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THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

VOL. XI., No. 1. JANUARY 15, 1907.

## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**The Labour Party Conference.**—The bodies affiliated to the Labour Party have provided a fairly extensive bill of fare for the Conference to be held at Belfast. The usual "hardy annuals" figure among the resolutions; but the most important are those dealing with the constitution and policy of the party. These give evidence of a desire to place the movement on the basis of definite principles, and to formulate a programme. The executive, however, composed almost entirely of members of the Parliamentary group, recommend that the standing orders committee should take steps to secure that such resolutions should only express the opinions of the Conference, and should not "prejudice" the action of the party in Parliament. In other words, the Parliamentary representatives of the party ask to be given a free hand, to show the same utter disregard of the resolutions of the Conference in the future as they have displayed in the past. If this is to be conceded, it is difficult to see what useful purpose the meeting of the Conference can serve.

**Paying the Piper.**—The chief function of the Conference, it appears, if it adopts the suggestions of the executive, will be to raise the contributions from a penny to twopence per member per year. The stipulated payment to the Parliamentary members entails a much larger expenditure than the present contributions will meet, and it is proposed to increase the amount paid to each member by £20, on account of the Autumn Session. In addition to this a considerable addition has been made to what may be called management expenses. Mr. MacDonald being relieved of all but the nominal duties of Secretary, in consequence of having to attend the House of Commons, it is but reasonable that the Assistant Secretary, upon whom all the extra duties fall, should receive an increase of salary. We see no mention anywhere, however, of any relinquishment of salary on the part of the Secretary. Surely we are not to assume that Mr. MacDonald takes his full salary as Secretary as well as his pay as a member for Parliament, at the same time that his Parliamentary duties are the occasion of his having to give up the greater part of the secretarial work? We say nothing of the six months' holiday granted him, during which he has been free from both Parliamentary and secretarial duties. Certainly neither the Secretary nor the executive can be accused of an excess of modesty in thus asking the Conference to foot the bill and at the same time give up its right to shape the policy. The Conference, it seems, may pay the piper, but is not to call the tune.

**The Work of the Session.**—The Parliamentary group of the Labour Party did very well in the House of Commons, so far as mere routine work, and the Bills in which they were interested, were concerned, but they would have done much better if they had had

a clearer conception of the rôle they were expected to fill. They appear to suppose themselves to be the party, instead of merely its Parliamentary representatives, and they forget that they have to justify their independence by a position of clearly defined hostility to the other parties there. Here, for instance, is the "Daily News," pointing out that the relations between the Labour Party and the Government have been of the most friendly description, and much more that of allies than of enemies; and it asks, with some reason, why, if such friendly relations can be maintained in the House of Commons, there should be such hostility in the constituencies, and what reason there can be for such contests as those of Huddersfield and Cockermouth? And others will be asking the same question. If the relations between classes are such as to justify the formation of an independent, working-class Parliamentary party, entailing some effort and some sacrifice on the part of working people, the class antagonism thus manifested should find expression in the House of Commons. If the Parliamentary representatives of such a party are not prepared to carry the fight into the House of Commons, they can scarcely expect to justify their existence as a separate party.

**Liberal Trickery.**—The evasion of responsibility in the matter of Chinese slavery in South Africa is a characteristic piece of Liberal trickery. The bulk of the working-class voters who supported the Liberal Party in the last election were foolish enough to suppose that as soon as it was in power the Liberal Government would set to work to sweep away the infamy they had so unsparingly denounced during the election. They ought to have known the Liberals better, for nothing was further from their intentions. The cry of Chinese slavery having served its turn, it was necessary to do something, or to make a pretence of

doing something. This has been achieved by saddling the responsibility upon the new Colonial Legislature. It is to be left to that body to determine whether what has been loudly denounced as slavery and a blot and infamy on the fair fame of the British Empire, shall or shall not be allowed to continue. The Constitution, under which the new Legislature is to be elected, while providing that the Chinese Ordinance must end with the first year of office of the new Government, leaves it open to that Government to re-enact the Ordinance if it wishes to do so. That the Ordinance will be re-enacted, unless an adequate supply of native labour is developed in the meantime, is quite clear by the general agreement on the subject shown by the leaders of both parties in the electoral contest now proceeding.

**The Elections in Germany.**—Really our German comrades are greatly to be envied. Kaiser Wilhelm is always playing into their hands. For some unaccountable reason—or for none at all—he goes out of his way to flout and estrange the great Centre Party, which has been the chief prop and stay of his autocratic rule, over the question of Colonial policy. What he can hope to gain by dissolving the Reichstag and forcing a general election it is impossible to see. The National Liberals, and other curious fractions, which go to make up the Ministerial *bloc*, are reactionary enough, in all conscience, but they are not likely to serve the Kaiser so well as the Clericals have done, even if they could agree among themselves to do so, which appears to be impossible, or were likely to secure a majority in the elections, which is scarcely probable. There is only one party that stands to gain in the elections, whichever among the other parties may lose, and that is the Social-Democratic Party. Our comrades will contest every seat, and have great

hopes of winning another million votes, and raising their Parliamentary representation to a hundred. May their anticipations be more than realised!

**The Unemployed.**—From the apparent quiescence of the unemployed it might be supposed that the one result of the "record" prosperity of last year was the solution of the unemployed problem, and that work had been provided for everybody able and willing to work. Unfortunately the facts are quite otherwise. Although employment was said to be exceptionally good in November, there were in the unions, with an aggregate membership of 604,370, making returns, 27,446 unemployed, or 4.5 per cent., as compared with 4.4 per cent. at the end of October, and 4.7 per cent. in November, 1905. Thus, in spite of this boasted prosperity, there was only a drop of two decimals in the percentage of unemployed in the unions making returns, and, as has been repeatedly pointed out, these unions afford no adequate criterion as to the state of the labour market. From facts within our own knowledge we are prepared to say that there has been no appreciable diminution in numbers of the unemployed, and that the distress arising from unemployment is actually worse than twelve months ago.

**The Abolition of Courts-Martial.**—If the brutal sentence passed upon Stoker Moody has the effect of bringing about the abolition of courts-martial in time of peace, he will deserve well of his kind. The acts of insubordination, of which he and others were guilty, were provoked by grievances for which no redress could be obtained in any other fashion; and there is no reason whatever why such acts of insubordination should in times of peace be tried

by court-martial, in which the accuser is also judge and jury, instead of being brought before the civil courts. It is said, of course, that discipline must be maintained, a proposition to which we readily assent. But discipline is one thing and tyranny another, and the man who cannot maintain discipline without cruelty and injustice is unfit to be in command. The best discipline is maintained where there is mutual trust and respect between officers and men, and it is perfectly certain that that is the only kind of discipline which will serve in a crisis. How foreign to modern sentiment is the old notion that discipline can only be maintained by brutality, has again been shown by the events which succeeded the condemnation of Moody. Now that a vigorous agitation has been set on foot to that end, it is to be hoped that the example of France will be followed here and courts-martial abolished.

## THE FAILURE OF THE POOR LAW.

Matters concerning the Poor Law and its administration have been in the forefront of public attention during the year just closed. So unsatisfactory is the whole business regarded, that a Royal Commission has been appointed to make a thorough inquiry into this phase of our social life, and although Royal Commissions are notoriously sterile so far as legislation is concerned, a different result may be hoped from this particular Commission, owing, as hinted above, to the very general feeling that the present law does not fit present-day conditions.

Society is faced with the uncomfortable fact that the army of poor compelled to apply to the tender mercies of boards of guardians, shows no signs of diminution. True the *percentage* to the whole population has declined, but yet we have the significant and damning evidence before us that the *total number* does not decrease, in spite of the great increase in national wealth we are assured has taken place, and the great progress made in all departments of human activity. Over the last 25 years the numbers on January 1 were as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 1881 ... ... ... ... ... | 803,381 |
| 1891 ... ... ... ... ... | 780,457 |
| 1901 ... ... ... ... ... | 801,347 |
| 1902 ... ... ... ... ... | 824,627 |
| 1903 ... ... ... ... ... | 847,480 |
| 1904 ... ... ... ... ... | 869,128 |
| 1905 ... ... ... ... ... | 932,267 |
| 1906 ... ... ... ... ... | 926,742 |

These 926,741 are classified as follows :—

| | |
|---|---|
| **Paupers not classed as Insane or Casual Paupers—** | |
| Men ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 218,127 |
| Women ... ... ... ... ... ... | 344,038 |
| Children under 16 ... ... ... ... ... | 239,903 |
| Total, excluding Insane and Casual Paupers ... | 802,068 |
| **Insane—** | |
| Men ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 48,634 |
| Women ... ... ... ... ... ... | 57,996 |
| Children under 16 ... ... ... ... ... | 1,999 |
| Total Insane ... ... ... | 108,659 |
| Casual Paupers ... ... ... ... ... | 16,023 |
| Total ... ... ... ... | 926,741 |
| Decrease as compared with January, 1905 ... | 5,526 |

The thirty-fifth Annual Report of the Local Government Board, recently issued, from which we take the above figures, contains, as usual, an enormous mass of information and statistics relating to the Poor Law and the general local administration of the nation. Confining myself in this article to the Poor Law, it will be noticed that the total for January 1, 1906, shows a decrease, but it is very slight (only 0.6). In London there was, indeed, an increase of 616, but the decrease in the rest of the country more than counterbalanced this.

Allowing for a slight difference in totals, arising from 779 being reckoned twice, it appears there were

| | |
|---|---|
| Indoor ... ... ... ... ... | 279,037 |
| Outdoor ... ... ... ... | 562,662 |
| Insane in asylums, etc. ... ... | 85,821 |

"The rate of pauperism to population on January 1, 1906 was 27.1 per 1,000, thus showing a decrease as compared with 27.6 on January 1, 1905. The rate remained, however, in excess of the rates shown for the corresponding dates in any of the years 1898 to 1904.

"A noticeable feature in the pauperism of the 25

years is the increase in the numbers of the paupers receiving indoor relief. The numbers of the outdoor poor in the same period have on the whole shown no material change, although a slight increase is observable in 1905-1906."

The total expenditure for Poor Law relief for the year ended Lady Day 1905 amounted to £13,851,981. The amount has steadily risen from £8,102,136 in 1881. The last five years are as follows:—

| Year. | Expenditure. £ | Rate per head on estimated Population. s. d. |
|---|---|---|
| 1901 ... ... | 11,548,885 | ... 7 2 |
| 1902 ... ... | 12,261,192 | ... 7 6¼ |
| 1903 ... ... | 12,848,323 | ... 7 9½ |
| 1904 ... ... | 13,369,494 | ... 8 0¼ |
| 1905 ... ... | 13,851,981 | ... 8 2½ |

The cost per pauper, England and Wales, was £15 13s. 3¼d. The outdoor only was £5 19s. 4¾d. per pauper. Treating London separately we get the following:—Cost per pauper, London, £27 17s. 10¼d.; England and Wales, excluding London, £13 7s. 9½d. Cost per outdoor pauper:—London, £6 2s. 1¼d.; England and Wales, excluding London, £5 19s. 1½d.

The expenditure on erection and enlargement of workhouses, infirmaries, &c., was no less than £732,448 8s. 5d.

During 1905, 808 persons were emigrated by Boards of Guardians, at a cost of £10,083.

A considerable space in the Report is taken up in dealing with the children under the Poor Law, and it is interesting to know that 17,698 of them attend the public elementary schools. In London, 651 boys were placed out to different trades, and 603 girls, nearly all the latter to domestic service.

Two ugly questions are those of casuals and lunacy. As regards the former, the average number of casuals relieved during 1905 was 11,865, as compared with 10,868 for 1904, the maximum being 13,552 on April 29,

and the minimum 7,274 on July 15. The average number relieved on Friday nights in London during the year was 1,168. The figures respecting London for the last six years are as follows:—

AVERAGE NUMBER OF CASUAL PAUPERS IN THE METROPOLIS.

| Year. | Men. | Women. | Children. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1900 ... ... ... ... | 705 | 196 | 15 | 916 |
| 1901 ... ... ... ... | 763 | 190 | 16 | 969 |
| 1902 ... ... ... ... | 778 | 188 | 19 | 985 |
| 1903 ... ... ... ... | 884 | 192 | 13 | 1,089 |
| 1904 ... ... ... ... | 916 | 205 | 12 | 1,133 |
| 1905 ... ... ... ... | 941 | 217 | 10 | 1,168 |

Regarding lunacy, the Report states: "The Appendix contains also a table compiled from figures supplied by the Commissioners in Lunacy, showing the several classes of insane paupers relieved on January 1 in each year from 1882. The numbers show a consistent yearly increase, amounting in the period 1886-1896 to 21.6 per cent., and between the years 1896 and 1906 to 23,905, or 27.4 per cent."

From the table mentioned I take the totals, and consider it of sufficient importance to give the whole 25 years. The figures are for January 1 each year :—

| Year. | Insane. | Year. | Insane. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1882 ... ... ... | 67,089 | 1895 ... ... ... | 84,908 |
| 1883 ... ... ... | 68,913 | 1896 ... ... ... | 87,174 |
| 1884 ... ... ... | 70,453 | 1897 ... ... ... | 90,074 |
| 1885 ... ... ... | 71,370 | 1898 ... ... ... | 92,452 |
| 1886 ... ... ... | 71,692 | 1899 ... ... ... | 95,462 |
| 1887 ... ... ... | 72,488 | 1900 ... ... ... | 96,865 |
| 1888 ... ... ... | 74,090 | 1901 ... ... ... | 98,137 |
| 1889 ... ... ... | 75.581 | 1902 ... ... ... | 100,656 |
| 1890 ... ... ... | 77,026 | 1903 ... ... ... | 103,705 |
| 1891 ... ... ... | 77,784 | 1904 ... ... ... | 106,683 |
| 1892 ... ... ... | 78,647 | 1905 ... ... ... | 109,100 |
| 1893 ... ... ... | 80,845 | 1906 ... ... ... | 111,079 |
| 1894 ... ... ... | 82,875 | | |

In many parts of the report, and its statistics, the facts relating to London are specially dealt with. Mr. Lockwood, the Inspector for London, in his report

states: "Taking the year as a whole, metropolitan pauperism for 1905 was higher than in 1904, and the number of indoor poor at the end of December was greater than in any previous year. . . . . The most disquieting feature is stated to be the steady increase in indoor pauperism. The workhouse in London is, to a great extent, ceasing to be a deterrent, and admission to the poor law infirmaries has, as a rule, ceased to be associated with destitution." Alas, that the workhouse is ceasing to be a deterrent! The bulwark of the Poor Law is breaking down.

The following table shows, with respect to London, the total expenditure on the relief of the poor (other than expenditure defrayed out of loans) during the years ended Lady Day, 1871 and 1881, and in each of the 15 years ended at Lady Day from 1891 to 1905, the rate per head of this expenditure calculated on the estimated population, and the amount expended in each year on out-relief:—

| Year ended at Lady Day. | Total cost of relief in London. | Rate per head calculated on estimated population. | Cost of out-relief in London. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | £ | s. d. | £ |
| 1871 ... ... | 1,646,103 | 10 2¾ | 412,299 |
| 1881 ... ... | 1,907,155 | 10 1¼ | 198,282 |
| 1891 ... ... | 2,435,164 | 11 7¾ | 184,118 |
| 1892 ... ... | 2,473,514 | 11 8½ | 181,406 |
| 1893 ... .. | 2,728,552 | 12 9¼ | 181,770 |
| 1894 ... ... | 2,900,940 | 13 5½ | 197,270 |
| 1895 ... ... | 2,937,409 | 13 6 | 220,424 |
| 1896 ... ... | 3,007,615 | 13 8½ | 216,449 |
| 1897 ... ... | 3,108,393 | 14 0¾ | 221,235 |
| 1898 ... ... | 3,237,576 | 14 6¾ | 222,174 |
| 1899 ... .. | 3,446,132 | 15 5 | 223,624 |
| 1900 ... ... | 3,594,841 | 16 0 | 229,089 |
| 1901 ... ... | 3,200,267 | 14 2¼ | 231,226 |
| 1902 ... ... | 3,414,669 | 15 0¼ | 246,897 |
| 1903 ... ... | 3,593,984 | 15 8¼ | 256,916 |
| 1904 ... ... | 3,751,980 | 16 3¼ | 257,047 |
| 1905 ... ... | 3,866,739 | 16 7½ | 288,773 |

## Metropolitan Pauperism in 1906.

The foregoing applied to 1905, but we get what the position is as regards London during 1906 from the official returns, published every month. On December 26 last the "Times" contained a very full review of the position as regards the metropolis, and we will quote from this annual review. Needless to say, our contemporary is much concerned at the condition of affairs, and deplores the fact that the indoor recipients of relief are on the increase. That this is so is clear from the latest return, which gives the number of persons relieved on December 16:—

| Year. | Indoor Paupers. | Outdoor Paupers. | Total. | Ratio per 1,000 of Population. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1906 | 78,603 | 44,532 | 123,135 | 26.2 |
| 1905 | 77,622 | 49,450 | 127,072 | 27.1 |
| 1904 | 77,021 | 50,602 | 127,623 | 27.4 |
| 1903 | 73,572 | 40,701 | 114,273 | 24.7 |
| 1902 | 71,108 | 42,244 | 113,352 | 24.8 |
| 1901 | 68,297 | 39,471 | 107,768 | 23.7 |
| 1900 | 66,152 | 36,939 | 103,091 | 22.8 |
| 1899 | 67,739 | 36,841 | 104,579 | 23.2 |
| 1898 | 67,859 | 36,741 | 104,600 | 23.3 |
| 1897 | 67,337 | 37,150 | 104,487 | 23.5 |
| 1896 | 66,195 | 37,739 | 103,934 | 23.5 |
| 1895 | 67,193 | 38,993 | 106,186 | 24.2 |

The above table shows pretty conclusively that in London the numbers of the indoor paupers are steadily and continuously rising. When we consider that the workhouse was instituted and is administered as a deterrent, it is very apparent to us that the main prop of the Poor Law is giving way. Indeed, it looks like letting the whole edifice down.

Referring to the fact that at this Christmas there were 78,603 in the London workhouses, the "Times" says:—"This is nearly a thousand more than in the corresponding week of last year, over 10,000 more than

the total of ten years ago, and as a matter of fact the highest point ever reached in indoor pauperism. The question of accommodation is becoming a difficult one, and many of the workhouses are either overcrowded or full."

Certainly we are not surprised that with the slightest improvement in the conditions, the workhouses have become overcrowded. Anyone conversant with the way the workers live, especially when they are too old to obtain employment—their home conditions, their existence always on the verge of starvation—will not wonder at them seeking a haven of rest when the conditions are humanly tolerable.

Whilst deploring the increasing amount of indoor pauperism, the writer is very severe (of course) on outdoor relief, and Poplar is held up to universal execration. "Wise administration" is what is wanted, and it takes some comfort because most of the boards of guardians "have hitherto followed the practice of restricting outdoor relief as much as possible, or of giving none at all, and of providing for the destitute poor outside the Poor Law." In heaven's name, keep them off the rates. Whitechapel is held up as the model of perfection, and all others should follow the lead set by this perfect board of "guardians of the poor." "They have had the courage," says the "Times," "in a union of peculiar difficulty, to reduce outdoor relief to a minimum, and according to the latest return they have this Christmas only four adults and 22 children receiving this form of relief. . . . As to cost, whereas in 1870 the sum of £6,685 was expended on out-relief, last year the amount was only £9, and in every year since 1885 it has been considerably under £100." What a pity this ideal board did not wipe out even this paltry few. But we may remind the "Times" and the Whitechapel Board of Guardians that abolishing out-relief does not abolish poverty.

This is the tone throughout the whole of the

lengthy review from which we quote. Yet, in spite of the "wise administration," in spite of the restriction of out-relief, there is the hungry army ever at our doors, and, blink the fact as it may, the steady maintenance of the numbers of the indoor, nay, more, their increase, ought to be damning and conclusive proof to the "Times," and to all the middle class and upper class, that the Poor Law is no remedy for poverty. The real fact is that the Poor Law has broken down under the stress of modern industrial conditions. Capitalist industrialism creates daily its unemployed, its orphans and widows, its maimed, and its prematurely aged. To abolish out-relief does not get rid of the poverty. It merely drives the poor into the workhouse, or else to starvation, slow or rapid.

The Poor Law is a gigantic failure, and should be abolished. In place of it, industry must be organised so that the workers shall get what they produce, and not be used merely to produce wealth and profit for others while they and their children are "cases" for middle-class guardians to brusquely dismiss with an order for the "house." Old age pensions for those too old to work, whatever their age; useful productive employment for all the able-bodied; national maintenance for all the children; these palliatives will do more for the workers than ever the Poor Law did in all its history, and even these are but stepping-stones to that thorough reorganisation of society when our social and industrial conditions will be based on justice and not on profit, when we shall not first create the poor and then spurn them, but when all shall bear their part in the necessary labour of the community, and there shall be plenty of the good things of life for all to partake. This we call Social-Democracy. We shall have no "paupers" then, and shall need no "workhouses."

