and factory workers—"This kind of people"—are like the starved and oppressed Hindoo *ryots*, like the *moujiks* of despotic Czar-ridden Russia, like the hopeless, centuries-oppressed Chinese, without initiative—without the courage of manhood.

Aye, "This kind of people"—the kind that capitalism breeds and rears. The kind that the tenements hide in their reeking recesses. The kind that tired workers become fathers of: that careworn women become mothers of. "The kind of people" that child workers must always become: weak, spiritless and helpless people, slaves to the machines they operate.

Mr. Workingman Voter, when next you hear it said that Socialism will destroy the manly independence of such as you; when you hear it said that Socialism will destroy your precious "initiative," remember that it is of you and your class that it is already true, "This kind of people have no initiative."

Moral Effect of the Life Dependent

And "This kind of people," whose lives are so blighted that they have no initiative, fall victims to those gigantic evils which are the bane of the world. Intemperance with its awful ravages is an especial foe to the workers—"This kind of people." And its power over them arises from the very self-same causes. The dull, weary hopelessness of their lives is in the main responsible for their enslavement to the drink fiend. It was a very wise Bishop of the English Church who said, "If I lived in the slums I should be a drunkard, too."

Dr. Henry van Dyke, preaching the baccalaureate sermon at Princeton on a recent Sunday, seemed to have caught a glimmer of the great truth underlying the problem of intemperance. He said:

"There are monstrous evils and vices in society. Let intemperance be for us the type of all, because so many of the others

are its children. Drunkenness ruins more homes and wrecks more lives than war. How shall we oppose it? I do not say that we shall not pass resolutions and make laws against it. But I do say that we can never really conquer the evil in this way. The stronghold of intemperance lies in the vacancy and despair of men's minds. The way to attack it is to make the sober life beautiful and happy and full of interest."

True, profoundly true, Doctor van Dyke, but only a part of the truth. Life cannot be 'made' beautiful and happy for the great mass by the superior and benevolent goodness of the "reformers," as you seem to think. Happiness and interest in life, "man's joy in his work," as William Morris used to say, cannot be given to the workers by any. They must make and take for themselves all that fullness which alone can make life worth living. When men shall labor for themselves and, as comrades, for each other, but never as servants and slaves for masters, there will be no "vacancy and despair of men's minds." But are you prepared to work for that condition, Doctor van Dyke? If so, there is only one logical thing for you to do—join the Socialist Party. S.



Say the Masses to the Asses :

"Honest labor shant declass us!"

Say the Asses to the Masses :

"We're afraid that you'll surpass us!"

J. W. S.

The Master's Vision



They bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne and lay them on men's shoulders

But they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers

Matt. 23: 4



J. Franklin Booth.

“Keir”

By J. Spargo



AMES KEIR HARDIE has long since been shortened to “Keir.” Once upon a time I heard a Lancashire collier call him “Owd Keir.” He meant well, and there was love in his voice, but Keir is not old. It would be hard for anybody to imagine Keir ever becoming old, I think. Such men as he become gray, their bodies shrink, and their steps falter, but they do not become old. Their hearts are as youthful at seventy as at seventeen. Keir at seventy, if he is not outworn before then, will still be a youthful Keir.

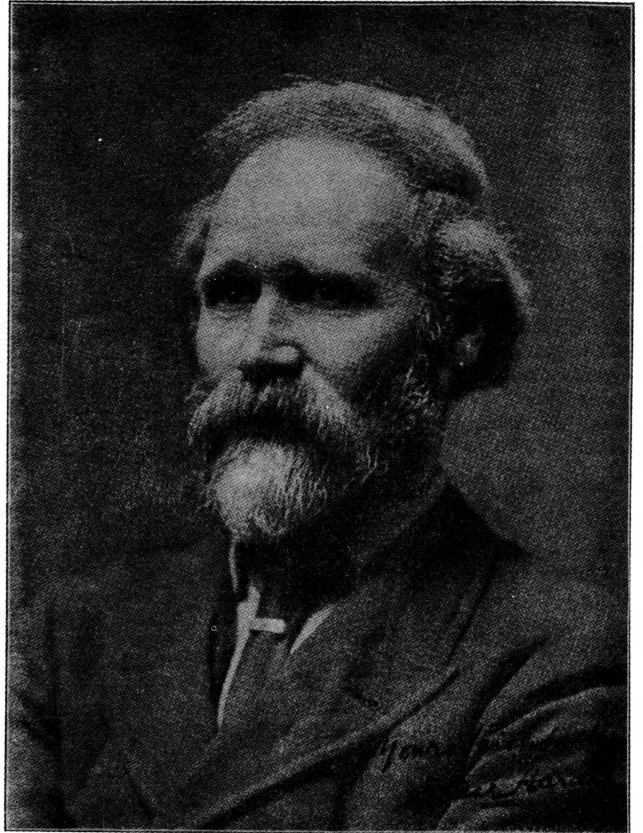
Keir is still three summers or so on the boy-side of fifty. His brow is wrinkled and his pow is grizzled and gray, and but for the bright eyes, the sprightly step, and the jovial, hearty laugh, you might call Keir older than fifty. But despite the grayness of beard and pate, and despite the furrowed brow, he is as young as when he was a boy. Aye, younger, a great deal younger, for Keir the boy knew nothing of youth. Keir at eight had left boyhood behind him and become a wage-slave in a coal pit. Scotch coal pits like those of all other countries, are fatal to youth.

But at twenty-three Keir escaped from the coal pit and found youth and joy still waiting for him. Most men of twenty-three with fifteen years' imprisonment in a coal pit behind them would have found the fountain of youth dry; but for Keir it flowed free and he could drink and feel its vital flow. Burns sang Hope and Courage and Faith to the soul the mine could not kill. Carlyle and Ruskin, each after his own fashion, thundered into the soul that the coal-digging years had not destroyed his right to look Life and Truth in the face. They bade him break the silence of the serf-life, and voice the unspoken wrath, the uncried wrongs of crushed youth and stunted manhood in the mines.

