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# THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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# The International Socialist Review

DEVOTED TO THE STUDY AND DISCUSSION OF THE PROBLEMS INCIDENT TO THE GROWTH OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST MOVEMENT

EDITED BY A. M. SIMONS

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# THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW.

VOL. II

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## THE PROBLEM OF THE NEGRO.

Delivered Before the Men's Forum, Sunday, May 19, 1901.

Stenographic Report.



PROBABLY I do not look at the race problem in as hopeful a way as many of your people do, and I fear that much I shall say this evening will appear discouraging and pessimistic, for I am somewhat pessimistic about the white race, to say nothing about the colored race; when I see how anxious the white race is to go to war over nothing, and to shoot down men in cold blood for the benefit of trade, I am pessimistic about the white race, and when I see the injustice everywhere present and how the colored race are particularly subjected to that injustice and oppression I admit that I am pessimistic as to the future of the colored race, and fear the dreams we have indulged in of perfect equality and of unlimited opportunity are a long way from any realization; but unless we approach these subjects from the right standpoint and go along the right path there is no prospect of ever reaching a right solution.

Last week I had two conversations with two typical men, and these conversations have done much to arouse in my mind a train of thought in reference to this problem, which is not altogether hopeful, I must say, to the Negro race, and I want to give these conversations, or the substance of them, about as they occurred, and as I go along I will try to draw a lesson from them. I do not want you to think in the beginning that I endorse either one of them, excepting as they show the thoughts of two men, both of whom were students, both close observers, two men approaching this question from a diametrically opposite standpoint.

The first was born in Virginia upon a plantation, and knew what slavery was—he is one of the ablest men in the United States, a man who has given his whole life to the cause of human liberty—Mr. Moncure D. Conway. Beginning life as a Metho-

dist minister, he graduated from that to a Congregational minister, and from that he graduated out of all the churches. He had the spirit of abolitionism and, while he was the son of a slave-holder, born with the slaves, he did not believe in slavery. He entered the cause of abolitionism way back when John Brown entered it; he entered it with Wendell Phillips, with William Lloyd Garrison, with Henry Ward Beecher, and with all the great men who made the cause of abolitionism famous, and I may say sacred, as a great cause for human liberty.

He told me with what enthusiasm he entered that cause, how it had been his life, and that when Lincoln issued his proclamation, he thought all had been accomplished, and he felt that he had been one of the warriors in a great battle that had ended in favor of human liberty. He went to England and spent many years there as a teacher and leader of advanced thought. He came back to America a few years ago, went South again, went over the scenes of his early youth and life—an old man still young in his enthusiasm for justice, truth and liberty; but he said, as he looked the field over now, he felt that the abolitionists had been befooled and cheated and defrauded, that this great victory which he believed they had won was not a victory at all, that the enemies of human liberty had really turned victory into defeat, that the colored man to-day was a slave as much as he was when Moncure D. Conway entered the great fight for human liberty fifty years ago. He said, as he looked over the South and looked over the conditions of the Negro in the South, he believed that they had less—less to eat, less to wear, less comfortable homes to live in, less to satisfy their material wants than they had as slaves, and that some way or other the powers of injustice and wrong which are ever battling in this world against justice, liberty and truth, that these had succeeded and had undone all the glorious work of Garrison, of Phillips, and Conway and Beecher, and that host of men who worked so valiantly for the black man's cause.

The next day I had a conversation with quite a different type of man. This man occupies a high official position in a Southern State—he is a man of culture and learning and intelligence. He was born in the South, had all the prejudices of the South, and looked at this question from quite the opposite point of view from the grand old gentleman with whom I had talked the day before. This man said that the Negro in the South was worse off than he was under slavery, that all the schools and colleges in the South were worse than useless, that the Negro had made absolutely no progress and that he never would; that whatever education had been given to the Negro had harmed him and had harmed the whites. He defended all the lynchings and all the

burnings; he said the white people were bound to do these things, that it was necessary to protect their property, to protect their lives and especially to protect their women. He said there was absolutely no solution to the Negro question excepting upon the lines of the inferiority of the Negro race; that they were not social equals, never could be social equals, and that every attempt to make them such injured alike the black race and the white.

I have heard this so many times before that I think this statement represents substantially the whole of the white people of the Southern States; in the South are a few white people who have been born there who do not agree with this view, but so far as my observation goes, the great mass do agree with it and they form a solid phalanx to fight the cause of the Negro, to keep him where he is, or, if possible, reduce him still further to a position of servitude, so that he simply toils for the race and never expects any reward, or asks for any reward.

Let me tell you some other things that this man said. He said that if they did not lynch Negroes and burn them that it would not be safe for white women in the South. I have heard these things before, and you have heard them before. He said there was no such danger in the days of slavery; white men and white women were perfectly safe in the South in the days of slavery, but now they were not; that these Negroes had received ideas that they were as good as anybody else, and that on account of these ideas they had placed themselves in such an attitude towards the whites that they were obliged to lynch them if necessary to protect themselves. He had lived in the South long years before the war, and he said there never was any trouble with the Negro race before the war.

He said that in New Orleans a very strong agitation was setting in to compel companies to have different street cars for the white and colored passengers, and that they would undoubtedly succeed in making the companies carry the colored people on separate cars. He said there were many reasons why this should be; that the white people and the colored people should not mix; and again, he said, of course, the colored people are working people; they go into a car not in proper condition to ride with the people who do not work. Of course I understood that it would be only a question of time when we would get separate cars for working people up here in the North, if this theory was to be universally applied. An aristocrat is an aristocrat, no matter whether you find him in the North or in the South; it is in him and will come out whether he is speaking about colored people, Irishmen, working people, or anyone whatsoever.

There is no use of disguising the fact that the colored people

are in an inferior position to-day throughout the South and throughout the North. There is no use to disguise the fact that the South proposes to keep them in that inferior position, and that they do not propose to ever tolerate anything that approaches social equality; they say it openly, at least when they think they are talking to their friends, and they practice it upon every occasion.

This man said to me that it was unpleasant to ride in a street car with a colored person. He said that he did not like the odor of the colored people in the street cars. I had heard that before. I said to him, "You do not refuse to go to a hotel where they have a colored waiter, do you?" "No," he said, "that is all right." "Well," I said, "what is the difference between the odor of the waiter bringing you a dinner and when he rides in a street car?" Well, he said, there was a difference and they could not stand it anyway. Then he went on to tell how he loved his old black mammy—they always tell you that, how they love their old black mammy. There is nothing wrong about the odor of the old black mammy, providing she is still the same old black mammy, but when the most refined, delicate, clean, colored person in the world meets them upon terms of equality, then there is something wrong about their odor. A black woman, no matter how black, may sit all day on a Pullman car if she is holding a white child on her lap; nobody objects to that, but if the white child was not there nobody could possibly stand it to be anywhere near that black woman.

Now, of course, all of these reasons that they give are excuses, pure and simple; they are not truthful statements; at the root it is simply race prejudice, and the prejudices of superiority which we find everywhere in the world, but against which the Negro suffers more than any other race in the world. Nobody can analyze this feeling and arrive at any other conclusion. A man is refused a ride upon a street car in the South not because he is dirty, but because the Lord made his face black, that is the reason. They refuse to eat their dinner beside a woman in a restaurant, a woman whom I could not tell whether she is white or black from her appearance, as I could not tell many of the women here and many of the men here to-night; but they refuse to break bread with them because the Lord happened to put a few drops of African blood in their veins, and of course one drop is just the same as all. There is no excuse for this. No person can place it upon a scientific basis; it is a question of feeling.

When Douglas and Lincoln were debating in Illinois, Mr.

Douglas, as his last and unanswerable statement asked, "Would you want your girl to marry a Negro?" and that was the end of it. Well, that is a pretty fair question, and I am inclined to think that really that question is the final question of the race problem; and not merely the catchword of a politician. Is there any reason why a white girl should not marry a man with African blood in his veins, or is there any reason why a white man should not marry a colored girl? If there is, then they are right and I am wrong. Everybody may have his own taste about marrying, whether it is between two people of the same race or two people of a different race, but is there any reason in logic or in ethics why people should not meet together upon perfect equality and in every relation of life and never think of the difference, simply because one has a little darker skin than the other? It does not always follow even that they have darker skins. There are very many people who have some colored blood in their veins and who have a lighter skin.

Is there any reason why an Indian should not associate on terms of perfect equality with the white man? Even our most fastidious people you know invite the East Indian gentlemen to come to their dinners and their parties and exhibit them as great curiosities in the best families and the best churches. When the Buddhists came over here at the time of the World's Fair we thought they were great people, and their skin was as dark as any of you people here to-night, and there was no reason why they should not have been treated on terms of perfect equality with the white people of the United States, neither is there any reason why a person of dark skin, who has been born and bred in the United States, should be considered any different whatever from a person of white skin, and yet they are. The basis of it is prejudice, and the excuses given are pure hypocrisy; they are not good excuses, they are not honest excuses.

We hear people say that it is necessary to lynch a Negro in the South, and even to burn a Negro in the South to protect white women, and you find some good, Christian people defending the lynching of Negroes, and even the burning of Negroes in the South, because it is necessary, and I presume they open some of these lynchings with prayer. I do not know why they should not; they defend them.

Now, I do not object to lynchings on account of lynchings especially. We do not always arrive at exact justice in our courts of law; you are not sure because you go through a court that you get at the truth, and I presume that a court organized on the spot, as a body of lynchers are organized, is perhaps quite as apt to get at the truth as a court of justice where lawyers are hired to work a long while to prove that the guilty man is inno-

cent and the innocent man is guilty. I am not especially opposed to the lynchings of Negroes in the South because they do not get a fair trial. A poor man does not get a fair trial anywhere. But this is what I object to: I object to lynching a man because he is a Negro. These men in the South are not lynched because they have committed this crime; they are lynched because the Lord painted their faces black. If the Southern people or the Northern people would enter into an agreement and would stand by it, by which they would try every black man who assaults a white woman by lynch law, and at the same time try every white man who assaults a black woman by lynch law, I would say, "Well and good, we will stand by it." I do not believe in hanging anybody, much less do I believe in burning anybody, but above all things else I believe in equality between all people, no hypocrisy; treat everybody alike, and if the Southern gentlemen, or the Northern gentlemen, believe it is necessary to build bonfires to burn colored men for assaulting white women, well and good, but let them also build bonfires to burn white men for assaulting colored women; treat them all alike. These reasons that are given are excuses, hypocritical excuses, which are not true, and which they know are not true. These lynchings in the South and these burnings in the South are not for the protection of the home and the fireside; they are to keep the Negroes in their place. Of course here and there they are done under some provocation. Crimes are being committed always, everywhere, by whites and blacks, but these particular instances are different. When the offenders are Negroes, or are supposed to be Negroes, then they send out to all the world telling what a dangerous class of citizens these poor unfortunates men and women are.

I have traveled somewhat in the South, and I have observed that the Negroes do all the work and the other people have all the property. The South does not want to get rid of the Negroes. Now and then we find some statesman who proposes to solve the Negro question by wishing to send them off to themselves somewhere, as if the Lord made one country for white people and another for black people, and he forgot to sort them out, and as if we should do the sorting—but the South does not propose to send the Negroes away, for if they sent the Negroes away they would be obliged to go to work themselves. These people all say that the Negroes make excellent servants. This same gentleman with whom I visited and talked upon this question, said there were no servants in the world equal to the Negro servants, and they they were all right when they were kept in their place, and so they believe. They do not object to the colored man tilling the fields, they do not object to his picking cot-



ton, they do not object to his bringing in wood, they do not object to the colored cook out in the kitchen, she is clean enough to be in the kitchen; they do not object to their waiting on them in restaurants. They simply object to them taking any position in the world excepting the position of inferiors. They do not all of them object to the colored people learning trades, and some of them believe that Mr. Washington is the true prophet of the colored race—I do not care to discuss that question very thoroughly to-night, because I have doubts as to my own position on that point, and I have talked it over with many of my colored friends, some taking one view and some another—but these gentlemen do object to the Negroes becoming lawyers, becoming doctors, becoming preachers, becoming politicians, or anything excepting manual laborers. They are all right to work out in the cotton fields. Some of them perhaps are all right to be stone masons and carpenters, but none of them must be lawyers, none of them must be ministers, none of them must be doctors, they must not rise above manual trades.

Now, the South never means to recognize any such thing as social equality between the blacks and the whites, and every single year that passes by there are more and more people in the North who do not propose to recognize any social equality between the blacks and the whites. There are more and more people in the North who propose to say, and who do say that the Negro is one kind of being and the white man is another.

Soon after the war Northern men of wealth gave a great deal of money to found institutions in the South and they scattered these institutions all over that portion of the country. They undoubtedly built a great many colleges that the colored men were not ready for, because they had come fresh from slavery, and they were not quite ready to learn Latin—perhaps they would be just as well off if they never learned it, and the white people too for that matter. A great many Northern philanthropists who had some feeling and sympathy for the Negro because the Negro was away from them, and had been stirred by such books as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," endowed these schools; but these Northern people are looking upon this question from a different standpoint to-day, and I want to show you why, and you will find it more and more as the years go by. It is not so much in the North that they object to the color of the skin, but there is coming a feeling in the North that every man who works is an inferior man to the man of property. I can remember the time as a boy in the country when the farmer, the man of the field, and the hired girl in the kitchen, when all of these people were social equals, but now the farmers and the men who own property are on a different footing. More and more we are dividing

into class and caste; every year you find the rich people uniting with each other. You find them crowding the poor into inferior positions. There is no genuine democracy in the North between the rich and the poor; there is no feeling of common brotherhood between the rich and the poor. The man who lives down here on Prairie Avenue or Michigan Avenue has a carriage and a driver, and the driver does not associate with the owner of the house. He has a butler and he scarcely knows his butler's name; his name may be John, and he knows him by that name only. His wife has nothing to do with the maid, or with the cook in the kitchen. Social equality has gone long ago, and the colored people of the North are filling these menial positions, and the whole social equality has entirely passed away. These rich people of the North believe that the working people are all right if they keep in their place, but they should keep in their place. They do not believe that they should be doctors and lawyers and politicians, but they should wait on tables, work in the stock-yards, be waiters in restaurants—keep in their place. They should not strike for higher wages, they should recognize the fact that the earth belongs to the rich and the poor should keep in their place. And more than that, there is coming to be a union of the North and the South. I do not know how closely you people have observed it, but the interest between the North and the South is very close. The Northern capitalists are beginning to take up all the industries of the South, they have mills in the South, and own shares of the railroads in the South, and as long as the Northern man has come to own the mills, the cotton plantations and the railroads of the South, he has come to look at all these questions just exactly as your former master looked at them, and when they telegraph the news of Negro lynchings up here to the Northern papers you find the Northern papers just as hostile as the Southern papers, and there is no difference to-day between the North and the South.

Some time ago I was talking with one of the large employers of labor in Chicago, and he said he liked the colored people, because they are so loyal, they are loyal to you, they will stick to you and they don't "strike." "Well," I said, "are you loyal to them?" Well, he answered, as loyal as he could be. I suggested to him that I had seen men like him, and read of other men like him, and that I had noticed when a body of miners left the mines and struck that they would send South and import a lot of Negroes, and when the strike was over would turn the Negroes loose and send them back again. But here was a man who really said he liked the colored man. Now, he did not. He liked their labor because they worked cheap and they did not have spunk enough to strike; he liked them because they had

been slaves and they were still; they still bore the attitude of slavery, and it would be very strange if a race should come up from what you people have come and not in a measure bear the stamp of slavery; it should not be expected that you should be otherwise—and here this man liked colored laborers because he could get them at his own price, and if they did not like the price they would take it anyhow and would not strike.

Now these are the sort of friends that you people have among the rich of the North. Now, let us see what can be done for all of this. It is comparatively easy to tell what is wrong; it is not so easy to say what you are going to do about it, and I am not at all sure of my position on these questions.

The path before the colored race is very long and very hard. The first thing to find out is what are you really going to do. I have felt very many times that Booker T. Washington was not on the right path, and I would not say this too positively because I know how devoted he is to the cause of the colored people, and I believe he is honest and sincere, but I want to tell you why I have felt many times that he is not on the right track, and in this I, too, may be wrong, and I may not fairly estimate Washington. This race question can never be finally settled excepting upon one principle, and that is, that all people are equal, that every human being on the earth, white and black and yellow, men and women, are entitled to the same rights, to perfect social equality, and perfect opportunity, the one with the other. It can never be finally settled upon any compromise whatever. Every man must recognize the right of his brother and his sister upon the earth upon equal terms with himself, and these people who believe, or profess to believe, in the Christian religion, and believe the Lord has made our souls all alike, show they do not believe it when they say that the Lord has made one set masters and the other slaves. This question may be settled in a hundred years, it may be settled in ten thousand years, but if it is not settled for a million years it will never be settled until every human being is the peer of every other human being, and until nobody will dream of asking the color of your skin, or where you were born, or what is your religion, but will simply ask what are you, and nothing else in the world.

I have no confidence in any plan for improving any class of people that does not teach man his own integrity and worth; you must make each man and each woman understand that they are the peer of any human being on the earth. You must respect yourselves or nobody will respect you. No black

man, no working man, nor red man, ever ought for one single moment to think of himself as being inferior to any human being who treads the earth, no matter who that is. He may be compelled to take an inferior position because he needs to live, and the strong may starve him if he does not, but he ought to carry within his own breast the consciousness that after all he is equal to any man who lives, and if he does not carry that feeling within his breast, then he is not the equal of any man that lives.

And the colored race should learn this: If the white race insults you on account of your inferior position that they also degrade themselves when they do it. Every time a superior person who has position invades the rights and liberties and the dignity of an inferior person, he degrades himself, he retards and debases his own manhood, when he does it. You may be obliged many times to submit to this, but it must always be with the mental reservation that you know you are their equal, or you know that you are their superior, and you suffer the indignity because you are compelled to suffer it, as your fathers were once compelled to do, but after all, your soul is free and you believe in yourself, you believe in your right to live and to be the equal of every human being on the earth.

Now, I know that many white men believe Mr. Washington is right, and he has gone through the North and through the South, and received a great deal of money on account of it, and I am not saying that his work is not good. I know that the colored people must be taught trades; I know that they must be taught farming; I know that they must be taught to make a living, and so far as that goes I agree with him, but I do not agree in saying that they should have nothing to do with politics. I do not believe in the position that is taken by many of his supporters that in this way the colored people can find a place in society. They can never do it by accepting a subordinate position to the whites; you can never settle this question upon that basis. If it is settled upon that basis you had better go back to slavery from whence you came, and be done with the struggle at once. It must be settled upon a different basis from that. Any education that does not teach the colored person his true dignity and his true worth as a man and as an individual, falls short of the mark. That must be taught first of all and insisted upon in season and out. Now, I know that you people tried your hand at government in the reconstruction days in the South. Sometimes you did not succeed much better than the white people have succeeded, and I suppose it would be expecting a very great deal to think that you could take the reins of government and manage the affairs of state well within a few years of the time of your liberation. We are not doing any too well ourselves, and

we have had a good deal of time to practice in. A man's right in a government does not depend upon his color, or his property, but upon the man, that is all, and he should have an equal right, whatever his color, or whatever his property, and every colored person ought to be free, they ought to have every advantage of citizenship that the white people have, and they ought to exercise it, too.