A. A. Watts.

# ON THE PROBLEM OF FREE WILL.

## I.

In essaying to offer a few remarks on the discussion of an old and subtle problem from the point of view of a Marxist, it may be advisable to start with a preliminary definition of its subject-matter. For, though the problem is an old one, at least as old as Christianity, there exists no concurrence of opinion as to the essence of will. The will may be defined as the capacity of human beings to arrive, after some deliberation, at a decision to do or not to do, to allow or to resist something. It is an emphatic message, a resolution, sent to our motor nerves and muscles to perform or to resist a certain action, to allow or to suppress a certain emotion or thought. It is, however, uncertain whether the will is an independent mental capacity like memory, imagination or reasoning, or merely the result of other mental factors. To this moot point we shall return later. Meanwhile, the definition given above may suffice to start the discussion of our problem.

A good many people are of opinion that the will is free, that is, they assume that at the very moment when the will is sending its resolution to the nerves and muscles to perform a certain action or to give unimpeded scope to a certain emotion or thought it is just as well able to send a

message to the contrary. The will is not determined by any external or internal causes, not forced to its definite manifestation. It is accordingly a sovereign power. Those who hold such opinions are called indeterminists.

On the other hand, there are people who maintain that the will is not free. They are of opinion that the way the will manifests itself is at the time the only possible one. It cannot resolve otherwise, being determined and compelled by external and internal causes and motives to take a definite resolution. The will is not sovereign, its manifestation being the necessary effect of certain causes operating on the mind. Those who hold such views are called determinists.

The argument for or against the respective views have often been stated. We may briefly re-state them. The Determinists argue: In the whole range of nature we see that every event, every phenomenon must have a cause. Nothing happens without being caused by something. All phenomena are closely linked in an endless and irrefragable chain of causation. The universe is a unity. Man as a natural being can therefore not act without a cause, and seeing that a cause is but an effect of another cause, and thus of an infinite chain of causation, man's will is manifestly determined, and therefore not free.

To that the Indeterminists reply: We admit that in nature nothing happens without a cause. But the laws of nature do not apply to the soul. The soul is a part of that sovereign power which rules nature. Were the will not free, the sense of responsibility, the moral sense that dwells within us, could have no existence. Why should man feel responsible for deeds which he could not prevent? Finally, it is a matter of every-day experience that we change our decisions and that we feel we can decide either way. Our moral and psychological experience proves thus the freedom of will.

## II.

The problem is an old one and is rooted in religion ethics. It appeared in the last centuries of the ancient world when society had become differentiated and man sufficiently individualised to produce social contrasts, class conflicts, personal responsibility, and high ideals of conduct which man could not realise in practical life. The seriousness of the problem grew with the higher ethical and religious developments of a people or of a civilisation. It first arose in Judaism and took an acute form in Christianity. While the Greeks were chiefly occupied with intellectual speculations, and looked upon ethical problems as a subordinate department of knowledge, the Jews turned their attention to the elaboration of religious and moral codes, creating ethical monotheism, which was destined to subdue the Roman Empire through the agency of Christianity. The question of good and bad ceased to depend on human knowledge, or to be limited to the short span of earthly life, but involved the chief commandments of an eternal and absolute God, on which eternal salvation or damnation depended.

The first utterance of the question whether man is free to will was made by Jeremiah. "O Lord," cried this introspective Hebrew, in the anguish of a deep inner struggle, "I know the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps" (x. 23). The Hebrew prophet was a determinist, though rather an inarticulate and inconsistent one; he felt that his will was directed by the Creator, that the creature is completely in the hand of an external agency, yet he held the creature responsible. This problem must have caused a great deal of searching of hearts among the Jews, for we find the rabbis saying, God decreed the fate of man, but left him the will to choose between good and bad: riches and poverty, health and illness, fertility and sterility, life and death are in the power of God; but the choice of good and evil is in the will of man. The cry of Jeremiah was,

however, not lost. We hear it again in St. Paul, the true successor of Jewish ethics and religion, then in St. Augustine, Thomas of Aquinas, Calvin and Luther, and led to the doctrine of grace and of predestination. All of them were unable to get rid of determinism. But they were inconsistent and contradictory. Of all those great Christian theologians Luther was the most outspoken determinist, as may be seen from his book "De Servo Arbitrio." However, Christianity as a whole assumed quite dogmatically the opinion of the freedom of will. God gave to man the choice of good and evil, and man chose evil. Man is therefore responsible. This was the prevalent idea in the Middle Ages, notwithstanding all logical difficulties and contradictions which sprang from it. There is no use repeating the arguments by which the theologians tried to reconcile predestination with liberty, foreknowledge with freedom of will. The real argument was the belief in God, before whom all difficulties and contradictions vanished.

At the break-up of mediævalism a new world arose. Theology gave way to science, God's intervention to natural causation, arbitrariness to law. And in this new world determinism was the only possible way of interpreting man's actions. This idea pervades the best scientific minds of modern England from Hobbes to Huxley. Hobbes argues:

"Nothing takes a beginning from itself; but from the actions of some other immediate agent, without itself. Therefore, when first man has an appetite or will to something, to which immediately before he had no appetite or will; the cause of his will is not the will itself, but something else not in his own disposing. So that . . . . it follows that voluntary actions have all of them necessary causes, and therefore are *necessitated*. . . . . That ordinary definition of a free agent (namely that a free agent is that, which, when all things are present which are needful to produce an effect, can nevertheless not produce it) implies

a contradiction and is nonsense. . . . Every accident, how contingent soever it seem, or how *voluntary* soever it be, is produced necessarily."

Of the same opinion is David Hume, who declares: "There is no absurdity more glaring, to my understanding, than the notion of philosophical liberty. . . . . Saying that the will is self-determined, gives no idea at all, or rather implies an absurdity, viz., that a determination, which is an effect, takes place without any cause at all. . . . The ultimate author of all our volitions is the Creator of the world, who first bestowed motion on the immense machine, and placed all being in that particular position, whence every subsequent event, by an inevitable necessity, must result. Human actions, therefore, either can have no turpitude at all, as proceeding from so good a cause, or, if they have any turpitude, they must involve our Creator in the same guilt. For a man, who fired a mine, is answerable for all the consequences, whether the train employed be long or short; so wherever a continued chain of necessary causes is fixed, that being either finite or infinite, who produces the first is likewise the author of all the rest."

And Huxley says: "Half the controversies about the freedom of the will . . . . rest upon the absurd assumption that the proposition 'I can do as I like' is contradictory to the doctrine of necessity. The answer is: nobody doubts that, at any rate, within certain limits, you can do as you like. But what determines your likings and dislikings? . . . . The passionate assertion of the consciousness of their freedom, which is the favourite refuge of the opponents of the doctrine of necessity, is mere futility, for nobody denies it. What they really have to do if they would upset the necessarian argument is to prove that they are free to associate any emotion whatever with any idea however, to like pain as much as pleasure; vice as much as virtue; in short, to prove that whatever may be the fixity of order of

the universe of things, that of thought is given over to chance."

The indeterminists of to-day do not deny the unity of nature, but they do deny that the human mind is subject to the same laws as nature. It really comes to this: in defending the freedom of will they raise the mind above nature. However, if this were true, there would be no science of history, of economics, of sociology, of moral and vital statistics; in short, the whole domain of social life would be a tangle of chance happenings, a jumble of fortuitous events. Which is by no means true. The rise and fall of the number of crimes; of the number of marriages; of prices; of human fertility; the cycle of crises; the movements in politics; the rise and decay of nations—all exhibit a certain regularity which does not admit of any doubt that the human mind is subject to material laws, to a sequence of cause and effect.

We have thus seen, that some of the greatest minds of Christianity were inconsistent deterministes, that Christianity as a whole is indeterminist, and that natural science is necessarily determinist.

## III.

Marxism as a system of social science and social practice is determinist. There is no other liberty for it than that which the knowledge of necessity yields. In attempting to apply the determinist findings of natural science to life, Marxism is confronted with two questions:—

1. Although the Christian believer and the natural scientist differ in their views on liberty and necessity, their attitude towards life is identical. The determinists, based on natural science, assume or acquiesce in the assumption of the responsibility of man. Aye, many a scientific determinist regards man as the motor power of history. Whence this strange contradiction?

2. If man is not free why do we agitate, why do

we try to convert people? Does not our Party activity imply the assumption of freedom of choice?

As to the first question :—

Suppose A has burgled the house of B. The police succeeded in collaring A, who is brought before the judge. Both the defendant and the judge are determinists. On the question whether he pleads guilty, the defendant replies : " I confess I have burgled and stolen B's property. But my hereditary dispositions, my bringing-up, my social environments determined my will to steal. I am, therefore, not responsible for my actions and must not be made to suffer for them." Whereupon the judge replies : " So you are a determinist? I, too, am a determinist. My education and my social environments determine my mind and my legal conscience to find you guilty, and determine my will to send you to penal servitude." The effect could not have been different if the judge were a Christian indeterminist. Scientists like Professor Haeckel or Lord Kelvin deal with practical every-day questions in the same manner as the Bishop of Cologne or the Archbishop of Canterbury.

There can be no other reply to this than that which Marx has given : Not abstract commandments, not abstract reasoning, fill our mental capacities with concrete social ideas and ideals, but material conditions and class positions of Society. The contradiction in which the determinists are involved is at once removed when we remember that a society, based on private property, is a class society with class notions, class ideals, class conflicts which must necessarily manifest themselves regardless of religion and natural science. This means further that the propagation of the theory of determinism can have no practical effect, not because the rich are too selfish or too stupid, but because the theory of determinism is naturally interpreted in their interest, and they have the power to carry out its conclusions, just as the judge has the power to make his interpretation of

determinism prevail over that of the burglar. In conflicts of class conceptions and class interests power is the final arbiter, and not reason. And power is, of course, conditioned on the material developments of a given society. Of all determinists the Marxist is the most consistent, for he applies the principle to natural as well as to social phenomena, while the pure and simple freethinker is in social questions as reactionary as any indeterminist. Indeed, the determinism of the natural scientists intends no more than to free the individual man from the fear of Hell. With them determinism is a weapon against theology and not against capitalism. In social science they defend all the superstitions and fallacies which they had banished from nature.

But the second question remains: If man has no freedom of choice why do we try to convert people? A reply to this question requires a somewhat closer analysis of will. The will manifests itself as a decision arrived at after some deliberation. What is the process which leads us to a decision? A concrete example will best illustrate it. Suppose we have received an invitation to a meeting. We know the subject-matter to be dealt with at the meeting, and we know the speaker who will deal with it. We find the subject-matter interesting and the speaker a pleasant and learned man. Our feelings, our memory, our imagination, and our reasoning furnish us several motives to follow the invitation from which we expect an enjoyable evening. We want to go to the meeting. On the other hand we find the weather bad, the room cosy, the pipe pleasant and a good book near-by to read. This set of circumstances furnishes us several motives not to go to the meeting. We want to stay at home. Then we begin to deliberate, that is, the two sets of motives are of themselves pitted against each other. The weightier set of motives inclines the beam—the decision is arrived at, the will manifested, the nerves and muscles are set in motion. In most

cases the process is much more intricate, and is accomplished in so short a time, that we believe we have, with the help of our "will-power," quite freely made up our minds what to do, while in reality the weightier set of motives decided, just as the heavier weight inclines the balance. The will appears to me to be nothing else but the entering of the fact into consciousness that one set of motives outweighed the other. There are, of course, impulses, instincts and desires, but they furnish motives, some of the most powerful motives, and form thus some of the factors which go to influence that mental process which is called will.

Now it will be easier to settle our second question. As Marxists, we want to convert the workingmen to Socialism, knowing that their class interests incline them that way. Those interests ought to favour emotions and ideas leading to Socialism. Emotions and ideas can be turned into motives when acting in that mental process which is called will. When we carry on our propaganda we only want to fill the minds of the workingmen with motives, weighty enough to outweigh all the other motives which make them arrive at decisions to oppose our views and vote against us. They are opposing us to-day, because their feelings, their memory, their imagination, are filled with emotions and ideas taken from the capitalist world. In our view those motives must be outweighed by those which Socialism furnishes. And such a propaganda is thoroughly in harmony with the theory of determinism.

M. Beer.

## A SOCIALIST'S CURIOUS CRITICISM.

There are two ways of treating Mr. Norman's criticism—if it may be called that—as exemplified in the October and December numbers of the "Social-Democrat." One way is not to notice it at all, and the other is to point out some of its curious pretensions. I take the latter way, mainly for his own sake, as he seems, judging by a passage or two in his last article, bearing the becomingly dignified title, "A Word to Mr. O'Fallon," to wish to make his mark as a Socialist critic.

Mr. Norman is not personally known to me, so I am at liberty to guess that he is a young man—at least, one coming within the meaning of that famous unrhymed couplet in the "Night's Thoughts," which says:—

> At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
> Knows it at forty and re-forms his plan. . . .

If I be wrong in the guess, then the inference from it is likewise wrong—which is, perhaps of little account while one feels satisfied that a person's age is always right so long as he or she is willing to learn.

That Mr. Norman was not sufficiently equipped for the feat of reviewing "Mankind in the Making" is manifest; he did not attempt to get the true hang of it, partly, no doubt, because he had no acquaintance with two or three other writings of Wells's (referred to

in my last article), which help out the remarkable line of thought that had been developing in the author's mind for years. Instead of our critic preparing himself to do justice to Wells in this regard, he took the happy-go-lucky course of singling out two or three questionable points in one book—a thing that may be done with any book of any author—and laying into them for all he was worth. His principal point for catching Socialist cum-Radical sympathy—at this date after the South African War—is raised about the unfortunate Boer women and children who suffered so much through disease unto death in the concentration camps. It is a fact that most people in England, and abroad as well, let it be noted, and many of the various political, democratic, and Socialist leaders joined, naturally enough, in the sustained outcry against what to them seemed nothing less than attempted extermination of the Boer race by that means. But it is also a fact that, their attention being fixed on this terribly ugly feature of the war, was suspended to a great extent, turned away for the time being, from the every day and year after year demonaic British cruelty to helpless children going on in the slum concentration camps of our cities, and rural districts also. That is what it seems to me the author of "Mankind in the Making" intended to most of all emphasise by the particular passage which raises the gorge of Mr. Norman. Whatever more may be signified by it, and by its retention in the latest edition of that work, is not worth making a fuss about. Give our comrade Wells a chance; he has only recently joined us; time will tell its own tale, and we will soon be able to compare notes, no doubt feeling satisfied, trustful, and go-ahead altogether.

As to the "Who's Who" first dates of publication of Mr. Wells's works, and some other things arising out of his critic's unsatisfied scrupulosity in small matters (when they take his fancy), I have no wish to lend them undue importance. But he tempts me not

to quite ignore one or two of those other things. For instance, as pertaining to my humble self, he says: "Mr. O'Fallon must have been in desperate straits to lay hold of something, no matter what, with which to try and discredit *my review*, because he has based a reference to my ignorance of the subjunctive mood on a printer's error in a note to *my review*.* In that note, a proof of which was not sent me, 'should' is printed instead of 'would.' Mr. O'Fallon triumphantly pounces on this slip, and assumes my lack of knowledge of the subjunctive mood. Really, it is too ridiculous." Yes, indeed it is really too ridiculous, for Mr. Norman's assumption is quite gratuitous, has led him altogether astray. I certainly did read the note, but the "should" for "would," or the "would" for "should" I aver never entered my consciousness in the sense our comrade attributes to me. It is not every eye that is so keen as his at finding, by the tip of its feather as it were, the subjunctive mood sheltering under the wing of an auxiliary preterite! Having taken so much trouble and at last come across such a curious little find, I am surprised Mr. Norman did not suspect that his article, taken by itself, lacked the signs of open carefulness, habitual reservation, wishful motive and frank hypothesis which in some form or other always accompany the right use of that mood, and in the case of Wells's writings give special character to them. It was this marked feature of his scheme carried forward into "Mankind in the Making" which caused me to say that it was "carefully, modestly put," and also this: "His philosophy, imagination, eloquence, and mastery of the language he writes—notably of the subjunctive mood, which his critic has still to learn. . . . ." I scarcely think I was mistaken there.

Mr. Wells's open, candid recognition of the difficulty of the subject, his as a rule scrupulously

* Italics not Mr. Norman's.

guarded statements, his independent yet departmental knowledge of intricate educational systems, shortcomings of teachers and taught, the governing and governed, his healthy ever-active constructive ability, and other rare qualities as a writer, recommend him to the confidence of unprejudiced Socialist and non-Socialist minds. There are some matters in the life of the people which he has illuminated, lifted up before our eyes out of the haze of loose suggestion, for Wells nearly always gives examples in compact concrete form of what he knows or believes, especially when dealing with political and social questions. But I must here observe that several of the politico-economic views held by him some time back, and vented in "Anticipations," "Mankind in the Making," and in a less tentative way in "A Modern Utopia," fall short of what well-informed Social-Democrats can agree with. This is not to be wondered at in the case of Mr. Wells, whose penetration, refreshingly acute as that is, cannot all at once be expected to reach the fuller light outside the groove he was trained and honoured in. One has, by a sort of miracle, to get out of that, what may be called, rut—if he has had the misfortune of ever being lugged into it—to judge correctly of the soulless make-belive of political economy, and blind bias of class rule which nearly always goes with it, taught by professional mystagogues at the universities, the schools of economics, and other similar seminaries. But there are many indications in one book and another of his which go to show the genuinely progressive tendencies of Wells's mind, and its divorce from academic thraldom in economics and kindred subjects. He learns rapidly, assimilates what he learns, and loses little time—might, with advantage, take more time on the deeper and broader issues of Socialist economics—in letting us know what he thinks.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Norman will soon be found qualifying on his particular side, and attaining to,

let us say, average discretion in the uttering of his "opinions" as a critic, reviewer, or whatever else he would like to be called. It seems that at present I am "not treating one fairly." One, of course, should treat another one fairly, although that other one be not fair-minded, and is given to using vulgar expressions, as when he accuses Wells of "downright falsehood," that is to say, of being a liar—for what? The answer is given above, I trust in a reasonable, but perhaps too mild form. Other samples of this Socialist's peculiar criticism—slightly touched on in my first answer to it—help us to properly estimate his way of treating one fairly: "Mr. Wells, in the passage we are analysing, and Ignorance, march arm-in-arm to herald the pronouncement that Life is more wonderful than Death." "Having shattered the vital foundation of Mr. Wells's 'Doll's House'", &c. But the quality of the whole review is really proper according to his defence of it; and one is left feeling how odd it is that some people, unknown to themselves, as a rule, go about the world with abnormal developments of the bump of self-esteem—which want rasping down, to the appeasement of the convolutionary stuffing underneath, so as to save them from altogether walking on their heels.

The style of Mr. Norman's last article is more tolerable, because it is directed against myself, and only in a secondary sense against Mr. Wells. Mr. Wells may, however, be relied on to take up a challenge when his opponent is worthy of his steel. I, being a free lance, can do as I like in such matters—if our indulgent editor will allow me to say so. And now, to escape the damaging accusation of "not treating one fairly," our critic must be allowed to speak for himself. "Mr. O'Fallon's reply to my criticism is so confused and muddled that it is quite impossible to deal adequately with his strange misconception of *my opinions*.* Nor would it be worth while to make the

* Italics not Mr. Norman's.

attempt." The last few words signify discretion after all, and hope of its fuller development some day. The *attempt* at present might have landed him in a confused and muddled condition worse than was imagined for me.

But the subject of confused and muddled writing should have a paragraph or two here, because it is of real interest to most of us.

Let us turn, then, to Mr. Norman's philosophy, as sampled out to us in his article on "Mankind in the Making." It may appropriately be introduced without comment on his "daddy longlegs," his "black beetle," his "Harpagon, Barère, Goldsmith, the Chevalier de Maison Rouge"—not to mention other imposing things and personages intended to make matters quite clear, but inconsequentially heaped together within the compass of a line or two. So let us leave them.

Mr. Wells says many good things about Life—(in the sense of Birth, Growth, or Becoming, the Græco-Hegelian teaching, more or less consciously inbibed, re-formed in his mind, and sent forth from it to quicken what are or may be considered modern conceptions and tendencies towards human well-being)—Mr. Norman therefore prefers Hell, Hela (also Hel), in the mythic lore of Scandinavia, goddess of the nether world, other worlds besides, and dark clouds, all of it signifying Death. Accordingly our reviewer delivers himself: "Still, in awarding the prize to Life (or birth), Mr. Wells has arrogated to himself the office of umpire or judge of the universe." From which, and other super-sagacious comments, which are to follow, one may be sure that Mr. Norman has deposed his adversary from the celestial judgment-seat, to occupy it himself more worthily. Hence the imperative: "Away with these myths of 'wholesome and hopeful births,' and on with the social revolution!" How can we, alas, have social revolution without some kind of wholesome and hopeful births to develop and take charge of it? When were *we* all born, I wonder!