He became the prophet of the mines. The pain and toil of those fifteen years spoke with an eloquence no colleges could have taught. Coal dust found a voice—and that voice was Keir. And when that voice spoke a nation heard the fierce warning of the mines.

Keir could not long be the voice of the wronged and bruised labor of the mines alone. Whoso would cry for one single toiler's weal must cry equally for all. There is no weal for any while there is woe for any. Keir had not come to that, but when the docker appealed to him, he became the docker's voice. And when the seeker for work, tired of seeking in vain, beckoned with wasted finger Keir answered and straightway became the voice of the workless one's woe. Then Keir realized that the wrong of the miner and the wrong of the docker and the wrong of the workless one were the same wrong. So Keir is a Socialist.

Keir was the voice of toil in the street, by the dockyard gate, and in the market place—he became the voice of toil in the parliament of the exploiters of toil. It needed Courage, and it needed Faith, in the market place and in the gilded chamber. Keir lacked neither the Faith nor the Courage. Sometimes Labor was afraid of its own voice—afraid of Keir. When Keir cried aloud for Peace and shouted defiance to the red dragon of war, miner and docker and work-



J. KEIR HARDIE, THE BRITISH SOCIALIST M. P.

less one cried out against Keir with a voice not their own and would have stoned him—would have stilled their own voice. But Keir's Strength and Courage and Faith increased; he voiced wronged and bruised and blinded Labor's woes in spite of its own unfaith and ignorance and fear.

Keir is not perfect. He makes mistakes just as they whose voice he is make mistakes. But Keir is true to the truth he knows, and the truest and best of men can be no more. Keir is true to himself.

* * *

As we sat together in the little “pub” neath the shadows of Welsh mountain and mine, smoking our pipes while the noble woman whose love has sustained him through many a hard fight joined in the talk, I knew in my inmost soul that however much we might disagree, however our opinions might divide us, there need never be any question as to Keir's loyalty and devotion to the cause. Mistaken Keir may be a thousand times, but unfaithful never. *Doure* in the fight, but *cantic* over the peaceful pipe, there are few kinder, braver, or better loved men in the movement than Keir.

A Question from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

By William Thurston Brown

[Two circular letters were last year addressed to all the pastors of one of our eastern cities, requesting that a certain Sunday be devoted, if possible, to a sermon in behalf of the cause represented by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. One of the letters stated, among other things, that "true religion involves kindness to every creature, from the least to the greatest, for Almighty God notes suffering—the suffering of the cruelly treated beasts and the suffering of the cruelly treated child."]



THE above mentioned letter raises several interesting questions in the mind of a thoughtful person. In that city are more than a hundred churches. All of them claim to believe in a God who, to quote the words of the letter, "notes the sufferings of cruelly treated beasts and children," and these churches hold as their divine head the man who declared that not a sparrow falls without the notice of Deity. All these ministers and members claim to be disciples of that man. And yet, this secular society, representing an institution over whose installation no solemn words of consecration have been pronounced, seem to think it necessary to ask these ministers to preach a sermon in favor of preventing cruelty to children! In doing so, they plainly assume that the ordinary church service will not necessarily bear any relation to the humane cause which this society represents. While declaring that true religion lies at the very basis of their work as a society, the letter plainly suggests the possibility that not all the churches will grant this request. In other words, the services conducted in these various churches may not have any relation to true religion at all.

We are assured that "true religion" means kindness to every creature because "Almighty God notes suffering and cruelty." If Almighty God did not note suffering and cruelty, apparently true religion would mean something quite different. It might mean any old thing. It all depends on what Almighty God happens to take note of.

Again, we are told in one breath that an Almighty Being takes note of suffering, and presumably does not approve of it, and in the next sentence we are appealed to for our co-operation in preventing suffering and cruelty. I submit that it is a fair question to ask, What is Almighty God doing about it? If He, a Being possessed of all powers, knows about suffering and cruelty, in heaven's name what is he doing about it? If I were an almighty being and it was known that I took note of suffering and cruelty, it would be a fair question to ask me whether I was doing anything about it. Indeed, that is exactly what this letter from the Humane Society is asking. It is sent to human beings of very limited powers to demand what they propose to do about these sufferings and cruelties which take place before our very eyes in the lives of children and animals.

And if there is no clear evidence that much is being done to prevent this suffering and cruelty, these human beings will be held responsible. Their failure to do anything would argue their indifference, especially if they have the power to do something. If, then, there is an Almighty Being within reach, and if the same old conditions of cruelty and suffering continue, must it not follow that this Being is indifferent about the matter, perhaps desires such things? And if such is the case, is it not folly for us to interfere?

How much better it would be to leave Almighty God out of the question entirely! Infinitely better would it be to submit the question to our manhood and womanhood: Do we want to put an end to cruelty and suffering? Do we want to tackle this or that problem honestly, squarely, candidly, rationally. We shall never treat any question sanely until we leave God out of the matter and take the responsibility on our own shoulders. Our use of God has been and is immoral and degrading. It has been and is a profanity, for we use the name in vain. We try to shift to the shoulders of an imaginary being the responsibility which belongs to ourselves alone.

Nor can I see why any one who wants to make use of a God in this way should so limit his sympathies. Why should we think he takes note of the sufferings of beasts and children, and not think that he may care about the cruelties which are perpetrated on men and women of any age or condition? Why imagine him partial to beasts and children? Why not say he takes note of the Steel Trust or the Coal Combine or the Standard Oil Company? Why not suppose he has his eye on the squalid miners' huts in Pennsylvania, the coffin-like boxes that mill operatives stay in nights, the sweatshops of our great cities, the close and foul atmosphere of the great department stores where boys and girls and men and women are changed into automata worked by wires, or the millions of workingmen who are striking for wages enough to live a decent life? Why not take it all in? If we are bound to have a God, let's have one worth while. No wonder religion is such a namby-pamby affair, too delicate to give promise of ever coming to maturity.