Now, I know that you have stirred up much antagonism in the South by exercising the right of suffrage. How could it be otherwise, because the South wants you to be slaves, they propose to keep you there, and it is perfectly natural that if you wish to be elected to Congress, or to be Governor, or take some of the positions which the white people occupy, that you will stir up antagonism in the South, and you will stir it up in the North just exactly the same, as soon as you take an independent position in the North, just as the working man is stirring it up to-day all over the United States.

There are some things that the colored people can do. Of course, the colored people as a race are poor; they have been slaves for long, weary years. They cannot do all that they ought to do and must do, but after all no people ever were given their liberty from their superiors; you must get it by your own worth, by your own perseverance and by your own work. Nobody will come to boost you up; it is only here and there that some person, out of a feeling of justice, will help you, but you must fight this battle out yourself, many of you must suffer, and many of you must die before the victory will be won. There are some things, however, that you can do, and these poor fellows who have been shot down through the South, and many in the North, have done their work well; they were bound to die, it could not be avoided.

The Negro race, of course, have come from bondage; they have been accustomed to look up to the white race; they have done it for so long that in a way they will keep doing it for some time to come.

They should be taught first of all independence, manhood, integrity. I do not mean to tell the truth. I mean they should be taught the integrity of their own soul, that they are individuals—it may be necessary to tell a lie to secure money. If you must tell them, do so; tell them when you have to do so to get along. You will not live very long if you do not tell them.

So far as you people have made your way in independent callings you have done it too much in a servile position. I know you have been obliged to in a way, but you want to get out of it just as fast as you possibly can.

The colored race have been in the habit of being waiters in restaurants, porters on Pullman cars, barbers, working in the

kitchen, running elevators, blacking shoes. Now; I know perfectly that you will reply, If we do not do these things, what will we do? I do not know, but I understand that you have worked along the lines of least resistance. The whites have given you a chance to make up beds on the Pullman cars, to be paid in tips; brushing a man's hat when it does not need it. I don't blame you, you can't help it; but, after all, it is a degrading position. You are simply trying to coax a quarter or a half dollar out of a victim. It is the same way in a restaurant, being as polite as you can to a man to see how big a tip you can get—a menial position, where you are depending upon charity, which is the next door to slavery; in fact, I think it is the other side. I would rather be a slave outright than to depend upon the charity of somebody who had more money than I. Being a barber is not very far removed from it. Now, you cannot all be lawyers, you know. I know too much about this question to suppose that you can all start a bank; you cannot do that; but you can do the best that is possible. It should be the effort of every colored person to make himself independent as far as he can; do not become anybody's slave any longer than you can; don't live on tips any more than possible, and if you live on tips get as many tips as you can get; brush out as many quarters as you can. Try to be independent. Get a little news stand, a grocery, be a lawyer, a doctor, or an expressman—if you only get an old blind horse that is poorer than you are, and a broken-down wagon, stand on the corner and run your own business; that is better than taking tips. Make your struggle to be independent, just as independent as you possibly can, because you must fight this out yourselves. These fellows are not going to help you, because it means dividing up their money. You people have done all the work and get nothing for it; now, if you go on and do the work and get the money, too, where are they? It is the same problem the working man is facing to-day, and your cause is the cause of the working man. You people make a mistake in your friends. The ones who will help you people to any lasting benefit are not the rich, they are the poor every time. They may not be able to give you as big tips—you people who have had to live on them—but, after all, the cause of the poor is a common cause all over the world, and when your case is won it will be by uniting your cause with the cause of the common laboring man all over the world; you cannot do it any other way. The rich have been using the working man, making him set you off by yourselves, and they have been using you to cut the working man's throats. The working men organize their trades' union for their own benefit, and then, when they have a disagreement, as for instance down at the stock-yards, they strike; then the employers

send off for a lot of you people to come and take the places of the working men, and that is where you do evil. Perhaps you cannot help it; you cannot always help many things that you do, I understand that; but, after all, you can only grow by the growth of the poor; you can only get your rights by joining in the common cause with all the weak, the poor and the oppressed, and help them get their rights. No weak man should ever try to get rich by trampling upon some person weaker than himself. They should unite with the weak.

I know the trades' unions have not treated you fairly, but they come much nearer it than any other class of men in the country. Now, trades' unions have refused to admit you, but you ought to knock at their doors; you ought to join with them wherever you can; you ought to make it clear to them that their cause is your cause, and that they cannot afford to fight you because they cannot rise unless they take you with them, and when they are willing to take you, you are willing to go and to help fight the common battle of the poor against the strong.

Now, there is another place where you people have all been wrong, and upon this I know pretty nearly all of you disagree with me. You have been stupid and blind in politics. Now, I am not going to advise you all to vote the Democratic ticket. I am going to put this to you so you can see my point, for what I say is true. What I say is not for political effect, for when I want to talk politics I say so. Of course you know my political views, and they are different from those of 99 out of every 100 of your race. You have been in the habit of voting the Republican ticket. Now, let me talk to you a little bit about this: I am not particularly interested in the Republican party; I am not interested especially in the Democratic. I am only interested in these fundamental questions that make for the betterment of the weak and the poor. I do not care about the rich; they can take care of themselves; they do not need me. I am interested in the other fellow. Now, I do not object to you people voting the Republican ticket when you think it best, but the ballot is your chief stock in trade, and you have no sense if you don't make the most you can out of it. I do not want to ask of you people that you should not vote conscientiously, for the best good of your country, for you are a part of it, and there is no person in the country who needs it any more than you—nobody is more helpless, and you can go out to-morrow and your vote will count just as much as mine.

The colored people of the United States absolutely have the control of New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Michigan, California, Nevada; in fact, most of the Eastern States and the Western States. You people have the absolute balance of power

in all of these middle Northern States. Now, what have you done with it? Why, you have voted like children; you have marched to the polls and voted solidly year after year for the Republican ticket. Why? Because thirty-five or forty years ago the Republican party did espouse your cause. Now I say that as a Democrat and as a man who has studied the history of his country. There was a reason why you first should have voted the Republican ticket, because they did more to help secure your liberty than the other party, but every political issue of thirty years ago has been settled. Now, it may be that the Republicans are right and the Democrats are wrong. I am not discussing that question, but there is no reason why every black man should vote the Republican ticket any more than that every Irishman should vote the Republican ticket, or every Dutchman should vote the Republican ticket, or any other race should vote the Republican ticket. Is there any reason why any body of men as a whole race should vote year after year as you have done? You know there is not, and you know this, if you think it over honestly and carefully, you know that the reason the black people of the United States have voted the Republican ticket is not because of the issues of to-day, but it is out of gratitude for what the Republican party has done for you in the past. Gratitude is an honorable virtue, but I think you have pretty nearly paid your debt; you ought to have a receipt in full and call the account square, and from this time you ought to say that you are going to vote for yourselves, that you are perfectly willing to vote the Republican ticket if the Republicans will do the most for you and for the country. Here is a great body of people who have the absolute balance of power, could put it anywhere they want it in any of the Northern States, and you throw it away, and they count your votes the day before election—they do not need to do anything for you, they know right where to find you.

My friends, it is not a question of getting very many people taken care of; that is not the object. It is a question of putting yourselves to the front, it is a question of being recognized. If you have a few members of the Legislature, if you have a few girls in the public schools, if you have a few policemen on the police force, and a few of your girls in public offices, they will begin to recognize you and begin to know you are living, and you will begin to get your rights. You ought to use every opportunity that you can, for let me tell you, you must fight this out yourselves. Help the colored lawyer and the colored doctor—give the colored doctor a chance, even if he does kill you. Give the colored lawyer a chance. Patronize your people all you can, build them up, do not fight each other; do not one get jealous of the other when you know they are doing a little better



than you are, as you sometimes do. When one is built up he builds up every other colored person. Of course, I know there are some people who are not building up in a substantial way, some are making money out of crap games, saloons and that sort of thing; they are getting a good deal of money, too.

Now, as fast as you can, get reading rooms, debating clubs, societies like this one, to call your young men away from the crap games and the saloons. Get them together and discuss these questions; let them learn some of the pleasures which come from the mind; and remember all the time you have got to help yourself to make the most of every opportunity, and some time, when I do not know, or how, or where, but some time, there will be perfect equality upon the earth.

C. S. Darrow.

## COUNT RUMFORD AND OUR UNEMPLOYED.

**D**ID you ever hear of Count Rumford? If not, it is time you did. Having heard much of such modern Americans as Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Mr. Rockefeller, and many others, who might be named in the same category—not forgetting Wm. Waldorf Astor—it was a relief to me to learn about the life and achievements of a much greater man, who was born one hundred and fifty years ago in North Woburn, Mass., and who left a trail of blessings behind him wherever he went.

I learned about this remarkable and noble man through a history of his life published by the "Social Service Press," of New York. As not one reader of the Review in five thousand is liable to see this history, I shall make an epitome of its contents for their benefit. Its author, G. Kendall, says :

"To restore hope to the hopeless and the despairing, gently to compel the vicious, the tramp, and the beggar into habits of industry and contentment—this was the immortal work which endeared Count Rumford to the people."

What greater work need a man do! Count Rumford's name was Benjamin Thompson. When he was nineteen years old he came into the possession of a large fortune.

Although born in America, he took sides with England, as did many of the foremost men in the Colonies, at that time.

We regret this, but when we learn what Count Rumford did for humanity, we can forgive him for not thinking just as our ancestors thought about the War of the Revolution.

After America became victorious in her struggle, he was her benefactor and friend.

He was knighted by George III. in his thirty-first year, and, attracting the attention of the Elector of Bavaria in Munich, he was requested to take up his residence there, and to introduce a new order of system, discipline, and economy among the troops of the Duke of Bavaria.

Before 1790 Munich swarmed with beggars.

The public—like the public in American cities to-day—considered the evil hopeless, and one which must be submitted to.

The historian says:

"These idle and dissolute vagabonds swarmed everywhere; not only their impudence and clamorous importunity were without bounds, but they had recourse to the most diabolical arts and crimes in the prosecution of their infamous traffic. Most of them had been used to living in the most miserable hovels, in the midst

of vermin and every kind of filthiness, or to sleep in the streets and under the hedges, half naked and exposed to all the inclemencies of the seasons. Not only were the greater number unacquainted with all kinds of work—having been bred up from infancy in the profession of begging—but they had the most insuperable aversion to honest labor, and had been so long familiarized with every crime that they had become perfectly callous to all sense of shame and remorse.”

A few years later and all this is completely changed. The streets formerly thronged and infested are exempt and purified of this “pestilential visitation.” In the intervening years the paupers and criminals had been gathered into the comfortable, well-appointed Work House which Count Rumford had prepared for their reception and reformation.

Count Rumford chose Jan. 1st, 1790, as a day to make the arrest of all the beggars in the country.

He was aided by regiments of cavalry, and by civil forces.

Each beggar was gently arrested (not clubbed by a policeman) and informed that begging was forbidden by law, and that all who needed aid would be given it.

Then the beggars were conducted to the town hall, where their names were inscribed, and a commission was provided to inquire into their immediate necessities. There were 60,000 citizens in Munich; and in that city alone 2,600 beggars were arrested.

At first, naturally, confusion prevailed; but Count Rumford's excellent system succeeded after a few days in getting them all numbered and in order, and the inspectors were enabled to proceed. Work was found for these unfortunate beings in various departments of what was called the Military Workhouse. Count Rumford, speaking of his experiment, says:

“The awkwardness of these poor creatures when first taken from the streets as beggars and put to work may easily be conceived; but the facility with which they acquired address in the various manufactures in which they were employed was very remarkable and much exceeded all expectation.

“But what was quite surprising and at the same time interesting in the highest degree was the apparent and rapid change which was produced in their manners, in their general behavior, and even in the very air of their countenances upon being a little accustomed to their new situation.

“The kind usage they met with and the comforts they enjoyed seemed to have softened their hearts and awakened in them sentiments as new and surprising to themselves as they were interesting to those about them.

“Strangers who go to this institution (and there are very few

who pass through Munich who do not take that trouble) cannot sufficiently express their surprise at the air of happiness and contentment which reigns throughout every part of this extensive establishment; and can hardly be persuaded that among those they see so cheerily engaged in that interesting scene of industry, by far the greater part were, five years ago, the most miserable and most worthless of beings—common beggars on the street."

To inspire them with a true spirit of persevering industry, in addition to the very generous price paid them for their labor, praise, distinctions and rewards were bestowed. Those who excelled were publicly praised and encouraged, brought forward and particularly named and shown as examples for others to copy.

As a crowning proof of the perfect success of this philanthropic enterprise, reference is made to the "flourishing state of the establishment; to its growing reputation, to its extensive connections, which reach even to foreign countries; to the punctuality with which all its engagements are fulfilled, to its unimpeached credit, and to its growing wealth."

Notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which it labored in its infant state, the net profit arising from it during the first six years of its existence amounted to above one hundred thousand florins, after the expenses of every kind, salaries, wages, repairs, etc., had been deducted; and, in consequence of the augmentation of the demand for clothing of the troops, the business increased so much that the amount of the orders received and executed in one year did not fall much short of half a million florins.

Count Rumford died in 1814, and his monument is at Auteuil, near Paris. I would sooner make a pilgrimage to it than to the tomb of Napoleon.

Why should we not have here in America a National Relief Department, under the management of the Government?

It is suggested by the compiler of the history from which I have quoted that this Relief Department should have within its gift, funds: To make canals, park and harbor improvements, city and village improvements, and even adornments if work falls short; to drain wet lands, to irrigate others, to perfect our vast unending system of roadways, to cultivate the large area of fertile land still unbroken, to plant eucalyptus and other health trees, etc., etc.

Why should we not have our Houses of Industry, as Munich has its military work house—a place where all beggars may become self-supporting citizens.

We are a century and a decade older than when Count Rumford tried his experiment.

We have had our George W. Childs and Stephen Girard, our Carnegie. But when will we have our Count Rumford, whose

brain conceived and whose purse aided in carrying out a greater work than all of these?

We do not need a free-handed bestower of charity. A man who throws food, rent, clothes, hospitals and libraries to the poor as bones are thrown to the dogs—we need an organizer of the masses, a focuser of undirected minds—a systemizer of the unsystematic. We need a leader who feels the love of mankind in his soul, and who regards the most wretched creature on God's earth as his brother—one to be encouraged, strengthened and stimulated to begin a new life, and given a chance to enter into his rightful kingdom of self-respecting manhood.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## The Co-operative Movement in Belgium.

### III.



HERE exist several classes of co-operative societies; the most numerous are:

1. Co-operatives of consumption: bakeries, groceries, establishments for the sale of clothing, shoes, coal, etc.
2. Co-operatives of production, employing labor.
3. Co-operatives for farmers, creameries, distilleries, societies for the purchase of seed, fertilizers and merchandise, and for the sale of products of the farm.
4. Co-operatives of loan and savings.

We shall describe the construction and working of each of these kinds of societies.

#### **Co-operatives of Consumption.**

In the large cities, as we have said, a start was made by the establishment of bakeries.

This is the way it was done at Brussels.

A group of workmen of all trades met and decided to establish a co-operative society for the operation of a bakery. Each member agreed to contribute the sum of 10 francs in weekly payments of 25 or 50 centimes.

At the end of some months there were about eighty members and the treasury contained 700 francs.

These eighty families required for the consumption of their families about 120 loaves of bread a day.

They rented a cellar containing a baker's oven at a rental of 35 francs a month. They bought a mixing-trough, a cart and a dog, other utensils and tools, and wood for heating the oven. A flour merchant sold them fifteen sacks of flour for cash and thereafter agreed to allow them credit, receiving his pay every fortnight for the flour that had been consumed. A baker was engaged. In the morning he baked his bread and in the afternoon he carried it to the houses of the members. It was not an easy thing, for there were members in all quarters of the city and the suburbs.

The society was directed by a committee of nine members, of whom one was secretary and one was treasurer. They all served gratuitously.

On Sunday mornings, from 10 o'clock to noon, two or three members met in a tavern not far from the location of the bakery. There the members came with their pass-books to buy bread

checks; the one who required ten loaves for his household paid in advance the price of ten loaves and received in exchange ten metal checks, each representing a loaf. The amount of the checks was inscribed in the pass-book of the member.

Every day, when the baker presented himself at the home of the member, the latter, in exchange for the loaves which he desired, had to deliver to the messenger one or more checks. In the evening, when his circuit was finished, the man who delivered the bread had to return the unsold loaves and the checks coming from the loaves placed with his customers, and every week the same game began again. Every six months a balance was struck. They ascertained what profit was realized, and after they deducted from this profit the charges for sinking fund and interest and the portion reserved for propaganda, they divided the rest according to the number of loaves consumed during the half year, and each member received the portion which was coming to him, according to the number of loaves bought by him, which was inscribed in his pass-book at the same time as in the books of the co-operative.

Surely nothing could be simpler.

The profit per loaf, especially at the beginning, was quite considerable, for the bakers made an average profit of 8 to 12 centimes a loaf.\*

This was a fine saving for a working-class family. The women talked about it to their neighbors, and thus, little by little, the number of members increased from 80 to 250. At the end of four years there were 400 in the association, and they had to rent a larger place and set up improved ovens and a kneading machine.

In 1886 the co-operative rented a large building at an annual rental of \$1,000. It put it at the disposal of the labor and socialist organizations of Brussels.

Less than ten years later the Socialist building was too small, and the *Maison du Peuple* Co-operative decided on the construction of a new building, which cost \$240,000.

To-day this Co-operative enrolls 18,000 members, who are heads of families, which, at the ratio of five persons to a family, makes about 90,000 consumers. In 1885, after operating for four years, the Brussels Co-operatives produced 100,000 loaves of bread a year. Last year the output was over 12,000,000.

In proportion as the number of members increased, the *Maison du Peuple* improved its organization.

For an average weekly assessment of one cent, each co-operator (the head of a family) became entitled to seven loaves of

(\*This means about 2 cents profit on a loaf weighing 2 1-5 pounds. Chicago bakers make a larger profit than this on a pound loaf.—Translator.)

bread a week and to the services of a doctor and the necessary medicines through the whole course of any sickness. To-day, in order to enjoy the same advantages it is no longer necessary to pay an assessment. These expenditures make a part of the general expenses of the society. Its medical service includes twelve doctors, fifteen pharmacists, several dentists, an oculist, etc. This medical-pharmaceutical service involves an expenditure of more than \$10,000 a year.

To serve their customers, who are scattered over the whole territory of Brussels, the Co-operative employs a great number of bread carriers. It has moreover established sub-stations in the different districts of the city and suburbs. There are about twenty of these to-day.

Each of these substations has a manager who sells bread checks to the members and supplies them with other food products. These sub-stations supply groceries, canned goods, house-furnishings, wine, etc.