Medical advice at least should at once be obtained for the S.D.F. and other Socialist bodies, if Mr. Norman is to be taken seriously. "In presuming that 'birth' is the most important 'fact' of the universe, Mr. Wells has fallen into an error that vitiates the whole argument of the book. Birth is only *incidental* to the scheme of the universe; it is not, and cannot be, *the* scheme of the universe." So saith the critic. Mr. Wells uses the *fact* of the universe, as quoted, and *not scheme.* But, as Mr. Norman will have it *the* scheme, let us say scheme, and it follows that the scheme of the universe, not being incidental in itself or to anything, so far as we know from our critic, it may be self-created—perchance must be—in which case a good argument is supplied for the upholding of individualism, and things as they are, resulting from self-made men in the past and present and no room for ridiculous people called Socialists now or in the future. Yet, Mr. Norman informs us that "the betterment of the stock will automatically follow the beneficial change in society demanded by the Socialist Party"—which is indeed great news—although "we cannot tell what the second generation will be, however rigorously we make the first generation;" and "Mr. Wells urges us to adopt his baby-improvement scheme at once, in the existing order of society." And why not? I think no sane, healthy-bodied adult Socialist could be better employed so long as he and she, as producers of wealth,* are doing what they can to have it properly adjusted. Pro-creation in the all-embracing sense in the scheme of the universe including our wondrous selves is not "quite secondary" as Mr. Norman thinks; and, viewed even as a purely mundane instinct of humanity, it is the first act from which the ideal in the real of human happiness takes concrete form and growth. But I must draw to a close by making one

* And babies, it must not be forgotten, are in themselves all the potential labour-power and wealth of the world.

other reference to his travestied criticism, gimcrackery exhibition of inconsistency and abuse. It occurs in the winding up of his last article, thus: "Frankly, Mr. O'Fallon has knocked a good deal of the conceit out of me, and I bow to his superior, weird, and wonderful knowledge of the English language," etc. That is quite gratuitous. I did not in what I wrote pride myself on superior knowledge of the language; but Mr. Norman evidently did, or he would not have made his display of allegations against Mr. Wells in that vein, garnishing it with numerous parenthetical puddles of *sic*. No, Mr. Norman must not be allowed to ride away from the real issue by seeking to pass a very doubtful compliment on the undersigned. If our critic feels any twinge of righteousness or self-abnegation it must be on account of his extravagant show-off against Mr. Wells, and my own really sincere desire to wish him to take good advice in a pleasant way. If it be otherwise with him it must go for what it is worth.

J. M. O'FALLON.

# THE CASE FOR SOCIALISM *v.* INDIVIDUALISM.

The enormous increase in the political strength of Socialism during the past few years, both in Europe and America, has turned public attention to a movement destined to play a great part in future history. The Socialist ideal has found its advocates for centuries past; many a dreamer of dreams has suggested to his fellows the advantages and possibilities of a social order based on a community of interests and a co-operation of labour for the common good. "Good people," cried John Ball in the fourteenth century, "things will never go well in England so long as goods be not in common, and so long as there be villeins and gentlemen. By what right are they whom we call lords greater folk than we? On what grounds have they deserved it? Why do they hold us in serfage? If we all come of the same father and mother, of Adam and Eve, how can they say or prove that they are better than we, if it be not that they make us gain for them by our toil what they spend in their pride? They are clothed in velvet, and warm in their furs and their ermines, while we are covered with rags. They have wines and spices, and fair bread, and we oatcake and straw, and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses, we have pain and labour, the

rain and wind in the fields. And yet it is of us and our toil that these men hold their stake."

Brave words were these, but the ruling class liked them not. They ultimately got the best of the argument with John Ball by hanging him, and in a like effective manner disposed of numbers of his followers. And who has not read of Sir Thomas More, one of the most brilliant and lovable characters in English history, and author of "Utopia"? Living in the early part of the sixteenth century, More saw on all sides the poverty and general misery which had resulted from the break-up of what William Morris called the "Golden Age" of the fifteenth century. He saw at the very beginning of the capitalist system that in the ideal society of communal ownership of wealth lay the social salvation of his fellows. The system around him, he held, was "nothing but a conspiracy of the rich against the poor." Its economic legislation was simply the carrying out of such a conspiracy by process of law. "It is a wrong that those from whom the State derives most benefit should receive least reward. . . . . The rich devise every means by which they may in the first place secure to themselves what they have amassed by wrong, and then take to their own use and profit, at the lowest possible price, the work and labour of the poor. And as soon as the rich decide on adopting these devices in the name of the public then they become law." Thus was the criticism of the foremost scholar of the sixteenth century. In the utopia of his imagination, goods were possessed in common, labour was compulsory to all, and the aim of all legislation was the well-being of the community at large.

Of many other Socialists of the critical-utopian school, St. Simon, Fourier, and Robert Owen stand out prominently. The work of all these patriarchs of Socialism was most valuable, more especially from the critical side. They attacked every principle of existing society, and the literature of their production

has proved of great use in the education of those who now go to make up the modern Socialist movement. Most of them, however, made the mistake of supposing it possible to realise their Socialism in the midst of capitalism by establishing little self-supporting communities based on the communist principle—experiments that were necessarily doomed to failure sooner or later; for, as I hope to make clear, Socialism can only come into being by the natural evolution of society towards a higher form. A new system of society can only be built on the ruins of the old one. As primitive tribal communism was gradually succeeded by chattel slavery—the chattel slavery which formed the basis of the great Roman Empire, and of the Greece, Carthage, and Asia Minor of antiquity—as chattel slavery, after a considerable period of disruption, was replaced by feudalism, with its feudal lords and serfs, to be followed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by the period of the free cultivators of the country, enjoying the usufruct of common lands, and the free craftsmen of the towns, with their organisation in craft-guilds — as all this has evolved, has unfolded with the passing of years into our present capitalist system, so must the prevailing order pass away in its due time, to give place, Socialists contend, to the democratic co-operative community. Socialism is not a thing to be tried as a man would a new coat—to be kept on or thrown off at pleasure—neither will it be the creation of a few fanatical idealists. It will be a stage or growth in the evolution of society—a period in the history of mankind, which it would be useless to attempt to unduly hasten, and still less wise to risk the dangers of social disruption by attempting to prevent. The modern Socialist movement is a force created, in the main, by environment; its chief duty is to closely study the course of economic evolution, and to urge upon the community the necessity of doing everything possible to prevent human suffering, by taking full advantage

of the forces that are moving onwards. "Forewarned is forearmed," and that country which contains within its borders the largest number of persons who recognise the meaning of the economic phenomena around them, who understand that the outcome of competition must always be monopoly, and that the difficulties of huge companies and trusts can only find their solution in the collective ownership of wealth for the common good, is the country most likely to enter upon the new epoch in a peaceful and consciously-intelligent manner.

"Practical," "hard-headed" people laughed at Karl Marx 40 years ago when he predicted the growth of international trusts and combines, and the corresponding growth of the international working-class movement. Yet the events of the past few years show Marx, the greatest of Germany's political economists and thinkers, to have been perfectly correct in his forecast.

When H. M. Hyndman visited the United States in 1880, he came to the conclusion that in the near future America would be almost completely dominated by Trusts, and said as much in a letter to Mr. John Morley, then editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette," in which paper Hyndman's letter was quoted. An American journal, the "Tribune," reprinted it, and the editor, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who is now American Ambassador in London, added the comment that: "England sends many fool travellers to the United States, but never before such a fool as this!" It would almost seem as if Hyndman has the laugh of Mr. Whitelaw Reid now! We thus have good grounds for claiming that the origin of the modern Socialist movement was more than a sentimental outbreak of feeling against the cruelty of the capitalist system; that its principles and policy are based on and guided by something more tangible than the enthusiasm engendered by utopian ideals; that it is a movement possessed of a knowledge of the laws of

the capitalist system in which and against which it is fighting, and an ability to understand and estimate, not only the forces at its command, but all those arrayed against it.

Paradoxical though it may seem, the enthusiasm of the modern Socialist is brought into being and made permanent more by a knowledge of the inner workings of the capitalist system, than by the beauty of an ideal of his conception; for capitalism bears within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and he, the pioneer, has evolution on his side—a power which neither financial magnates nor political parties can withstand! What is it that every young member of the Social-Democratic Federation is urged to study if possible more than anything else? More's "Utopia," Bellamy's "Looking Backward" or Morris's "News from Nowhere"? Nothing of the sort! He is advised to get a knowledge of political economy, the economic laws which govern the present system; and up and down this country at the present time scores of economic and industrial history classes, under Socialist tuition, are quietly, and unknown at present to the bourgeois press, striving and studying to be well informed on what has been falsely termed the "dismal science." "Knowledge is power," and the Socialist movement recognises it.

So much by way of a prelude to the subject under discussion. I have thought it necessary to point out the essential difference between the present international movement and the brave Socialist thinkers and workers of the Fourier and Owen type. It is to be presumed that the term "individualism" is used in the title of this paper to define the present mode of capitalist production, under which private individuals, and companies made up of private individuals, have the legal right to own and control land and capital—in fact, all those things necessary to life, except, perhaps, the sunlight and the air we breathe. Were it possible, in the nature of things, for them to own

and control these latter, they would undoubtedly do so; and the Socialist who proposed to make them common property would be put down by "practical" politicians as a foolish and impossible fellow well outside the sphere of common-sense politics!

However that may be, the discussion in the main appears to be between those who favour collective ownership in the fullest sense of the word, and those who still defend the moral right of private ownership of land and capital, and who consider that some such system is likely to continue the accepted order of society. Now it is not the business of the Socialist to attempt to prove that the whole system of international capitalism is the unfortunate result of a huge mistake on the part of our ancestors; on the contrary, he holds most strongly that capitalism has played a necessary part in evolution. Capitalism has revolutionised industrial relations, has broken down local and national barriers by its commerce, has massed together wealth before undreamt of by man, and finally prepared the way for a newer and more efficient system.

W. G. VEALS.

*(To be continued.)*

## A SONG.

Joy, comrades, joy! behold on every shore
Freedom's bright flag advanced in Labour's war,
Raised to resist the tyrannies of greed,
And that blest Brotherhood of Man to speed
For which great hearts—like flow'rs in night-time turned
To where the sun *shall* rise—so long have yearned.

Softly we name their names, these Human Flow'rs
Surely engrafted in this Cause of ours:
Proudly we name their names—the seer, and sage,
Poet and peasant, who, from age to age,
Sped on the Cause ere yet its flag unfurled,
Or waved that flag in face of all the world.

Oh, may their memories wake in us like zeal,
To be as jealous for the commonweal!
Shall puny piques and fears our ranks divide,
While freedom's troops in sunder'd camps abide?—
Let go such wasted strength, and one great host,
Strike all for that we all desire the most.

This we desire if Socialists we be—
Th' workers united over land and sea,
Conscious at last, and pressing to the goal,
From good of some to welfare of the whole—
Fruit of that Hope not time nor scorn can kill,
"*Peace upon earth, and unto men goodwill.*"

G. W. S.

## INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST BUREAU.

### REPORTS FOR THE MONTHS OF SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, AND NOVEMBER, 1906.

International Socialist Bureau, Maison du Peuple, Brussels.
Brussels, December, 1906.

The Executive Committee of the Bureau has sent out a circular relating to the foreign loan which the Russian Government desires to raise in order to continue its policy of bloody repression. It has also drawn the attention of the affiliated parties to the necessity of aiding without delay our comrades in Russia, who have decided to take part in the elections for the new Duma. Already the German Social-Democratic Party has responded to our appeal and, for some weeks, the Danish Syndical organisations have been collecting considerable sums.

The Russian Revolution has reached a new phase, and, contrary to what was done at the first Duma election, all Socialist parties, with scarcely an exception, have decided to take part in the new electoral struggles.

It is quite true that the electoral right is miserable, and that the existing law has been abused to the detriment of democracy. It is just for this reason that the efforts of our comrades should be greater, so that a fresh blow may be struck at Czarist Absolutism, and that the world may be shown that Russia not only has revolutionaries, but that she is in open revolution.

The success of our comrades will lend force equally to the democratic sentiments of a part of the bourgeoisie, and will have, to the purely Labour point of view, an enormous propaganda importance.

It is the Russian proletariat which, at this moment, bears the brunt of the international revolutionary movement; it should, therefore, be able to count on the helpful solidarity of the organi-

sations of other countries, for the influence of its effort will be felt throughout Eastern Europe. Moreover, the success of our friends means the deliverance of many comrades from prison, the return of militant exiles from Siberia, and perhaps, also, the end of the revolution.

We also have knowledge that M. Stolypine's Government does not cease to bring pressure to bear upon the different neighbouring countries to obtain the expulsion or extradition of revolutionary refugees. It is of importance, thus, that the affiliated parties should strive to prevent these extraditions being granted by their respective countries.

The Bund has asked us to warn the affiliated parties to exercise the greatest care concerning help given to persons who call themselves Socialists and exiles from Russia. Many persons make professions in order to exploit the sympathy of comrades. It is necessary, therefore, to take the following precautionary measures with reference to persons who claim aid and call themselves members of Socialist organisations. They should only be helped if they possess recommendations from the foriegn committees (comités à l'étranger) of the different Russian Socialist parties, of local groups, or in exceptional cases of recommendations from comrades in touch with the situation. Legitimations, coming from Russia, should always be submitted to the various foreign committees (comités à l'étranger), for nothing is more easy than to manufacture seals and stamps. Further, we beg affiliated parties not to give letters of recommendation for these "comités à l'étranger" unless they are convinced of actual membership of Socialist organisations.

The Parti Ouvrier Democrate of Bulgaria has notified us of the appointment of Bozvelde as Secretary of its organisation.

The Independent Labour Party of the Transvaal has notified its formation, and has promised to send us its rules and basis.

The Citizen Sirola has forwarded to us a very complete report on the activity of the Finnish Socialist Party during the months of August and September, 1906. The report will be communicated to the various reviews of the affiliated parties.

The Citizen Racowsky has forwarded us a report on the recent Roumanian Socialist Congress, a report which has been communicated to the various Socialist reviews, and which has been published by them.

The Danish Socialist Party has notified the result of the last electoral struggle: 28 Socialist deputies now sit in the Chamber, and four Socialist mandatories in the Senate.

The Norwegian Socialist Party informs us that its representation in Parliament has been increased from four to eleven.

The Lettish Socialist Labour Party has forwarded the constitution of Lettish Social-Democracy (Social-Democrate de Lettonie), comprising a very large number of Socialist organisations in that country.

The Social-Democratic Party of Russia has appointed Citizen Balabanoff as a delegate substitute at the Bureau.

The Executive Committee of the S.D.F. of Great Britain has asked the Executive Committee to intervene in order to negotiate with the other Socialist parties of England the Socialist unity demanded by International Congresses.

We immediately approached the I.L.P., which has given us a negative reply in this form :—" Our Executive Committee, whilst recognising that what has happened in another country is extremely instructive, is of opinion that it should not necessarily be regarded as an example to follow in Great Britain, in view of the different political situations, and begs to refer you to previous letters on this subject."

The Bund has informed us that it has become affiliated to the organisation of the Social-Democratic Party of Russia. It has communicated to us the basis of this agreement, the details of which have been published in the press of the affiliated parties.

The Committee of the first International Socialist Club of Australia (New South Wales) has notified us that the Secretary Diarks has been replaced by citizen P. G. O'Meara.

The Executive Committee of the Bureau delegated its Secretary to the Congress of the German Social-Democratic Party at Mannheim and Citizen Anseele to the Congress of the French Socialist Party.

The Secretary of the Bureau will again take up, from January 1, 1907, the office of Secretary of the Inter-Parliamentary Commission, as decided at the last sitting of the Bureau.

All who are concerned in the organisation of the International Congress of Stuttgart should see the specially-printed account of the last sitting of the Bureau (November 10, 1906). We have sent circulars, in English, French and German, to the secretaries of the National Sections, and we have divided the despatch in the following manner :—

| | German. | French. | English. |
|---|---|---|---|
| England ... ... ... | — ... | — ... | 1,500 |
| Germany ... ... ... | 1,000 ... | — ... | — |
| Austria ... ... ... | 500 ... | — ... | — |
| Australia ... ... ... | — ... | — ... | 100 |
| Argentine ... ... ... | — ... | 300 ... | — |
| Bohemia ... ... ... | 500 ... | — ... | — |
| Belgium ... ... ... | — ... | 500 ... | — |
| Bulgaria, P.O.S. ... ... | — ... | 100 ... | — |
| ,, P.S.D. ... ... | — ... | 100 ... | — |
| Brazil ... ... ... | — ... | 200 ... | — |
| Canada ... ... ... | — ... | 100 ... | 100 |
| Cape Colony ... ... | — ... | 50 ... | 50 |
| Denmark ... ... ... | 500 ... | — ... | — |
| Egypt ... ... ... | — ... | — ... | 50 |

| | German. | French. | English. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Spain ... ... ... | — ... | 300 ... | — |
| United States, S.P. ... | 200 ... | 100 ... | 800 |
| ,, S.L.P. ... | 200 ... | 100 ... | 700 |
| France ... ... ... | — ... | 1,000 ... | — |
| Finland ... ... ... | 200 ... | — ... | — |
| Holland ... ... ... | 300 ... | — ... | — |
| Hungary ... ... ... | 500 ... | — ... | — |
| Italy ... ... ... ... | — ... | 500 ... | — |
| Japan ... ... ... | — ... | — ... | 100 |
| Luxembourg ... ... | 100 ... | — ... | — |
| Norway ... ... ... | — ... | — ... | 300 |
| Portugal ... ... ... | — ... | 100 ... | — |
| Poland, P.P.S. ... ... | 200 ... | — ... | — |
| ,, P.L. ... ... | 200 ... | — ... | — |
| Russia, P.O.S. ... ... | 200 ... | 300 ... | — |
| ,, P.S.R. ... ... | 300 ... | 300 ... | — |
| ,, Armenia ... ... | 50 ... | 50 ... | — |
| Roumania ... ... ... | — ... | 200 ... | — |
| Servia ... ... ... | 200 ... | — ... | — |
| Switzerland ... ... ... | 200 ... | 200 ... | — |
| Sweden ... ... ... | 300 ... | — ... | — |
| | 5,650 ... | 4,500 ... | 3,700 |

## MÉTAYERS, FARMERS AND SMALL PROPRIETORS.

In view of the present demand for the reconstitution of small holdings in this country, the following article, which appeared in "Le Socialiste," the organ of our comrades of the French Socialist Party, may be found interesting :—

Though the social situation of the workers on the land varies according to different countries, their exploitation is the same everywhere.

Whether he be a wage-earner, a farmer, a métayer, or a small proprietor, the peasant must inevitably help to feed the capitalist ghoul.

As a wage-earner, he is exploited by selling his labour.

As a métayer, or a farmer, he is exploited by hiring lands which are only valuable by reason of his labour on them.

As a small proprietor, he is exploited by the capitalist who has lent him money on mortgage.

And when, after toil and labour, métayers, farmers, and small proprietors sell their crops, they are still exploited by the middle man.

The fact of the more and more rapid industrialisation of agriculture; of the new botany which revolutionises it; by the peculiar methods of selling, which differ so widely; by the scientific discoveries whose application requires new capital; the capitalist exploitation presses more and more on the rural world, bringing with it everywhere ruin and misery.

But, in spite of all this, there are places still more wretched than others, and one is shocked by the sordid state which still oppresses so many human beings.

I have now before me some documents that Cachin has sent me from the Landes* where he is lecturing.

There the métayer system generally prevails in agriculture, and a landowner generally has a dozen métayers.

The métayer no longer gives, it is true, half his crops to the landlord as before, he only gives him now two-fifths. But as he has to provide all the necessary manure and seeds, it is really the same thing.

After having given half the vintage to the proprietor, the

* A department in the extreme South-West of France.—J. B.

métayer has to give him one cask of wine for every ten casks of wine he sells, several chickens, half a dozen geese, two hams for every 100 francs of produce sold, and also a gift of money on New Year's Day, called "Ereal." Then he has to work for the landlord for 10, 20, or 30 days, as necessary, either in carting building material, or in reaping, or draining, or ploughing fields.

And there are hundreds and hundreds of métayers in this miserable state in the Chalosse in the Landes, so that one wonders how a peasant can stand it. How can he live after giving to his landlord the three-fourths of his labour, and still pay a farm servant from £10 to £20 a year? It is true that his wants are few.

In order that the capitalist may live in a fine house in a luxurious way the métayer lives in a hovel, with a badly-fitting door, with a shaking roof, with an earthen floor, and the house surrounded by manure and pigsties. As to his food, it has no name. Little or no meat, black bread, a mixture of soup and vegetables, like the serfs of yore, while more than half the produce of his labour goes to keep his master in idleness and luxury.

This is the life of a beast of burden, who is only good for work.

The small proprietors working alone, or with a man, and there are 1,188,025 of them holding 4,000,000 hectares (see the figures given by H. George at the Agrarian Congress, held in Paris in 1889), suffer the same woes and have the same grievances because they are exploited in the same way.

I will give as an example the case of a small proprietor owning vines in the Pyrénées Orientales, and it is typical of most small proprietors.

This man owns some vines producing a fairly good wine. His vines have not suffered from frost, and so far he is lucky, and this year he got 36 hectolitres of wine which he sold at 9 francs the hectolitre to a wine merchant, who can have them when he pleases. So that the peasant had to borrow 19 francs 69 centimes to pay the duty, though he had the wine in his cellar. He got 324 francs for his wine.

This is what it cost him:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 1st, allowance to his father, who had made over his property to his son... ... ... ... ... ... | 100 fr. |
| 2nd, sulphur... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 18 f. |
| 3rd, sulphate... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 18 f. 75 c. |
| 4th, carriage of water, etc. ... ... ... ... | 75 f. |
| 5th, labour ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 40 f. |
| 6th, cost of making the wine ... ... ... ... | 10 f. |
| 8th, interest of mortgage (1,000 fr.) ... ... ... | 50 f. |
| 9th, duty ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 19 f. 69 c. |
| 10th, tools ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 9 f. |
| 11th, friendly society ... ... ... ... ... | 18 f. |
| | 388 f. 44 c. |

So it cost him 388 francs 44 centimes to make 324 francs, and he thus lost 64 francs.