Is there some way of preventing cruelty to animals and children? If you were to see some men in a boat that was rapidly filling with water on account of a hole in the bottom, and if you saw them with vacant look attempting to bail out the water with teaspoons or sieves and paying not attention at all to the leak, you would make up your mind that the keepers of some insane or imbecile asylum had grown careless. You would know that the men in that boat were not sane, because they were making no attempt to stop the leak.

Does not the same logic apply to practically all our charitable effort? Let us see. Here are these humane societies. What are they doing? Are they actually lessening the evil they assume to attack? Is their boat any nearer bailed out than it was ten years ago? Men can get some water out of a boat with teaspoons or even with a sieve, if they are spry. But that does not argue for the wisdom of that method. Good is done by finding homes for abandoned children, by taking away the children of those parents who seem obviously unfit to rear their offspring—though if that principle were really carried out faithfully, the officers of this society would have to visit other homes besides those of the poor or destitute. Wealth is no infallible proof of ability to rear children or even fitness to have them at all. Really, there is

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nothing that we guard against so carefully as this, that those best fitted to have children shall not have them, if society can help it—at least not under the law.

Besides, nothing that our humane societies have thus far done has had the smallest tendency to decrease the supply of homeless and cruelly treated children. Our humane societies are rejoicing that they have cared for a larger number of cases this year than last. These annual reports are really very pitiful things, when you think about them. They are usually submitted with a sense of pride, with a feeling of great godliness. And what is the real basis of that pride? It is the increase of suffering and cruelty. We are bidden to thank the Lord that we still have the poor with us. Meanwhile, nothing is thought about removing the cause. These good people cannot spend time over the question of stopping the leak; they are so busy with their teaspoons and sieves, bailing out the water.

It might be worth while to inquire what we mean by cruelty to children. Whence comes this "cruelty" and what is responsible for it?

The S. P. C. C. deals largely with young children and one of its main features is that of providing homes for children who have been abandoned or whose parents are unable or unfit to support or rear them properly. It often happens that the children are adopted and find much better fathers and mothers than the persons to whom they are indebted for the doubtful privilege of coming into the world.

But it will not be disputed that the woman who bears a child is entitled to care for that child. It ought to be true, as a general rule, that she is best fitted to care for and rear the child. Normally, though not necessarily—particularly under our absurd marriage laws—a child owes its birth to the fact that a man and a woman love each other. And such a fact as that ought to mean, not only that a child or children will be born into the world, but that the birth of such child or children will be a sacred evangel, a coming of heaven to earth that shall make the morning stars sing together, a proclamation of "peace on earth and good will among men." That is what it would mean under the conditions which I have described.

Not only is it the right of the child to live and grow to maturity under the sunshine of its mother's face, but it is as sacred a right of the mother that she shall not miss the joy and blessing that belong to motherhood. She needs the society of the child as much as the child needs her. It is therefore the business of the Humane Society to find out the reason why these sacred rights of life are not assured. It is their business to tackle the problem of marriage, of making it more easily possible for the right man and woman to marry, for this most sacred of earthly relationships to take place only on a basis of love, not on the ground of any sort of compulsion or selfish ambition.

There is need that such a condition of affairs be established, that there shall be no incentive to any other sort of marriage than that which obeys the command of an all-absorbing love. Why does any one marry for any other reason? In the last analysis, the reason lies in the economic system which we foster or tolerate. If a woman marries for social prominence, that prominence is gained by the fact of wealth, and wealth to-day is the accident of Capitalism. It is not the man who is in any sense great who can amass wealth. A Jesus would stay to his last day in the ranks of poverty in the world as we know it. No man of conscience will get wealth in the world to-day, unless he gets it by accident or inheritance.

Take away the social power of wealth by making capital a matter of public concern, and you make it certain that not far in the future social eminence will depend upon the possession of moral qualities, and men and women will be at-

tracted to each other by greatness of soul, by the possession of noble qualities, by moral and physical affinities, and out of such unions a better race will come.

But many of these children whom our Humane Societies are caring for are called illegitimate. But that is meant all children born into the world without the sanction of government or the church, all children without the union label, so to speak. Governments have taken the responsibility of granting certificates declaring that the people holding such certificates may become parents. These certificates affirm that such persons are "husband and wife" and that till death they are going to love each other. It tells the children: "These two persons bearing this certificate have sworn to love each other, and we stand back of that pledge and will see that it is carried out to the bitter end." And every marriage based on any pledge will be carried out to no other sort of end. The children will find that government has played a mean trick on them. Its certificate is a falsehood. Its union label is a forgery. The children are "sold."

Cruelty to children is a much larger term than we have dreamed. Here is the widespread evil of child labor. Is it not a case of cruelty to children that they are compelled to work long hours in most unhealthy surroundings at the very age when they are growing? Is it not true that thousands of children are working under conditions which all well-to-do parents would regard as a terrible calamity if it were their children who were thus situated? And is it not true that these well-to-do parents are very largely the supporters of religious institutions? And yet with all their piety they can tolerate and believe in a system under which millions of children are doomed to conditions which these parents would think of as a hell, if their own offspring had to face them.

In the face of that fact, by what course of reasoning does any one come to the conclusion that churches are places where humane sentiment is to be aroused? It cannot be said that they do not take note of these facts. They read the papers. The truth is, these people are a good deal like the "Almighty." They aren't doing anything about it. And they never will do anything about it. Yes, they are doing something. They are writing books and magazine articles, making annual reports, holding charity balls—more ball than charity—and cultivating a brand of hypocrisy that would make the Pharisees of long ago turn green with envy.