Moreover, the Maison du Peuple undertakes the sale of coal; it has also established in the country at Herfelingen a co-operative dairy and distributes every day milk and butter to those of its members who desire it.

Moreover, the Maison du Peuple has a meat market and attached to its central establishment an immense and beautiful bazar of dry goods, shoes, etc.

From the moral and intellectual point of view it is well worth while to study what has been accomplished by the Maison du Peuple. Apart from the admirable building and veritable people's palace which is put at the disposal of its members and the workingmen's associations, we should also mention its library the dramatic representations which it organizes, the resources which it supplies to the Parti Ouvrier for the publication of newspapers, election expenses, etc.

What we have said of the Socialist Co-operative of Brussels may also be said of the other great associations of the same kind, the Vooruit of Ghent, the Werker of Anvers, the Progress of Jolimont, the Populaire of Liege, etc. At Ghent even more has been done. The Vooruit grants to its members, after twenty years, if they have the requisite age, a pension which varies according to the amounts of the purchases made by its members.

In the large cities and the more important industrial villages, it is the bakery which is the principal enterprise operated. Elsewhere, in the smaller towns, the Co-operative store sells all sorts of goods, groceries, clothing, shoes, tools, flour, house furnishings. These Co-operatives, especially in the villages of the Walloon country, half agricultural, half industrial, are veritable bazars, where one can procure anything desired.



These Co-operatives show an annual balance sheet which varies from 150 to 300,000 francs. The profit which they distribute can be estimated at from 12 to 20 per cent of the amount of the purchases.

The most perfect type of the smaller Co-operatives, which will serve as an example of this class, is the Co-operative called *La Fraternelle*, at Jupille, near Liege.

This Co-operative was founded only three years ago. The capital which its founders had at their disposal amounted to not quite \$35.00. Its beginnings were far from easy, and the difficulties to overcome were many. At the end of the first year the young Co-operative numbered 117 members, its capital amounted to \$585.00, its business for the year to \$2,868.20, and the profit realized was \$250.00. At the end of the year 1899 *La Fraternelle* numbered 227 members, with a capital of \$2,270.00, and an annual business of \$17,397.20. The profit realized amounted to \$1,727.80, and was about 10 per cent of the amount of the sales. The members of the young Co-operative, with its modest resources, have at least launched their commercial bark very successfully. But what is most noteworthy is the moral and social propaganda which they have accomplished.

Judge of this by these few details:

An active propaganda against alcohol was carried on from the start, and as a sequel to this propaganda an anti-alcoholic circle has been organized. The first practical measure taken by this institution was the suppression of the sale of liquors on the premises of the Co-operative. But the action of the circle did not stop there. Through its propaganda it succeeded not only in checking the consumption of alcohol but also in reducing the excessive use of other drinks. The consequence has been that, although the socialist store has more customers than formerly, the consumption of beer has rather diminished.

In 1898 the Fraternity decided to limit to 10 per cent the profit to be distributed on groceries, and to 5 per cent that on flour; the rest to be devoted to other enterprises.

In January, 1899, the surplus thus obtained amounted to 408 francs, and it was devoted to the establishment of a sick benefit fund. According to the regulations, every co-operator suffering from sickness, or accident, has a right, after two weeks of inability to work, to receive gratuitously one-half of the weekly amount of goods which he had been previously purchasing.

On the 30th of last June this fund had received 1,278 francs and had expended 244 francs; its present reserve is in excess of 1,000 francs.

A dramatic circle was organized last year. This circle has already conducted three concerts and taken part in a festival.

In the month of November, 1899, a study circle was established among the members of the Fraternity. This circle included fourteen members at the start and twenty-five to-day, three of whom are women. They are almost all manual laborers, and have been doing good work in primary studies. Three of these members are less than 20 years of age, nine from 20 to 30, and fifteen more than 30.

The members of the study circle pay monthly dues of 5 cents; the object of the circle is to elevate the moral and intellectual level of its members, to assist them in the study of socialism and of all questions which relate to it directly or indirectly.

The method employed is for each member, in turn, to study an assigned subject upon which he is to give a conversation, which is always followed by discussion.

Since its establishment, the circle, which meets every Tuesday evening from 8 to 10, has held twenty-eight sessions with an average of fifteen or sixteen in attendance.

One session was devoted to the study of the public services of De Paepe; ten sessions to the study of socialism, following Schaeffle's "Quintessence of Socialism;" nine sessions to discussions relative to organization, to readings, etc.

Conversations have also been given on the principal laws of physics, on electricity, workingmen's dwellings, trade unions and education.

Last May the Co-operative decided to establish a library, the administration of which was entrusted to the study circle. This library is open every Sunday from 10 a. m. to noon. It is free and accessible to all members of the Parti Ouvrier. It includes to-day 1,206 volumes, 487 of which are good literature, poetry and philology; 202 treat of the sciences, art and the trades; 189 of history, 108 of social economics and politics, 95 of philosophy, etc. The library moreover subscribes to a certain number of newspapers and reviews.

We are certainly safe in saying that the examples given by the co-operators of Joupille deserve attention and the services which its members have rendered should be recognized.

Joupille is a place of only 5,500 people. A few devoted men have been enough to make a success of the Co-operative and of the work of intellectual emancipation which goes with it.

#### **Co-operatives of Production.**

This class of Co-operatives has not been particularly prosperous. Many attempts have been made and with a few rare exceptions they have not ended in favorable results.

At Brussels there exists a certain number of Co-operatives of production, house painters, florists, machinery assemblers,

trimming-makers, shoemakers, confectioners, mill-wrights, carriage painters, etc.

At Ghent we find Co-operatives among masons, millers, cigarmakers, etc.

At Liege and Huy there are co-operative printers.

Most of these societies were established in consequence of a strike and to give employment to the victims. They were started with insignificant capital. Generally, the shares are of 10 to 25 francs each, payable in monthly assessments.

The society is administered by a council of five members or more, and its social activities are controlled by three Commissioners.

The profits realized are shared as follows: 40 per cent for reserve and sinking fund; 30 per cent for the treasury of the union; 25 per cent for the contingent fund, and 5 per cent for the employes.

That is the distribution reported by the Co-operatives of the millwrights of Brussels.

Several of these societies of production were founded by trade unions which possessed an out-of-work benefit fund. The members who were without employment were entitled to a daily indemnity. Certain unions, on account of the great number of those out of work, saw their resources thus being dissipated. They then conceived the idea of setting their idle members at work, which appeared practical, but several attempts of this kind failed.

The Co-operative of the painters' union of Brussels was founded with a capital of 730 francs and a borrowed capital of 3,700 francs. The first year it realized a profit of 5,497 francs. From a report made to the General Assembly by the board of directors we take the following passage: "The amount of the contracts has been 24,612.98 francs, for which the material used amounted to 4,769.79, and the wages paid amounted to 10,993.85. The greater part of these wages were paid during the winter season, which gave a double advantage to the laborers. First, an immediate advantage in that they avoided being out of work; second, to their union, which was not obliged to pay out money from its reserve fund. The employes have generally performed their duties well. We are glad to note the good spirit which has prevailed in the society and the pleasant relations existing between the workers and the managers. We return thanks to the laborers for the spirit of solidarity existing among them. They have done their duty nobly in the work of propaganda and the relief of the sick. This is indeed an admirable example for the whole working class in that these workers are uniting their ef-

forts to assist their companions in labor. We call upon all workmen to follow this example.

"The goods employed in the execution of our contracts cost, after allowing for those on hand Dec. 31, '98, 4,131.34 francs.

The net amount received for the contracts completed	
was .....	23,190.05
The labor and materials cost.....	15,125.09
General expenses, including salary of manager.....	2,567.90

The balance remaining is.....5,497.36

This is the net profit to be distributed according to the regulations.

"The following distribution was made by the directors and is submitted for your approbation: 1,099.52 for reserve and sinking fund; 3,848.11 francs for education and propaganda fund; 549.73 francs to the employes, or two centimes per hour of labor.

"We need not deny that we should be very glad to be compelled for the current year to increase the figures of this distribution. It will become necessary if you continue to work with your present energy. It will thus be seen that our establishment is alive and may render immense services to the working class, particularly the allied unions. If you wish it to increase its work and at the same time afford such clear advantages to our members you will need to be always active.

"The success of our work depends in great part on the choice of your managers, for the strength of a society is determined by that of the members which direct it. It is thus of the highest importance to choose them with great care.

"People are not born managers, but they may be born with the feeling that a true co-operator should have. Every good co-operator who practices solidarity should be disposed to sacrifice a little of his own well-being for the greater advantage of his comrades. Members who desire to work for our Co-operative should not regard co-operative workshops as many people regard their employer, that is to say, as some one who is entitled to no fidelity if supervision is relaxed for a moment."

Other Co-operatives of production have not had so good a chance as that of the painters, and there are some which, after struggling ten years, are ready to collapse.

Our friend Victor Serwy made inquiry regarding the Co-operatives of production in Brussels. The results of this inquiry were published in my review, "Les Co-operateurs Belges," under the form of monographs. We can do no better than to cite the conclusions of this very interesting study with the conclusions of which we agree. Should we not, Comrade Serwy asks, spread

and encourage the institution of Co-operative societies of production? Yes, we reply without hesitating, because it constitutes a superior form of organized labor, and because it may give manifest advantages to certain laborers.

Yes, it should be encouraged, but on condition that the following rules be observed:

1. Select the industry judiciously, taking account of its capitalist development. In general the co-operative of production is possible only in an industry of small or modest extent.

Before establishing a co-operative of production it is important to take account of the financial situation and the technical condition of the competing establishments.

2. Secure the necessary capital before beginning.

3. Have care in the enlistment of the employes. Select laborers among those most devoted and most capable of understanding the necessity of discipline.

4. Make sure of the co-operation of a good management (superintendent, clerks and salesmen).

5. Pay good wages, good salaries. Interest the workingmen in the good management of their affairs, especially at the beginning.

6. Keep in touch with the labor unions.

#### **Agricultural Co-operatives.**

The agricultural Co-operatives most in vogue are dairies and societies for purchase and sale.

The first co-operative dairy was established in 1889. It is, however, only since 1895 that this movement has taken on a rapid growth.

In general this is the mode of procedure. The average capital is 2,000 to 2,500 francs. It is divided into shares of 25 francs each, drawing an annual interest of one franc each.

Each member subscribes for a number of shares equal to the number of cows which he owns. He agrees, moreover, to furnish to the society in its pure state all the milk coming from his cows under conditions and regulations determined by the committee.

For the liquidation of the capital a deduction is made of one centime on every kilogramme of milk furnished by each member to the co-operative dairy. (This is equivalent to a little less than 1-5 of a cent a quart.) When these deductions amount to 25 francs, that is to say, when a farmer has furnished 2,500 kilogrammes of milk, he has fully paid up one share of 25 francs.

The milk is carried to the dairy twice a day. This milk is weighed and the weight entered on the records as well as on the pass-book which the one delivering the milk presents to the clerk. The richness of the milk is then tested by means of a special instrument and the milk is poured into a separator. The cream is

used to make butter; the by-products, skim milk and buttermilk, are returned to the member. As for the butter, it is sold under the direction of the society.

The kilogramme of milk which formerly brought the farmer only eight or nine centimes, brings him to-day almost twice as much;\* this means that the advantage of the co-operative dairies is enormous, and that their establishment has rendered undeniable service to the country populations. Thus, the co-operative dairies are counted to-day by hundreds, and new ones are established every week.

Moreover, in certain parts of our country, as for example in Luxembourg, so many of these have been founded that they begin to have trouble in marketing their products at a remunerative price. Accordingly these dairies have federated themselves so as to have a better understanding on the subject of the sale of butter, and thus put an end to the competition between them which has existed. Again, a corporation has been started for the special purpose of opening new dairies, the products of which it centralizes and sells on the markets of great cities and even in foreign countries. The societies for purchase and sale are also widely scattered. They undertake the purchase at wholesale of seeds, machinery, food for cattle, and groceries. A certain number of these societies also undertake the sale of farm products.

For some time also certain farmers have joined in a union under a co-operative form, for the purpose of defending their business interests and buying from the manufacturers farm machinery which they then lease to their members and the public.

Farmers are complaining more than ever of the lack of help or the necessity of paying too high wages. This is specially due to the facility which the country workers have of traveling at greatly reduced rates on the railroad. There are at present nearly 100,000 workmen who go from their village to the city, purchasing commutation tickets on the railroad. They leave their home in the morning and return in the evening. They thus make six trips each way during the week and pay less than an ordinary traveler pays for a single trip.

The consequence of this is that the country people prefer to go into the cities or the industrial centers to earn good wages rather than to work in their village at the rate of 20 cents a day. Thus the lack of help makes itself felt, with a resulting increase in the wages of farm hands, which it must be confessed is often illusory. Wherever large-scale farming exists the farmers use machinery, but this is as yet the exception. Belgium is decidedly a country of small farms. In view of all this, labor is lacking

\*In other words the Belgian farmer, under co-operation, gets 3 cents a quart for his milk.

and the small farmers have not the means to buy machinery. It is to remedy this individual weakness that co-operative societies are being formed with the object of buying agricultural machinery in common.

Another sort of co-operation widely scattered in the country is the co-operatives of loan and savings, after the Raiffeisen system for the most part. There are existing at present more than 300 of these. They are intended to unite the savings of their members and to make them productive. Moreover, they have the right to borrow money from the State Savings Bank to be loaned to their members.

These societies are all organized on the same plan. There is a minimum of seven members who each subscribe for one share of three francs, from which it will be seen that the social capital of these loan and savings societies amounts to 21 francs. The members mutually guarantee each other, and on this guaranty the State Savings Bank makes advances to them.

We now come to the co-operative breweries and distilleries.

A law of 1896 favored the establishment of agricultural distilleries. It is well known that formerly there existed in Belgium hundreds of distilleries in our country towns which, through their by-products afforded food for many head of cattle. But the distillery has become more and more capitalistic and to-day a few dozen great distilleries easily produce the enormous quantity of alcohol necessary for consumption.

The clerical government has wished to favor the establishment of new distilleries in the country districts, under the co-operative form. To permit them to exist by the side of the capitalist distilleries, the rural ones enjoy a reduction in duty to the amount of 15 centimes per litre (about 12 cents a gallon).

Immediately many co-operative distilleries sprang up, most of them in the hands of speculators, who produced alcohol in quantities with the reduction of duty, caused the ruin of the industrial distilleries and cost the State very dearly.

This law of 1896 has already been modified, but the problem has not yet been solved. The government, which wished to favor the farmers and facilitate the raising of cattle, missed its calculation, and the result of the law has been merely to permit a small number of shrewd speculators to make a profit of several hundred thousand francs at the expense of the public treasury.

Finally, to complete our showing of the various kinds of agricultural co-operatives, we must also mention the societies for insurance against loss of cattle, against fire, etc. These societies are more than 600 in number, with 60,000 members and insure 150,000 head of cattle. It is well known that the Belgian government allows indemnity to farmers whose cattle have to be

killed on account of disease. It is through the insurance societies that the government pays these indemnities, which amount to several hundred thousand francs each year.

Up to this time, as we have said, the agricultural Co-operative was managed by the Catholics, with the assistance of the priests. But as the Socialists began to venture into the purely agricultural centers and that, in spite of unheard of difficulties, they began also to start Co-operatives in the interest of the country people. Some of these are already founded in certain villages of Luxembourg and of the Walloon portion of Brabant.

On Dec. 20, 1900, the *Moniteur* published the by-laws of a Co-operative society *Les Campagnards* Socialists located at Grandleez in the province of Namur.

The object of this society is to arrange for the purchase and the sale of whatever is produced, consumed or used by its members. It is organized under the supervision of the *Parti Ouvrier* of Belgium and is affiliated with the co-operative federation.

As soon as it numbers ten members in a commune it establishes a section there. Its capital is fixed at the minimum of 2,000 francs, divided into shares of 10 francs each. The members are responsible only for the amount of the shares subscribed and not for the obligations of each other. The society is managed by a board of directors composed of not less than three members elected for two years. Moreover, each local section has the right to nominate a member to take part in the council of administration. A committee of supervision composed of three members has for its duty to control the operations of the society. The profit is distributed every year, and is divided as follows:

A. 10 per cent is put into the reserve.

B. Enough is then taken to pay an annual interest of three francs on each share.

C. 10 per cent is devoted to propaganda.

The rest will be divided among the members proportioned to the purchases made by each of them, and at a ratio determined by the general assembly of the members.

We must pause here in the description of the mechanism and the operation of these various kinds of co-operative societies, as space fails us to analyze more in detail the special nature and functions of each branch of the co-operative tree.

Louis Bertrand.

Socialist Deputy from Brussels.

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr.)

(To be continued.)



## OPPORTUNISM IN PRACTICE.

### 1. Opportunism and Social Development.

**T**HERE is now no longer any doubt that we have a full fledged opportunism in Germany. There was a time not so long ago—the youngest in the party can still remember it—when the German Social Democracy was considered immune against opportunism. At that time, all that was necessary to kill any political measure in the party was to point out its opportunist character. For it was considered an axiom that the party should not, and could not, be opportunist. Any one who two or three years ago dared to charge any prominent party member with opportunism was denounced as a calamity howler and was liable to be kicked out of the party as a rowdy for “personal abuse.”

But now neither the term opportunism nor its meaning are shunned. Political fops—we have some even in our party—boast of their opportunism and flaunt it in everybody's face; while revolutionary tactics appear as old-fashioned and provincial to the eyes of these politicians of the latest make-up as the long coats and overgrown “stovepipes” of 1848. In short, the opportunist has arrived and enjoys life. And the fact of his existence serves him as his stock argument in defending his right to existence and his political value. He declares: “Haven't I been repeatedly repudiated, beaten in debate, and otherwise annihilated? Has not all the world been frequently convinced that I should never recover, after having my sterility of mind, my ignorance, and my falsification of quotations so mercilessly and so justly exposed? Nevertheless I always return, and I grow daily more insolent. Is not that sufficient proof that I am the necessary and natural product of historic development? What is the matter with your conception of social evolution?”

The development of the social democracy cannot be detached from the general political development of the capitalistic world. The revolutionary activity of the proletariat is not equivalent to its revolutionary perception. And a man's grasp of social phenomena is not due simply to revolutionary propaganda. The diligence of our propaganda and the clear perception of our aims are far from being the only factors that produce a revolutionary effect. The great interrelations of the world market that determine the pace of industrial development; the periodical change of prosperity and crisis; the stagnation of the population in the rural districts or the crowding of country people into the cities; emigration, development of capitalist colonies, rise of new industrial

countries, and the decay of old forms of production; the formation of new world powers and the weakening or downfall of old ones; war and peace, the struggle between nations, the fight for political democracy, the reactionary tendencies of governments, the conflicting interests of the bourgeois parties themselves, the fight between church and state; all these are exerting a momentous influence on the revolutionary activity of the proletariat. In the proletarian struggle for emancipation as well as in the economic and political development of capitalism, there are periods of intensified pressure and of lagging advance; there are times of enthusiastic onslaught and push when the working class surprises the world by its resolute, courageous attitude and its daring plans; there are times of depression, when that class is irresolute and diffident, apparently wasting its world-stirring strength in trifles.