And he had to eat and keep his wife and children.

So he has to go to work at 2 francs 50 centimes a day, and of course he cannot work every day; as there are days when, owing to the rain, the cold, the heat, etc., he is unemployed. Then too, he is ill sometimes owing to his insanitary house. These métayers, these farmers, these small proprietors, though they are overworked, in debt to their eyes, their lands mortgaged, cynically exploited by capitalist middle-men who buy their produce at a low price, yet these are the men whom the orthodox middle-class capitalists overwhelm with metaphorical flowers; they call them the national reserves, and wish to show that they must be opposed to the urban and rural proletariat.

It will not do!

The same misery, the same exploitation and the same oppression give rise to the same convictions; millions of small proprietors, métayers and farmers join the millions of wage-earners to pull down capitalist society of which they *all* are the victims. And for this union to take place quickly we Socialists must enlighten the mass of the peasants.

We must tell the métayers of the Landes, of the Vendée, of Normandy, the small proprietors of the Centre, of the South and of the East, the farmers of the North and of the West that the only remedy to their sufferings is the restitution of the Earth as of all the means of production to the whole of society.

And when we shall have made them understand that this solution alone can give them all the prosperity and all the happiness they have a right to demand, then they will no longer be gulled by the fine words and the magnificent promises of the Radicals—more or less Liberal—and of the Liberals—more or less Radical—and they will no longer allow themselves to be exploited and they will refuse to vote for the middle-class candidates.

Frankly and without any afterthought, they will come to Socialism, whose advent is the *sine qua non* of the moral and material new birth of the rural population.

COMPERE MOREL in "Le Socialiste."

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

## THE CLASS STRUGGLE AND THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

The accusation constantly made by ignorant members of the middle class or vulgar politicians against the Socialists, of exciting the hatred of citizens, or the class struggle, is the more absurd because the hatred against men is the consequence of a social system which has become established since the day when property, first of all common to the tribe, has become the result of war—the property of the conqueror.

Since then the progress of individual property is marked by the historic progression of slavery, serfdom, and the wage-system.

It is since property has become the possession of the stronger or the cleverest that these exist, these two classes of rich and poor, of exploiters and exploited, dividing humanity, and history has its pages full of struggles and war, due to the antagonism of interests between these two rival classes.

The class struggle is the consequence of the exploitation of man by man, it becomes the more threatening for the middle-class system, because the concentration of capital takes more and more the form of joint-stock companies, of banks, of cartels, and of trusts, which go in for international speculation and trickery, in complete defiance of law.

Machinery, by stimulating production, tends to produce great wealth and great poverty. Now these two-fold excesses lead to the lowering of character, to crime, to prostitution, to debauchery, to suicide, to alcoholism, and to tuberculosis, in one word, to the degeneracy of the human race.

Capitalist exploitation robs hard-working humanity of the riches which it has created; that is why, at a time when so much is produced, when so much exists in abundance, yet the workers are badly housed, badly clothed, badly fed, and wallow in physical and moral poverty.

But more and more there is an awakening in the workers'

consciousness; the numerous conflicts which break out every day, with always more force, between capital and labour, afford the most evident proof that the wage-earners, those slaves of capitalism, will no longer be peacefully exploited. On the other hand, the considerable progress which society makes in all these countries cursed with capitalist barbarism are undoubted signs that the proletarians consciously take their stand on a revolutionary basis.

Tired of being exploited, especially from an economic point of view, under all political forms of government, under the Republic as well as under the Monarchy, they have formed a distinct political party—independent of the middle-class parties—for the conquest of political power, and by the expropriation of the capitalist class and the socialisation of the means of production.

Starting from the Workmen's International, less on account of its origin, which is not exclusively proletarian, than by its essentially revolutionary action, and the aim which it has of freeing the proletariat from the yoke of wage-slavery and of capitalism, by the expropriation of capitalists and the collective seizure of the means of production, the Socialist Party, which is the emanation of the conscious and organic part of the world of labour, endeavours with increasing success to group the wage-earners of all trades on the platform of the class struggle, both from the point of view of trade unions and of co-operation, as well as of practical politics, so as to capture the central government by legal or revolutionary methods. I may at once say, that I, too, do not believe in the legal conquest of political power by the expropriating and collectivist proletariat; for the middle-class values too much its privileges, which form its very life, and it would sooner discard legality than commit suicide as a class, in order that it might respect political rights which should no longer protect it, or in order to work for the good of humanity.

In parliaments, the men elected by the Socialist Party refuse to vote new taxes and new loans, or the budget, which they nevertheless try to amend.

In France, especially, in that Republic which for 36 years has had time to frame a democratic budget, with an income tax as the basis of its financial policy, the debt is one of 40,000,000,000 of francs. Two-thirds of the budget of nearly 4,000,000,000 francs are given over to the army, the navy and the debt-holders. 240,000,000 of francs are received by highly paid civil servants, of whom most are at once useless and harmful. Its taxes, levied by crushing the people under heavy fiscal charges and by indirect taxes on food, go to keep up a useless President of the Republic and his military household, a Senate deaf to appeals for reform, courts-martial, military prisons in Africa, an enormous number of generals and prefects, sub-prefects and councillors of prefects, sons of men of influence in embassies, consulships and colonies which often give rise to international conflicts, and class judges always lenient to big

offenders and severe to the poor, especially those who are arrested during strikes on the charge of preventing men from going to work.

Of this enormous budget scarcely a quarter is spent for works of life, of education and of help to the poor, while the population is decreasing and a terrible mortality carries away children of whom 150,000 are killed every year by poverty.

The members of the Socialist Party now still more object to Socialists becoming Ministers since they have seen the work of Briand and of Viviani as Ministers. They are quite right in refusing to vote such a budget, which is and can be no other than a budget for the benefit of the capitalist class.

People have complained, and not without good cause, about the increase of the salary of deputies and senators, but the reactionaries and the Nationalists, who would like members to be unpaid so that the workers could not sit in Parliament in order to defend their class, their interests, and their rights, have taken advantage of this increase in order to stir up the people. But the people have been thinking; they now expect their representatives to think of them, to pass some good laws, such as old age pensions, an income-tax, the right of Government servants to form trade unions, the eight hours day, a minimum wage, the suppression of courts-martial, etc., etc., for it is only by doing this that they will perhaps forgive their representatives to have begun by being charitable in looking after themselves.

But, whether these reforms take place or not, the duty of the Socialist Party will remain the same; this duty consists in not being content, neither with the promises nor with the reforms made by middle-class democracy, whether Radical or Radical-Socialist. Reforms, middle-class concessions, will be accepted by the Socialists, but they will not stop in their forward march towards the conquest of political power for the socialisation of the means of production.

It is only when it shall have helped the proletariat to become masters of the capital which they increase in value each day by their labour, it is only when, by the collective appropriation of the means of production, the new organisation of labour and the more equitable sharing of the fruits of production, it shall have suppressed misery, ignorance, and war, and shall have established the rule of comfort, of science for all, and of social solidarity in universal peace, that the Socialist Party will have accomplished the historic mission which is assigned to it in the great social transformation needed by the whole world.

Then communist property will have put an end to the class struggle.

HENRI GHESQUIERE, in "Le Socialiste."

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme).

# THE REVIEWS.

## LONDON WITHOUT WORKHOUSES.

Mr. J. S. Purcell contributes the following to this month's "World's Work."

Some years ago, commissioned by the press, I made an elaborate inquiry into the working of the Poor Laws of this country. In all that I subsequently wrote on the subject—enough to fill three large volumes—though I did not put entirely on one side the rules of political economy as laid down in the text books, my sympathies led me to such a qualification of their general applicability as an acceptance of Ruskin's doctrine of "roof-trees may be cheap after a fire" would involve. I write more from the point of view of the pauper than of the Local Government Board, and in order to do this the more effectively I became myself an inmate, in turn, of six different workhouses. That I was a journalist in search of copy, with the desire to do some good as only an incidental part of the performance, was never suspected by any of the officials, so that the treatment meted out to me was in no case a variation on the recognised system. This experience, whilst it has, perhaps, biased my mind in favour of a sweeping reform, has given me an insight into the varying characters of the people who compose our large workhouse population such as an official, paid or unpaid, guardian or servant, could seldom hope to attain.

As one of themselves, I received their confidences, heard their histories, became acquainted with their hopes—in the few cases in which hope existed—sympathised with their fears, as, for the time being, I shared their hardships. But I do not want it to be understood that I look upon the paupers, particularly those of London, as so many angels. On the contrary, I encountered more then a few who should have been in prison whose degraded natures and

unspeakably filthy language rendered them entirely unfit to be at large in any decent community. But one of the faults of the present system is that the deserving poor—and in this class I would put those who are only weak and not vicious by nature—are compelled day after day to associate with such people, to bear with their blasphemy in the morning and listen to their ribaldry at night. In my own case, in such workhouses as St. George's-in-the-East, I found the compulsory society of men of this class far harder to bear than the rules of the house, irritating as so many of these are; more repulsive than the food, systematically tasteless as that too often is.

Paupers as a rule can do little to remedy their own grievances; they cannot go on strike, they cannot hold meetings, and if they could the general feeling is so antagonistic that they would find little sympathy from the British public; more than all, they have no votes, so there is little wonder that the law which lays down the rules in regard to their treatment has scarcely been changed at all during the last 70 years. The Act 4 and 5 William IV., c. 76, was passed in a kind of panic, a re-action from the previous state of affairs when the amount spent in outdoor relief was said to be so generous that those enjoying its benefits were stimulated to remain in idleness rather than to seek for employment. It was candidly a punitive measure, intended to make life a misery to the man who did not want to work, but its rules were so unelastic that they pressed equally heavy upon the man who would work if he could. From the first the administration became so rigorous that the very name of the workhouse became a kind of raw-head and bloody-bones, the name of which sent the children frightened to bed, and drove their fathers to the preferable alternative of the prison. It is not generally known that even at the present day the prison dietary is more generous than that of the workhouse, whilst the discipline is not a whit more exacting. Those who have tried both institutions invariably prefer the prison, a preference that leads hundreds of people every year to the commission of crimes, in order to avoid the colder kindness of the workhouse. A favourite method of exchanging one institution for another is to refuse the task-work imposed by the master, which is generally a good deal severer than that which accompanies a short term of imprisonment. In my own short experience I came across several of such cases, the men making up their minds beforehand to plead after such a fashion that the magistrates would have little option but to convict them.

One need not be much of a sentimentalist or too great a rebel against the laws of the economists to find something wrong about a system which exalts the criminal, rich or poor, above the honest victim of misfortune, to whom, through one cause or another, the opportunity of earning his daily bread is denied.

But the present system of dealing with the paupers does not

end itself to such classification as would enable the authorities, however well they might be disposed, to treat individual cases on their merits. For one thing, the space at their disposal is too limited, even were they not hampered by other restrictions intrinsic in the law itself.

. . . . I have some reason for knowing that the sites on which the 31 workhouses, comprised in the London area, are worth, in the open market, something in the neighbourhood of three millions sterling. Why not sell these sites and deal with the pauper population in the country? That is the proposition I want to put before the public, and the raison d'etre of this article. At the present time there are 80,000 inmates inside the London workhouses, costing the ratepayers the sum of £1,105,000 annually. Who will say that these people, a whole city in themselves, could not be dealt with much more economically in the country? That consideration alone ought to be enough to recommend the proposal to the over-burdened London ratepayer, whilst its other merits should make it welcome to that fortunately ever-increasing class who believe that the laws of humanity were made for humanity and should be extended even to paupers. The price realised for the sites would be ample not only to buy up the necessary land, in Essex, say, where land is cheapest, but to put up such buildings as would fit in with the principles on which the new scheme was to be worked. There should not be barracks where, as is the rule at present, fifty or a hundred men would be compelled to sleep in one room—the superannuated burglar beside the blind doctor, the confirmed drunkard beside the old gentleman whose life's savings were swallowed up in some commercial crash. A good deal of the administrative cost of the existing system is accounted for by the alleged necessity of maintaining inside the workhouse walls the discipline of a prison. It would be, no doubt, extremely undesirable that the worthless class of men to whom I have already alluded should be allowed to go in and out at their will—as often as not they come back the worse for drink—but it is rather hard on the decent inmates that they should be subjected to the same restrictions. The logical way would be to collect all the undesirables of London into a single establishment—a prison if you will, and, these eliminated, proceed to deal with the others after a more generous fashion.

In carrying out the scheme it would not be necessary to resort to anything so radical as the supersession of the existing Boards of Guardians, though the duties of the latter would necessarily have to be modified. They would still look after the poor of their respective districts, see to the distribution of outdoor relief, give the orders for admission to one or other of the establishments which had taken the place of what is now known as the House, but after that the rest would be dealt with by a

General Board, elected by themselves and representing the whole of London. The various establishments I would divide somewhat as follows, one or two for each class, as may prove necessary:

(1) For well-conducted married couples;
(2) For old, well-conducted unmarried men;
(3) For widows and unmarried women;
(4) For the disabled and partially disabled;
(5) For orphan boys;
(6) For orphan girls;
(7) For well-conducted able-bodied men;
(8) For undesirables, able-bodied or otherwise.

It is now pretty generally known that the term workhouse has long been, if it was not from the beginning, a misnomer. The amount of reproductive labour carried on in these establishments is scarcely worth taking into account, and does not, I believe, pay the cost of superintendence. This is partly accounted for by the fact that no reward is held out to the industrious. A man may work harder inside than ever he worked outside, and the only recompense he can expect for his extra pains is the luxury of an ounce of shag a week. He certainly would not get a spoonful of sugar or a thimbleful of milk to give even a suspicion of flavour to his morning's skilly.

The vast majority of these 80,000 people are, however, capable of useful work of one kind or another, but they will not do it, and, human nature being what it is, can scarcely be expected to do it if the result be not an addition to the comfort and happiness of their daily lives. Attached to some workhouses are gardens which are tilled by the inmates. I believe they like the work, as a rule, though they do it unwillingly; but supposing that each inmate had a piece of garden of his own to till, part of the product of which he was at liberty to use himself, the rest to sell to the Guardians at a small fixed price, how much more heart would he put into his labour, and consequently how much harder would he work! In these colonies of the poor, or as I should call them for preference, industrial colonies, in addition to the growing of vegetables, flowers and fruit, a variety of small industries could be carried on, for which the worker would receive pay, however small, and if the result did not do as much towards the reduction of the rates as might be anticipated, it is fairly certain that the moral effect would amply compensate for such public inconvenience as the inauguration of the scheme would entail. We do not hear of people running away from almshouses, nor from such establishments, for instance, as those carried on by the Little Sisters of the Poor. Neither would the eternal "in and out" habit, so characteristic of the present system, obtain to any large extent in these

industrial colonies. Liberty becomes all the more precious when it is denied, and I know for a fact that it is the desire of being able for once in a way "to kick a loose leg" more than any forlorn hope of being able to find employment which is the real cause why so many of the inmates leave the workhouses one day only to return the next.

## PERSONAL SUFFRAGE.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace writes in the current "Fortnightly": My earliest memories of any political event are those connected with the first Reform Bill of 1832. I recollect my father—a genuine Tory—shaking his head over it as a sad giving way to the ignorant clamour of the mob, and as being likely to result in some vague but terrible disaster. Then followed the public rejoicings when the Bill was passed, which in our town of Hertford, as I suppose in many others, took the form of a public open-air free dinner, the broad Fore Street being filled with rows of tables at which the whole of the workers and their families who chose to come feasted to their hearts' content. But this was a mere first instalment of reform, and did little towards effecting a real representation of the people. It disfranchised a number of rotten boroughs, like Old Sarum and Corfe Castle, and gave votes to some of the better classes of workmen in the towns, as being ten-pound householders; but the counties still retained their freeholder qualification, and continued to be the stronghold of Toryism and reaction. From that time until to-day, a period of three-quarters of a century, successive extensions of the suffrage have been made, but it may be doubted whether they have resulted in a much better or a more accurate representation of the whole nation. It is certain that the complexity, the uncertainty, and the absurdity of the whole system have never been greater, while the cost in time and money involved in the processes of registration and election have been largely increased. We have recently passed through one of the annual revisions of the lists of voters, which has brought out the uncertainties of the law to an extent hardly to be credited. Votes have been held to depend upon the possession of a latch-key, on the right to keep a dog or a parrot, or to play the piano; and while in some districts thousands of claimants have been disenfranchised on account of technical points of the nature above referred to, in other districts large numbers, with exacily similar qualifications, have been accorded the vote.

People are now becoming disgusted with all this totally unnecessary waste of time and money, and with the endless squabbles of opposing parties in the registration courts. They

want no more tinkering with the qualifications of voters, and will be satisfied with nothing less than one simple and uniform qualification, which, once obtained, shall require no revision, but shall automatically continue during the life of the voter. In like manner they require that the mode of election shall be thoroughly reorganised and simplified, as can easily be done; while everything in the nature of canvassing, whether personally, by agents, or by letter or circular, shall be made a criminal offence with the penalty of imprisonment. It is for the purpose of explaining and advocating an electoral qualification and a mode of election which shall fulfil these requirements that I now ask the attention of my readers.

### The New Suffrage.

Under the terms universal suffrage reformers have long claimed that every adult male citizen shall have a vote, while for some time past the same claim has been made irrespective of sex. In most of our self-governing colonies manhood suffrage has been granted, and the same franchise exists in the United States and in most of the constitutionally governed European countries, at least for the election of the Lower House. In New Zealand the suffrage has been for some years extended to women, with excellent results. There can therefore be little doubt that the next great Reform Bill will put men and women on an equality in this respect.

But although public opinion, as well as reason and justice, is opposed to any disqualification founded upon sex, station, property or even on education, there remains one disqualification which is universally admitted and acted upon, not only among civilised people, but throughout the whole human race—that of age. This is a point that has generally been taken as self-evident—that a child must not vote, and as in all civilised countries persons are classed by the law as "infants," "minors," or "under age" till they are twenty-one, that age has acquired a mysterious glamour, so that though the youth of twenty is limited in various ways, such as incurring debts, entering into contracts, or performing public duties, presumably because his intellect is not sufficiently developed or his experience of life is not sufficiently extended to enable him to act rationally in such matters, yet the moment he crosses the magic line of his twenty-first birthday all these disabilities drop from him, and he is held to be at once capable of protecting his own property, and of performing all the usual duties of manhood.

It seems, however, to be a very irrational conclusion, that because a person is legally responsible for his actions at this age, he is also capable of forming a sound judgment on a matter of such importance and difficulty as choosing the individuals best fitted to form the Legislature of a powerful and highly civilised nation. To perform such a duty the voter should, in the absence of all real knowledge of the actual laws and constitution of his country, at least have acquired some general acquaintance with men and

things, and some experience of life in its social, municipal, and national aspects. But with most men and women of this age, and usually between the ages of twenty and thirty, such knowledge or experience has not been acquired. The great majority have barely completed their intellectual or technical education, or that manual training which gives them the power of earning the full wage in their respective callings. Many are wholly occupied in maintaining the struggle for life; others devote their leisure to various forms of sport; while even those who are of a more reflective nature, and take every opportunity afforded them for reading, or for the pursuit of some branch of science, are not thereby fitted to form an independent judgment on the various difficult and controversial questions which divide political parties. Nothing can give this but experience, slowly and painfully gained through observation of, and contact with, his fellow-men in the varied relations of life—in the capacity of buyer and seller, of wage-earner or wage-payer, as juryman or witness, parish-councillor, guardian, or any other capacity that brings him into active relations with his fellows and enables him to form an opinion as to their intellectual capacity or moral character. It may be safely stated that every five years of added experience of this kind renders a man better fitted than before to have a voice in choosing the legislative body, into whose hands are committed the great issue of war and peace, of misery or well-being, of oppression or of justice, for the whole nation. It, therefore, seems to me to be one of the greatest of political errors to entrust this important duty to the crude intelligence, the scanty experience, and the usually prejudiced judgment of that portion of the citizens who have only just emerged from a state of legal disability and educational pupilage. The various considerations here set forth lead me to the conclusion that in order to obtain the best judgment of the nation in the choice of representatives those only should vote who have attained the age of forty years. This, of course, is so great a departure from what has hitherto been the rule that it is not at all likely to be adopted, but it seems to me that it expresses something like the ideal to be aimed at.

. . . . . I believe there are only three countries where voters must be over twenty-five years old—the Netherlands, Norway and Japan; while there are many which have an age limit for members of the Legislature. In France, Mexico, and Sweden they must be over twenty-five years of age. In Bavaria, Canada, Japan and Servia they must have passed their thirtieth year; while in Italy and Portugal, the members of the Upper House must be over forty.

But although, at first sight, it appears reasonable to apply the age-qualification to legislators rather than to voters, a little consideration will convince us that it is really much more important in the case of the latter. The two cases are entirely different. The voters are not a selected body chosen for their special abilities

or superior education, but comprise the whole population above a certain age. . . . There can be no doubt that the great majority of them cannot be termed intellectual or well educated. It is therefore highly important to secure, by means of the age test, the best material available without any class bias or property qualification. Even the educational test is of little value, since it is not the least educated that are the most deficient in judgment or in common-sense. The representatives, on the other hand, are necessarily a selected body, and in Britain at all events they are steadily becoming more carefully selected. We have only to educate the voters more thoroughly to make them both able and willing to choose men of considerable eminence in various ways. But ability, judgment, and moral character have no age-limit. They are often manifested in a high degree in very young men, as shown in such cases as Pitt and Fox, in Gladstone, and in several members of the present Parliament. The sooner such men enter Parliament the better for the nation, as nowhere else can they so rapidly acquire the special kind of knowledge that will enable them to exercise their powers to the utmost for the good of the community.