"Oh, but think of the beautiful laws which our pious legislators have put on the statute books. There is the law that makes it a penal offense to let your child work in a factory until it is fourteen." Truly, a wonderful boon is this. It quite overcomes one to think of it.

Here are two people, a man and a woman. They happen to belong to the working class. It is not their fault, altogether. They were born so. Strange as it may seem, they discover that they are capable of the emotion we call "love," and about which stories are written and praises sung. Not having had the privilege of a society education, it seems the most natural thing to this young pair that they should marry. Possibly they have been taught by their religious teachers that it is the duty of married people to have children, not to avoid such a result. Their education has been neglected in that particular. Possibly they even look forward with a peculiar and yearning joy to the birth of children. It seems to link them closer together. Their love happens to be of that sort, we will say.

Well, the family grows, but the family income does not grow. Perhaps it was thought that with increase of skill there would be increase of wages. As a matter of fact, this man's toil is really creating values, for as a result of his labor and that of many others like him, great factories are built, vast establishments in the city and in the country are main-

tained, trips to Europe are taken—not by these laborers, however—legislatures, governors, presidents and other like luxuries are purchased, and an army of parasites of various kinds and shapes are kept in existence. But somehow these values do not reach the hands of this laborer, and he finds it hard to stretch his slender income to cover and protect his growing brood of dear ones. We will assume that they are dear to this man and woman, as dear, let us say, as the well-dressed children in those mansions on the avenue are to their parents. They are aware of the law that requires them to send these children to school till they are fourteen. No doubt, they regard said law as one of the chief glories of civilization. All the great and good and godly people say it is. But somehow it does not pay grocery bills, and even workingmen's children have to eat at times.

And possibly other benevolently disposed individuals, other members of these godly institutions, other people who have a great regard for an Almighty who does nothing about it, find it to their material interests to corner the wheat market or control the meat business or the coal output and other little things of that kind, and this father discovers that he must pay these godly people something for the privilege of staying a little longer on the earth. You can see that the

temptation would come to such parents to commit the awful sin of lying about the age of their children and the still more awful sin of consigning their little lives to the tender mercies of the same capitalistic monster who is devouring them, body and soul.

I submit that any action which shall look toward the prevention of cruelty to children must bring about a change in the present system of industrial robbery and legalized murder and rape, of which government is the political expression and the church is the moral support. Such a change is not going to be effected by sermons in churches nor by moral suasion applied to individuals nor by the organization of more societies, nor by any or all dilettante reform movements. It is not going to be done by enlarged charities. It is going to be done, if at all, by establishing on this earth an industrial order from which middle men and parasites are eliminated and every laborer receives the full product of his toil. Such an industrial order will never be inaugurated by these middle men or parasites. If it comes at all, it will come at the command of the working class, and under the forms of social and political organization existing such a command can be effectively expressed only by the ballot.



VIEWS AND REVIEWS



HAVE lately been reading the story of the Woman Suffrage movement as it is told in "The History of Woman Suffrage," written by those four noble women, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Matilda Joslyn Gage and Ida Husted Harper. The History consists of four ponderous volumes aggregating almost four

thousand pages and I have only read at random, keeping to the main lines of the story and skipping many of the long speeches and reports of the routine work of numerous conventions and meetings. While these are important enough, no doubt, to the specialist, and while it is a good thing that such records have been permanently preserved, life is too short to allow the average man, however sincerely interested in the movement, to wade through such a mass of matter as these good and devoted women have gathered together. In gathering the materials together, and publishing them in this form so that every well-equipped public or semi-public library may have a detailed account of the early stages of a great movement in which some of the purest, noblest and best men and women in the world have played prominent parts, the collaborators have rendered a great and useful service. What we now need is some competent and discriminating writer, equally sympathetic, to draw from this vast treasury the salient facts and tell the story of woman's struggles for political equality in about one-fifth of space. And at least one of the collaborators, Mrs. Harper, is eminently fitted for such a task. Perhaps with the single exception of Miss Anthony no other woman in the world knows the story of the movement so thoroughly as she does.

Of the monstrous injustice of a political system which denies women the rights which men enjoy, there is no need for me to argue at length. Woman's political disabilities are marks of her enslavement. While it is not true that there is a "woman's question" as apart from the broader question of human right, and while it is true that, as Tennyson has it, "The woman's cause is man's," it is perfectly natural that it should appear as the question of prime importance to

women themselves. As Socialists we have always stood for the economic and political equality of the sexes, though I am free to confess that I should like to see that part of our program more often and more seriously insisted upon. It surely is not less important than those other principles which are more frequently talked and written about!

Apart from its prolixity and the overburdening of the story by details of comparatively slight interest, this History abounds with interest and inspiration. If anybody doubts the ability of women to meet the responsibilities which enfranchisement must bring, let him read this record of how, in face of overwhelming odds, a small handful of women piloted a great movement. All the highest and best of those qualities which we associate with that masculine word "statesmanship" have been manifested by the leaders of the fight for the political equality of the sexes. Women like Mary Wollstonecraft, Frances Wright, Lucretia Mott, Margaret Fuller, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and scores of others one could name, have shown themselves to be in no wise inferior to the men of their time, either in character or intellect.

Not only for the wealth of statistical and other data which it gives, but also for the many charming pen pictures of noble women who have figured in the strife, is the work valuable. Throughout the four volumes we catch familiar glimpses of women whose lives of unselfish devotion to truth are too little remembered. Such women, for example, as Ernestine L. Rose, Frances Wright, Margaret Fuller and Anna E. Dickinson, whose lives were devoted not alone to the emancipation of their sex, but to the cause of Liberty in general. When the history of America is truthfully written, without bias or fear or favoritism, these women, and others like them, will be gratefully remembered for their services to the nation.