The great historical storms of the revolution in 1848 were followed by a strong depression. This was relieved in the sixties by a new upward movement that found its expression in the International, the Commune, and the grand political organizations of the German laborers. A renewed relapse took place after the events of 1870-71, naturally lasting longest in France, and then came another start ahead. This last period is marked by the alignment of the proletariat in great parliamentary parties. Especially in Germany we witness this tendency. Through the rapid development into a great capitalist state, masses of factory workers were gathered together and whole branches of industry were revolutionized, such as tailoring by the merchant tailors, shoemaking by the shoe factories. The growth of the great cities created the modern building trades, quite different from the bricklayers and joiners of the small towns. A new political and ethical life began to stir, and the Socialists infused it with a ready organization and a clear-cut program. Meantime the bourgeoisie that had no other record to show but the political traditions of half-heartedness, weakness, cowardice, and treason, groveled at the feet of Bismarck, while this janitor of the house of Hohenzollern flung to them as the gracious gift of the King of Prussia that German unity, to which they were incapable of attaining themselves. The iron chancellor himself became entangled in a quarrel with the Catholic clergy which, in spite of its brutality, was as silly an undertaking as it was irresolute. And by the help of the laws of exception he hammered class consciousness and solidarity into the vigorously growing young social democracy. A similar evolution took place in France, Austria, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Spain.

This new period of advance in the revolutionary fight temporarily reached its climax in 1889 at Paris. The organizations

have indeed grown tremendously since then, but the energy of revolutionary initiative displayed at the first international Socialist congress, the convocation of which was in itself a great achievement, has not been equalled since. The movement kept up to the high water mark for some years, and then we entered on the dull stage in which we now find ourselves. The growth of the organizations still continues, but the surface of the great historical current no longer shows the former uniformity. We see side and counter currents gliding along in thin bands, and we also find oil on the waves. These phenomena may be explained by many negative and positive reasons.

The primary purpose of parliamentary combination was agitation. But parliamentarianism could not forever remain a mere means of propaganda. The growth of the party's political influence created a desire to aim at practical results. When the Socialist party was small and weak, it blamed the class character of the state for many shortcomings that were really the result of its own feebleness. But when the strengthened party now succeeds in gradually gaining many a parliamentary victory, then the brain of the parliamentarian is apt to regard it in the light of a contradiction to the principle of fighting the capitalist state. At the same time the political activity of the social democracy becomes more varied, many-sided, and goes into many details. The petty work of politics is not only unavoidable, it is also eminently revolutionary; but many a man who concentrates his mind on detail work, loses sight of the great outlines. Besides, it is not to be expected that a great historical movement like the proletarian that is on the eve of touching with its numerous political phenomena the entire public life, should clearly show its fundamental character in every detail. The more powerful the revolutionary movement grows, the more scope is given for deviations and irregularities in details. It becomes more difficult to recognize the fundamental character of the movement in those details, and we must pay all the more heed to the general relations of things. In short, parliamentarianism offers to Socialists many practical problems that are apt to lead them away from the policy of fighting the capitalist state on principle. An outside observer is still more easily misled by them.

On the other hand, the exceedingly painful process of revolutionizing the trades, that brought many despairing individuals into the ranks of the Socialist party, may now be considered as being practically completed in Western Europe. The ruined craftsman finds a certain satisfaction and a moral hold in a general critique of capitalist conditions. But this does not satisfy the industrial laborer. He wants to get rid of his misery first of all. He wants great revolutionary changes if possible, but he also ac-

cepts small ones if there is no help for it. Without stopping to discuss the solution of this problem, I only wish to state that this creates another desire for a "positive" action. The policy of the state against the Socialist party has also changed considerably. It is safe to assume that, generally speaking, the period of political disfranchisement and muzzling of the proletariat is past. I do not mean to convey the idea that the capitalist state has entirely renounced the use of force against the Socialist party; but it is true, the state has realized that petty police measures are futile. After the many defeats received at the hands of the Socialists, the state is now bent on establishing a parliamentary truce with Socialism. This is the case not alone in France, where a ministry of "social peace" has actually been established, but also in Germany, in Austria, and, lately, in Italy. These tactics are favored by the circumstance that the colonial policy and the foreign relations have of late assumed an unequalled importance for capitalist states. This draws the attention of the governments away from the interior policy. The desire for internal peace awakes, because it is necessary to have the hands free for war outside. This relaxation of the political reaction also has a soothing effect. The illusions produced in the brains are all the more luxuriant, the better the soil was previously manured by social reform. The industrial prosperity of the last years has contributed its share to foster these illusions.

Of course all these factors cannot change the revolutionary character of the proletarian class struggle, but they fully suffice to create in the brains of some parliamentarians, lawyers and journalists the peculiar hash of ideas characteristic of opportunism. The hollow heads of bourgeois newspaper scribes form the sounding board necessary to give publicity to this sort of thing.

But already we can plainly observe the indications of an evolution that must lead to a new revolutionary concentration of the proletariat. The balance of commercial supremacy on the capitalist world market is preparing to shift. All the world perceives that the industrial power of England is threatened. That cannot remain without influence on the policy of the English laboring class. The industrial liberalism of England has passed through a magnificent development since the repeal of the corn laws, and it even succeeded in tying the laborers to its triumphal chariot. But the golden time of England's commercial supremacy is past. English capital is being hard pressed in the home market and the colonial market. The development of the export

and the industries has long ceased to keep pace with the capitalist development of other countries. What is to be done? "What will be the consequence, when the influx of continental and especially of American products will grow in an ever-increasing ratio, when the present lion's share of English factories in supplying the world will shrink from year to year? Answer, free trade, you panacea!" This question, posed by Frederick Engels in 1885, is now being answered by streams of blood: "Imperialism!" English imperialism is the last desperate step of English capital endeavoring to maintain for a little while longer its commercial supremacy on the sea. It is beyond doubt that this attempt has failed. Whatever may be the formal end of the South African war, it will not create the coveted basis for the formation of a British world empire; it rather marks the beginning of a retrogressive era of English world power. Either immediately or after a short whirl of sham prosperity, this war will be followed by an appalling economic and political insolvency.

Before everybody's eyes, *tarism* is meantime drawing an iron semicircle, reaching from Peking to the Persian Gulf and possessing numerous fortified points, around the English sphere of influence in Asia. Meantime, also, the German and American export trade presses hard on the English industry in the world market. Since Engels wrote those words, English liberalism—the political representative of industrial capital—has continually grown weaker. It has split into factions and continues to split. It does not dare to assume the full responsibility for the policy of the government, nor to oppose it on principle. Thus English liberalism shares the fate of all bourgeois liberalism: political dissolution. That frees the English laborers and must force them to form a political party of their own. The farther the British state will be compelled to proceed on the road of militarism, and the more critical the situation becomes in the world's market, the more will the prospects of the English Socialists brighten. Every year brings England closer to the question: "Either the nation goes to pieces or the capitalist production." (Engels.)

The industrials of the continent rejoice over the imminent downfall of England, for they hope to divide the English inheritance among themselves. Especially the German capitalist considers himself the predestined successor of England in trade supremacy. Futile speculation! The dispute is much more general than between two nations. The competition between whole continents is involved. The industrial future belongs to America and Russia. These countries have the advantage over old Europe through their geographical position, their immense extension, the colossal scale on which the industries develop from

the very beginning, and their political unity. Their competition threatens Germany and France as well as England. In vain does Germany throw the weight of its war forces into the scale; it cannot thereby reduce the distances of the world market, nor increase the industrial potencies of Europe. German imperialism has so far done very good work for Socialism. And it will continue to do so, if we can only keep opportunism out of the policy of the party.

Aside from economic conflicts Europe, cursed with historical traditions and politically divided, will also have to undergo political conflicts. There are historical moments when evolution in the various fields has matured to the point of a crisis and everything tends toward a grand revolution. For instance, during the revolutionary struggles of 1848, we had the identification of the idea of liberty with the conception of a united Germany, a united Italy and an independent Hungary. At present we also are in a period of general restlessness. The Eastern question demands settlement, the quarrel of the Austrian nationalities has paralyzed the machinery of state. Unless one is absolutely convinced that the Austrian state will last forever, one cannot ignore the evil signs of disintegration to be witnessed during the last years. The political system of Europe, which breaks up the nationalities in one place and bunches them together in another, has again come into conflict with the tendency of history to form great national bodies. The whole system of small states in Western Europe becomes more and more an obstacle in the way of the capitalistic development of the immense economic organizations of America and Russia. The capitalistic world market demands with ever greater insistence the formation of a united Europe. But a united Europe can only be a republic. And while this is going on in Western Europe, the land of tsarism shows every day more plainly how incapable it is of mastering the forces set loose by capitalist development. The young proletariat lifts its daring head and draws closer and closer around the throne of the autocrat, in spite of knout and Siberia.

We see, it is not necessary to think of a social revolution in order to hold that the political development of Europe will not run smoothly and peacefully. And I also believe that many a man who gradually and gently transforms capitalism into socialism—on paper—will stop short before the task of minor historical importance involved in painlessly merging into one the houses of Hapsburg, Savoy, and a score of other political firms of the grace of God. But whether the political evolution of Europe proceeds more or less stormily, its influence on the concentration of the revolutionary proletariat is proven beyond doubt by all the experiences of the past century. This concentration

will proceed all the more easily, as the incessant progress of the political consolidation of the proletariat has created organizations of such grand dimensions, that they are unique in the political history of Europe and have never been equalled by any attempts of the proletariat at organization. At the same time a more rapid process of expropriation is lately taking place in industry, throwing aside the capitalist middle class and creating immense combinations, giant pools, that concentrate the class struggle of the laborers in the same measure in which they concentrate production. The question of property is thereby reduced to the simple problem: monopoly of a capitalist combination or collectivism? And under the pressure of electro-technical development, a fundamental revolution of the entire productive activity is also taking place.

Capitalist development is proceeding much more rapidly than the evolution of so-called "public opinion." It is always considerably ahead of the ideas that dominate in the press and the parliament. Hardly have the bourgeois idea mongers had time to prepare their little doctrines and wishing slips for a quiet, slow, and easy capitalist development, when it suddenly bursts forth impetuously, rushes on madly, and behaves in general as if it were specially bent on hoodwinking its friends. The influence of this always belated public opinion of the bourgeois reaches even to the ranks of the Socialists. Were we to judge of the political character of the proletarian class struggle by the opinions uttered daily in the ranks of the labor parties, then we should often have good reasons for discouragement. But the revolutionary character of the labor movement is founded on facts, not on the vacillating opinions of this or that man who may temporarily distort himself as the mouthpiece of the party. There are always certain unlucky birds in the party whom the revolutionary perception approaches mostly from the outside, in the shape of literary or political drubbings. If we view evolution from this point, we must admit that the German Social Democracy brought forth a good deal of revolutionary perception during the last years. For whenever opportunistic tendencies showed themselves, the revolutionary perception always and everywhere followed close behind. Opportunism was tracked by revolutionary perception step by step, and often pulled out of its darkest hiding place. The historical method bequeathed by Marx and Engels affords the possibility of recognizing the sources and consequences of errors and political mistakes made by the proletariat. Thus we prevent disappointment, assist in removing disarrangements, and endeavor to preserve the accumulated revolutionary energy from wasting, until a new revolu-

tionary concentration of the proletariat takes place under the pressure of the conditions.

## 2. Opportunism and the Doctrine.

Since opportunism appeared among German Socialists, it has never ceased to complain that it was being misunderstood. Vollmar's eldorado speeches in 1891 were misunderstood, his remarks on State Socialism were misunderstood, the consent of the Bavarian fraction in the Landtag to the budget was misunderstood, the idea of independent farmers in the draft of the South German agrarian program was misunderstood, Schippel's position toward militarism at the Hamburg congress was misunderstood, Heine's compromise policy was misunderstood, and finally Bernstein's revision was misunderstood first by myself, then by everybody else who attacked it, including Karl Kautsky, the intimate friend of Bernstein, with whom a twenty years' exchange of ideas connected him. The capacity for being misunderstood is the strongest intellectual weapon of opportunism. There are politicians who can never succeed in being misunderstood, no matter how much they try. They are rather too outspoken, draw too one-sided conclusions out of individual cases and pay the penalty by falling unawares into a ludicrous contradiction. A contradiction arising from a daring and upright search for truth and clearness is surely more praiseworthy than that intellectual adaptability which always carries in its mouth two half-truths that do not fit together because they belong to two different wholes. But the contradiction is clearly apparent, the half-truth is plainly perceptible.

The alleged misfortune of being misunderstood is founded in the character of opportunism. First and most of all it is misunderstood by itself. It needs outside help in order to draw the conclusions from its own actions, and a long experience in order to know itself. When it first appears, it is only a modification, a different shade of color, a grease spot. No matter how much it grows, it never becomes a system, a doctrine, or even a principle. It remains a shapeless, gelatinous mass. For this reason nothing in the world is so distasteful to it as a firm outline, a doctrine or a dogma. At the same time, when attacked, it never finds any difficulty in adhering to a dogma.

Hence it has always been impossible to strike opportunism by any resolution. When Bebel offered his resolution in Erfurt, the congress was convinced that Vollmar would have to define his position by certain amendments and additions. But he did nothing of the kind and at once fully endorsed the resolution. He even declared in his closing speech that he did not wish to see the tactics of the party changed; they suited him very well as they were. Likewise Bernstein now endorses all resolutions.



While carrying on a bitter fight against the entire scientific and political activity of Marx and Engels, he declares that he is standing on the ground created by the ideas and activity of these men. And although an abyss has long since formed between him and the entire policy and historical tradition of the party, he persistently repeats that the party is standing on the same ground with him and is only not aware of it.

To clearly formulate opportunism is not feasible. It is as little adapted for that purpose as quicksand is for sculpturing. In criticizing it, we must confine ourselves to exposing its origin, its development, and its muddleheadedness.

One trait is common in the origin of all opportunist errors in the Socialist labor movement: the incapacity for organically combining the present policy of the party with its final revolutionary aim. In the eyes of the opportunists these two points separate themselves: here the final aim, there the present policy. At best they recognize a parallel activity: agitation for the social revolution and activity within the capitalist state. That it is possible for our present activity to be thoroughly revolutionary with all its variety, all its "positive" and practical character, even in the old true sense of the term, according to which the social revolution does not begin until the proletariat is supreme, that passes their understanding. But the simple revolutionary spirit that scorns all present activity is perfectly plain to them. Vollmar, e. g., represented the so-called "young Socialists" as models of consistency. In 1891, he described their position as follows: "The modern social and political conditions are beyond improvement. . . . Hence we have stood aloof from all participation in practical politics and confine ourselves to protesting and waiting, until our strength lies in the street and we can get the whole at one stroke. And this time is near; it even depends on us alone to hasten its arrival." And he added: "This position is doubtless clear and precise."

But the position of Bebel, Liebknecht and others appears to him as pure inconsistency. He writes in the same articles of the *Muenchener Post* (*Ueber Optimismus*, reproduced in the pamphlet *Ueber die naechsten Aufgaben der deutschen Sozialdemokratie*, publisher M Ernst): "It directly contradicts our entire conception of a gradual growing into a new form of society, if now and then declarations are suddenly sprung on us that represent any work for immediate measures as practically worthless. . . . A prominent party member recently said in a well-considered speech at Berlin: 'The state of the ruling classes will never yield to more than petty concessions.' That might have been said very well by one of the 'young Socialists' as an argument in favor of his policy of abstention from all practical poli-

tics and of pure agitation of principles. Why should we, indeed, devote nine-tenths of our activity to work which will never yield anything but insignificant results?" You see, what Vollmar does not understand is the value of present day parliamentary work and practical politics for our revolutionary propaganda. This value will become plainly apparent when the class interest or the class egoism of the ruling elements prevent the realization of our demands by legal means. It was precisely this that was later emphasized by the Erfurt resolution, and Vollmar did not even hesitate to approve of it.

Whoever does not know how to combine the fight for social revolution with the present day political or parliamentary work, finds now the revolutionary agitation in the way of present day work, now the latter in the way of the former. Hence he is placed before the alternative: pure revolution, or pure reform. That explains why the time limit plays such an important role in the opportunist reflections on the social revolution. If the revolution is impending, then they are freed from the vexing problem and believe that there is no use in bothering with social reform measures; they are then extremely revolutionary. Thus Vollmar replied to Bebel, who expected great social changes in the near future: "If I could share this belief, no regard to agitation could induce me to continue any political chores." By the way, that would be just the right method to delay the revolution a little longer.

Whether it takes ten, or twenty, or fifty years for the proletariat to obtain sufficient power to make an end of capitalist exploitation, that is a question of great ethical importance. But revolutionary politics are not dependent on the date of the revolution. They are the result of capitalist evolution that creates an irreconcilable conflict between the working class and the capitalists, no matter whether its march is slow or rapid. It has caused some surprise that Vollmar, who first was much more inclined to go to extremes in his ultra-revolutionary attitude, became so moderate. We know to-day that therein lies a peculiar consistency which was also exhibited later on by the "young Socialists" of 1891, all of whom have shed their skins and become Vollmarians unless, they have left politics entirely. It is clear: if a man is only a revolutionary, because he expects a revolution tomorrow, he will turn into a reformer, if the revolution is delayed by the march of events until the end of the week. The revolutionism of the "young ones" was due more to desire than to conviction. It lacked the true insight into the development of social conditions, and it was as hollow as their present opportunism. But Marx and Engels fought for the social revolution during half a century without wavering for a single moment. On the con-

trary, their buoyancy increased with the years, for they had the historical perception which the others lacked. Nor did August Bebel change when no great political events took place by 1898. It is not a matter of any great political day, but of great historical events that are not dependent so much on our ability to plan ahead, as on capitalist development.

Vollmar, who charged Bebel with inconsistency because the latter did not push his revolutionary tendencies to the point of totally abandoning his "chores," failed to draw the logical conclusions from his own standpoint. For if such a chasm yawns between the social revolution and the "daily chores," then it follows that in order to devote ourselves fully to the "chores" we should have to give up the idea of a social revolution. This Vollmar did not do, however, but declared that he wished to keep his eye on the "final aim" while doing his "chores." Eduard Bernstein went a step farther in his well-known statement: "The final aim is nothing, the movement everything to me." But this is precisely the characteristic mark of opportunism that it does not dare to solve the contradictions that entangle it. Once the opportunist draws his conclusions as to social reforms, he ceases to be an opportunist and becomes a reformer. That would at once clear the situation, and we should settle the pure reformer's account as quickly as we did the advocates of pure revolution.


The development of opportunism tends toward reformism. But until this final result is reached, opportunism throws a cloak over its own development. Thus the theories are born of a gradual growing of society into socialism, of an insensible stifling of capitalism, etc., all of which simply tend to substitute social reform for social revolution. They pretend to change things by changing names. As this is impossible, they become gradually involved in an irreconcilable opposition to their starting point. They sneer at revolutionism, first proclaim the freedom of Socialist science, then appeal from science to the fallaciousness of human perception, and finally make Socialism a matter of belief and temperament. Hence these Socialists who first could not be revolutionary enough, turn into social reformers long before capitalism is transferred into Socialism. Instead of stifling capitalism, they choke their own political past.