### Practical Advantages of a High Age Qualification.

Under any form of adult suffrage including men and women on equal terms, the numbers to be registered and identified would be very great, and the trouble and cost of an election, if carried out in the usual way, would be enormous. The difficulties would chiefly arise from the fact that the population for the first ten years of manhood consists largely of unmarried men and women, a considerable proportion of whom live in lodgings, while their places of employment and of residence are frequently changed. The census reports show us that the number of persons at and above 38 years of age is only half of that at and above 21. If we take 31 years instead of 38, the proportion is two-thirds that of 21. I should myself consider 38 as the better voting age if we wish to get the best results—that is, the nearest approach to the matured opinion and judgment of the nation. But as such a proposal would be too great a step in advance of immemorial custom, I suggest 31 as the lowest age for voters at Parliamentary elections.

Before proceeding to a consideration of the best and simplest mode of registration and election, I would strongly urge that the age-qualification should be the one and only test of the right to vote. We have surely had enough of fancy franchises dependent on property and terms of residence and latch-key qualifications, and now we demand simplicity and continuity. A man or woman once on the register should be there for life. The receipt of parish or Poor Law relief, for example, should be no disqualification, whether the "pauper" lives in or out of the house. Pauperism is largely—I believe wholly—due to our bad social system, and our

duty is to abolish it as soon as possible. The fact that a man is obliged to be wholly or partially supported on public or private charity has nothing whatever to do with the right or the capacity to vote for those who make the laws which are partly responsible for his condition. A Civil List or other pensioner of hundreds or thousands a year is really just as much a pauper as the man or woman who receives seven shillings a week without working for it. Neither should the fact of having been convicted and imprisoned be a disqualification. Many such are innocent, as has been lately demonstrated in several cases, and suspected in many more; but, apart from this, everyone knows that for each man in prison there are probably many out of it who are morally and intellectually no better than he is. Crime is largely a matter of vile conditions of life from infancy upwards. It is for us to improve these conditions, and thus to diminish and ultimately abolish deliberate crime. The only disability to vote among persons of the full age would be insanity and perhaps actual penal confinement at the time of the election.

## THE CURSE OF MACHINERY.

Mr. Reginald Kenton Weekes writes a very interesting article in the "Nineteenth Century and After," on the above. He says:—

I suppose that we may take it for granted that the ordinary thinking individual, if the matter were laid before him for judgment, would set down the advent of the motor-car as one of the latest steps in the march of progress. But there are still in being those who cannot look upon the mere annihilation of space as a matter of very great interest or importance, and who, if it were brought about to the detriment of aims of a higher order, could not do other than look upon it as no matter upon which to congratulate themselves.

I do not know what one could take as a good definition of a machine, but, however that may be, the thing that any ordinary mortal would call a machine, and not a mere tool, has been among us as a factor largely bearing upon human affairs for something less than a century.

Man seems to have been given the power to expand his taste for experimental research to an almost infinite degree in any direction. Towards whatever point he turns his attention, an endless vista of discovery opens out to him, but he seems to have been left no guidance, other than that of the accomplished thing, as to whether his discoveries along any one path are for the moral well-being of the race or not.

Looking backwards upon what one knows of the last hundred years one cannot but be struck with the possibility that the application of man's genius to the invention of machinery has been fraught with loss rather than gain to the true moral and intellectual progress of the race.

. . . . . .

We most of us have known some little fishing port before and after the railway "opened it up."

It used to straggle up the little stream, and each house was placed, not selfishly where it would get the most view for itself, but where it would help the prospect most.

I do not mean to pretend that this was intentional, but where man is more or less primitive—i.e., natural—his works seem to be more in harmony with nature by a kind of natural instinct.

Then came the railway with the tripper and the jerry builder in its train, and now the gaudy terraces flaunt their angular straightnesses fresh from the saw mill—not up the valley, but row after row along the cliffs themselves, as ugly a collection of unpleasing straight lines as ever could be designed to spoil the infinite curves of the shore.

They have indeed gotten their "view" of the sea—but look at the expense; a prospect spoiled by this marspot for just as many miles as it can be seen.

This is no hyperbole. 'Tis not the wickedness perpetrated in one or two places, but all along the coast. It is the offspring of the machine that runs along the railway.

. . . . . .

It would be no fiction of the pen to say that the stalwart lives of men who, say 30 years ago, used to swing the scythe to the music of the falling ears, were the backbone of the country. The wages of the rural labourer were small indeed, pitifully and possibly needlessly so, but, judging by the few remaining specimens of the breed who have survived to the present times, they were a race to whom for kindly geniality and intelligent reasonableness, none of us are fit to hold the candle. I can recall the faces of many of these lean, old toil-worn labourers, faces that looked as if they were the index of all the sturdy virtues that have been characteristic of the English race.

. . . . . .

The ruthless hand of the machine gradually thinned their numbers; they were not wanted, and now the cry of the farmer is that he cannot get the few men that he does want.

. . . . . .

A race of giants banished for gain, and yet no one a farthing the better! (To the other counts against thee, O! machinery, we have set thee down a fool.)

Within the last few years every town that has been swelled by

the tide of immigration, and even some of those that have had the good luck to keep within a working companionable size, have started a system of electric trams. The motive for doing so is obscure, but probably the powers that be have considered that in this undertaking they have been moving with the times, a consolation that no one can deny them.

Now the consequences of our becoming a nation of town-dwellers have been deplored on all sides.

All the thinkers of the age agree that it is, or at any rate, will be, a cause of degradation in the national physique. Yet what must we think of the intelligence of a town that provides a cheap and easy mode of abolishing the powers of walking among its citizens? Time was, when the business man and the clerk did at least put their muscles into use by walking to their places of business, likewise the women-folk to their shopping; but now, to many of these good people, the idea of getting to any place by walking never seems to occur, and the tram service is looked upon as a great improvement. Improvement of what?

Will folk never learn that hardness is the only schoolmistress that can teach, and that all the mechanical aids to luxury are bad through and through, and beyond a certain point absolutely devitalising?

Again, machinery in the shape of the railway engine, by forming a cheap and easy means of transit from the country, and in the shape of manufactories (which, by-the-bye, is just what they are not) by necessitating the making of things in large centres instead of by local craftsmen, has been, without doubt, one of the, if not the most, important causes of the rural exodus and the fungus-like phenomenal growth of the towns.

Time was, and not so very long ago either, when the towns were pleasant enough places for a man to live in, and for the love of which it was even worth his while fighting, if need was.

The churches and public buildings were the visible signs of the rise and fall of a nation's art, and the private dwellings, humble it is true, but each bearing the individuality of, and being a witness to, the architectural taste of the individual who built it, as diversified as nature, and yet each town homogeneous and with a character of its own, given it by the local materials the builder was perforce driven to use. I have been in old towns in which one could, if so disposed, seat oneself down in any part thereof and find the materials for a pleasing sketch.

But what of the houses in the towns to the growth of which machinery has given rise? What are they like? If machinery had been merely the first cause of their being, it would be hard to say how much they might have differed from their predecessors; but as it is, unfortunately, machinery has had a finger in the pie of their actual building. The railway has brought the cheap and

nasty deal from abroad; the sawmill has shaped it into beams, joists, and planks, as shapely as the parallelograms of Euclid.

The railway has brought, too, the cast-iron railings, to which the factories of the north have given birth—a most uninteresting prodigy. Whatsoever of ornament there is in use about the houses has not been the work of the craftsman, and as such a stimulant to his art, but has been almost invariably moulded in some distant factory.

We could write on this subject ad nauseam, but to what purpose? Enough of anything nasty, at any rate, is as good as a feast. There they stand, these houses, rows of them, miles of them, unpleasing, horrible, nothing there is about them for the wholesome pride of the dwellers therein. 'Tis true they serve for a covering from the winds of heaven, and to a certain extent they are sanitary—as witness the very evident cast-iron drain pipes and ventilating shafts.

But are these the only qualities fitting to adorn the dwellings of the highest of creation? Is man to be put to shame by the art of such a humble builder as, say, the chaffinch in the beauty of his dwelling?

. . . . . .

In the making of most of our household goods machinery has done away with the craftsman. True it is that some master-mind plans the design in the first pattern that becomes the father of thousands, but if these things had been made by human hands we should have had, not one, but a thousand masters of their trade, instead of one artist only and an army of workmen doing some monotonous routine job for their daily bread. The whole system is a premium on dullness and mediocrity. It may be argued that this machinery, more or less, makes for cheapness, and on that account a man can become possessed of more goods than he would have had without it; but a man's life hardly consists in the abundance of things that he hath, and it is also quite on the cards that a few good possessions are worth a whole host of bad.

When we come to think that in the making of almost everything we wear, almost everything in the house upon which we step, sit, or lie, machinery has had a hand to the ousting of some craftsman, the enormity of our wickedness becomes clear.

## THE CURÉ OF CUCUGNAN.

The Abbé Martin was curé of Cucugnan. He was as good as bread, as straight as gold, and loved his parishioners as if he had been their father. He would have thought that Cucugnan was a heaven on earth if its inhabitants had given him a little more satisfaction. But alas! the spiders wove their webs in his confessional-box and on one Easter Sunday no one came to Communion. The good priest's heart was very sad, and he always asked God to grant him the grace of not dying before he had brought back his flock to the fold. Now you will hear how God heard him. One day, after reading the Gospel, M. Martin entered the pulpit and said:—

Brethren, you will believe me or not, as you please, but the other night, I, a miserable sinner, found myself at the gate of heaven.

I knocked, St. Peter opened the door!

"Ah," he said, "It is you, my good M. Martin. What good wind brings you here? and what can I do for you?"

"Good St. Peter, you who keep the key of heaven, and its books, could you tell me, if I am not too curious, how many of the parishioners of Cucugnan are in heaven?"

"I can refuse you nothing, M. Martin. Please sit down; we will look into the matter."

And St. Peter took his big ledger, opened it, and put on his spectacles.

"Let me see, you said Cucugnan—Cu-Cu-Cucugnan, here we are. Cucugnan. My dear M. Martin, the page is quite blank. Not a single soul from there. There is no one from Cucugnan, just as there are no fish bones in a turkey."

"What! No one from Cucugnan here? No one? It cannot be true. Look again."

"There is no one, holy man. Look yourself, if you think I am jesting."

I, poor soul, stamped on the ground, and with hands in an attitude of prayer, I begged for mercy. Then St. Peter said:—

"Believe me, M. Martin, you must not take on like that, or you

might get an apopletic seizure. After all, it is not your fault. You may be sure that the people of Cucugnan are spending a short time in purgatory."

"Ah, for mercy's sake, great St. Peter, let me at least see them and console them."

"Willingly, my friend. Come, put on these sandals quickly, for the roads are bad. That is all right. Now go on, go on straight before you. Do you see over there, as you turn? You will find a silver door all covered with black crosses, on the right hand. You will knock and they will open to you. Good-bye, keep in good health and in good spirits.

And I went on! I went on. What a journey. My flesh creeps as I think of it. A little path full of brambles and shining stones, with snakes who hissed, led me to the silver door.

"Toc! Toc!"

"Who knocks?" said a harsh and sad voice.

"The priest of Cucugnan.

"Of——?"

"Of Cucugnan."

"Well, come in."

I went in. A fine, big angel, with wings as dark as night, with a robe as bright as day, having a diamond key hanging to his waist, was writing with a quill pen in a large book, much bigger than that of St. Peter's.

"Well, what do you want, and what are you asking for?" said the angel.

"Beautiful angel of God, I want to know, perhaps I am very inquisitive, if there are any inhabitants of Cucugnan here?"

"Inhabitants of——?"

"Of Cucugnan, the people of Cucugnan, for I am their priest."

"Ah, the Abbé Martin, perhaps?"

"At your service, Mister Angel.

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"So you said, Cucugnan."

And the angel opened his book, wetting his finger with spittle so that he could turn the leaves over better.

"Cucugnan," he said, with a deep sigh. "M. Martin, there is nobody in purgatory from Cucugnan."

"Jesus, Mary, Joseph. No one from Cucugnan in purgatory? God! Great God! Where are they, then?"

"Ah! holy man, they are in heaven. Where the devil do you think they are?"

"But I have just come from heaven."

"You have just come from there! Well?"

"Well, they are not there! Ah! holy mother of angels."

"What can I say, my friend. If they are neither in heaven nor in purgatory, they can be in no other place but in ——"

"Holy cross! Jesus, son of David! Alas! alas! is it possible?

Has the great St. Peter told me a lie? Yet I did not hear the cock crow! Helas, poor souls! how can I go to heaven if my parishioners are not there?"

"Listen, my poor friend. Since, at any cost, you wish to be sure about this, and see with your own eyes the true state of the matter, take this path, and run if you know how to. You will find, on the left, a big door; there you will hear all about it; and God be with you."

And the angel shut the door.

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It was a long path. all paved with red-hot coal. I staggered as if I had been drinking, at every step. I stumbled, I was all in a perspiration, and each hair of my body had its drop of sweat, and I was panting with thirst. But, thank God, owing to the sandals which the good St. Peter had given me, I did not burn my feet. When I had had many stumbles I saw on my left hand a door, or rather a gate, an enormous open gate like a huge open oven. Oh! my children, what a sight! There no one asked my name, there no register was kept. You entered there in batches through open doors, my brethren, like you go into the public-house on Sunday. I was covered with perspiration and yet I was cold and shivering; my hair stood on end. I smelt things being burnt, the smell of roast meat, something like the smell which spreads through Cucugnan when Eloy, the smith, is shoeing an old donkey. I was losing my breath in that warm, stinking air. I heard horrible cries, moans, curses, and groans.

"Well, are you coming in or not?" said a horned demon, pricking me with his fork.

"I—I am not coming in. I am a friend of God."

"You are a friend of God? Well, you sanguinary scab, then what the devil are you doing here?"

"I have come—ah! don't ask me questions, for I can scarcely stand on my legs. I have come—I have come from afar, to ask you humbly, if by chance you have got anyone here—anyone from Cucugnan!

"Ah! God's fire; you are pretending to be stupid, as if you did not know that all the people of Cucugnan are here. There, you ugly crow; look and you will see how we warm them, your friends of Cucugnan."

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And I saw, in the midst of a frightful whirlwind of flames, long Coq Galine—you have all known him, brethren—Coq Galine, who got drunk so often and so often beat his poor wife Clairon.

I saw Catarinet—that little wretch, with her turned-up nose—who slept all alone in the barn. You remember her, my funny friends. But let me go on, I have said too much.

I saw Pascal, with his pitchy fingers, who made his oil with the olives of M. Julien.

I saw Babet, the gleaner, who, when gleaning, used to take the corn from the stacks.

I saw Master Crapasi, who greased so well the wheel of his barrow.

And Dauphine, who sold so dear the water from her well.

And Tortillard, who, when he used to meet me carrying the Blessed Sacrament, used to keep his hat on and his pipe in his mouth, and was as proud as Artaban, and acted as if he had met a dog.

And Coulan with his Zette and James and Peter and Tony.

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Pale with terror and emotion, the congregation groaned at the sight of hell, seeing their fathers, their mothers, their brothers or their sisters.

"You understand very well, brethren," continued the good Abbé Martin, "you understand that things cannot go on like this. I am responsible for your souls, and I will, I will save you from the abyss into which you are rushing. To-morrow, not later than to-morrow, I will start on the work, and the work will not be lacking! This is how I shall proceed. In order that all should be well done, we must proceed in due order. We shall go in due order like they do at Tonquières, when they dance.

"To-morrow, Monday, I will hear the confessions of the old men and women. That is nothing.

"Tuesday, the children. I shall soon have done.

"Wednesday, the lads and lasses. That will take a little longer.

"Thursday, the men. We shall be as short as we can.

"Friday, the women. I will tell them not to tell too many stories.

"Saturday, the miller. He will want a day all to himself.

"And if we have done on Sunday, we shall be very happy.

"Look you, my children, when the corn is ripe it must be cut; when the wine is drawn it must be drunk. Here is enough dirty linen, it must be washed, and well washed.

"That is the grace that I trust you will have. Amen."

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Things were done as he said. The linen was washed. From that memorable Sunday the perfume of the virtues of Cucugnan can be smelt at a distance of ten leagues round, and the good shepherd, M. Martin, happy and full of joy, dreamt the other night that, followed by all his flock, he was climbing in the midst of a dazzling procession the starry way, which leads to the city of God, while the congregation were carrying lighted candles, while the incense formed a fragrant cloud, and the choir-boys were singing the "Te Deum."

ALPHONSE DAUDET.

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**The *Suffragette* Agitation.** — This agitation still appears to be the chief feature of current politics. The emphatic rejection of the "Suffragette" resolution by the Labour Party Conference at Belfast has not, as some people imagined would be the case, had the effect of damping the ardour of the leaders of this bourgeois movement. On the contrary, having found at last that their attempt to make a cat's-paw of the Labour Party had entirely failed, the champions of Ladies' Suffrage have openly thrown in their lot with the aristocratic and middle-class women's associations which for the past 50 years have been advocating this measure as a bar to adult suffrage, and have contemptuously repudiated any connection or sympathy with the Labour Party. That is all to the good. It is no part of the mission of a working-class party to strive to increase the political power of the master class, which is all that this proposed extension of the franchise would do, and we are glad to see that this

has been recognised on the one side and admitted on the other. It is a pity that some of the members of the Parliamentary Group should have been so far affected by the idea that all women, as such, simply because they have no votes, are "dogs and pariahs," as to override the decision of their own Party Conference.

**Adult Suffrage.**—Some of the ardent leaders of the "Suffragette" agitation, who profess at the same time to be in favour of Adult Suffrage, excuse their present action on the ground that there is no real demand or active agitation for Adult Suffrage. They ignore the fact that most Adult Suffragists only regard the suffrage as a means to an end, and only one of several means at that. They lose sight, too, of the fact that it is precisely the desire and aspiration for those economic and social charges to which the vote may be a possible means—only by enlisting the vigour and enthusiasm of working women who hope thereby to improve their social position—that the present life and activity have been given to a movement which has been practically dormant for so many years. We know how cruelly and shamefully these working women are being betrayed, just as working men were betrayed in the Reform agitation nearly eighty years ago. We Social-Democrats have always been for universal adult suffrage—every man and every woman a vote—and we are glad to know that a vigorous agitation for this object is being organised. We cannot, however, shut our eyes to this danger, that, whereas this Suffragette agitation serves to hinder adult suffrage, any agitation for the latter is bound for that very reason to hasten the adoption of the limited measure. That is a very real danger and one which it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to guard against. In reply to a demand for universal adult suffrage, it will be quite natural for our rulers to grant

the smaller measure—as "an instalment of justice," knowing full well that it is nothing of the kind, but would be, on the contrary, a bar to further enfranchisement.

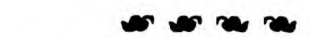
**A Much Needed Protest.**—We have so much occasion for criticising the Parliamentary Group of the Labour Party, that we are glad indeed of an opportunity of saying a word or two of commendation. It is with the greatest pleasure, therefore, that we thank Keir Hardie for his speeches on the Address. He soundly trounced the President of the Local Government Board for his recent speeches in reference to the unemployed. The statement that drunkenness is the cause of want of employment Hardie rightly characterised as utterly untrue, and said that when Burns declared that technical education would reduce unemployment "he must be suffering from a lapse of memory or of intelligence." In the debate on Mr. Barnes' Amendment to the Address in favour of Old Age Pensions, too, Hardie strongly condemned Burns' procrastinating speech and protested against the excuses which had been made for further inquiry and for still further postponing the matter. It is certainly time some such protests were made against Burns's flippant, arrogant and insulting manner of treating all working-class questions, and we commend Keir Hardie on his action and trust that he will be emboldened to repeat it as occasion offers.

**A Renegade's Progress.**—As is usually the case with all renegades, Burns is more vehemently hostile to all the demands of those with whom he formerly associated than the most reactionary of bourgeois Ministers. Ignoring the fact that his appointment to office was at once a reward of past recreancy and an expression of that gratitude which is a lively sense of

favours to come, many of our friends thought that our statement of the facts was too severe, and hoped for great things from the new "Labour" Minister. How cruelly his action has falsified their hopes and how fully our condemnation has been justified needs no recapitulation. He has browbeaten, insulted, and betrayed the unemployed; he has repudiated all his old professions in favour of the direct employment of labour; he has harried and caluminated those administrators who have endeavoured to combine humane treatment of the poor with purity in public life; he has re-instituted the worst traditions of Poor Law administration; he has ruthlessly and wastefully frustrated the most promising efforts at substituting self-supporting industry for pauper relief, and has proved himself the harshest and most reactionary President of the Local Government Board for a generation. To what further lengths he will go in his present office it is impossible to say. It is reported that he has won golden opinions from those of our masters whose one idea of Poor Law administration is to grind the faces of the poor. Others, however, are inclined to think he has already gone too far; and it is by no means certain that he will much longer remain at the Local Government Board. That he aims much higher is quite an open secret. He boasts of being the brains of the Cabinet and already has his eye on the premiership. At his present rate of progress, however, he should become the titled Premier in the next Tory Administration.