One thing I must mention, namely, the high standard of oratory reached by some of these women. I do not remember to have seen included in any of the standard collections of speeches and orations any by women, yet I venture to say that it would be difficult to find better examples of the high-

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est and best kind of oratory than some contained in this History. Certainly some of the speeches of Anna Dickin-son compare favorably with those of Wendell Philips upon the same subject.

It is, of course, absolutely impossible to adequately review a momentous work of this kind in the brief space available for a monthly *causerie* of this character. Perhaps upon some other occasion I may be able to return to the subject to tell of some of the great pioneer women of whose work and sacrifice this History is eloquent. For the present I can only express my admiration for the courage and devotion of the historians and all associated with them in the struggle. I think I am justified in saying that the work owes its existence mainly to the personal sacrifices made by Susan B. Anthony, who bore most, if not all, of the cost of its publication. The volumes are admirably printed and bound and there are some beautifully engraved portraits.

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A little book, valuable out of all proportion to its size—and, let me hasten to add, its cost—is “Feuerbach: The Roots of the Socialist Philosophy,” by Frederick Engels, which Charles H. Kerr & Co. have recently issued in their unique and valuable “Standard Library.” I have before now expressed by appreciation of the exceedingly valuable service which this firm is rendering to the movement at this time by issuing cheap and compact editions of the recognized classics of our Socialist literature. It does seem to me, however, that there must be enough book lovers in the movement, and interested in the movement, to justify the publication of such works as the present in a style somewhat superior to that of this volume. Given better paper and a higher quality of binding, there should be many willing to pay the enhanced cost. For books like this are worthy of the best art of printer and binder. Let it not be assumed that this casual observation of mine is intended to reflect in any manner upon the volumes as they are now produced. Legibly printed and plainly but durably bound, the series is one which every thoughtful Socialist should add to his library.

To the student of Socialist philosophy this little book on Feuerbach is particularly interesting and valuable for the clear light it throws upon the formative period of modern Socialism. It is in fact, a critical account of the transition from the idealism of Hegel to the materialist philosophy of history formulated by Marx and Engels. Feuerbach in one sense occupied a middle ground as between the two movements. He belonged to the radical “left wing” of the Hegelians and sought to substitute materialism for the idealism of Hegel. So far Feuerbach was a pioneer of progress. Everywhere he was heralded as a great emancipator, Marx being not the least enthusiastic of his admirers. Even in England, where George Eliot brought out a translation of his “Essence of Christianity,” Feuerbach was acclaimed a great thinker, who, singularly enough, had restored materialism to the position it occupied there in the early part of the eighteenth century. Such in truth was the case, and it is precisely because of that, that Engels declares Feuerbach to be as much of an idealist as even Hegel or Kant were. No thought of a materialist interpretation of history seems to have occurred to him. It was for Marx to guide the philosophical radical movement from the no-way of Feuerbach’s glittering generalities. The whole essay is a fascinating study by a brilliant writer in one of his most brilliant moods.

I do not say that the work is one of the indispensable textbooks of Socialism, but I do say without hesitancy, that no other work contains in such small compass so luminous an account of a most important development of modern philosophy. The introduction to the book by the translator, Austin Lewis, is not a mere perfunctory performance, but a

lucid and valuable introduction to the subject, adding materially to the value of the edition.

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“The Handwriting on the Wall; or, Revolution in 1907.” is the somewhat sensational title of a book of 377 pages, published by the P. H. Roberts Company, of St. Louis, Mo. Its author, Mr. J. C. Cooper, is, I am told, an ex-Congressman and an active and enthusiastic Socialist. These things may be true, but, unfortunately they cannot hide the fact that authorship is not Mr. Cooper’s forte. Imagine a man of comparatively little education and no literary training, or the genius that is better than mere training, with a Socialistic turn of mind and a penchant for clipping items from newspapers and other sources upon which an argument may be based. By and by, when he has a heap of these clippings, he roughly assort them and strings them together by running comments, and—there you are. He has become an author.

As may be imagined, Mr. Cooper has gathered a heap of quite interesting material in this manner, though he does not seem to have made the slightest attempt to verify anything. Many of the extracts bear neither date nor the name of the paper from which they were taken, and, as might be supposed, the result is a rather ill-digested jumble. A “Table of Contents” sets forth an attractive and imposing list of twenty chapters, but one does not have to read far in order to discover that the titles are more imposing than the chapters of the book which they designate. For instance, in the chapter on “Trade Unions, their History, Power and Possibilities,” there is no more attempt made to treat the history of trade unionism than there is in the Pentateuch.

The author is only certain of one thing—that we are on the verge of the Revolution. Like so many others he is so sure about it that he fixes the time of its coming—1907. But his idea of a Revolution is the old catastrophic idea and he is only anxious we shall mitigate its evils by an intelligent use of the ballot. But there is no hint of any intelligent constructive policy to which our efforts should be directed. Mr. Cooper’s Socialism is a very shadowy thing evidently. There are thirteen full-page illustrations, of which the kindest thing that can well be said is that they are about equal to the literary quality of the book.

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Some time ago I received a copy of “The Lover’s World,” by Dr. Alice B. Stockham, of Chicago. For a time it seemed as if events conspired to prevent my giving the book that careful attention which its importance warranted, and it was not until recently, during a brief absence from the city, that the opportunity presented itself.

As its title suggests, “The Lover’s World” deals with the great problem of sexual relationships. In the words of the author, it is “a treatise on love and the appropriation and mastery of sexual energy, the use of passion and creative force.” Time was when the full and frank discussion of this vital subject would have exposed the author to social ostracism and governmental persecution. Even in these times, with our Anthony Comstocks and their smug “moral standards,” it is possible for such women as poor Id. Craddock to be hounded to death. That Mrs. Stockham should have escaped is a matter of congratulation and gratitude. There is not a single sentence in the book which should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of the most carefully guarded maiden, and yet there is no shrinking, through a false, conventional modesty, from the most straightforward and frank treatment of all the relationships of the sexes. So many men and women, and, for that matter, boys and girls, are “digging their graves with the spade of ignorance,” that one could wish that the advice contained in this book could be given to every young person about to face the responsibilities of marriage and parenthood.