So far from solving the contradiction in which he is entangled, the opportunist transfers it to his whole party. He thinks that in fighting him we oppose the future ideal of social revolution to the present day chores. But this problem does not exist for us at all. For the work of the present does not interfere with our revolutionary agitation, it rather furthers it. The trouble lies in the present day work itself, from which the opportunists want to eliminate revolutionary agitation. The question is:

Shall we aim exclusively at immediate parliamentary and economic results in our present work, or shall these results be simply the means for the realization of a higher object, the revolutionary organization of the proletariat. It is not merely a question of voting, obtaining political successes, advocating social reforms and democratic laws, organizing strikes for higher wages, and other labor demands—but of either leaving the political power in the hands of the bourgeoisie or leading the proletariat by means of these measures to the conquest of the political powers for the purpose of changing the fundamentals of the state, of property and of the mode of production. Parvus.

(Translated by E. Untermann.)

### The Trade Unionist, Regnant.

E comes pale, bloodless, cowed and dazed  
By hunger grim, betrayed by Scab,  
Slow creeping back to shop and mine—  
A Striker still—deep muttering:  
We'll fight again some other day.

And soon by joy of life's deep urge  
Resilient made, or desperate grown  
By barren, brutal, deep starved life,—  
Again he strikes for wife and child,  
Again his Lord, puissant grown  
By deed, and law, and gold,—strikes blow  
Of iron and brings him stunned to heel.  
Again, indomitable, he  
Gives battle strong, and wins.

The years move on. And desperate strike,  
And brotherhood deep brace and purge,  
Grow hidden power to regal life,  
Reveal his Christ-like mission great,—  
Until he stands erect, composed.  
Strong statesman armored for his Cause.

At length his mighty power begins  
To surge and urge,—and bursting clear  
At last, at last, upon his view,  
The field on which to fight,—he crowds  
Precipitate to Hall of State,—  
And there invincible He stands  
Announcing bold to Bourgeoisie  
THE RULE OF PROLETAIRE BEGUN.

Frederich Irons Bamford.

## THE CHARITY GIRL.

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

### CHAPTER XVI.

The sacrificial altar had taken itself out of Julian's reach. Another had stepped in, and without dreaming of condescension or self-sacrifice, had wrapped those two despised ones of the earth in the secure love of his simple heart. He had given the substance in place of the shadow that Julian, with much trepidation and many misgivings, had been bracing himself to offer. It was very wonderful—in the nature of a miracle—this love-story of Martha's, and he could not but feel that he had himself acted the part of a special Providence in bringing this miracle to pass,—or was it only that the girl's life had blossomed into loveliness as soon as she was removed from the grinding pressure of poverty and the blighting touch of Charity? It would seem, then, that the beneficiary must needs be moved as far as possible from the benefactor,—the farther the better—and the relations between them reduced to purely economic ones with all sentimental considerations left out, but this did not accord with his original ideal of Charity, nor did it leave room for the exaction of that tribute coin, gratitude, which his managers invariably claimed.

As he recalled the enthusiasm of the Mennonite fanatic over the new social order that Christ was to introduce at His second coming, he fell to dreaming himself of an improved condition of things which should eliminate pauperism (he remembered with a pang that all Charity workers agree in detesting pauperism while they adore the squalid poverty of "the poor") and provide the helpless ones with means of support in some impersonal way by the State, and on a grandly munificent scale of justice to each individual. It was odd that the Mennonite's vision should coincide with that of the wretched street woman. It would seem that such problems were in the air—floating about for every child of misery or lonely thinker to catch at—and waiting for a solution. How long, O Lord, how long would the waiting have to be?

The question pursued him during his waking hours; it hung over his bedside at night and robbed him of sleep at pleasant country inns until the reflection of his haggard face in the morning mirror became a mere ghostly personification of that reproachful Question.

After spending nearly three weeks in visiting country almshouses, jails and other abodes of misery—all tabulated by the

State under the mocking head of "Charitable and Reformatory Institutions"—Julian at last turned his careworn face away from their concentrated horrors and boarded a train that would carry him swiftly to the city, where lay stretched out at its full length the great Question—still unanswered—aye, even untouched!

He tried again to set himself to the task of solving the Problem on a basis of alms-giving organized and directed by the State, but this brought him face to face with the sad inconsistency of having the State reward incompetency, drunkenness and neglect of paternal duty, while it left the industrious poor to struggle along unaided. Then came the awful question of taxation. He felt the Problem to be too much for him. The only conclusion he could come to was that private alms-giving and care of the poor were a dismal failure anyway, even when looked at from their brightest side. Elisabeth's career was a shining light shedding glory on the Association, but could his Managers claim honor for their long series of blunders in Martha's case, even though a miracle had been performed at the last? And then the divided responsibility which several organizations shared for the cruelties inflicted on Martha's brothers—did this not pull down the scales on the other side and leave many philanthropic managers in the position of creating a keener misery than that which they had started out to relieve?

Suddenly, the current of his thoughts changed. His absorption in the Mennonite idyl was blotted out by the cries of the newsboys on the train as it approached the city. He now learned that war had been declared between the United States and Spain; the President was about to issue a call for volunteers; the regulars, it was said, were already on their way to protect the southern coast!

This then was the meaning of the great excitement he had observed at every station along the route; men were to be seen talking in groups everywhere; flags were being displayed with a fierce patriotism that was burning to avenge the "Maine." All the young men were said by the newspapers to be eager to enlist in a war that was proudly proclaimed to be undertaken solely in the interests of humanity. It was of course understood that America could enter the arena only in defense of a noble cause. But was not the avenging of the "Maine" a noble cause—at least about as noble as taking up arms in behalf of those miserable little Cubans—suggested some of the papers.

Julian's blood turned to fire in his veins.

Notwithstanding those confused cries of "vengeance" and "humanity" by the yellow journals, Julian felt that here indeed was a chance for self-sacrifice on a large scale—demanding his life—all he had!

Moreover, it offered him a blessed release from that hopeless

effort to solve the Riddle which our modern Sphinx—like a frenzied madwoman—was persistently bawling in his ears.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when he stepped off the train, but there was time to visit several armories. Before the evening was over he had registered his name as a volunteer to be called upon if needed. He passed the physical examination and discovered that he lacked two pounds of the requisite weight of a United States soldier.

"Eat hearty and maybe you'll fill out in a few days," said the recruiting officer. It was a militia regiment, well disciplined and neat, but of no great social pretensions. The rank and file were industrious clerks, bookkeepers and salesmen, with a sprinkling of mechanics and laborers. There were some vacancies in the membership and Julian's unmarried state was in his favor. On the whole it was likely they might send for him soon. At two other armories he had received distinct discouragement; in one organization known to be composed of the higher social elements of the city, the membership list was far from complete,—but they expected to fill it out with their personal friends.

"It's a kind of club, you know, and of course the fellows want to be together," some one had ventured to explain. Julian thought this perfectly natural; it meant that they wanted to die together, if die they had to on the field of battle. It would of course be vastly more comfortable to be shot down in the company of one's friends and to expire in their arms, than to die among strangers. He looked searchingly at the members of the regiment he hoped to join and weighed their prospective merits as death-bed companions. He decided that they looked good enough to die among. Their comradeship seemed to be built on very human lines, he thought,—and he was glad the others had rejected him.

The next morning when he reached the office of the "Association" he found another war raging. It had been reported to the Managers that Elisabeth had disappeared from the boarding-house they had selected for her, and no one knew where she had spent the night following her departure. She had been hastily summoned before a Committee of Managers to whom she explained that she had spent the evening at the Opera, and after finding herself locked out had sought refuge at another boarding establishment.

This incomplete statement had produced an extraordinary sensation. It was cleverly surmised that Elisabeth had not revealed the whole truth. Following some inexplicable instinct she had suppressed all mention of Julian's name, which of course increased the mystery of her conduct. A series of meetings were



held for the purpose of fixing the exact degree of wrongdoing for which Elisabeth should be held responsible; to this was added the enormous guilt of an intention to deceive.

Julian found the Managers holding a star chamber session, and profoundly enjoying their task of probing Elisabeth's faltering admissions and denials with their penetrating logic. But their wonderful air of holy disinterestedness, their attitude of angelic tolerance for each other's opinions (a state of mind presumably evolved from an abiding confidence in the superiority of their social station) all this had vanished, and his astonished eyes now beheld the Board room turning rapidly into a camp of furious Amazons. In vain did Julian insist that the responsibility for Elisabeth's transgressions was wholly his. The situation had become too strained to admit of new testimony. The Board had split into warring factions, and those who believed Elisabeth guilty of gross impropriety represented an aggressive majority. The minority which had originally been composed of several feebly expostulating members, dwindled at every meeting, until it was finally reduced to a group of three. The three developed at last an undaunted courage; they retired from the shock of battle with wet eyes, ruffled hair and the general appearance of high-bred chickens fleeing from a storm of wind and rain, but they gathered themselves together afterwards and returned to the charge with unflinching heroism.

They took Julian into their confidence one day, and explained to him the real nature of the combat. It was not, they said, a difference of opinion on Elisabeth's behavior. The real issue was a question of leadership. Dissatisfaction had been brewing for a long time; the leader of the majority had jumped at the opportunity offered by the report of Elisabeth's alleged improprieties to utter her famous war-cry: "The principles of Human Brotherhood are at stake!" it was meaningless, but powerful in rallying the weaker sisters. With cutting irony the trio dissected the motives and characteristics of the triumphant young Amazon whose bidding they now refused. But the only result of their incisive thrusts was the development of a new theory (on the part of their adversaries) which demanded the immediate dismissal of Elisabeth.

To his astonishment, Julian found himself set aside in the discussions that followed. Nothing that he could say made the slightest impression; the majority had no fault to find with him; he was ruled out of the argument by skillful sophistry, and denied admission to the meetings. He was not consulted about Elisabeth's dismissal. When he complained of this treatment, the defeated ones told him she had been dismissed simply to drive

her three faithful champions from the Board. It was the last move of the game.

"Why do they not dismiss me?" cried Julian, eagerly.

The forlorn leader of the minority smiled.

"Their theory now is," she replied, "that you have fallen a victim to Elisabeth's wiles. Your welfare is supposed to be endangered by her presence in the office. You see you forced them into this position when you proved so clearly that she was absolutely blameless in the matter."

Her two colleagues joined her in ladylike, delicately suppressed screams of bitter laughter at the conclusion of this statement, which was a correct exposition of their adversaries' line of argument,—the climax of misrepresentation and false reasoning. Julian turned away in sharp disgust.

That same day Julian was notified to hold himself in readiness to join his regiment at a few hours' notice. He sought Elisabeth immediately. The undeserved disgrace into which she had fallen was now stinging him to the quick. He could not permit this helpless young creature to suffer the consequences of his own selfishness and lack of worldly wisdom. Some way must be found to extricate her from the humiliation of her position. He believed that the Managers would never have taken such a view of her conduct if she had not been one of the waifs. Alas! would she never be released from waifdom? Could he not cut her loose with one blow?—and after that the war,—and probably death! His life was his country's, but he could give Elisabeth his name and a home with his mother who he believed loved and understood her. In the face of war, marriage seemed now a very trifling obligation. As for love—his heart was dead within him—he would not deceive her.

It was near the close of the day's work. Julian expressed a wish for Elisabeth to remain afterwards. When they were left alone he motioned to the young girl to draw near, and he placed her chair beside his. She sat down obediently.

"You have not said a word to me about the trouble with the Managers—not a word," he began abruptly, "I'm afraid they have worried you terribly?" Elisabeth tried to speak, but tears choked her. She laid her hand on the desk in an effort to steady herself.

Julian looked at the small hand on his desk; it bore the stamp of toil in childhood, the roughness of the needle's pricking and a lately acquired inky stain. He was moved to put his own hand swiftly over it, and to hold it in a light, firm grasp.

"I have not been a very wise guardian—or a very good friend to you—have I?" he cried, impulsively.

"You have been good to me,—always!" she replied. He dismissed a sudden impulse to draw Elisabeth nearer to him.

"I should like to be good to you always," he assured her with a kind smile. Elisabeth raised her eyes. Julian observed with an unaccountable pang in his heart the peculiar charm of her face; a suggestion of Semitic origin in the delicate arch of her nose accentuated the pathetic gravity of her expression. But he thought himself suddenly of another face—a thousand times more lovely. He drew his breath quickly and withdrew his hand from Elisabeth's. The change in his attitude cast a chill over the young girl. He went on with a rapid utterance and an air of determination, but the impulsiveness of his manner vanished.

"I do indeed wish to be good to you. Elisabeth, I am going to the war—I have enlisted——" The girl uttered a faint exclamation. Julian noting her agitation went on hurriedly, "That may mean nothing more than a holiday excursion—or I may never come back,—of course no one can tell what we are going into, or how long it will last. I want to leave you provided for. I want you to be happily situated in every respect." Having reached this point, Julian ceased to look at the girl and began to draw imaginary circles and geometrical designs on his desk with the end of an ivory paper-cutter. His face was still expressive of unalterable resolution. He went on:

"I have thought over what is best for you, from every point of view. I am not satisfied to leave you to the mercies of those female dragons. I do not want to see you working for strangers, either. I cannot bear the thought of your going out into the world by yourself. You are so young; I hate to see such needless exposure of a young life——" He dug the paper knife into a groove in the desk, and then laid it suddenly down. "So I have come to this conclusion, Elisabeth,—that the way out of it,—the best way for both of us—is for you to marry me before I go to the war."

Elisabeth stood before him; her lips parted with a breathless, bewildering realization of joy unspeakable. She tried to speak, but no sound came forth. Julian looked at her gravely,—with an odd shyness. Elisabeth struggled again for speech and at last found her voice. She said with an innocent directness:

"Do you mean that you love me?"

Julian picked up the paper cutter and returned to his geometrical designs. How could this child know anything about love?

"Love means all things to all people, Elisabeth. I think with me it means everything in life—everything holy and beautiful. I love humanity—but the larger element swallows up the lesser, the more personal. Elisabeth, I once believed that my life was dedicated to service; without any cant, I wanted to give all of myself

to my work. When I chose that path it did not leave much room for the purely personal affections,—at least it should not. I'm not making my meaning clear. What I want to say is——” He frowned and studied the desk a moment; he remembered he had not lived up to his creed: he did not want to sail under false colors in Elisabeth's eyes. Then his face cleared and his voice fell to a persuasive note.

“But the greater includes the less—that is what I meant to say. ‘Greater love hath no man than this—that he should lay down his life for his friend’—as I would for you,—ay, a thousand times over again! But my life is dedicated also to those who need me,—just now to my country. Elisabeth, will you—be satisfied with what I have to give you?”

His attitude was not that of a lover; even to her inexperienced young soul this much was revealed. But he looked with a most ingenuous expression from the desk to her face; his youthful magnetism and the look in his eyes of passionate exaltation made their own appeal.

She turned to him artlessly. “I know you have others to think of as well as me—I am satisfied.” Satisfied? She was in paradise!

The eyes of these two very unworldly young persons met. The world was nothing to either of them; it knew them not or had long since forgotten what little it once knew concerning them. A worker in a charitable organization and a waif under his care—surely, two such insignificant human molecules might plan their lives to suit themselves! So thought Julian with a suppressed, sober joy in his heart.

He held out his hand. Elisabeth placed hers within it. An impulse to kiss her entered his mind, but he put it aside with sternness. The occasion was so very solemn! The agonies and the glories of war were staring him in the face; they were mating for a parting. He must think of Elisabeth's future and arrange for his probable death. He helped her on with her coat, and took down her hat.

“To-morrow we shall be married—and then—my regiment may leave any day. Elisabeth, I have something I want to leave with you—this package. I wish to leave these things in your care—and I know you will keep them safely until I ask for them?”

“I will—I will,” she whispered. Julian opened his desk and took out an oddly shaped parcel. It contained what remained of his flute and violin. He placed the package in her hands.

“You are going to the war—to be killed!” Casting the package aside, she turned toward him with a sob. Julian drew her to him and did his best to console her. His tone was kind, as usual.

"You can stay with my mother until I come back," he suggested, gently; then coldly—"my mother loves you, Elisabeth."

For at that moment a vision was rising unbidden before him. He saw a similar scene in a rose garden; the exquisite face of Marian floated before his eyes. He shuddered. She had stepped between them and paralyzed the newly awakened tenderness that was springing up in his heart for Elisabeth.

The situation became suddenly intolerable; he was panic-stricken at the complexity of his emotions. The next instant, he tore himself from Elisabeth with incoherent excuses that he must attend to his new duties; he must telegraph to his mother; he must seek the armory and the Managers of the Association—a thousand things were to be attended to without delay—he must leave her.

Dismayed at his own abruptness—conscious of deplorable failure in his effort to speak with tenderness and act with consistency—Julian left Elisabeth and rushed out into the street.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

That evening, Julian was on his knees in his bed-room tying up in a borrowed army blanket the few articles of clothing he expected to take with him to the State Camp. He was not thinking, however, of military matters, but of a comment Denning had made on Elisabeth's good looks during her short stay in his boarding-house.

Coupled with the thought of Denning's careless admiration was the embarrassing fact which a clergyman had explained to him, that Elisabeth being still a minor, the consent of a parent or guardian would have to be obtained before her marriage could take place. In the absence of parents, Julian would have to sanction her marriage with himself and receive the bride—from his own hands.

The more he considered it the more did it seem that an element of unfairness had entered the situation. Was Elisabeth acting solely from her own choice when she accepted her benefactor as her husband? Was she not limited by her isolation and dependency to a much narrower choice than should fall to the lot of a young, pretty, well-educated girl? Lastly, in marrying an attractive young woman "for her own good,"—so Julian now sarcastically phrased it—was he not guilty of hypocrisy when he assumed that her welfare was his only consideration? Was he not taking advantage of her inexperience and deceiving himself while deceiving her? He forgot that he had treated her with coldness in their last interview; he could hardly analyze his sensations of those last few moments at the office.

It now seemed clear to him that it was unnecessary to have insisted on Elisabeth's marrying him in order to save her from the spiteful tongue of slander. Such a desperate remedy might be the only alternative for one who sat enthroned on the high chair of conventionality in the glaring publicity of American social life, but for this obscure little fledgling, the simpler—nay, the more manly and considerate—course, would have been to have removed her quietly beyond the reach and knowledge of the female dragons and let her marry whom she pleased. It was as easy to change her environment—poor little roofless, rootless outcast that she was—as for a bird to hop from the dark retreat of one leafy bush into the inviting black mystery of another.

It was significant that the idea of self-sacrifice did not enter in the least into Julian's calculations for Elisabeth's future. The sacrificial altar had in fact retreated again to a safe distance, and now loomed indistinctly on the horizon as a fiery pillar enveloped in the black smoke of war.