**The Unemployed.**—In nothing has the present President of the Local Government Board shown himself in a worse light than in his treatment of the unemployed. Twelve months ago the Government, in order to stave off agitation, promised legislation on this subject. That promise, like so many others, was broken, and now this year, because the unemployed have

been quiet and peaceable, their existence is ignored altogether and there is not even a suggestion that anything is to be done on their behalf. On the contrary, their one-time champion and leader, Mr. John Burns, mocks at them in their misery, advises them to be sober and thrifty, and tells them that they would not be out of work at all if only they had not been drunkards, or had had sense enough to learn a trade. And this in spite of the fact that the numbers of unemployed among skilled workmen in the building trade, among others, are greater than they have been for years. By refusing grants to distress committees wherever he could find an excuse for doing so, Burns has succeeded in saving the greater portion of the £200,000 allocated to this purpose six months ago. He has given it out that no further grant from this fund will be made after the end of next month, when he hopes to have a surplus in hand, and to be able to boast that he has settled the unemployed question with an expenditure of little more than a hundred thousand pounds. In the meantime, the unions making returns show a percentage of unemployed equal to that of twelve months ago, and the misery now to be witnessed in the poorer districts of the metropolis and other large centres of population is terrible to contemplate. But, as Burns informed us some time ago, he has achieved his ambition and realised almost all his ideals.



**The L.C.C. Elections.**—The two official orthodox parties—Progressive and Moderate, Liberal and Tory, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, Codlin and Short, or whatever they choose to call themselves—are doing their best to work up some excitement over the coming County Council elections. For all their efforts, however, the greatest apathy and indifference is manifested by the majority of the electorate. The people recognise that there is no difference between the two parties,

and that really it does not greatly matter which side wins. In the municipal elections the "Municipal Reformers," or "Moderates," made a stupendous effort and defeated their opponents all along the line. But it has made no difference. The rates are not going down in the most Moderately-governed boroughs; and it is not likely that, with this disappointment to set against them, the Moderates will be able to arouse much enthusiasm on their behalf in the County Council elections. On the other hand, the Progressives have so much to their discredit that nobody feels very much enthusiasm for their side. It is much to be regretted that the S.D.F. was not in a position to contest every seat in this election. It is time that a real Socialist Party was formed on the Council to counteract the jobbery and corruption of the anti-Socialists, and the muddling and mal-administration of the pretended Socialists there, who, by their follies, are doing their worst to bring Socialism into discredit. It is something, however, that all Socialist candidates, S.D.F. or I.L.P., in this election are standing independent of the other parties, and we may hope that the formation on the Council of a definite Socialist Party, however small, may be one of the results of the elections.

## THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE.

The two events of importance to the Socialist movement in the past month were the German elections and the Conference of the Labour Party at Belfast. In both instances our enemies are pleased to be able to rejoice over what they call a Socialist set-back, and in both there is exceedingly little ground for their jubilation and none at all for discouragement on our side. In the elections in Germany we have lost seats, it is true, but our votes have increased by nearly a quarter of a million; solid evidence of the healthy growth of the party in the face of the fiercest and most strongly organised opposition that it has ever had to meet. At the Belfast Conference the ideas of Socialism were probably more strongly represented than ever before and its practical proposals received greater support than in any previous Labour Party Conference.

It is quite true that the Conference emphatically rejected the proposal to make Socialism the object for which its Parliamentary group was organised. Naturally we should have preferred that it had been otherwise, but, in view of existing circumstances that was more than we could expect. What we have secured is a definite pronouncement that the Labour Party is *not* a Socialist Party; and that Socialism is *not* its objective. It will be for Socialists to persist in their work of agitation, education and

organisation until that decision has been reversed and the Labour Party is transformed into a real definite Socialist Party. In the meantime the ground has been cleared, confusion has been removed, and it will no longer be possible for leaders of the party to claim that it is identical, in organisation, policy, programme and object, with the working-class parties of the Continent.

For the reason for the rejection of the Socialist object it is not far to seek. It is an illustration of the difficulty of getting into the right road once having started on the wrong. As Keir Hardie said, the defeat of the resolution could not be taken as the real expression of the opinion of the Conference on Socialism in the abstract, it simply showed that the delegates were not prepared to impose fresh conditions upon their Parliamentary representatives by making them really the mouthpiece of the opinions of the Conference. The present position is this, that the party has made itself responsible for the support of Parliamentary representatives who are out of sympathy with the views of the party as a whole. Having organised its Parliamentary representation on a given basis, without programme, policy or principles, the Conference is naturally loth to substitute for past and present conditions a totally different set of conditions which would rule out of the party certain of its present representatives. That is the penalty for not having started fair at the outset.

At the inception of the Labour Representation Committee, at its very first Conference, the S.D.F. endeavoured to induce that body to adopt a definite Socialist basis. That attempt was defeated, mainly through the efforts of other Socialists, who advised a waiting policy. "Do not try to force Socialism upon the trade unions, or you will frighten them away, and the party will not be formed. Wait, and when the party is formed it will very soon adopt Socialist principles and a Socialist policy; but let us get it

together first before we consider the object for which it is to be formed." That was the line of reasoning adopted, not by trade unionists, a majority of whom, as a matter of fact, were then in favour of our proposal, but by Socialists. That was seven years ago. Seven years is a fairly long time for a party to take to make up its mind what it exists for; but the Labour Party, so far as its Parliamentary representatives are concerned, is apparently as far off having a programme, principles, or definite object as it was seven years ago. In the meantime, a General Election has taken place, and the party is now represented in the House of Commons by some thirty members, with, however, no general agreement as to object, and no common bond between them, beyond the agreement to act independently of other parties, by virtue of which agreement they all share in the common fund. In the same time, too, the party in the constituencies has made progress.

There can be no question whatever that the rank and file is leavened with Socialism to a greater extent than ever before. Indeed, it may be said that the Parliamentary Group has a majority of professed Socialists. But although the party in the country is largely Socialist, and although a majority of the Parliamentary Group are Socialists, the party must not have a Socialist objective, because that would be imposing theories and conditions upon certain members of the party who are not in accord with those theories and conditions. And, for the same reason, the party must agree to no general principles and formulate no programme, even of the mildest or most moderate kind. The result is, of course, that it is the minority and not the majority which determines the pace of the Parliamentary Group and the policy to be pursued. Some policy must be adopted, if it is only the policy of standing still; some programme must be agreed to, if it is only a negative one, and the consequence of the majority refusing to declare a policy or formulate a programme out of deference to the minority is,

to all intents and purposes, to impose the policy and programme of the minority upon the party. Thus the party, which, through the Conference, refused to agree to the formulation of a programme or object; which at the same time passed resolutions approving among other things of the principle of Socialism, of adult suffrage, of the suppression of child labour, of secular education, and of municipal ownership and control; is practically committed by its Parliamentary representatives, to the following programme:—(1) Local veto; (2) The maintenance of the present system of child labour; (3) A propertied woman's suffrage; (4) Old age pensions; (5) Amendment of the Factory Acts; (6) Amendment of the Compensation Act; (7) (8) Legislation against sweating; Industrial insurance.

Not a programme likely to arouse much enthusiasm that, but still a programme, and one imposed, not by the Conference, or by a majority, but by the minority. But beyond this the party dare not go; nor must its Conference, or its Executive, formulate a more drastic set of proposals for fear of frightening away the more timid members of the party, or compelling some of the members of the Parliamentary Group to "reconsider their position." It cannot be said that this programme is likely to startle the most timid, and if that is the best that an "independent" Parliamentary Party can do, we are constrained to ask what is the use of taking the trouble to form such a party. The puritan wing of the Liberal Party is prepared to go further in the matter of temperance legislation; leading members of the Tory Party would support the Women's Suffrage Bill; the Radicals would go further in political and social reform; while the Liberal-Labour members are, at least, committed to support "the reforms that may be advocated by the Trades Union Congress," a condition which carries them very much further in a Socialist direction than the "independent" Labour Group is prepared to go.

It has been objected that the Conference is not a

competent body to formulate a programme, seeing how some of its resolutions are hurried through; and that, moreover, any programme acceptable to us Socialists would be a thrusting of our opinions down the throats of the trade unionists. Neither of these objections apply to the resolution on the subject proposed by the London Trades Council. That resolution, which by some curious miscount was defeated by more votes than were in the Conference altogether—1,021,000, to 76,000—simply proposed that the Executive should be instructed to "formulate a programme based upon the resolutions of the Trade Union Congress." It only sought to commit the "independent" group to the same programme as the Liberal-Labour men have endorsed. But that was much too strong meat for such stalwarts of the party as Mr. Shackleton, who told the Conference plainly that sooner than pledge himself to a programme created by the Trades Union Congress and endorsed by Liberal-Labour men, he would leave the party.

It is understood now, therefore, that the Conference may not only not formulate a programme, but it must not give any instructions to the Executive on such a matter, nor even lay down the general lines of policy. The Parliamentary Group of the Executive are to be a law unto themselves. The resolutions of the Conference are to be treated as mere expressions of opinion with absolutely no bearing whatever upon the action of the Parliamentary Group. There is only one matter upon which the vote of the Conference is of any moment, and that is in voting supplies. The Conference may pay the piper—that, at any rate is clear, and is something to be thankful for—but it must not call the tune. It is scarcely likely that the rank and file—and it must be borne in mind that this is much more a movement of the rank and file than any similar effort has been—will agree to that position very much longer. In that lies the hope of the future of the Labour Party.

H. QUELCH.

## DEFEAT BETTER THAN A VICTORY.

Seldom, if ever, has a political event belied the expectations of literally "tout le monde" than the result of the Reichstag elections in Germany. Whether in Germany itself or abroad there was not a sane person, either in the ranks of reaction or of Social-Democracy, who, on the day after the Reichstag was dissolved, doubted that Social-Democracy would prove the winner. It was only on the eve of the elections that comrade Mehring, the leader writer of the "Neue Zeit," wrote in that journal pointing out that the reactionary parties may, with the assistance of the "party of non-voters," succeed in wringing from the Social-Democrats a few seats. But even that sober estimate, as the same writer subsequently confessed, was far surpassed by the actual result. The Social-Democrats have lost not "a few," but 36 seats, and return to the Reichstag not, as in the last, the second Parliamentary group but the fourth or even the fifth in strength. It is quite true that they have increased their aggregate vote from 3,010,771 to 3,258,968, that is, by 248,197; but so, and more, have the Catholic Centre increased (from 1,875,292 to 2,183,381, that is, by 308,089), the National Liberals (from 1,313,051 to 1,654,738, that is, by 341,687), and even the Radicals, if the two sections are reckoned together. As a matter of fact, the electorate itself has

increased from 12,531,248 in 1903 to 13,193,571 in 1907, that is, by 662,323, while the number of voters has proportionately increased still more, having risen by 1,766,987 from 9,495,587 in 1903 to 11,262,574 in 1907. No wonder that every party, with the exception of a small group of the South German Peasant League, has increased its votes. There remains only this consolation that the Social-Democrats are still the largest party in the Empire; but it is easy to see that, if at the succeeding elections, the several parties exhibit the same relative growth as in this, Social-Democracy will, at no distant future, lose even that predominant position. Taken all in all, it would be idle to pretend that the Social-Democrats have not sustained a defeat. It *is* a defeat, so far as figures are concerned.

We all know the machinery by which it was brought about. First, there was the "party of non-voters," that mass of electors who are politically too indifferent to record their opinions at the ballot box, except when dragged out by force or by fraud. It is this mass upon which, in the last instance, reaction always reckons when contemplating a "tour de force." It was known to the Athenian Republic, it put Napoleon III, by a series of plebiscites, on the throne, it gave the enormous majority to Chamberlain in 1900, it turned the scale in the recent Borough Council elections in London, and it may yet smash up the Progressives at the forthcoming L.C.C. elections in March. It is a mass which can only be mobilised by unscrupulous agitators on some false patriotic cry, or by means of bribery. In Germany, as the figures of the elections of 1903 have shown, it amounted to about three million voters, and Herr Dernburg, the Colonial Secretary, who is quite an up-to-date man, not caring a fig for aristocratic decencies, and imbued with the American spirit of carrying on politics by commercial methods, openly declared before the elections that he would this time drag in this nameless mass of electors. That he has to a large extent

succeeded in this is shown by the fact that though the number of electors has within the last four years only increased by 662,323, the actual number of voters has increased by 1,776,987. In fact, while in 1903 only 75.8 per cent. of the electors recorded their votes, that percentage rose in 1907 to 85.4.

This election manœuvre was supplemented by another, no less important. Having set out to fight the Catholic Centre, the bourgeois parties soon discovered their universal community of interests and combined — against the Social-Democrats. Never before did the words of Marx about the "one reactionary mass" come so true as during these elections. "All the party differences"—says the most influential *Radical* paper in the North of Germany, the "Weser Zeitung," shortly before the second ballots—"all the party differences have paled before the common feeling that one is face to face with a great problem, whose solution, though just begun, will, as the Imperial Chancellor rightly said, mark the turning point in our history. It would be a mistake to seek the explanation of the success (of the bourgeois parties) in the indignation which the rejection of the supplies for South-West Africa has called forth. This colonial question has not excited the masses to any great degree. . . . . No, it was the indignation at the ever more and more reckless tactics of the Social-Democrats, at their pernicious misleading of the working class, which has induced the Liberals and the Conservatives, the Free Traders and the Agrarians and—in our constituency also the Centre—to join hands with a view to throwing down the yoke of the Social-Democracy." Indeed, with but a few exceptions during the second ballots, in which the Centre voted for Social-Democratic candidates against the Conservatives or National Liberals, in all other cases the bourgeois parties supported each other in preference to Social-Democrats, the Radicals (whose ranks are filled with Jews) voting for Anti-Semites,

Free-Traders for rabid Protectionists, Constitutionalists for reactionary Junkers, and so on.

These two circumstances are sufficient to explain the means whereby the Socialist defeat was brought about. Yet only the *means*, not the reasons. We are still in the dark as to the reasons why the Radicals and intellectuals, and numerous other sections of the community preferred to vote rather for Absolutism and Protection and Anti-Semitism, and Clericalism, than for the Social-Democrats, and why the latter, during a period of four years, which was distinguished by such features as a meat famine, colonial misadventures, a suicidal foreign policy, police terrorism at Hamburg, Breslau, Dresden and elsewhere; why at such a time Socialists were only able to gain a quarter of a million of new adherents—too few to enable them to withstand the combined onslaught of the bourgeois parties? To understand this is to understand the grave lesson of the elections—and something else besides.

"Grievances both personal and political against the Social-Democracy have been multiplying. For years the Social-Democracy had openly expressed not only its antipathy to all the non-Socialist classes, but also its contempt for them. In the constituencies which the Socialists captured they indulged in the offensive behaviour of a parvenu and bragged of the number of their votes as the "nouveau riche" bragged of his money-bags. At their party Congresses and in their press the Socialists indulged in orgies of political passion, and gloried in their rudeness. In the Reichstag the Social-Democracy, with its 80 seats, performed no appreciable service, but distinguished itself by its hoarse rage and its endless speeches upon theories of the universe. The practice of depending upon constant agitation prevented the Socialists from ever being able to transform their fervour into power or their enthusiasm into productive energy."

Thus, according to the summary in the "Times," writes, in the periodical "März," the leader of the

South German Radicals, Konrad Haussmann. It is as complete a statement of the case against the German Socialists as could be desired. Incitement of class against class, contempt for the bourgeois parties, class war "shibboleths," constructive sterility—these are the charges, stripped of the exaggeration of abuse, levelled against German Social-Democracy in various forms, in various tones, in various languages, and in various quarters, from the reactionary bourgeois to the opportunist Socialist. It is these offences which have rendered Social-Democracy odious to the electors, and recoiled on its head in the shape of the present electoral defeat.

We may say at once that we perfectly agree with this explanation, only it wants a little comment.

For a number of years previous to 1903 the so-called bourgeois democracy had been led, by certain symptoms, to believe that German Social-Democracy was undergoing a radical change of character. First, the opportunist policy of Vollmar and his Bavarian followers on the agrarian question; then the agitation of Schippel in favour of voting the military and naval budgets; and, lastly and chiefly, the conversion to Opportunism of Bernstein, which opened the sluices of "revisionism," with its negation of the class war tactics and the advocacy of an alliance with the democratic bourgeoisie under the common flag of a "German Reform Party"—all this had created the impression among the bourgeois parties that the days of revolutionary Social-Democracy were numbered. Innumerable volumes of various sizes greeted this "Crisis of Marxism," and a great number of "intellectuals" in the party itself declared war against the old shibboleths and old tactics. At the same time, the orthodox Radical parties, by their reactionary conduct and antiquated Manchester doctrines, were spreading disappointment far and wide, so that when the elections of 1903 came hundreds of thousands of bourgeois Radicals voted on the Social-Democratic ticket. The

excitement reached the boiling point. Now, everyone said, is the time for translating words into deeds. Now is the time for the Socialists to proclaim themselves what they really are—a "German Reform Party," and do away once and for all with the revolutionary phrases. And a band of stalwarts, headed by Heinrich Braun and Heine, and assisted by Bernstein and his Revisionist followers, decided, with the aid of Maximilian Harden, the old Bismarkian hack and editor of the "Zukunft," to deliver at the forthcoming party Congress at Dresden a frontal attack against the revolutionary section so as to purify the party of their baneful influence. What was their amazement when it turned out that the masses were overwhelmingly revolutionary and that they themselves were merely dreaming an idle dream! This attack was not only repulsed, but the assailants themselves were thrown to the ground and ignominiously kicked for their dirty manœuvres. That was a bitter and humiliating disappointment, and at the very next two by-elections the Socialists were deserted by their "allies" and defeated.

What followed afterwards only tended to deepen the impression gained at the Dresden Congress, viz., that Social-Democracy is and will remain the revolutionary party of the proletariat; its tactics will remain, as heretofore, the tactics dictated by the principle of the class war, and that all those who were entertaining hopes to the contrary were simply living in a fool's paradise. At the Jena Congress the party deliberately included in its armoury the General Strike, that specifically proletarian and anti-capitalist weapon, and at Mannheim it once more defeated the revisionist section, which, seeing its helplessness in the party, had tried to rouse against it the trade unions. That was the final shipwreck of the bourgeois-radical hopes, and on January 25 these elements took their vengeance.

This, then, is the inward meaning of the above quoted words of Haussmann. Social-Democracy has

disappointed the expectations, raised by the opportunist section previous to 1903, that it may cease to be a class-war party, and smarting under their disappointment the glorious bourgeois-democracy turned round and voted for reaction. "With dishevelled hair," Herr Haussmann proceeds after the above words (the "Times" correspondent very properly did not continue further), "with dishevelled hair Social-Democracy strangled, like Medea her children, its own revisionists, because *it hates their father the bourgeois spirit.* It fed the broad masses on promises and on the superstition that everything was going to the worse, it drove the laughter away and introduced the sneering smile. It called out at Dresden in party spirit, 'More venom and gall!' at Hamburg, 'Down with the bourgeois classes!' and at Berlin on January 24, 'The 25th is the day of the people's judgment!'" This gives the point to what we said above.

But it will be argued—as it *is* argued—that these tactics were wrong, that instead of frightening away the bourgeois followers the Social-Democrats should have tempered their revolutionary "phrases" and class war doctrine, and gone in, in co-operation with the progressive parties, for practical "constructive" work. That would have been something more tangible than mere "theories of the universe," and would have kept the large following intact.

Nothing could be more disingenuous than this argument. Everyone who knows the political conditions of Germany at all, knows that there is no parliamentary government there, and that the Government not being responsible to the Reichstag it cannot be compelled, by fear of overthrow, to do this or to do that, and that the only way of obtaining "constructive" reforms is to bargain with the Government on the principle of give-and-take. The German Government, however, as everybody knows, is thoroughly reactionary, and consequently, every bargain concluded with it must, in its main part, be in the interest of political and economic

reaction. The Catholic Centre, for instance, likes to boast of its "constructive" work on behalf of the working class. It points with pride, for instance, to the fact that it succeeded, at the time of the Tariff struggle in 1902, in obtaining from the Government, in exchange for the support of the Tariff Bill, the concession that £1,000,000 out of the proceeds of the new customs should go towards the assistance of the widows and orphans. This means that having sanctioned the levying of a tribute on the working class (including those very same widows and orphans) for the benefit of the landed aristocracy, amounting to tens of millions of pounds yearly, the Centre succeeded in getting a tenth or twentieth part of it back. Is this "constructive" reform? Or is it simply a demagogical swindle? Methinks it is the latter. Likewise in all other matters. If the Social-Democrats were prepared to vote tens of millions of pounds yearly for the increase of the army and navy, for colonial adventures, for a policy of agression against France and England, for the support of trusts and the agrarians, they would, no doubt, get some "reforms" for the working class. But will they really be reforms or mere prestidigitatory tricks? It is clear that if an opportunist policy, even in democratic countries, spells, in the long run, disaster, both for the party and the working class, it is base treason from the very start in an absolutist country like Germany.

But it will again be said there is no need to go such lengths as that,—co-operate with the Liberal and Radical Parties, and you, in combination with them, will present such a force that the Government will be brought to its knees. After all, the Government cannot raise supplies without the consent of the Reichstag and if the Radical and Socialist opposition refuses them, there will be no escape for the Government but to yield.