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Mrs. Stockham, like Edward Carpenter—with whose views she seems to be in complete sympathy—is full of the esoteric philosophy of the East, with the result that a great many people will find it difficult to catch the meaning of some of the more mystical passages. While not always agreeing with the writer, I have never read a book upon this important question which gave me so much satisfaction and pleasure. It merits wide circulation. There are some half-tone illustrations.

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One of the most interesting books I have read for a long time is Sidney Whitman's "Reminiscences of Prince Bismarck," published by Appleton & Co., of this city. Mr. Whitman is an Englishman who has long since been regarded as an authority upon German politics. His familiarity with German life and German problems is due to the fact that he was educated in that country—his father being of German extraction. The schoolboy period must have been pleasant enough for, in after years, Mr. Whitman found himself drawn again and again to Germany, meeting many of its most famous personages. Among these was the famous statistician, Dr. Ernst Engel. Mr. Whitman being a most enthusiastic admirer of Bismarck, it was perfectly natural that there should have been many warm discussions between the two men, for Engel was a bitter and life-long opponent of the great "Blood and Iron Chancellor." As a result of a taunting challenge from Dr. Engel in the course of one of these discussions, Mr. Whitman wrote his "Imperial Germany." The book met with an immediate success, being translated into German and French within a few months.

At the suggestion of some friends of Bismarck, Mr. Whitman sent the Prince a copy of his book and received an invitation to visit him at Friedrichsruh. That was the beginning of a very cordial acquaintance and between the years 1891-6 Mr. Whitman was the guest of Bismarck on no less than ten different occasions, some of his visits extending over several days. So we get in these reminiscences an intimate view of the great Chancellor as he was in the closing years of his life. And there are refreshingly close glimpses of Bucher—that strange confidant of Bismarck and our own Lassalle, whose executor he was. What most disappoints me about the book is the scanty nature of its references to Bismarck's attitude toward Socialism. Remembering how strongly he felt upon the subject, and how violent his opposition to the Socialists was, it was perfectly natural to expect something more than the slight reference to the subject which Mr. Whitman makes. The impression left upon my mind is that Mr. Whitman himself sympathized to a considerable extent with the Socialists and did not care to incur the possible displeasure of Bismarck by any frank discussion of his views. Indeed, he says, "Socialism was the one topic I was afraid to broach." Once, at Friedrichsruh, he had asked the old Prince whether he was still in favor of a continuance of the repressive Socialist law. He had replied that he was. In Varzin Mr. Whitman again asked the same question and he replied, "Of course I am. People who aim at the subversion of the State must be met with the full powers of self-assertion possessed by the State." He believed that it would be possible and perfectly proper to withdraw the voting power of the Socialists. Our good Comrade von Vollmar was the object of his particular aversion. The Bavarian leader appeared to him "a standard-deserting renegade, a perjured scoundrel, who had broken his officer's oath of fealty to the King of Bavaria, and who, as a matter of policy as well as of sentiment, ought to be shot. The thought that a man such as Herr von Vollmar, who belonged to a good family, held the honored position of an officer, of one, too, who had taken his part in the great war of 1870 might not be playing the part of a vain charlatan—but in the same way

as Bismarck himself staking his full personality on what his conscience told him to be his duty toward his fellow men, such an idea did not and could not enter Bismarck's head."

Bismarck hated Socialism with the full power of his great hate. But he would have welcomed the Socialist leaders, as individuals, to his home if they would have called upon him. "Unfortunately," says Mr. Whitman, "this personal contact with the Socialists never took place, nor could ever have taken place. I had met Bebel in Berlin and could understand why a meeting was impossible—it did not depend upon Bismarck, but upon the Socialist. Whereas it is not easy to imagine a living Englishman, born of an English mother, declining an invitation from Lord Salisbury—a Bebel was not to be cajoled or brow-beaten. Centuries of class hatred, of class oppression, found fiery expression in that man. Such passionate resentment could not exist in the heart of an aristocrat whose ancestors had always held the "whip hand" of the social and political chariot. A Bismarck could afford to forget; it is the others who insist on remembering." The delicate psychology of this passage strikes me as being well worthy of a wider application. I am not sure whether the reference to the impossibility of imagining an Englishman refusing to meet Lord Salisbury is to be interpreted as a compliment to the Englishman. It is worth while remembering, however, that at least some of our English comrades are credited with having refused to meet the present king when he was Prince of Wales.

Mr. Whitman expresses himself as having been "gradually but irrevocably convinced" that Socialism is the inevitable outcome of German Industrialism. Socialism would sooner or later have come to the surface "even if Lassalle, Marx, Bebel, and Liebknecht had never lived." A book of reminiscences of such a man as Bismarck could not fail to be of interest, however slight the literary qualifications of the author might be. Mr. Whitman's qualifications amounting to real genius, every page of his book is both luminous and absorbingly interesting.