His disagreeable doubts pressed more heavily as the hours went by. Meanwhile the wraith of his unhappy first love had again been exorcised, and for the present ceased to trouble him.

The door opened during his meditations to admit Denning, who wanted to borrow twine. He expressed no surprise at the nature of Julian's task, but threw his door open wide as he returned to his room, revealing a pile of shirts, underwear, vests and trousers, toppling uncertainly in the middle of an army blanket that was spread upon the floor. The two men looked at each other. Neither had spoken a word on the subject before.

"You surprise me," said Julian as he tugged vigorously to get his bundle into shape. "Often I've heard you say that you did not believe in going to war to help another people—and you hate the Cubans."

"A war for humanity is nonsense," answered Denning with contempt. "I am not going for the sake of those yellow Cubans,—or to avenge the Maine. The Navy can avenge its own wrongs, I fancy, without the assistance of citizen volunteers, who don't know which end of a gun the bullet is going to come out of. I'm not going, either, I can tell you, to oblige a set of rascally politicians who call themselves 'the government' and who get up a war to further their own ends and fill their own pockets—"

"I don't see why on earth you don't stay at home," observed Julian, energetically.

"I could stay honorably enough, for I've never been a member of any military organization,—the one I always wanted to join permanently is too expensive,—too many balls and dress uniforms,—and you have to keep your own horse, too."

"There seems to be no obligation of any kind."

"There is an obligation," said Denning, slowly, "but one you probably cannot understand. The troop I am going with contains nearly all the men I know and constantly meet. I don't mean that they are all my personal friends—but they go where I go, they visit the houses that I visit; we dance with the same girls, eat at the same tables and belong to the same club—whatever befalls them is going to befall me. Of course most of the fellows are young and crazy with the excitement of the thing. They look upon it as a jolly lark. I'm an older man and I have a long head on me when I choose to give it a show. I may keep some of the crazy heads out of mischief or help them out afterwards. At any rate, I'm going because they're going. That's all there is in it that's explainable. You can call it by any fine name you want—patriotism, for example."

Julian laughed. "I never heard it dissected so frankly before. If you believe in the principles of popular government isn't there some inspiration in helping a weak, oppressed neighbor to throw off the yoke that we threw off and bidding her follow in our footsteps?"

"Popular government be d—d! I never believed in it,—help me screw up this package, won't you?" was Denning's retort. He apologized goodnaturedly for his profanity by saying that he was practicing what military graces he could call his own,—“I don't know how to climb a horse, and I never shot anything off in my life, except fire-crackers, toy pistols, pop-guns and the like, when I was a boy.” He stood a moment in anxious meditation, pulling a very slight mustache, which he had lately been cultivating.

"I guess I can manage a rifle, but I hope—I do hope I may find a brute that I can have confidence in. Whoa,—Rozinante!" He sat astride a chair, and looked with a troubled countenance at Julian, while he pulled imaginary reins. "I say—wouldn't it be a bad business for the beast to bolt from the field with me on its back—just as the fellows were about to charge the enemy! But there seems to be an unwritten law that gentlemen's sons must be troopers,—queer isn't it?"

"I never heard it before," said Julian, ingenuously, "but I suppose they do look more dignified on horseback—as if they were a little above the vulgar herd—even if they have to use the same old common earth to ride over."

"As long as they keep together, it's all right—so it doesn't matter much where they ride or what they ride over—they're all gentlemen together, and it's a regular jolly club life—the swellest one in America."

"Are they all such men of culture?" asked Julian, with respect.

"Bless you—no—many of them never open a book, and it was

all some of the fellows could do to get through college. No—I cannot say that they sparkle with culture—though there are a few book worms among them—but we have managed to keep out the vulgar herd.”

“Well, then, why such exclusiveness? I don’t understand exactly what your aristocracy is based on.”

“How can I explain these subtle distinctions? They are inherent—hereditary very often—and absolutely vital to the preservation of the best society, but you are determined to deny their existence, so what is the use of discussing them?” Denning spoke with irritation.

“I am not denying their existence, I am only trying to investigate the nature of mysteries that I seem to be constantly running up against. You say culture or learning is not the basis—then it must be delicacy of feeling, refinement—something of that sort?”

“Well—you know, some of the fellows do make most shocking beasts of themselves—it’s a pity there’s so much drinking,—tho’ it’s not always a question of drinking, only.”

“Of course you put them out?” Julian looked up quickly.

“If they break the rules—yes—sometimes—of course it rarely happens.”

“I mean out of this—not the troop, but your higher social fellowship of gentlemen’s sons? Of course you cease to associate with them when they sink to such a level?”

“Now, my dear young friend, an aristocracy does not exist to exploit any vulgar Sunday School morality. That is the one thing I insist upon,—that a gentleman cannot by his actions cease to be what he is by birth, by nature,—he cannot put himself outside the pale if he tries! Why, if you look at it in any other way, where are you? Any cad can conduct himself ‘like a gentleman,’ and claim admission on the score of his virtues or his learning, or his acquired good manners! Or a chambermaid might go to school and pick up knowledge and good breeding that might be a very good imitation of the real thing. Oh, no, we have to draw the line very strictly indeed—and it is better to have it an invisible line—visible of course to ourselves.”

“Denning, you are a most irrational being! You are denying the very premises you started out with,—actually leveling the walls that make your aristocracy possible!” cried Julian in astonishment.

“Not at all!” said Denning quickly. “I admit nothing of the kind. But you can never understand this thing from the outside. If you got inside you would understand it as I do.”

“How could I possibly get ‘inside’ of social lines that are hereditary and inherent—and absolutely vital?” laughed Julian.

“Those are the standards, of course—but in this country, they



have to be modified to suit our preposterous democratic conditions. We have to recruit from the outside, but I don't know that it's any worse than the British way of conferring titles for merit or selling them outright,—(one being as bad as the other in my opinion and equally lowering to the ideal of an hereditary aristocracy). Of course, we all assume that society is composed of men and women who are born ladies and gentlemen,—not made—this is our assumption to start with, but the real fact is that we do recruit from the outside."

"Well, then,—another contradiction?"

"A paradox, rather," answered Denning, smiling with pleasure over the word. "Society, you see, is composed of paradoxes of all kinds, which answer the useful purpose of baffling idle curiosity and defying the unholy zeal of sociological investigators like yourself. Many would not admit it, but I have lived long enough in this world to see things as they are, and I am perfectly aware that social recruits can and do acquire by contact and association all—or nearly all—that the first comers possess by a higher right; that is, they can do this after they're inside, but never, while they remain as strangers outside the gates—never—remember that!"

He seemed to be throwing out a gracious warning to Julian, who sat staring at him in a kind of stupefaction.

"I have offered," continued Denning in a tone of gentle reproach, "to take you with me and get you really inside, but you never seemed exactly to appreciate what I was planning for you. But there is no reason why you shouldn't have been 'well in' by this time—like the two little girls who lived at the bottom of the treacle well—you know."

"And hauled treacle out of it, living both in it and out of it,—a good comparison is this for your paradoxical society. Thanks, but have you forgotten that I am only a farmer's son, and may go back to farming myself?"

"When you are once 'in it,'" said Denning with his most reassuring smile, "all the little differences that now distinguish you from the very 'best butter' will soon disappear, if you give yourself up wholly to mastering the fine arts of social expression. But the essential thing, my dear boy, is to cultivate the right spirit! It's a mental attitude, more than anything else, I really believe. Some are born with this correct mental attitude,—but as I said before, it can be acquired—a sort of new birth unto righteousness. The chief thing is to have a deep underlying consciousness"—he stopped and looked severely at Julian, who, looking at him earnestly in return, mechanically repeated his words,—"a deep underlying consciousness?"

"A deep underlying consciousness that you are different from the outsiders! You must let yourself be thoroughly saturated

with this idea. It must permeate your whole being. It will thus influence everything you do, say and think. Then all you have to do next is to observe carefully and follow the example of those around you—and there you are!”

He was entirely serious—so much so that Julian felt compelled to restrain his laughter, as he rose to his feet.

“You mean the whole thing is a make-believe—a gigantic hoax—this paradoxical castle of yours that you’re inviting me to enter? Don’t you see the absurdity of it all?”

Denning rose also with an air of sadness.

“I knew I couldn’t make you understand—I was a fool to try to explain things that are better not talked about. We never do talk about them as a rule—it’s horribly bad form, but you are such a paradox yourself—”

“That you thought I might be made over and fitted into your castle of lying assumptions? Excuse the term—I’m a thousand times obliged to you. And have you forgotten that we’re both going to be killed and that I’ve joined a regiment that is going on foot and has no ‘paradoxes’ in it? But I can tell you one thing, Denning—when I found a superior social order,—a ruling class—it’s going to have a sounder basis for its existence than yours!”

Denning laughed as he withdrew to his room. He shouted back his reply:

“You may find it on the most sublime ideals that the human race has ever yet conceived, but you will find that what I call the ‘mental attitude’ is the only thing in it that will outlast a generation—it’s the only thing that counts, after all.”

“I suppose he really thinks,—confound it—that he has the best of the argument!” groaned Julian, as he banged his empty bureau drawers shut one after another.

By evening, Julian had attended to all the various little matters that have to be arranged before one can take unto one’s self a wife, or fight the glorious battles of the republic, but it was then too late for him to visit Elisabeth at her boardinghouse. He did not see her again until he entered his office the next morning.

Having examined and dissected his quixotic impulses in the cold light of reason, Julian now felt prepared to act with absolute justice toward his defenceless ward. He was conscious of having himself triumphantly well in hand as his eyes rested calmly on Elisabeth’s face. Her deep blush was followed by a delicate pallor; again he was aware that she did not lack the mysterious gift of beauty. Certainly she was worthy to be wooed as other girls are wooed,—and won through the perfect freedom of her own choice! This thought turned the young idealist cold with disgust of himself. As she rose from her chair to greet him, he turned his

eyes away so hastily that it gave the effect of displeasure. He spoke to her frigidly—his frigidity and displeasure being all for himself. He failed to note the appeal that was in her glance, and the meaning of her subsequent pallor was lost on him.

When Elisabeth reseated herself, she was trembling from head to foot. A keen disappointment benumbed her heart; she was conscious of a desperate sense of shame in which the glittering prospects of a new and perfect happiness withered and fell to the ground like the pasteboard scenes of a theater on fire. Her young soul bowed itself to the earth in distressing self-humiliation. Julian had determined to marry her from an exalted sense of duty in keeping with his god-like character,—but Julian did not love her; alas! alas! he was already shrinking from the sacrifice!

The young Russian could hardly breathe; to conceal her agitation she bent over her work, but found herself unable to write evenly. Julian moved in and out of the room several times during the morning; when he passed by her desk she turned cold and sick; she was unable to look at him, or to speak to him.

Julian had been waiting for the lunch hour for an opportunity to speak to her alone, but when the moment came, Elisabeth disappeared so quickly that he was obliged to postpone the interview.

He was much disconcerted that she failed to return at the expiration of the lunch hour. As she did not reappear during the afternoon, he went to her boarding house to open a frank discussion of the situation as it now appeared to him. He would confess that he had taken too much for granted in his interview with her of the day before. It must have seemed to Elisabeth that he felt very secure of her love. Moreover, while he had not actually repulsed her, when she had clung to him in such agitation, he now began to realize that his manner had been anything but loverlike; he had detached himself from her embrace with a haste that must have seemed extraordinary. While there was much to explain in his conduct, there was also much that would have to appear inexplicable—for the present. The best he could hope for was the establishment of a more natural relationship in place of the artificial tie of waif and benefactor which had none of the dignity of a legal guardianship. What a ridiculous, degrading mockery of a tie it was, to be sure!

Julian reached Elisabeth's boardinghouse only to learn that the young girl had gone out an hour before. He repeated his visit twice during the evening; he waited in a much upholstered parlor until eleven o'clock that night without seeing her. Where was Elisabeth? He went home with a chill in his heart.

The next morning he received a letter. It was from the Rus-

sian. It began with expressions of gratitude for his long continued kindness. The closing paragraph said:

"There is a limit to self-sacrifice, and I cannot accept from you what you have just offered. You do not need to marry me for my protection. I am able to care for myself, and I am going where I shall not be known as a waif. It is not right for you to marry one of the waifs of the Association—a charity girl—especially when you do not love her. But as for me, I shall never forget you; I shall remember your goodness always, and I will pray that you may return safely. I hope you will not try to find me. You must never think again of Elisabeth Powtowska."

Never think of her again? She became instantly the one woman in the world—the only woman in the world—that he would ever think of again! The image of Marian was blotted out on the spot as if it had never existed. He would discover immediately Elisabeth's whereabouts and then—then, he would make known to her the place she was to hold in his life—his hopes—his heart—forever!

# SOCIALISM ABROAD

Professor E. Untermann.

## Germany.

The Luebeck congress of the German social democratic party has once again shown that the political organizations of the working class are corps of fighting comrades, not of sentimental brothers. Children of the class struggle, a product of capitalist evolution, they are welded together by the necessity of standing together against their common enemy, capitalism. From beginning to end, the discussions were carried on with an outspoken frankness and directness that might have delighted the heart of an ancient hero. A divine gruffness and a pointed verve flavored every speech, so that Comrade Adler, a guest delegated by the Austrian comrades, exclaimed at the end of the congress: "Such a method of discussion can only be borne by a great and strong party." He has not yet heard Chicago socialists laying down the law and the prophets to one another.

The congress marked the tenth anniversary of the Erfurt program, which the Vorwaerts celebrated in these words: "We admit that the Erfurt program is only the work of human minds. It may contain this or that ambiguous or unclear wording. It may not fully answer the requirements of short, snappy agitation. But it just as surely represents the iron structure of a scientific conception of the world, a trusty leader in our fight preventing our deviating into petty considerations of the moment and pointing toward the grand goal. At the same time it opens up an abundance of possibilities for present work which we shall have to perform on the road toward our world." The program will undoubtedly be revised and brought up to date by the next congress.

The following principal points were discussed by the congress: Organization and distribution of the party press, the housing problem, the dispute about piece work among the Hamburg bricklayers, the question of voting on the government budget and, last not least, the Bernstein question.

The matter relating to organization and distribution of the party press was discussed in secret session. Incidentally, the relations of the Polish press and the Polish comrades toward the German party elicited the following resolution: "The congress hopes that an effective co-operation of the party with the organization of the Polish social democracy in Germany will soon be re-established." The resolution on the budget question speaks for itself: "Whereas the individual states as well as the empire are class states and do not concede full equality to the laboring class, but must be regarded as organizations of the

ruling class for the purpose of maintaining their supremacy, the congress expects that the social democratic representatives in the legislative bodies of the individual states will not bring themselves into contradiction with the party program and the principles of the proletarian class struggle, and will under normal conditions vote against the government budget. They should give their consent to the budget only exceptionally from pressing considerations dictated by special conditions." The moot point in the bricklayers' dispute is brought out by the following clipping from the "Neue Zeit:" "No doubt was left in Luebeck that the sympathies of the entire social democracy were on the side of the central federation of bricklayers and that it was considered the duty of the party, when appealed to in a conflict, to bring its full influence to bear in order to induce the autonomists to recognize the discipline of the federation and settle the conflicts in the unions. \* \* \* But there is not the slightest reason for bringing the party into any close material relation to the conflicts in the unions and for laying the foundations of new conflicts by making it obligatory for the party to club down the minority in such disputes by its disciplinary power."

The position of the party in the housing problem was well defined in Comrade Dr. Suedekum's report: "The housing question is not a wage question, but a question of strength. As soon as we are strong enough, we can improve the conditions. \* \* \* A systematical taxation of land aiming to appropriate the unearned increment of real estate for the benefit of the community may limit speculation in land to some extent. But it cannot be denied that the chances of great capitalist speculators and corporations of speculators are thereby improved. All real estate taxes are, as a rule, shifted by the landowners to the tenants. The communes must counteract the effect of this shifting of taxes on the laboring class by building houses from public funds. \* \* \* The housing problem cannot be fully solved, until capitalism is abolished."

The Bernstein debate formed the clou of the congress. Several locals in different parts of the empire had "got the ax out" and deposited strenuous protests against "the mode of agitation chosen by Comrade Bernstein." The fun started, when Bebel, in criticising the attitude of the "Vorwaerts" against Bernstein's lecture on scientific socialism, remarked: "The lecture has been exploited in the meanest manner against the party. Nothing is so detrimental to the party as to question its scientific foundation." The following quotations may serve to illustrate the positions of the speakers:

Quark (Frankfort): "The great mass of the comrades do not share Bebel's nervousness over this philosophical question, they do not care to enter any further into this matter." Hoffman (Berlin): "Dear Eddy, now go to work with us and stop your kicking. It only interferes with our agitation and brings us backward instead of forward." Kautsky: "We were always forced to tell our antagonists that our conception of the "Verelendungs Theory" (theory of continued retrogression in the condition of the laborers) differed from theirs, and Bernstein has made it more difficult for us to keep the issue clear. \* \* \* If Bernstein

would only turn once against our adversaries, against the false friends who wish to exploit the labor movement for their purpose; if he would dispel all suspicions and solve all ambiguities, then he would be welcome to do as much self-criticising as he pleases." Gradnauer: "Bernstein has worked together with other comrades in his own ward and in others." Bernstein: "I have been scored for self-criticism. \* \* \* But I have repeatedly declared that the time for writing a new program is not come, until the majority of the party wants a new program. \* \* \* If I did not accept our general principles then I should leave the party. \* \* \* A writer in the 'Neue Zeit' has said, 'The name scientific socialism does not mean that we are already in possession of the last truths. It is simply a modest self-limitation implying that we wish to find the truth.' That is entirely my standpoint. \* \* \* Stick to the principle of free criticism and do not allow the bourgeois to bluff you. \* \* \* In the conclusion of my lecture I have said, Still there is an intimate connection between socialism, as represented by the social democracy, and science. Socialism derives more and more of its arguments from the armory of science. Of all social parties it stands next to science." Heine (Berlin, who was present at the lecture): "I understood Bernstein to mean that the socialist theory is not a science and cannot be so. Bernstein has now shown that he has maintained the claim of socialism to science in his conclusion. \* \* \* But that is just the trouble that such an essential thought is hidden at the end where it is so easily overlooked." The congress adopted the following resolution: "The congress recognizes without restriction the necessity of self-criticism for the intellectual development of the party. But the one-sided way in which Comrade Bernstein has carried on his criticisms during the last years, has placed him in an ambiguous light in the eyes of many comrades and created much resentment, especially as his criticisms were misrepresented and exploited by our adversaries. On the other hand it cannot be denied that Comrade Bernstein was forced into this position by no less one-sided counter criticisms of other comrades."

In the "Neue Zeit," Kautsky, Bernstein's lifelong friend and greatest antagonist, comments on the resolution in these words: "The congress has not solved the Bernstein question, but it has extracted the embittering and poisonous sting from it. Nothing is more unreasonable than to assume that the tendency connected with Bernstein's name is now extinct. But we may well hope, that after the decision of the congress and its loyal and manly acceptance by Comrade Bernstein this tendency will carefully guard itself against the obtrusive peddlerdom of the bourgeois friends of labor, by giving up that contemptibly negligent, yet misleading silence, which it has so long observed against that checkered crowd of hangers on, and which poisoned the life within the party."