This is a perfectly plausible argument, but alas, inapplicable in practice. Ever since the days of

Lassalle, the Socialists, doctrinaires as they are, never ceased to urge the Liberal and Radical parties to make a bold stand against reaction. Let us go together, they cried, and we shall soon put an end to the powers of absolutism and the Junkers. Alas! it was a voice crying in the wilderness. Afraid of the proletariat, German Liberalism turned at an early date to Absolutism for protection, and the National Liberals are now one of the main props of the German Government. It was, in fact, this betrayal of Liberal principles which drove the German popular masses to embrace Socialism. The Radicals were more progressive, but they, too, as time went on, became so cowardly and reactionary, that, as we have seen, the younger spirit turned also towards Social-Democracy for salvation. With whom, then, could the Social-Democrats co-operate so as to form a strong opposition? At the time of the Tariff struggle the Radicals basely deserted them, trampling under foot every constitutional principle, and when last year the Social-Democrats raised an agitation in favour of universal suffrage for the Prussian Landtag (where, by the way, the Radical members never lifted a finger to get the shameful Landtag franchise altered), the Radicals refused to support them. Is that a party with whom the Socialists could enter into a bloc for fighting reaction? Indeed, if we wanted to know what the Radicals were, the present elections gave us a splendid exhibition of it; rather than vote for the sole party of opposition, Radicals voted for the most bitter reactionists in order to revenge their disappointment.

No, the whole argument about the doctrinarianism, etc., of the German Social-Democracy is, to speak bluntly, *rot*. It cannot co-operate with the Government because that Government is brutally reactionary, and it cannot co-operate with the bourgeois parties because those parties are cowardly and treacherous. And left to itself the Social-Democracy can only do "destructive" work, having constantly to

repel the attempts of the reactionary Government to cripple and to maim the working class, and to expose the hypocrisy of the bourgeois parties in their dealings with the Government.

We see, then, that by no manner of means could the German Social-Democracy become what is termed a Parliamentary "constructive" party, and that even if it had been inclined to moderate its tone and to talk of the "co-operation of classes" the bourgeois parties themselves *did* not permit it. Therein lies the total miscalculation of the Revisionists and their allies of the bourgeois democracy. The German Social Democracy is fatally bound to be the revolutionary party of the proletariat, and the sooner it recognises the fact, the better for it and the German proletariat.

But is it better? some will ask. What is the good of a party which can do no constructive work and is always isolated? Is it not a fatality which may be inevitable, but is nevertheless deplorable, and by no means enviable? Well, we reply: that depends upon the view taken of the mission of Social-Democracy. Those who believe that there is no fundamental antagonism of classes which prevents the gradual and peaceful abolition of capitalism and the substitution of the Socialist order of things, will naturally deplore the lot of the German Social-Democrats. To them "constructive" Parliamentary work is of supreme importance as it constitutes in their eyes the gradual introduction of Socialism. A reform here and a reform there, and the Socialist State has become perceptibly nearer than it was. They do not perceive that the reforms have not even touched the basic interests of capitalists, and even as palliatives their value, in comparison with the needs, is frequently infinitesimal. Nor do they see that the yielding attitude of the ruling classes is itself an elastic thing which develops a power of resistance proportionate to the pressure brought upon it; the more you

squeeze out of the bourgeoisie, the more restive it becomes, and when the pressure reaches a certain limit it throws you back with a terrific force. It is a pleasure to live in a fool's paradise, and those who like it will deplore the "sterility" of the German Social-Democrats. Not so those who do not give themselves up to pleasant utopias and know that the issue between capitalism and Socialism will be decided not by diplomacy and compromise, but by the force of the strong arm—actual or potential—of the proletariat. To them the chief aim of Social-Democracy consists in the enlightenment and the organisation of the working class, and parliamentary work is merely one of the means to that. This is not to say that Social-Democracy attaches no importance to practical reform work. Quite the reverse, it values reform both per se and as a means of strengthening, materially and morally, the proletariat. In fact, with all its attachment to formulæ and theories of the universe, Social-Democracy, both in Germany and elsewhere, is the greatest and most implacable champion of reforms, since it is precisely when fighting for reforms that it is best able to expose the reactionary tendencies of the bourgeois class, and, consequently, to educate the proletariat in class consciousness. But whether in this or in any other branch of parliamentary activity Social-Democracy knows full well the limits of the power of the legislative machinery, and uses it mainly for the organisation of the masses outside.

From this standpoint is it correct to say that it does no "constructive" work and that its lot is not to be envied? Here comes in the true moral of the recent elections. If, as we have seen, the Social-Democracy was deserted by its bourgeois followers, how comes it that its aggregate vote has not only not decreased, but has actually grown by a quarter of a million? The answer to this seeming paradox is perfectly simple: *What it lost in bourgeois followers it gained, and more than gained, in proletarian adherents.*

It has shed a numerous body of parasites—a sort of white corpuscles — which were sapping its very life blood by forming the feeding ground of Revisionism, and has acquired a still larger amount of live tissue—a sort of red corpuscles —which will add to it new and healthy blood. Is it to be deplored, or is it to be rejoiced at? Is it a loss, or is it an acquisition? There can be no two opinions about it. German Social-Democracy has again become a purely proletarian party, and stronger and richer than ever, which will now grow together with the working class. For the sake of such a prize it was well worth paying with the loss of 36 seats in the Reichstag.

It thus turns out that the defeat was better than a victory, and that what our enemies and false friends called "destructive" and "sterile" tactics were in the highest sense constructive and productive. Social-Democracy has considerably increased its grip over the proletariat, and succeeded in consolidating it at a moment of the greatest crisis. This is a glorious justification of its revolutionary tactics, and as such it is a crushing refutation of the Revisionist doctrines. The parties in Germany are now ranged according to their natural order—those of the combined bourgeoisie on one side and that of the proletariat on the other. What could be better for the future development of the Social-Democracy? Not without reason do the Radicals, both in Germany and here, now that the first intoxication of their doubtful victory has passed, woefully look back to the mistaken zeal with which they combatted the "Reds." They themselves have assisted the Social-Democrats in laying bare the dividing line between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat and in rendering the issue between them straight and single. Now we may say to our German comrades: Well done, a few more such defeats and you will take the whole reactionary bourgeoisie to the burial-ground!

TH. ROTHSTEIN.

## THE CASE FOR SOCIALISM *v.* INDIVIDUALISM.

(*Continued.*)

Capitalism cannot exist without constantly overturning methods of production, without continually crushing out the smaller capital. The small shopkeeper shudders with horror at the "bogie" of Socialism held up before him by enterprising journalists. "Brigands," he mutters, "would you steal my property?" And the wealthy capitalist candidate—who is probably a director in some huge trading company—gets the ready vote of his smaller brother at the following election. Yet, woe betide the small man if this trading company comes across his track in the competitive sense—they will not steal his property—nothing of the sort! They will simply ruin him by undercutting! The inevitable tendency of capital to gravitate towards a given centre, to be attracted and drawn to the magnet of monopoly, seems to disprove the idea of those individualists who hold that competition will always survive in economic affairs! In the struggle for the survival of the fittest, the fittest to survive are those who can best adapt themselves to the constantly altering industrial conditions of the period. Hence large capitalists are more and more abandoning competition and uniting their forces with the mutual understanding that it is more profitable to co-operate than to spend huge sums in the wasteful business of fighting

each other. The whole history of capitalism is a history of the triumph of the larger capital. The capitalist era can, in a general way, be said to date from the sixteenth century. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries saw an epoch of individual production for use in England. So far as the mass of the people were concerned, the serfdom of the preceding centuries existed but in name, and most of the country population consisted of free peasant proprietors; 160,000 proprietors, who, with their families, made up more than a seventh of the whole population, derived their subsistence from little freehold estates. In the towns the craftsman controlled his own tools and product, and seldom sold his labour-power to an employer; when he did so it was at a good rate. Member of his trade guild, with no fear of unemployment, the lot of the producer in the fifteenth century was one the artisan of our day might well envy in many respects. But the latter part of the fifteenth century saw the forcible driving of many of the peasantry from the soil by the great feudal lords, and the usurpation of much common land—a process that was continued by force, enclosure Acts, etc., right up into the nineteenth century. The old nobility had lost wealth in feudal wars, and with a view to recouping themselves they used the stolen land for capitalist sheep farming—finding a ready market for the product through the medium of the rapidly-rising Flemish wool manufactures. As a result of this forcible expropriation, and the breaking-up at about the same time of bands of feudal retainers, there came into being a huge proletarian class—a class having no real right to the means of life except by the consent of an employing class. This proletarian class was greatly increased afterwards by the usurpation of guild lands, the spoliation of the Church property, and the forcible suppression of the monasteries. The Catholic Church had been the feudal proprietor of a large portion of the English land, and those who had lived

upon it were thus turned adrift. In the towns great alterations were also taking place; the old democratic guilds were gradually changing into close capitalist corporations, employing and exploiting labour for profit. Henceforward capitalism struggled for the mastery of methods of production, and, though very much in embryo for many years, it nevertheless ever gained strength and perfection amid the gradual crushing out of old social conditions and ideals.

The domestic system of production prevailed until towards the end of the eighteenth century, when machinery and steam power were introduced. Science, thus called to the aid of the manufacturer, forced the isolated home producers into the factory system, the wage-earner became to an increasing extent the slave of the machine, and more and more destined to remain an employee through life. The local market was supplanted by the national and international market, and commerce developed into first-rate importance; the area of trade becoming world-wide.

Machinery was perfected as time went on, and made easy of manipulation; the employing class, strong in a lust for wealth before undreamt of, forced children of seven years and upwards into the factory to toil from 12 to 16 hours per day. Capitalist competition in the world-market has ever determined the standard of commercial ethics. The continued improvement of the methods of production, and the consequent necessity for larger and yet larger capital, made the struggle for the survival of the fittest in the industrial world nothing more than a grim struggle for the survival of the aptest under the given circumstances; and the most unscrupulous employers of labour were—other things being equal—the ultimate victors in the "every-man-for-himself-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost" struggle. In the words of Karl Marx, "Capital is reckless of the health or length of life of the labourer unless under compulsion from society. To the outcry as to the physical and mental degradation, the pre-

mature death, the torture of overwork, it answers: Ought these to trouble us since they increase our profits? But looking at things as a whole, all this does not, indeed, depend on the good or ill will of the individual capitalist. Free competition brings out the inherent laws of capitalist production, in the shape of external coercive laws having power over every individual capitalist." "Capital is reckless unless under compulsion from society." Hence the necessity for the Factory Acts. Individualism was greedy, and society—the collective will—stepped in and forcibly restrained the pace of the exploiter. Individualism fought hard against this restriction of capitalist liberty—England's well-being and commercial supremacy depended, it was said, on the freedom of the employer to do as he liked with his own. Freedom of contract between the employer and the helpless individual employee, cheap food and cheap labour, these were the watchwords of the rising manufacturing and trading classes—the bourgeoisie.

Meanwhile, all these economic changes and antagonisms found their expression in the political life of the nation; the representatives of the capitalists, in Parliament assembled, while carrying on a class struggle for political supremacy with the old landowning class, fought bitterly against such factory reformers as Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) and the influence that was brought to bear upon certain other members of the House by the outside agitation of the operatives. The men and women who worked in this great movement for factory reform have the gratitude and admiration of the modern Socialist movement, for they recognised that the health of the men, women and children of the nation—the collective well-being—was of more importance than the piling up of huge wealth for the glorification of a grasping individualism. It should be noted in passing that the effect of factory legislation was an increased tendency for the smaller capitalist to be crushed out; the improved methods of

production demanded by law meant an expense to the employers, which the weaker among them were often unable to successfully meet, with the result that they went down in the struggle with their stronger opponents. In this way society was, in very self-defence, made a medium for forcing the pace of evolution. Whatever the cause, the tendency ever remains the same, the swamping of the individual capitals of the small tradesmen and manufacturers, by the operation of the more efficient organisation of the larger capital, and the sinking of those thus dispossessed into the working-class.

With the development of capitalism, the growth of the proletarian class went on apace; the organisation of capital involved also the increased organisation and centralisation of labour in masses in the modern towns; trade unionism sprang into being and commenced a collective struggle against the capitalist class for higher wages, shorter hours, and better conditions of labour generally. At first, only a tiny minority among the workers were in any sense conscious of the real economic position of their class in the complex society around them. The Chartist movement of the early part of last century was undoubtedly a genuine working-class affair. Some of its leaders saw the supreme importance of social questions, and attacked among other things the infamous English Poor Law system. But the official agitation was directed towards certain reforms in the political machinery. Scores of agitators were thrown into prison, and among them that good friend of the people, Ernest Jones. The Chartist movement was the first organised political expression of proletarian discontent; the modern Socialist and Labour movement, its natural successor, has the duty of completing the work then begun. To return to the capitalist class, we find that the development which had given the capitalists stupendous economic power, had also assisted them in a successful struggle for political supremacy against the

landed class; the old-fashioned Tory politician was almost abolished from the House of Commons, and the new plutocratic class was established, as it still continues to-day, the ruling class in the State. The working class, crushed down in their earlier efforts at emancipation, fooled and gulled as they have often been, have nevertheless ever pursued an upward course. Realising the uselessness of individual effort in the main, they have combined in many ways for self-preservation, the most important, of course, being the trade union movement, which has been organised and carried on in spite of the often bitter opposition of the capitalists. This economic organisation of the workers has driven the master class to like combinations, and out of the struggle has at last arisen, in England as in other countries, the great independent Socialist and Labour political movement, which is destined to play a great and important part in the future.

W. G. VEALS.

*(To be concluded.)*

## THE FREE FEEDING OF SCHOOL CHILDREN IN ITALY.

The prominence given to the question of State Maintenance during last Session, and the very slight advance made by the Education (Provision of Meals) Bill, should not be allowed to stem the tide of agitation for something better, so far as Social-Democrats are concerned, and the following extracts from a recent article in the "Lancet" will be of interest as showing what is being done by some of the Italian municipalities in caring for their future citizens. The writer describes the special section devoted to education at the Milan Exhibition, and so ably has he performed his task that one can almost imagine oneself on the spot inspecting and criticising the various exhibits. After referring to the subjects usually found at such exhibitions, he proceeds to detail the experiments at feeding children, from which it would appear that the experience of Italy is closely akin to our own. He says :—

"It is only of comparatively recent years that the education authorities and the public generally have commenced to realise the futility of mental teaching and physical training when the child is insufficiently or unsuitably fed. At no period, presumably, could anyone have supposed that education without food was possible. Still, it was only after compulsory and almost universal education had been enforced for some considerable time that medical and other evidence was forthcoming to prove that a considerable number of children were rendered physically unfit, and could not profit by their education because they were insufficiently fed. At first only a few charitable people and institutions attended to this matter. The insufficiency, untrustworthiness, inequality, and sometimes the wasteful extravagance of these charitable undertakings soon demonstrated that no mere individual effort could solve what is really a national problem." . . . . "A visit to the Milan Exhibition suffices to demonstrate that the importance of the question is appreciated, and that

some notable efforts have been made to meet these requirements. Among the school exhibits in the Italian section there are reports, pictures, and photographs dealing with the 'refezione scolastica,' which is the Italian for what the French call the 'cantines scolaires.' . . . . Nor is it only in the progressive North of Italy that such measures have been studied and applied. It was a pleasure and a surprise to find that the first photograph that I saw of children enjoying a meal at school was that of the 'refezione' at Palermo in the far south. Here in a broad passage a long narrow table had been placed, and it reached breast high, so small were the little girls standing on each side. But another photograph showed the boys comfortably seated in a large square room at different rows of tables. At Padua a passage has also been utilised, though this time it was boys and not girls who were standing at a table, and it is easy to see they were partaking of the national dish—macaroni. The commune of Brescia has photographs indicating that, according to the weather, the children dine either indoors or out of doors. It is a happy sight to see, be it only in a photograph, these children sitting under a graceful arcade or 'portici,' sheltered from the sun while enjoying the open air and their daily meal. The San Remo school, which sends a photograph, has tables but no seats. The same can be said of Lodi, but at Bologna again we find the meals in the open air. The urban school of Aurora feeds 500 children in one single very large room. Several of these places also send photographs of the kitchens and kitcheners in which the meals are cooked."

In contradistinction to the above we get a glimpse at an English contribution to the exhibition, which consisted of a photograph of the ladies dining hall at Newnham College, Cambridge. Such a contribution was surely out of place in a collection showing what other countries are doing in the direction of caring for the children of the workers. But although the principle of feeding has been established, the quantity given is very small. The writer excuses this on the ground that the institution is only at the experimental stage. The method of organisation, cost, and food given affords interesting reading :—

"As it was at Milan that I had seen these exhibits, it was only natural to inquire first what the town of Milan itself had done in this respect. . . . . It soon became apparent that at Milan, as in so many other places, the authorities, while recognising the necessity of feeding the children, were loth to take upon themselves the trouble and responsibility of such a service. There existed what are called committees of patronage, constituted to help in the general work of education, and the municipality fondly hoped to get out of the whole difficulty by voting an annual subvention of £4,000 to these committees. Experience soon proved that this did not work, and it was indispensable that the education authority should itself take the matter in hand.

There are, however, in such a question technical points involved with which municipal councillors are not necessarily familiar. It was resolved that a committee of nine municipal councillors should be appointed with the Mayor as President. This committee was empowered to select specialists to help it; for instance, persons who were authorities on cooking or on the choice and purchase of food. Three such selected assistants could be appointed by the committee of nine to watch over each school. Thus the entire administration is in the hands of the municipality and its nominees. The number of children who are inscribed, and supposed to attend the Milan primary schools, is 46,000 in round figures. The question at once arose as to how many of these children would need to be fed at school, how many could go home for their midday meal, and what proportion would have to be fed gratuitously. Of course, these figures were not ascertained at once, and in the course of time modifications occurred. It is not necessary, however, to give other than the most recent figures so as to make known the actual situation.

"As already stated, the municipality had estimated the outlay at about £4,000, but is soon found that this was not enough to allow the expenditure of only 1d. per head per meal. Then there were no dining rooms, no kitchens, no plates, and nothing whatsoever in which any sort of cooking could be attempted. Therefore, it was decided to commence by giving a cold collation, and for this purpose it was thought that 100 grammes of bread would suffice (113.4 grammes equals a quarter of a pound). It was soon found that this was only sufficient for the first and second classes. In the third class 120 grammes of bread are now given, and 150 grammes to the fourth and fifth classes or forms, but at first smaller quantities were tried. Then came the question as to what the children should eat with their bread, and 'salame' was the natural answer, for this is precisely what a workman in the majority of cases would ask for to help him to eat dry bread. It is the staple article of food throughout the country, and is the ever-ready substitute for ordinary meat when the latter cannot be readily procured or prepared. Whether it is suitable as a permanent article of diet for children is a very doubtful matter. In any case it is tasty, and artistically prepared. . . . . But there is another sort of sausage, which has the shape of a huge water-melon. It is like the mortadelle sausage, but not so good, and this also is served to the children, but it is boiled. Therefore, it absorbs some water, so that a larger quantity must be given. Here, however, is the typical allowance made at one of the Milan schools where there is only a cold collation. With the amount of bread mentioned above on Mondays, 20 grammes of 'salame'; Tuesday, 30 grammes, or one ounce of cheese; Wednesday, 25 grammes of cooked sausage; Thursday is the holiday. On Friday there are 22 grammes of chocolate, and on Saturday again 20 grammes of 'salame.' Of

course, though I use the word sausage, I mean a perfectly firm meat and not the sausage with which we are familiar in England."

These cold collations are not approved, we are told, and hot meals are given in some schools. Although the cost is a little more, it is pleasing to learn that the latter are to be extended.

"There are now six of the largest schools in Milan where hot meals are supplied to 4,500 children, or about 10 per cent. of the total number of children attending the schools. Hot meals will be introduced into more such schools next year, and these, the most favoured of the schools, are in the poorest quarter of the town. At these hot meals, feeble children are often given eggs. The amount of meat allowed, whether it is boiled or roasted, is generally 25 grammes, or a little less than an ounce, weighed after it is cooked. The ration of cooked macaroni is 240 grammes, rather more than half a pound English weight. Of course, it contains a good deal of water. Of 'risotto' even more is given —namely, 275 grammes. . . . Then when meat is cooked with potatoes 55 grammes are given. The cost for this food per kilogramme is in francs or lire, for 'salame,' 2.80 francs; for cooked sausage, 2.95 francs; for gruyère cheese 1.85 francs; for roast veal, after it is cooked, 4.80 francs; for 'lesso,' or boiled meat, 2.75 francs; for chocolate, 2.40 francs; for bread, 35 centimes; for rice, 39 centimes; and for Neapolitan pastes, or macaroni (and these are the best) 46 centimes the kilogramme. Thus, wheaten flour consumed in the form of macaroni is about 25 per cent. dearer than bread, but how much nicer when artistically flavoured ?; and the poorest of Italians know that this should be done. . . .It has been calculated that the cold collation only costs, on an average, 9 centimes per head, though in some schools they manage to spend 13 centimes."

The method of procuring the food is certainly open to improvement; and readers of "The Social-Democrat" will, we think, agree with the remedy proposed by the writer. He says:—

"The municipality made arrangements with 50 bakers for the bread, and 60 pork butchers for the 'salame.' Such small contracts, it seems to me, leave the door open to many abuses, and I do not see how an efficient sanitary control can be kept over so many different and scattered purveyors. The municipality owns the public abattoir, and proposes to build another and a larger one. If it were to introduce on the same premises a sausage-making department, it would be much easier to keep effective watch over the quality of the meat given to the children in the form of 'salame.'"