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Apropos of Bismarck there is an incident related by Marx in one of his letters to Dr. Kugelmann lately published in the *Neue Zeit*, of Berlin, from which I have already quoted in these pages. I will give the story in Marx's own words—the date of the letter is June 10, 1867:

"My journey to London from Hamburg was, on the whole, a good one though we had bad weather on the first day. A few hours before reaching London a young German girl, who had impressed me by her military appearance, told me that she wanted to leave the same evening for Weston-Super-Mare, and she did not see how she could do it with so much luggage. The case was the more desperate because it was Sunday, and the Sabbath is an awkward day in England. I asked what was the station which she had to get to, and this friends had written down for her. It was the North-Western station, by which I had also to travel. I offered, as a good knight, to accompany the lady. She accepted. But I then thought that Weston-Super-Mare was on the South-West, while the station given goes to the North-West. I consulted the captain and found, as I thought, that she must leave by another station—Waterloo, which is quite in another direction. But I had promised, and must do the best I could. We landed at 2 p. m. I took the lady to her station and found, as I feared, that the first train she could take did not leave till 8 p. m. So I was in for it, and I had to kill six hours with Mademoiselle by taking her to Hyde Park, etc. It appeared that her name was Elizabeth von Puttkammer, a niece of Bismarck, with whom she had stayed for several weeks in Berlin. She knew the whole army list, for this family is a military one. She was a nice, cultured girl, but aristocratic and Tory to her very finger tips. She was not a little astonished when she found that she had fallen into the

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hands of one of the "reds." I trust that she was not hurt, and I saw her safe and sound to the station. Think how Blind would talk of my conspiracy with Bismarck if he knew of this."

This last sentence refers to Karl Blind, the revolutionist, whose habitual suspiciousness of his fellow workers is made the point of the playful wit of Marx. Blind, I believe, still lives in England.

* * *

Quite the most beautiful of the several editions of Emerson's works which the recent Centennial called forth is a charming edition of the "Essay on Nature," published by the Alwil Shop people, of the Palisades, New York. Printed from a beautiful clear type, upon one side of the paper only, and having an effective title and border design in two colors upon every page it is not only a very creditable piece of book-making, judged by the highest standards of modern printing, but it is also a remarkably cheap book. At its price, one dollar, I have not seen anything so satisfying as this attractive edition of a worthy book which I cordially recommend to all lovers of beautiful books.

* * *

As I intimated some time ago in these columns Mr. Upton Sinclair is now known to be the author of "Arthur Stirling's Journal." He has not only admitted that he was the "editor," but that the whole story was a fabrication and that there was no Arthur Stirling drowned in the East River. Leaving the ethics of the question aside, one wonders whether it was worth while imposing upon the credulity of the reading public in that way. I do not think it was. But it must be confessed that nobody seems to have been deceived by the story, or to have regarded Stirling as a potential genius lost to the world.

Sinclair's new story, "Prince Hagen," is a much better piece of work from every point of view. It is a sort of satirical-phantasy in which the foibles and vices of our social and political life are successfully ridiculed. The "hero" of the book, Prince Hagen, is one of the Nibelungs who is brought from the Kingdom of Caverns to this mundane sphere by an

THE SHOWMAN.



Chamberlain: "To make the lion jump through the question to the tub is the feat I shall now attempt."

Idealist who undertakes at the request of the Nibelung King to look after his welfare. From being a wild, dissolute Nibelung he becomes a New York financier and politician. In the latter capacity he becomes a Tammany leader, famous for his brilliant oratory, but, on the death of his father, by which he becomes King of the Nibelungs, he changes most dramatically to a full-fledged Republican, going straight from a Tammany mass meeting on the Bowery to the Republican Headquarters and donating \$100,000 to the National Campaign Committee. A meteoric career as a "society leader" is cut short by a carriage accident on Fifth avenue in which he is killed.

The tale is as fantastic as any ever devised and some of the satire is keen and pointed. Some of it, on the other hand, falls flat. Of no very great value, the book will nevertheless serve to while away an idle hour. It is dedicated to George D. Herron.

* * *

The articles on Socialism and Socialist Parties in the New International Encyclopedia will be written by Professor Richard T. Ely of the University of Wisconsin. The space allotted to these subjects is, I am told, quite generous and Professor Ely will, no doubt, treat them with his accustomed fairness. In this connection I should like to urge upon the publishers of Socialist periodicals, in this country and abroad, and all Socialists in this country elected to public positions, the desirability of sending to Professor Ely copies of their publications. Complete files of Socialist papers, reports of Socialist bodies, and of work done by Socialists in office, will be of immense advantage to future historians of the Socialist movement and Professor Ely is one of the very few men interested in making such a collection. I am sure that any such material sent to him at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis., will be most welcome.

* * *

Speaking of the "future historians" of the Socialist movement, I am reminded that our good friend and comrade, Morris Hillquit, has written a history of the development of the Socialist movement in this country, which will be published by a well-known firm in the near future. I have no doubt that this will prove to be a most important work, the basis for all future historians. There is no doubt in my mind that Hillquit is the one man in the movement pre-eminently fitted to undertake such an important task. By all odds the best-informed man in our ranks, and an acute thinker, Hillquit is singularly qualified to be the historian of the development of Socialism in America from its crude utopia stage to a definite scientific, political movement.

J. S.



THE RED FLAG OF SOCIALISM



H, blood-red banner bound to float and bear
Our message to the foe's attacking line,
(Though not a word of meaning should give
sign,)

Our hearts are cheered, we courage breathe with
air

That touched, upbore thee; men shall do and dare
For what thy folds (life-stained) to us define
As hope unquenched, for all, none should resign—
Ah, blood-red banner, by those folds we swear!
Our foes read thee aright when each they tell:
"Those men have vowed (and by their vow abide)
Their lives, whate'er they have and are—and they,
Unflinching, facing us will fight and sell
Their lives for cause that slays the rich man's pride;
That children theirs may have the Social Day."

EDWIN ARNOLD BRENHOLTZ.

Civilization in Chicago

By Ernest Untermann



He had not yet been weaned from his mother and could hardly toddle about on his four stumpy legs. His eyes had just opened to the bright sunlight and he looked about curiously at the unknown objects around him. A trusting and guileless little fellow he was, this tiny puppy, innocently approaching all who came near him and inviting them to play. He was the last of a family of four. The others had disappeared one by one, but he was still too small to take notice of the fact.