Recent elections in Baden have again brought an increase of 1,500 socialist votes in Karlsruhe and 600 votes in Pforzheim. Nevertheless, two socialist seats were lost in Karlsruhe and one in Pforzheim, owing to the fusion of all reactionary parties against the socialists. The county of Pforzheim, however, was carried by the socialists for the

first time. The second Chamber will therefore be composed of 25 national liberals, 22 clericals, 6 socialists, 5 democrats, 2 liberals, 2 conservatives, 1 antisemite, 1 populist.

In Berlin, Emperor William is doing his utmost to add another fifth to the already existing three-fifths of the population of his capital who are socialists. He refused to sanction the election of the second mayor Kauffmann, who had been a radical in his young years; of course Kauffmann was at once re-elected with a greater majority than ever. And now Billy has another guess coming. In revenge he refuses to endorse several schemes of the city council for electric railways crossing "Under den Linden," criticises the models of proposed municipal monuments and treats the loyal liberals in such haughty manner that they would gladly join the socialists—if they did not have middle class interests of their own. The great land owners also threaten to become disloyal, if the government does not favor a high protective tariff for agricultural products. The Vorwarts smilingly remarks: "With a 7.50 mark tariff they are enthusiastic monarchists, with 5 mark they become indifferent and with 3.50 mark they clamor for the republic and join the socialists." The "vaterlandslose Rotte" (mob without a country) adds some more poison to Billy's bitter cup by denouncing his pet social reform measure, the compulsory insurance against sickness, old age and permanent infirmity. After 15 years' of experience with this scheme, the Vorwarts brings the following cheering message to all reformers, opportunists, me-too and step-at-the-time socialists:

"A really efficient insurance, that actually protects a sick working-man and his family against want and suffering and at the same time enables the physicians to live, cannot be created by the present system."

### France.

At the congress of the Parti Ouvrier Francais, held in Roubaix Sept. 15, the following resolution was adopted: "The Parti Ouvrier Francais, in congress assembled, extends greeting to the Russian proletariat and social democracy; declares its solidarity with them in their heroic struggles, and shouts with them into the face of the second and last Nicholas: 'Down with Tsarism.' The Parti Ouvrier Francais denounces to the workers and socialists of the whole globe such republicans as Waldeck-Rousseau, such radicals as Lanessan and Baudin, and such socialists as Millerand, who in supporting with their acclamations and with our money the Russian despot, lay bare and commit treason on the present and future of humanity."

Recent reports of the capitalistic press state that Waldeck-Rousseau has refused his support to the general strike of the miners. If this is true, then Millerand is in a trap indeed. Either he must take issue with Waldeck-Rousseau and resign, or the socialists must demand his resignation or exclusion from the party. Resignation or exclusion, that seems a cheerless alternative. Whether the reports are true or not, the possibility of such occurrences plainly shows the untenability of the position of a socialist minister who does not owe his office to the vote of his party.



# THE WORLD OF LABOR

By Max S. Hayes.

The tobacco trust is gaining strength and power at a rapid rate, so much so that the small manufacturers and even retail dealers are becoming panic-stricken. The trust has lately absorbed three big warehouses in Louisville, a number of the large cigar factories in Tampa, as well as important properties in Virginia. The combine controlling the manufacture of plug and smoking tobacco and cigarettes almost wholly, is gradually conquering the cigar branch of the industry, and, besides absorbing well-established concerns in various parts of the country, is erecting large factories, equipped with the most modern labor-saving machinery operated by women and at important points. Another branch of the tobacco business that is being reached for by the trust is the stogie trade, half a dozen of the leading plants in Wheeling and a number in Pittsburg having been approached for options. The combine has also absorbed a \$2,500,000 cigarette plant in London, a big firm in Belfast and established factories in Japan, thus setting out to conquer the foreign market. Mr. Duke, who is now in Europe, claims he will conquer the British business in three years, and it is reported has made an agreement with jobbers that will give him the power to dictate prices to tobacco raisers. Thus the organization of industry to enable the inauguration of socialism is nearing completion.

Our esteemed comrades, Chas Schwab, Seth Low, H. H. Rogers, E. M. Harriman, Alexander E. Orr and other New York plutocrats, are going to start a "school of political economy" in New Jersey for the workingman. A continuous performance of "How to Get Rich by Working the Workingman" will be produced.

The iron and steel workers of Chicago, who refused to go on strike when called, have had their wages cut from \$1.25 to \$1.40 a ton for rollers and other workers in proportion. Schwab considers the mill non-union and the anti-strikers are demurring quite strenuously, but all to no purpose. They made their bed and must sleep in it. Meanwhile the unionists are standing together pretty well despite their defeat.

Nearly all the state organizations formed previously to the unity convention of socialists, controlled by the different factions, have now been chartered by the new national committee with headquarters in St. Louis, and of which Leon Greenbaum is secretary. Independent organizations in Waterbury, Conn., New Castle, Pa., and other places have also joined the united party, and new locals have been organized in the following places during the past month: Denver, Col.; Omaha, Neb.; Kansas City, Kan.; Springfield, Mo.; Mystic, Ia.; Winfield, Kan.; South Omaha,

Neb.; Dover, N. H.; Bessemer, Ala.; Lamar, Mo.; Birmingham, Ala.; Carbondale, Pa.; Spring Church, Pa.; Kingman, Kan.; Charrellyn, Col.; Bath, Me.; Wilmington, Del.; Skowhegan, Me.; Mansfield, Mo.; Newport News, Va.; Portland, Ore.; Webb City, Mo.; Boulder, Col.; Columbus, Ind.; Ruth, Mo.; Colorado Springs, Col.; Huntington, Ind.; Cheyenne, Wyo.; Kokomo, Ind.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Portland, Me.; Harrington, Kan.; Ruth, Mo.; Geuda Springs, Kan.; Exeter, N. H.; Manchester, N. H. This new party is a movement that moves!

Interstate Commerce Commission's latest report, for the year ending June 30, 1901, shows that the number of accidents on railways is steadily increasing. In 1898 there were 1,958 employes killed and 31,761 injured. In 1899 the figures rose to 2,210 killed and 34,923 injured. During the last year, the report says, the total was 2,550 killed and 39,643 injured. While it is true that the number of employes has also increased, that fact does not explain the frightful slaughter. Including the increase of employes, the figures can be reduced to this plain result: In 1898 out of every 28 employes one was injured and one was killed out of every 447. In 1899 one was injured in every 27 employes, and one killed in every 420. Last year one employe in every 26 was injured, and the ratio of killed was one in every 339. These ghastly figures tell a fearful tale or human slaughter—greater than the losses during the Cuban war—they tell a dismal story of sorrow and suffering in the homes of laborers and of coupon-clipping among the criminal rich who are too greedy to introduce safety devices, but drive the wage-workers to the extremes of recklessness and despair to pile up millions.

Bicycle trust magnates recently held a meeting and their managers showed that while the combine started with 28 plants about two years ago, all but 10 had been closed; that all general agencies except the ones in San Francisco, Chicago and New York had been abolished, and that while bad weather had effected the business to some extent the profits were nevertheless \$850,000, or about the same as last year. This showing ought to be pleasing to the thousands of mechanics who were thrown out of work by the closing of plants and to the purchaser of wheels as well. It proves that the magnates are in business for the "people's benefit"—nit!

The Standard Oil magnates sprung a squeeze in copper, smashed a number of strong competitors and strengthened their grip on that industry. They also drove an opposition salt combine from the field, absorbed principal plants in this country and Canada, and will launch their reorganized \$30,000,000 trust the first of the year. The lead trust will also be reorganized with \$150,000,000 capital, and be almost a complete monopoly for the Standard interests, the Wetherills, of Philadelphia, having surrendered. The same influences are behind the brick trust that is absorbing all the yards of New England and New York. The U. S. Steel Corporation has launched its \$49,000,000 bituminous coal trust, the capital of which will be gradually increased by the absorption of other important coal fields in Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana and other States. Plow manufacturers are said to have at last started their \$100,000,000 combine. Oil cloth firms formed \$10,000,000 trust,

Pennsylvania lime concerns trustified at \$6,000,000. A \$32,000,000 salmon trust is announced on the Pacific Coast. A \$6,000,000 fertilizer trust was formed by Kentucky and Tennessee concerns. The four big rubber combines are dickering to amalgamate their interests. Another \$3,000,000 theatrical trust has been formed. Morgan is forming a huge shipping trust to handle the immense iron, steel, coal and other products in which he is interested. The Northern Pacific, Great Northern and C., B. & Q. railways are being combined, and it is stated that gradually other lines will be included that will place the control of 55,000 miles of railway in one company. Those who still imagine that "socialism is a dream" have another guess coming.

Cigarmakers' International Union reports that the organization is to-day in better condition financially and numerically than ever before in its history. It is also demonstrated by elaborate vital statistics that longevity has been increased six years during the past decade, owing to the shortening of the working time to eight hours a day and the introduction of beneficial features.

Three hundred new trade unions were formed in Ohio last year, according to official report.

A. F. of L. will meet in annual convention in Scranton, Pa., Thursday, Dec. 5.

Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that injunctions against trade unions are legal.

The big water front strike in San Francisco, which has been waged for many weeks, is at an end. The struggle was begun by the teamsters, who demanded recognition of their union, and soon the seamen, longshoremen and other crafts were drawn into the controversy. The authorities resorted to the most brutal methods to drive the workers back, a number of men were killed and many injured. The terms of the settlement indicate that the compromise favors the employers' combine, as they are not only not required to recognize the union, but they are conceded the right to keep the scabs who took strikers' places in their service. They agree, however, to pay the same rate of wages that was in force before the strike. Like the steel strike, this was one of the important class struggles of the year, and both contests have shown the tremendous disadvantage in which the workers are placed when they measure strength with organized employers and possess no political power. One would think that these repeated object lessons ought to serve to educate some of the high officials to the fact that the rank and file must be awakened to a knowledge of their political responsibilities, but so far but few of the former have given any sign that they are really leaders instead of followers.

The electrical workers express the fear that their employers are combining to smash their unions. Many strikes have been forced by the bosses lately in different parts of the country.

The railway brotherhoods are evidently in for trouble. The Lehigh Valley road has followed the example of the Reading Company and filed

notice on its employes to leave the unions or its employ. It is stated that the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western will make a similar move along about the first of the year. Only a few weeks ago Chief P. M. Arthur, of the engineers, once more delivered himself of the ridiculous assertion that the interests of the railway employes and the corporations are identical.

The steel strike didn't bother Morgan so very much from a financial point of view. His billion-dollar octopus cleaned up about \$55,000,000 profits for the first six months of its existence, and the "earnings" were as great during the strike period as before.

Harry Thompson, the Socialist party candidate for governor of Ohio, has been forced to resign his position with the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company because he is a socialist. The company so stated boldly. The company understands its interests better than the average workingman.

Fram, an influential Norwegian paper of the Northwest, published at Fargo, N. D., has come out for the Socialist party.

The decrepit old S. L. P. was ruled off the ballot in Nebraska and could not raise enough signatures to secure official recognition in San Francisco.

The New York Herald says there are 3,828 millionaires in this country who own \$16,000,000,000. That's all the active capital of the nation, really, and so less than four thousand men are the real bosses of the United States. They in turn are bossed by Rockefeller, Morgan and a few others.

St. Louis Trades' and Labor Union, for the second time, has ousted its chairman for compromising union labor with capitalistic politics.

The Philadelphia New Era, a trade union paper, has come out in support of the Socialist party, and the Socialist Spirit, of Chicago, and the Comrade, of New York, are new publications.

The Brewery Workers' National Union, in convention assembled, endorsed the platform of the Socialist party by an overwhelming majority.

The Michigan Federation of Labor adopted strong resolutions in favor of socialism. A resolution was also adopted to the effect that officials of the organization are prohibited from making speeches for either of the old capitalistic parties.

President Shaffer, of the steel workers, and Presidents Gompers, of the A. F. of L., and Mitchell, of the miners, have been indulging in a war of words as to who is responsible for the loss of the iron and steel strike, and at this writing pretty nearly everybody in union circles is talking at the same time and choosing sides. The matter will probably be threshed out at the coming A. F. of L. convention in Scranton. It would require several magazines the size of the Review to reprint all the remarks that have been hurled back and forth.

Labor Review, Williamsport, Pa., has come out in support of the Socialist party candidates in its balliwick.

## BOOK REVIEWS

The Passing of Capitalism. Isador Ladoff. Debs Publishing Co., 160 pp. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

The thirty-five essays of which this book is made up treat of a great variety of subjects, and but little attempt is made to follow any connected line of thought throughout the book. The writer has a clear and forcible style, marred somewhat by a multiplicity of quotations from foreign languages. The essays vary much in their quality and value to the social student. Some chapters that are specially worthy of notice are "Anarchism from the Socialistic Point of View," "Economic and Sociological Aspects of Capitalism," "Social Evolution and the Reformers," "The Single Tax vs. Socialism," "Individualism and Crime," "Suicide and Industrial Anarchy," "The Rights of Children," "The Social Evil and Commercialism," "The Capitalist Press," and "Popular Education as Influenced by Capitalism."

Many of these would be of great value as tracts as they are full of strong condensed statements that contain in clearly expressed language large amounts of truth. Some quotations from these chapters will give an idea of the author's style. "Capitalism is one of the many phases of social life through which humanity had to pass on its triumphant advance to higher culture and civilization. There was a time when capitalism was progressive and useful, being instrumental in training the proletariat in the noble art of socialized production. The day, however, is fast approaching when the proletariat will be ready to take possession of all the economic functions of society and operate them in the interest of society at large and eliminate the capitalistic class—an entirely useless and superfluous element." The following brings out an excellent and new point against the Single Tax: "About fifteen years have passed since the time when I first became acquainted with the gospel of the Single Tax, and since then the theory has not deepened, broadened or advanced the fraction of an inch. In our time of mediocre scribbling and indiscriminate printing, even the Single Tax can boast of having a literature of its own. But great Gods—what a literature! It consists of nothing but a dull chewing over and over of the stale old cud contained in the once famous book of its originator. Such is the fate of all pseudo-reformatory schemes conceived in half-knowledge, born in mental narrowness and reared by political incapacity." But with all its merits the book is marred by several glaring defects. The author seems to think it necessary to construct a straw man labelled the "Marxian socialist" at whom he hurls such choice epithets as "fanatical and deluvian," "pseudo socialistic jingoes," "howling dervishes," etc. Then in what has much the appearance of a straining after something peculiar that shall give him a literary trade-mark among social-

ists he introduces a phrase borrowed from the vocabulary of Kidd and Drummond called "race consciousness," which he would substitute for "class consciousness." He seems to be blissfully unconscious of the fact that the two ideas are by no means identical and that class consciousness is simply the means by which the proletariat achieves "race consciousness" and by which also the capitalist is prevented from achieving it. The book is full of strange contradictions. On one page he is more materialistic than the materialists and a little later he is pleading for some sort of a religion for socialism. He is emphatic in his position that socialism must be agnostic and anti-clerical, but is certain that it has no essential connection with philosophic materialism. He makes strenuous attempts to show that socialism is not a class movement, but does not succeed in adding anything to the idea plainly and clearly stated in the Communist Manifesto that the interests of the proletariat of capitalism are identical with the progress of the race. After emphatically declaring himself a monist and materialist he speaks of the "inherent power of a new idea \* \* \* growing and blossoming into beauty in spite of all unfavorable circumstances," and then making another about face, introduces an excellent analysis of Tolstoi and Nietzsche from the materialistic point of view with a half page of abuse of the Marxians, who more than anyone else taught the author how to use that philosophy. While seeming to accept Marxian economics he talks about farmers being expropriated by Boards of Trade and Stock Exchanges. After a half page of invectives at "Simon pure socialists" (he does not state what he wishes to use as an adulterant), because they have not solved the farmer problem, he writes a chapter on farmers without a single positive suggestion. While profuse in his denunciation of "old school socialists" because they have accomplished so little immediately he forgets to state where the opportunists have accomplished anything. Had he attempted to do this he would have discovered that it was the Guesdists of France who were doing most in the municipal field, the Parti Ouvrier of Belgium who lead in co-operation and that everywhere it has been the "narrow class-conscious" socialists who have really been doing things for the immediate relief of the workers, while the opportunists, whether they be Bernsteinians in Germany, Fabians in England, or Ministerialists in France, have never done anything but talk and criticise. But in spite of all these defects the book is one which is needed. It will break up the ice of customary socialist thought, start new ideas and compel discussion.

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### Books Received.

Set of "The Citizens' Library of Economics and Politics" from The Macmillan Co., consisting of the following books:

- Monopolies and Trusts. Richard T. Ely.
- The Economics of Distribution. John A. Hobson.
- World Politics. Paul S. Reinsch.
- Economic Crises. Edward D. Jones.
- Outline of Economics. Richard T. Ely.
- Government in Switzerland. John Martin Vincent.

The Monetary History of the United States. Charles J. Bullock.  
History of Political Parties in the United States. Jesse Macy.

This is an extremely valuable set of works for the student of economic and political affairs. It is edited by Prof. Richard T. Ely and is designed to cover the entire field indicated by a series of monographs by various writers. The volumes are attractively bound in half leather of a convenient size and retail at \$1.25 each. Those numbers not already reviewed in these columns will be noticed later.

The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth. Henry Frank. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 398 pp.

Contemporary Socialism. John Rae. Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, 555 pp., \$2.50 net.

The Octopus. Frank Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co.

### Among the Periodicals.

The October number of *The World's Work* is a more than ordinarily interesting number to the social student. The description of "The Philadelphia Commercial Museum" gives something of an idea of the extensive organization and unification which has taken place in the forces of capitalism. "The museum does not enter into trade of any kind. \* \* \* Its sole purpose is to foster American commerce. It points out to the manufacturer where, in any part of the world, a market may exist for his products; it gives him detailed reports on the conditions of such markets and the requirements for trade there; it shows him what competition he may expect, and how to prepare for it; it supplies him with information as to facilities, transportation, freight costs, and packing and shipping to advantageous markets; it tells him what local prejudices and peculiarities exist; it supplies lists of desirable firms in all parts of the world; and it submits to the exporter, manufacturer and importer samples of raw materials and manufactured goods from every country."

"Last year American manufacturers asked for and received 27,000 reports on possible trade opening abroad; 2,224 special inquiries from American producers were investigated and answered; 78,000 replies to inquiries regarding American goods were sent to foreign countries; and for firms throughout the United States over 1,000,000 words of business correspondence, embracing sixteen languages were translated." Foreign governments have joined with the merchants and government of the United States in supporting the institution. "The Blooming of a Sahara" is one of Wm. E. Smythe's interesting descriptions of the great irrigation movement of the West. "Russia as a Great Power," is a study of the great land-locked empire of the Czars. "The deadliest foe that such a system of government as prevails in Russia can have is an educated working class. Such a class is now by way of being born. When it reaches maturity and begins to realize its power, it will, unless all human experience goes for nothing, inoculate the very atmosphere with what the Russians would call revolutionism, with what we know under the name of Liberty." "In a few decades Russia will be

known and recognized as the most tempting field, outside of South America, for moneyed enterprise in the world, and American millionaires, by the time they have completed the financial conquest of England, will find in the long-derelected Empire of the Czars yet more profitable scope for their energies." \* \* \* "Two mighty forces are at work upon the Mujik—education and imperialism—and the future of religious and political Russia depends largely on the manner of his evolutions under their influence. Already it is noted that once settled in the towns he takes with enthusiasm to socialism; and the fact is pregnant with possibilities." Irene M. Ashby gives the result of her personal investigation as an agent of the American Federation of Labor into "Child Labor in Southern Cotton Mills." "Come with me into an Alabama town, where there is a large cheerful-looking factory. Walking up the long, orderly building, deafened by the racket, yet fascinated by the ingenious machinery, you become suddenly aware of a little grey shadow flitting restlessly up and down the aisles—a small girl with bare feet and pale face. She has a worn and anxious aspect, as if a weight of care and responsibility rested already on her baby shoulders. She either does not look at you at all or she turns her eyes but for a moment, unchildlike in their lack of interest, looking back immediately to the spinning frame. A thread breaks first at one end of the long frame, then at the other. The tiny fingers repair the damage at the first place and she walks listlessly to the other. Something goes wrong above, and the child pushes forward a box that she may reach it. With a great shock it dawns on you that this child is working. \* \* \* I was prepared to find child-labor, for wherever easily manipulated machinery takes the place of human muscles the child is inevitably drawn into the labor market, unless there are laws to protect it. But one could hardly be prepared to find in America to-day white children, six and seven years of age, working for twelve hours a day—aroused before daybreak and toiling until long after sun-down in winter, with only half an hour for rest and refreshment. \* \* \* One evening in December I stumbled through a totally unlighted mill village, falling on the way into ditches and deep ruts, and knocked at the door of one of the wooden huts where I saw a light. I asked the woman who opened it if I might come in. Assenting she ushered me in. She was surrounded by a brood of very small boys, and her consumptive husband sat beside the fire. The smallest child, a poor little fellow that looked to be about six years old, nestled up to me as I talked to them. All worked in the mill except the mother, they told me. 'Not this one!' I exclaimed, looking down at the wee, thin boy beside me. 'Why, yes.' He had worked for about a year; last year he worked forty nights; he was nearly eight years old now. \* \* \* This problem is not a new one. It has had to be faced in every place where textile trades have been established. But the southern states now enjoy the unenviable position of being the only civilized country in the world which does not by enlightened legislation protect the children of its working people from this inevitable consequence of unregulated industrial development. \* \* \* 'What do you do when you are very tired?' I asked a little girl, putting my mouth close to her ear to make myself heard. 'I cry,' she said, shyly. She



would make no reply when I asked her what happened then, but another child, who had literally poked her head into the conversation, put in tersely, 'The boss tells her to go on with her work.'"

Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard University, discusses "American Democracy" in *The International Monthly* and rudely attacks some of the idols of our complacent bourgeoisie. He boldly takes up the cudgels in favor of German absolutism against American democracy. "The party rule in America, with its methods of nomination, deprives the individual of his political powers more completely than any aristocratic system, and the despotism of the boss easily turns into the tyranny of a 'group of capitalists.'" What he really succeeds in demonstrating is something very different from what he claims to prove. His array of arguments go not so much to show the disadvantage of democracy in comparison with monarchy as to show that plutocracy is much the same the world over under whatever outward political forms it may disguise itself.

"The Comrade," an artistic and literary socialist monthly made its appearance in October. Typographically and every other way it is something of which the socialists should be proud of. Among the contributors to the first number are: Edwin Markham, Geo. D. Herron, Ernest Crosby and Jack London.

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We believe that the present number of the *International Socialist Review* is one of the best yet issued. Succeeding numbers will be still better. For various reasons the article by C. S. Darrow on "The Courts of the Poor" has been reserved for a later number—probably January or February. If those who, in response to an advertisement, sent 10 cents for the copy containing that article will notify us by postal the number containing the article will be sent them in addition to the current number, which they have already received. Among the MSS. which are now on hand and which will appear soon are several of great interest. W. H. Noyes, who has been living in the South for some time writes upon "Some Proposed Solutions of the Negro Problem," approaching the subject much more nearly from the Southern point of view than has been done by any previous socialist writer on this subject. Bolton Hall discusses the points in common between socialism and single tax in a way that is certain to arouse interest. Marcus Hitch makes an important contribution to the technical side of socialist economics with some "Observations on Economic and Political Determinism." Numerous others equally good of which space prevents mention will make the future numbers of greatest value to every one interested in social and economic problems.

# EDITORIAL

## Press Censorship in America.

Recent actions of the Post Master General in regard to the second class mail have aroused a suspicion, that is rapidly becoming a certainty, that the periodical press of the United States is now subject to one of the most arbitrary and irresponsible press censorships in the world. A short time ago the post office officials announced their intention of abolishing the deficit which has always existed in the postal finances. There have always been two notorious leaks in these finances and it would naturally be supposed that any move toward economy would give these first attention. But up to the present time nothing has been said about the fact that the railroads are receiving from five to ten times as much for carrying the mails as they are receiving for similar service from the express companies. Neither has there been any suggestion of limiting the franking privilege by which tons of campaign documents are annually sent out at the expense of the postal revenues and for the benefit of the capitalist parties. It was announced that the proposed economy would be effected by restricting the amount of mail which would be carried as second class at the rate of one cent per pound. One of the special objects against which it was stated the post office would proceed was the great "mail order monthlies." These papers have immense circulations, reaching into the hundreds of thousands and even millions of copies of each issue. Their main source of income is their advertising and hence they send out large numbers of sample copies to lists of probable buyers of goods such as are advertised. This was declared to be a terrible "abuse of the second class privilege" and it was claimed that these papers would be the first point of attack. But if economy is to be the motive this method looks a little suspicious for the main source of profitable post office income is the revenue derived from the "mail order business" which it is the special work of these publications to develop. Notorious wastes are thus overlooked and the economies proposed are apt to prove losing investments rather than lines of retrenchment.

This suspicion grows still stronger when it is rumored that there are good reasons to believe that with the increase of business in the mail together with the settling up of the West, which abolishes the most expensive "long hauls" of mail, it is probable that it will take but a few years for normal development to wipe out the deficit, and the main excuse for economy disappears.

The first impression gained on an examination of the rulings and regulations which have been promulgated concerning the second class matter is one of wonder at their intricacy and contradictory character. The popular and universal idea of a periodical is fairly well summed up in the general definition of the original law on the subject, which reads as follows: "Mailable matter of the second class shall embrace all newspaper and other periodical publications which are issued at stated intervals, and as frequently as four times a year."

Soon the post office began to explain and define the terms used in this definition. First, a limit was placed upon the number of sample copies that could be mailed. Then the publisher was forbidden to print, for any purpose whatever, more than twice as many copies as he had actual subscribers. This instantly created a dilemma. Every prominent daily in the country would have been shut out of the mails on a strict application of this rule. So there began to be a series of fearfully and wonderfully made definitions of what constitutes a subscriber. The following quotation is taken from a recent document of the Chicago post office, which says: "In making up the 'legitimate list of subscribers,' the following may be included: Direct subscriptions to publishers, copies regularly sold by newsboys, copies regularly sold over the publisher's counter to purchasers of individual copies, regular sales of copies of consecutive issues by news agencies, bona fide bulk purchases of consecutive issues by news agencies for sale in the usual way without the return privilege. One copy to each advertiser to prove advertisement, bona fide exchanges (one copy for another) with existing second class publications within reasonable limits." The contradictory character of these regulations is apparent at first sight. Copies regularly sold by newsboys are to count but not those purchased by newsdealers with the return privilege. This notwithstanding the fact that the return privilege is almost universally extended to newsboys. Incidentally it might be mentioned that when application was made for the entry of a socialist publication at this same Chicago office it was specifically stated by the man in charge of the second class entry (who undoubtedly compiled this very circular) that copies "sold regularly over the publisher's counter" or by socialist sections "without the return privilege" must not be counted "in making up the 'legitimate list of subscribers.'"

The confusion grows constantly worse. It is announced that subscriptions must not be secured by premiums, prizes, etc. But it is well known that many prominent dailies give their *solicitors* practically the entire sum received for a first subscription and not infrequently include merchandise to an almost equal amount. Lest these dear dailies might be affected the order was again modified so as to apply only to those papers publicly advertising such offers. This enabled the post office to be conveniently blind to the work of the dailies while those whom it wished to suppress could be easily reached. Incidentally, while such a howl is being made against periodicals with a nominal subscription, it might be well to call attention to the fact that the great dailies of Chicago announced on raising the retail price to two cents that the one cent which they had been charging for single copies was often less than the cost of the white paper.

Again, the post office ruled that any subscription for a period of less than three months is no subscription at all and the publishers of "The Workers' Call," the organ of the Chicago socialists, were informed that not only could subscriptions for a shorter time not be counted in making up the "legitimate list of subscribers" but that the acceptance of such subscriptions in any manner whatever would cause the paper to be excluded from the mails. But a large proportion of the metropolitan dailies carry at the head of their editorial columns rates for one month and not infrequently for even a single week, and it is safe to say that fifty per cent of all the "subscriptions" they ever have are for such periods of time. To all this again the post office is conveniently blind. By this time it should be evident that it is simply proposed to exclude those publications that happen to displease the postal officials. But these officials, like those of every other department of our present government, are but organs of the present capitalist class. Therefore the above statement is simply another way of saying that all publications should be suppressed that displease the ruling class of to-day.

Everything was now ready for the next step in "economy." The post office began to make rules concerning the contents of the publication. Knowing the sort of work done in other lines we are not surprised to find a most elastic confusion resulting. Restrictions and regulations concerning the amount and character of permissible advertising began to appear. It was ruled that only those publications devoted to either "news" or "literature" would be mailable. The postal officials thus became judges of "literature" along with their other duties.

In the midst of all this confusion almost anything could be done and defended as being in accord with some previously promulgated rule. But when, after months of talk some action was actually taken, the first paper of any importance to be proceeded against was not even one of the much denounced "mail order journals" with their sham subscription list. On the contrary it was the "Appeal to Reason" which was notified that bundles of papers sent to the same address were not mailable at-pound rates even if paid for in advance. This, notwithstanding the fact that a large percentage of every issue of the great metropolitan dailies are mailed in this way. Then came a notice that the publications issued by societies must contain no advertisements aside from those of the organizations publishing them. Incidentally this was directly contrary to a previous order intended to suppress "house organs" which provided that any publication not accepting the advertisements of others than the publishers would be forbidden the mails. The first ones against whom this new ruling was enforced were the trade-union organs. Very many unions publish papers as a means of communication between their members and as a means of propagating the doctrines of unionism. Lately many of these have begun to realize that the interests of unionism leads to socialism. One of the main sources of income of all such papers has always been their advertising and the promulgation of this order denying to trades unions what is the privilege of every individual means practically the suppression of many of these publications.

Then came the announcement that all "libraries" or periodicals, each number of which was made up of a single article so as to constitute a

book or pamphlet, should be denied second class entry. This was enforced immediately against several "libraries" consisting of socialist pamphlets, although already a rumor is running through the trade papers of the news companies stating that there is a "string" on the law and that it will not be enforced against all "libraries."

But the most striking instance of this new censorship was the suppression of "The Challenge." This socialist paper had attained a circulation of about 30,000 in a little over nine months. During this time, whatever criticism captious critics may have made on its style of presenting the subject, it had attracted more attention to socialism than any previous effort had been able to do. The somewhat peculiar methods of the paper and its owner had succeeded in forcing more notice from the defenders of capitalism than all the other socialist papers in the country combined. Suddenly a notice was served on the publishers that "The Challenge" was refused access to the second class mails. The excuse given was that the paper was published mainly to "advertise Wilshire's ideas." Now exactly what a publication, not a news organ, is for save to "advertise" the ideas of the editors and contributors is something which the post office litterateurs did not attempt to explain. Indeed no man with a grain of sense can consider the reason offered seriously. It is a plain case of the suppression of a paper whose ideas did not suit the Third Assistant Post Master General, who, God save the mark, received his present position as a sop to the labor vote, he having previously been a locomotive engineer.

It thus appears that a definite policy of press censorship has been the ultimate outcome of the cry for "economy." Nevertheless we are not among those who believe that this policy will be greatly extended. The suppression of "The Challenge" has been the greatest of all the many free advertisements that it, together with its editor and his "ideas," have received. Notwithstanding the fact that any attack upon the post office is liable, under the present arbitrary management, to endanger the existence of the protesting publications, the socialist papers with a few conspicuous exceptions, have taken up the battle against this press censorship. If this is done effectively it will become quickly evident to those who actually control the strings that move the post office puppets, that any such methods will but hasten the spread of socialism and the downfall of exploitation. Forcible suppression has never permanently checked any movement that was in accord with economic progress. Especially if, as is the case at present with socialism in the United States, the movement had sufficient strength to take advantage of the sympathy and indignation which would be aroused, any attempt at arbitrary suppression serves but to emphasize the arguments at which the suppression is aimed.

## PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

### THE STANDARD SOCIALIST SERIES.

This name has been given to a new library of cloth-bound books of about 200 pages each, intended to meet the rapidly increasing demand for standard socialist literature in permanent form at low prices. The books are neatly and substantially bound in cloth and embossed with a tasteful design in two colors of ink. The retail price has been fixed at 50 cents a volume, while the net price to stockholders in our co-operative publishing company is 30 cents, if sent by mail, or 25 cents if sent by express at the purchaser's expense.

#### Liebknrecht's Life of Marx.

The first volume in this series is "Karl Marx: Biographical Memoirs." By Wilhelm Liebknrecht. This unique book was published in Germany shortly before Liebknrecht's death, and our translation by Professor Untermann is the first edition that has appeared in English. This book has been received with general approval not only by the socialist press but also by many of the leading capitalist periodicals. For example the Review of Reviews says: "Liebknrecht's 'Biographical Memoirs of Karl Marx' are the most authentic sources of our knowledge of the great socialist's life." And the Chicago Tribune says: "This first English translation preserves the spirit of the original admirably and keeps the flavor of the many anecdotes scattered throughout the Memoirs."

#### Vandervelde's Collectivism.

As a full description of this book has already appeared in the pages of the International Socialist Review we cannot do better in this place than to quote the opinion of the Chicago Evening Post, a journal which certainly cannot be accused of undue sympathy with socialism. The Post says editorially:

"The countless number of works which nineteenth century socialism has inspired are of two classes—propaganda for the masses in extremely simple and didactic style and deeply scientific studies. In the work called "Collectivism and Industrial Evolution" Emile Vandervelde a member of the Belgian chamber of deputies gives a complete exposition of the collectivist theories aiming to strike the happy medium between

the two classes of work just mentioned. The book, translated by Charles H. Kerr, is in clear and interesting style."

These two books are already printed and will be mailed to any address promptly on receipt of price.

We also solicit orders for the following books which are now ready for the printer:

### **The American Farmer.**

In no other country is the "farmer question" of such paramount importance as in America and nowhere else are the farmers so powerful industrially and politically; nowhere else are they so intelligent alert and fully initiated. But the problem of the American farmer bears little resemblance to the "agrarian" question of Europe. It has its own peculiarities and a great variety of complications

The co-operation of the farmers is absolutely essential to the success of socialism. The success of socialism is the only hope of the farmer.

Bearing these facts in view A. M. Simons, the editor of the International Socialist Review, has written a book entitled "The American Farmer," intended to bring socialism to the farmer and the farmer to the socialists. It is a work which every socialist student must have if he would understand the industrial life of America as a whole. It is a book which every farmer must read if he would know the solution and the outcome of the economic and social problems which are forced upon him. The following table of contents will give some idea of the scope of the book:

#### **Book I.—Historical.**

- Chap. I.—Introduction—Statement of the Problem.
- Chap. II.—The New England States.
- Chap. III.—The South.
- Chap. IV.—The Middle West.
- Chap. V.—The Great Plains.
- Chap. VI.—The Far West.
- Chap. VII.—The Arid Belt.

#### **Book II.—Agricultural Economics.**

- Chap. I.—The Movement Toward the City.
- Chap. II.—The Transformation of Agriculture.
- Chap. III.—Concentration in Agriculture.
- Chap. IV.—The Modern Farmer.
- Chap. V.—The Farmer and the Industrial Wage-Worker.

#### **Book III.—The Coming Change.**

- Chap. I.—The Line of Future Evolution.
- Chap. II.—The Socialist Movement.
- Chap. III.—Socialism and the Farmer.
- Chap. IV.—Steps Toward Realization.

### **Last Days of the Ruskin Co-operative Association.**

The varied career and the final failure of the Ruskin colony are full of interesting lessons for the socialists of America. It is a matter of

no small importance that the real facts relating to this colony be generally known, and this for two reasons.

First. In the absence of such knowledge some may imagine that the failure of this colony throws a doubt on the practicability of socialism.

Second. There is still a danger that ill-informed sympathizers with socialism may waste their efforts on similar schemes in the near future.

In view of all this we are glad to announce for publication in the Standard Socialist Series a book by Prof. Isaac Broome, who was a resident member of the colony for four years preceding its dissolution, entitled "Last Days of the Ruskin Co-Operative Association." It will be illustrated with sixteen half-tone engravings from photographs showing scenes at Ruskin colony.

### **The Origin of the Family, the State and Private Property.**

This monumental work by Frederick Engels has never yet been accessible to English readers. It is a work that is really indispensable to any one who wishes to examine the historic foundations of the socialist philosophy. We are therefore glad to announce that Professor Untermann has completed a translation of this book, which will be published in the Standard Socialist Series as soon as the printing can be completed. A fuller description of the work will be published later.

It will thus be seen that the Standard Socialist Series now comprises five volumes, of which two are already published, and three are ready for publication. The outlay necessary before the first copy of each book can be placed in the hands of our readers is something over \$200 for each volume of the series, or \$600 for the three that are now ready for the printer.

The publication of these books is something which is of vital interest to every socialist. We therefore call upon each of our readers to help at once in one of the following ways:

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2. If this is not possible, send \$2.00 and we will send you by return mail the two volumes of the series already published, Karl Marx and Collectivism, and will mail you the other three volumes as soon as each is published. We expect to have at least two of them ready in December and the fifth early in 1902.
3. Send \$1.00 for the two numbers already out, which will be sent you by return mail, and write us that we may count upon receiving your 50 cents for each new volume as soon as ready. By acting promptly you will enable us to proceed at once with the publication of these valuable books.

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Robert Owen, the "Father of English Socialism," and his American Communities;

The Perfectionists and their Putney Community;

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The Icarians and their typical experiment in Democratic Communism, their Hardships, Success, Divisions, Decadence and Death;

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Shalam or the Children's Land, and its failure in 1901, after 17 years;

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