"Johnny, take th' pup an' throw him out on th' prairie," said a coarse-looking woman to a ragged and dirty urchin, who was just entering the back yard from the alley with a crowd of playmates.

"All right, mum!" answered the boy, and then, turning to the others, he gleefully shouted: "Here's a go, fellers. Come on an' we'll play Injuns wid de pup." A murmur of pleased acceptance was the reply.

"G'lang wid ye," coarsely shouted Johnny, imitating the language of grown people and giving the little puppy a vicious kick that sent it rolling across the rough surface of the yard. The little thing gave a frightened squeal, and, regaining its feet, endeavored to crawl away toward the other boys. But Johnny's pitiless fingers quickly grabbed it by the skin of the neck and, swinging it about his head, he started off with a war howl toward the prairie. The others followed, hooting and piercing the air with shrill whistling. The woman looked on with dull and stupid eyes and then turned and went into the house.

The little puppy was roughly thrown on the ground. In a moment, every boy had picked up a handful of stones. Circling around the animal at a moderate distance, they began to throw stones at the helpless little thing, savagely hooting and yelling whenever one of the missiles hit the living mark. After the first assault, they approached the bruised and whining victim and gathered up their stones for a new attack.

"He ain't dead yet," laughed Johnny, giving the little animal another kick. And they repeated the performance several times, until the victim, a mass of bruises and dirt, was left on the spot for dead. Then they departed, not without administering some more kicks and blessing the dead with foul oaths. A little boy who ventured upon the scene remonstrated with them. But they fell upon him with fists and vulgarities and drove him away.

* * *

I awoke in the middle of the night. The storm was sweeping around the corners of the house and down the alleys in fierce gusts. The rain was beating the prairie with a dull and heavy sound. But it was not that which had awakened me. No. Through all the roar of the elements, there arose a piteous childlike whining, as if some lonesome and helpless baby were crying for its mother.

"Mamma," I heard the voice of my little boy in the next room, "that can't be the little puppy, can it? I thought he was dead, when they drove me away."

Then I heard the story. I dressed hurriedly and went down. The last weak cries of the little victim led me to him. He coddled up in my warm hands, a shivering, clammy, un-

couth mass. His voice was human in its appeal. Help came too late.

* * *

For nearly two thousand years they have preached from hundred thousand pulpits the gospel of love and pity. And yet, in the twentieth century, in our own America, the nation's children are growing up more savage and coarse and beastly than the lowest savage of the forest primeval. Now as ever, the facts loudly proclaim that human nature cannot be changed by teaching, as long as life makes devils out of men. They begin by killing puppies and end by killing Presidents. The spirit that killed the puppy is daily killing the children of our own working class for profit. And the men who are the chief makers of these conditions are insolently proclaiming that they are holding the world in trust, because "God in his infinite wisdom" gave it to them.

Men and women of America, let us change the system that breeds savages, and we shall have no trouble in "elevating human nature."

NOT SO VERY DIFFERENT AFTER ALL.



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To Our Readers



ANY of our readers who had the privilege of visiting the great Labor Fair held in this city during the last days of March in the interests of the New York Daily Socialist paper will have recognized the beautiful illustration, "The Master's Vision," appearing in this issue. Donated by the clever and rising artist, Mr. J. Franklin Booth, to the Fair, it attracted considerable attention. For permission to reproduce it in our pages we are indebted to the artist, and to

the owner of the picture, Mrs. Alexander Fraser, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

A word of explanation is perhaps due to our readers who had expected to find in our last issue some tribute of respect to our brave, loyal and loving comrade, the late Frederick O. MacCartney. By none more respected and beloved than by the editor of this magazine and his immediate associates, it was, nevertheless, impossible to say even one word of the sorrow which the news of his death occasioned for the reason that the presswork on the issue for June was already far advanced. By reason of the

quality of the work, and the number of illustrations in every issue we have to go to press a considerable time ahead of the date of publication. MacCartney was one of friends, ever ready to lend a helping hand, and even at this late date we would pay yet another tribute of affectionate farewell to him whose memory shall abide even until the coming of the time for which he longed and wrought.

* * *

We are now nearing the close of our second volume. Two issues more and we shall have completed our second year's struggle for existence. For the present we can only say that the next two issues will not be inferior to any published. That we have had to miss Comrade Herron's "Point of View" from this issue we are more than sorry. We hope, however, to resume that interesting series next month.

The Comrade Publishing Co.,
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Books, Etc., Received

PRINCE HAGEN: A PHANTASY. By Upton Sinclair. Cloth. Price, \$1.50. Boston: L. C. Page and Company.

GOD'S CHILDREN: A MODERN ALLEGORY. By James Allman. Cloth; 113 pages. Price, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

FEUERBACH: THE ROOTS OF THE SOCIALIST PHILOSOPHY. By Frederick Engels. Translated by Austin A. Lewis. Cloth. Price, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

*ANTI-SEMITISM: ITS HISTORY AND CAUSES. By Bernard Lazzarre. Cloth; 384 pages. Price, \$2. New York: International Library Publishing Co.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL: OR REVOLUTION IN 1907. By J. C. Cooper. Cloth. Illustrated; 377 pages. St. Louis, Mo.: The Roberts Publishing Company.


*To be reviewed in the next issue.

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The May number of The Comrade is strong, in particular the editorial—it is fearless. The articles by Brown and Herron are up to date. Herron has no superior from my point of view. M. E. Conger, M. D.

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The Comrade is a publication in every respect highly creditable to its promoters and all connected with it, and, more than that, an organ that can, fearlessly and proudly, meet in the arena any publication of its opponents. Pure in its aims and steadfast in its course, it must soon become a power for justice and righteousness and greatly aid in the promulgation of Socialism. Emil Tietze, Altoona, Pa.

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