The teaching in the Milan elementary schools is free and compulsory between the ages of six and twelve years, but payment for school requirements and meals is expected from the parents. Poor families are assisted in this direction by the Committee of Patronage. In regard to the payment for meals, the course adopted is very similar to that of the "cantines scolaires" in Paris.

"The principle is that every child must be fed, and this is done by the parents if living near enough for the child to go home for the mid-day meal, or the child may purchase his meal at school; but if he is too poor to pay, the meal is given gratuitously. As matters now stand, about half live near the school, and are well enough off to go home to their meals. 33 per cent. of the total school population are inscribed to receive their mid-day meal gratuitously at school, while from 17 to 20 per cent. remain at school at mid-day, but pay for their meal. This small proportion of pupils who pay causes some trouble. If they pay they do not fail to grumble. They do not want a meal at 9 centimes, or a fraction less than a penny. Most of those who can pay at all can afford 15 centimes, or 1½d., and would prefer to give this sum and have a properly cooked hot meal rather than pay much less for only bread and cold sausage.

"When the parents cannot pay they must send a written demand to the municipality, and then one of the delegates of the municipal education commission makes inquiries. The deciding factor in judging such cases is generally the number of the family. If there are only two children, then the parents may be forced to pay for the meals of one of them. Also, if the children look in ill health, then the food is not refused. Altogether, the gratuitous meals are very readily given. Roughly speaking, the meals now cost the municipality about £12,000 annually. The parents who pay for their children's meals have given in all £3,200 in the course of the year. It is important to note that here, as elsewhere, the tendency is to increase and to increase extensively, the number of meals given gratuitously. Thus, when in 1900 this service began, meals were given on only 133 days out of a possible 174 days of school attendance. The outlay was then set down at 98,300 francs. During the second year, however, free meals were served on 153 days, and cost 149,337 francs. In 1903, the free meals cost the municipality 247,766 francs, and 277,603 in 1904 The outlay will now exceed 300,000 francs, and the number of pupils who manage to establish their claim to be fed gratuitously is ever increasing. The nearer the school to the outskirts of the town, the larger the proportion of gratuitous meals required. This is due to the fact that the children come from a greater distance, and that their parents are generally agricultural workers.

"From this it will be gathered that a great deal has been done, but principally in an experimental manner. The authorities have been led by force of circumstances to extend and to improve, step by step, acting according to expediency and the exigencies of the moment, rather than in obedience to some fundamental principle in harmony with a clearly defined theory."

We hope to give our readers, at an early date, extracts from a comprehensive account, by the same writer, dealing with the attempts at feeding school children at Vercelli, another Italian town.

## PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

A Committee of the French Chamber of Deputies has been considering the question of proportional representation. A Bill prepared by M. Etienne Flaudin has been adopted, and the author has been entrusted with the drawing up of a report on the subject. The following are the chief points of the proposed Bill, which will now be submitted to the Chamber :—

1. The Deputies shall be elected for six years by the whole of the Department.

2. A list of the candidates standing together shall be handed in at the office of the Prefect, and posted at least 24 hours before the poll begins outside the polling places.

3. Each elector has as many votes as there are Deputies to be elected in the district.

4. The elector can give the whole or part of his votes to any candidate.

5. The statements drawn up in each polling place show the number of votes given to each candidate.

6. The officials in charge of the central polling place add up the number of votes given in the different polling places, and in that way determine the electoral sum of each list. (The electoral sum of each list is the sum of the number of votes respectively obtained by the candidates belonging to this list.)

7. In order to apportion the seats in each list, each electoral sum is successively divided by 1, 2, 3, 4, and the quotients obtained are written in order of importance, so as to determine in that order as many quotients as there are Deputies to be elected in the Department ; the smallest of these quotients is the common divisor. Each list has as many Deputies as its electoral sum contains the common divisor.

8. In each list the seats are given to the candidates who have obtained the highest number of votes, and in case of equal voting to the oldest candidate.

9. If by chance a seat is attributed, owing to an equal number of votes, to several lists, then it is given to the candidate who has received most individual votes, and in case of the number of votes being equal, to the oldest.

10. The candidates who are not elected in each list will be classed according to the number of their votes, and in case of death or resignation will succeed those belonging to the same list.

From "La Petite République."

## OPEN AIR PROPAGANDA.

1.

At the corner of the street, once again
  Voicing the same true gospel, as of old;
While twilight's tender glories slowly wane,
  And all the western cloud is touched with gold!

2.

'Tis hard to talk, when beauty woos one so,
  When eve's soft splendour lures the willing heart!
. . . . . .
Why stand I here? Ah! Why? I scarcely know,
  Some stern deep impulse bids me do *my* part;—

3.

Some sympathy bequeathed from sire to son,
  Some deep emotion born of rebel blood,
Wells in my soul, and bids me rise and go,
  And stand, perchance, as my forefathers stood.

4.

The star of eve burns brightly as I talk:
  Toil's worn rough face is eagerly upturned:
'Tis fine to teach!—and yet, how sweet to walk
  In glades of green that never poet spurned!

5.

Peace!—Peace!—This is no time for selfish ease,
  For opiate ways of garlanded repose:
The clear heights call, the wise humanities,
  The knowledge that is greater than man's woes.

6.

'Tis done. Fold up the flag; the night has come.
  Return with thanks the chair, or chance-loaned stool.
Above, the starlit silences are dumb!—
  Below—our hearts at peace with conscience—full!

ARTHUR HICKMOTT.

## THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS AND THEIR GOOD FRIENDS.

In ordinary circumstances no party—except that of the Social-Democrats—cares for the welfare of the workers on the land. The "worthy squire," living at his ancestral mansion, speaks generally in a tone of contempt of the "boor," or of the wage-earning woman, and considers it to be one of his natural rights as a master to get as much work as he can from his "hands," and to pay as little as he can for it. And the clergyman? Well, he certainly knows the miserable lot of the peasants, but his only duty is to look after their souls, and it is not his province to bother himself about their earthly well-being. According to the opinion of many clergymen, the Lord has placed the poor "on the land" in order that they may work for their earthly master "in all humility and faithfulness." Work is the prose while religion is the poetry of the slaves of labour. The rulers of our middle-class capitalist society simply shrug their shoulders when they see the peasants toiling for their feudal lords. They look with a certain momentary feeling of astonishment at the pig-styes in which the peasants and their families are obliged to live; they are, perhaps, startled for a few short moments when on their summer's holiday they see the crazy, tottering old labourer's cottage, with its low and mean door, its broken windows mended with paper or stuffed with rags, and its floor of beaten earth. Yet all these inconveniences and discomforts only strike them as part of the necessity of the "idyllic life" of the labouring population. The castle or the mansion of the landed proprietor, standing in the midst of a lordly park and surrounded by its beautiful garden, appears still more beautiful, and in that way the harmony of the idyllic situation of the country house is more clearly shown.

When the elections are going to take place, the agricultural labourer has suddenly become a very interesting person. His "good friends" flock round him from all sides, and assure him in words and leaflets what a great regard they have for him and

his calling, and what a lot they are going to do for him later on. Then the Conservative landlord stands treat to the "good people," he gives them cigars and cheap drinks, and then makes to them in a kind of military jargon an election speech, which naturally ends with the following refrain: "Now with the help of God you, in order to be loyal to your king and country, must vote for Conservative candidates." Then, too, one knows how the clergyman, both from the pulpit and in the confessional, warns his hearers in a pious voice against "the vices and deceits of the godless Social-Democrats," who wish to destroy the peace of the labourers and covet their wives. And, often, too, the pains of eternal damnation are threatened against anyone who would be wicked enough to give a vote on the day of election to a Social-Democratic candidate.

And what about the agitators of the other middle class parties? As the National Liberals, the Progressives, and the Anti-Semites have joined the Empire League, and are active against the Social-Democrats, then they may all peacefully and truly endeavour to obtain the votes of the agricultural labourers. For they all know that the vote of the agricultural labourer is not worth less than the vote of the inspector, the district official or even of the great noble, the landord.

It is, therefore, the duty for the Social-Democracy to use all its power in order to open the eyes of the agricultural labourers. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the landless proletariat who are their true and their false friends. True, already a large part of the agricultural labourers know quite well that an energetic and consistent defence of their interests can only come from the Social-Democracy. Therefore, it is well to keep up a regular Socialist agitation among the labourers on the land. Especially is this needful considering the unholy alliance of Conservatives and Ultramontanes forming the "bond of empire," who are trying by lies and threats to deceive the labourers. It is, therefore, the bounden duty of Social-Democracy to explain matters to them, and thus reap a rich reward.

Is it not an instance of a premium on stupidity and a wretched trick when the "association of landlords" assign as the cause of the misery of the people the emigration of the labouring classes to the towns? The Agrarian gentlemen yet know well enough themselves why the agricultural labourers leave their fields and come to the towns. Owing to the increasing use of machinery the work to the labourer becomes more and more work which only demands much labour at certain seasons of the year. A large number of labourers are only required now when the crops are sown and when they are reaped, at other times they are superfluous. In the summer months, before the harvest most of the labourers are compelled to seek some other employment, for the landlord does not

want them, as he has nothing for them to do. When the harvest has been got in, and the corn threshed by machinery, the landlord shuts his doors and the labourer is once more out of work. With fewer servants and hired labourers the winter work can be done, especially as it is now possible to employ so many labour-saving machines, when in the old days labour had to be used. So that only some labourers would be kept to do the necessary work, and a few might also be employed in cutting down wood. The other people could sit in their village cottages and look out of the window. They can stay there, while the landlord is organising his sledge parties, or is hunting. This is the reason why a large number of labourers cannot find regular employment all the year round in their villages, and naturally they leave them and come to industrial towns because there, they think, they can reckon on more regular employment.

But this is not the only wretchedness and misery of the unfortunate labourers.

Our big landed proprietors cannot get into the way of treating their workmen in a decent way. They still feel and wish to act as if they had complete power over their men, as if they lived in the time when serfdom and villeinage flourished. The labourers have often to put up with cruel injustice, with chicanery of all kind, not seldom even receiving blows; their wives and daughters are liable to even worse outrages. And what can they do? For the officials belong to the class of the landlords, and it is as if a man went to complain about the devil to his grandmother; then, too, it is a long way to go to a Court of Justice. The labourer is thus often quite defenceless against the humours and whims of his "lord," and it is not strange that he tries to escape from this Middle Age soul-slavery by going to the towns.

And then the wages of the labourers! It is well known that the wages in the Western and North-Western provinces of Germany are somewhat higher than in the Eastern provinces. Yet it is just the landlords in the Eastern provinces who weep most and declaim against the "high" wages of the labourers. What do the labourers really earn? Farm servants receive at the highest a wage of £12 a year, but most a wage of from £7 10s. to £10. a year. Grown-up girls may think themselves lucky if they get from £6 to £9 a year. Day labourers and odd men receive much less, they get from £9 to £10 a year. If a landlord gives from £13 to £14 a year, then it is said that he treats his men in quite a princely fashion. It is true there are a few allowances in kind: one to two thousand peats for fuel, a cart-load of brushwood, a small plot of land to grow potatoes, some corn and fodder, a few bundles of straw, and a little inferior milk. If you reckoned this in money, then with wages it might come to a total of from £25 to £30 a year. If such a man was still more lucky, he might be able to keep a pig, or a couple of geese or lambs, and get something by selling them at

market. So that an exceptionately fortunate man might perhaps reckon on a wage of from £40 to £45 a year. But this not only represents his own labour, but that of his family on his little plot of land, and the work necessary to feed his stock—if he were lucky enough to have any; he would also have to do his work on his plot in his spare time! What the spare time would be is difficult to see, because he has to work for his master from early morning to late at night, always 14 to 16 hours a day, and sometimes even 18 hours a day. In summer, when work is required on the land, or at other times, his wife has to set to work and to labour all day for 5d. or 6d. a day. But even sometimes the women do not get as much as this, and cases have been known in which they have only received 4d. a day, as sometimes a commission has to be paid to the foreman. Even when there has been no foreman the labourer sometimes has a certain sum, from ten to twelve shillings, kept back from his wages. In harvest time, however, the free labourer gets an allowance of from 9d. to 1s. 6d. a day, as a bonus to do more work. Such are the scandalously high wages in the Eastern provinces. Can anyone blame a labourer if he tries to shake the dust of the country from his shoes in order to forget the power of the landlords?

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## II.

As we have shown in the first part of this article, the yearly wage of labourers in the Eastern provinces is from £20 to £24 a year, and in the most favourable circumstances, allowing for the sale of vegetables, etc., is only £40 to £45 a year, and this for a 14 to 16 hours day. This wretched pay, combined with wretched accommodation, is the chief cause of the people's misery.

But this is not all. It has been well said that the great landed proprietors, consciously and knowingly, drive away the landless peasants from the country districts, in order that they may not have to give them help, and also that they may the better secure their feudal rights of the Middle Ages in the Eastern provinces. It has long been well known that the Agrarians could well afford to pay better wages.

It is evident that the Protectionist policy of the Government has greatly increased the value of agricultural produce, if it has not doubled it. And naturally the great landowners have greatly profited by this enormous increase. Yet these very men oppose as vehemently as before any increase of the labourer's wages. The gentlemen know that the State will help them when they cry, cry again, and still cry about the "needs of agriculture." And so they demand—just this and nothing more—that the State every year should let them use the soldiers as labourers for a few pence at the time of the harvest, and not only for the corn harvest but also for the hay harvest, and for gathering in the potatoes and the turnips,

and they have even asked that they might have the soldiers in the spring for the tilling of the ground. If they can get this, then the big proprietors will be happy.

The Agrarians also wish to drive away the landless peasants, because every year they employ in Germany hundreds of thousands of willing and needy Russians, Galicians, Ruthenians, and Italians. These men, whose "sobriety" is praised in fulsome terms in the Agrarian papers, are not fair competitors to the German workmen, owing to their meekness and their low standard of living. But the Agrarians go one better. Already they have employed imported negroes on various estates as labourers, and now they have got a new plan of importing large numbers of Chinese coolies in Germany and of employing these "sons of the Celestial Empire" as labourers on their estates. What that means for the German labourer may be imagined when we remember what the wages have been of the Chinese wherever they have worked, and how in those countries it has been impossible for the white labourer to compete with them. The Chinese are content at receiving a ludicrously small wage, and are satisfied with a handful of rice, while they give no trouble to their employer.

Our Agrarians still pant for other triumphs. They must naturally fear that the position of soldiers as forced labourers, as well as the advent of Chinese, will produce a great commotion all over the land. The Agrarians have already no sympathy to lose throughout the population of Germany. Therefore, while quite willing to make use of the soldiers or of the Chinese on patriotic grounds, the Agrarians would like the Government to replace the landless peasant in the same position that he held in the Middle Ages period of oppression, and they would like to have more power themselves. They would like the freedom of the peasant to be taken away, or at all events to be curtailed, and also that the police should have summary power to deal with any breach of contract. That means that they would like the right to be taken away from the labourer of seeking work elsewhere and of choosing his residence; instead of that he should be compelled by law to live in his particular district for life, and in that way the peasant would be compelled to accept the wage—whatever it might be—which his lord thought fit to give him. If, however, the peasant ran away, then he should be followed by the police and punished by the State, so that under this system the peasant would, if he broke his contract, get no wages at all.

If these demands of the Agrarians became law then the old power of life and death of the lord over his man would, for all practical purposes, be revived and there would be nothing to prevent the squires enjoying their own again to its fullest extent.

And yet the Conservative landlords call themselves the friends of the agricultural labourer!

They try to make out in the most unblushing way that they are his friends, because the peasants have received benefits owing to the present high prices of meat. They say that this is due to the action of the Agrarians in getting laws passed, putting a duty on imported corn and meat. This is a shameless reliance on stupidity. It is quite true that here and there a peasant may rear for the market a pig or two. But generally a peasant is only able to rear a pig for his own consumption, and there are very few who fatten them in order to sell them. Much of the increase in price of produce is borne by the worker. The peasant in buying a young pig has to pay more owing to the rise in price, and it will take him all his time to get his money back; he will, too, have practically to buy this young pig from his employer, who will get a higher price for it. And if the peasant, tired of eating pork, wants to buy some other kind of meat, he will have to pay more for it, and any advantage that he may have derived from selling a joint of pork will disappear. So that it is evident that it is more than doubtful whether the peasant who rears a pig or two will derive any advantage. Besides, the peasant will have to buy some corn for the pig, for you cannot fatten him on potato peelings alone. This he must buy while the landowner has it in stock; But owing to Protection corn is dearer, so that there again the peasant will find the advantage of getting a higher price for his pig nullified by the increased price he has to pay. So that it follows that not the peasant but the landlord will benefit by the high prices, for the latter has neither to buy the young pig nor the corn. The Agrarians are, indeed, the "friends" of the peasants, for the greater the swindle, the better it is for them. That is what they really mean.

Every man employed on the land, when he thinks the matter out, must see for himself that he has nothing to expect by voting for a candidate of the landlords, but that he will be much worse off and more oppressed, and can expect nothing from them but great poverty and grevious wrong for himself and his family. There is only one party which struggles manfully and earnestly for the interests of the peasants, and that is the Socialists, who strive openly and strenuously to overthrow the wicked plans of the squires, and who clearly tell the people what they have to expect from the Agrarian gang.

From "Vorwaerts"
(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme).

## TERRORISM.

It may, at first sight, appear inconsistent on the part of a Socialist who advocates the abolition of capital punishment condoning the bomb-throwing of the Russian Terrorists. But let us examine the conditions of the case. Socialists say that judicial murder is immoral, and maintain that the murderer should be kept out of harm's way, and that is possible. But the case is different in Russia. There we have persons possessing arbitrary power upon whom no restraining hand can be placed, who can violate any law, commit any crime with impunity. And we have seen what dire effects have been produced. We know that the life of every citizen—Slav as well as Jew—is at the mercy of these men. We have heard of those horrible atrocities to which they have descended to perpetuate the Autocracy. We have heard of the exile of good and innocent men; we have heard of the imprisonment and diabolical torture of men and women simply because they held advanced opinions; we have heard of the wholesale butcheries of Jews—as a revolutionary side-tracker. Things have come to such a pass that the whole reigning power of Russia is regarded as a more brutal, callous, and bloodthirsty institution than any ever before known. And Terrorism is the answer. Its purpose is to checkmate. Our comrades are often willing martyrs—they are almost invariably caught. Our cause cannot spare them—their lives are too precious to be thrown away on such vile scum. But perhaps we shall have to agree with Sydney Carton, that it is "the only way."

At first the Social-Democrats tried to persuade the Czar to concede rights peacefully, but the petitions of the working men were answered with cannon shot. The world remembers "Bloody Sunday," and the awful massacre that occurred that day. When the Russian workers realised the impotency of public, peaceful demands, they resorted to other methods. When they saw that the Czar would not be moved by an appeal of peace, they im-

mediately appealed to force. Failing to conquer by open force, they began to secretly assassinate.

Several months ago it was announced in dispatches from Europe that the Terrorists in Russia had placed on a list for assassination the names of all the Czar's principal ministers and guardians. Each was to be killed, getting closer and closer to Nicholas, until at last, if he refused reforms to the people, he also would be assassinated.

So far the Terrorists have kept their word. Since August there have been killed:

General Min, commander of the guard, shot by a girl August, 26, 1906.

General Dmitri Trepoff, commandant of the Imperial Palace, slain in the Palace September 15, 1906,

General Alexis Ignatieff, one of the most powerful of the Czar's supporters, shot at Tever, December 20, 1906,

General Von der Launitz, prefect of police of St. Petersburg, one of the most powerful men in Russia, shot and killed January 3.

General Pavloff, chief military public prosecutor, even more powerful than Von der Launitz, shot and killed.

An attempt to kill Vice Admiral Doubassoff, ex-governor general of Moscow, was made recently. Two bombs and six revolver bullets missed him at close quarters.

Vice Admiral Doubassoff, ex-governor general of Moscow, at present a member of the council of empire, has received notification that another attempt upon his life will be made.

From the list enumerated it is seen that the Terrorists are keeping their word, and that each nobleman killed brings the assassins nearer to the Czar. Gerschuni said recently in Chicago that the Czar's days were numbered, and that his death may be expected any time. These assassinations are taking place despite the most strenuous efforts of the Russian secret service to protect the victims and apprehend the assassins. Individuals are winning with dynamite where thousands failed with guns.

# THE REVIEWS.

## POPULATION AND PROGRESS.

In the February "Fortnightly Review," Mr. Montagu Crackanthorpe, K.C., D.C.L., J.P., writes the second article on the above. He says:—

In the December number of this "Review" I insisted that it lies within our power to improve the human race physically in various ways, the most direct being the adoption of the "voluntary principle"—either for the amplification or the restriction of numbers—wherever the welfare of the community makes such amplification or restriction expedient. I endeavoured to show that this principle fits in with the doctrine of evolution, and can be supported on grounds, national, international, moral and religious. Pursuing the same subject, I now proceed to investigate further certain lines of thought and action which lead, indirectly, to the desired goal.

For the present purpose I select from the common stock of humanity three classes, viz.:—(1) the luxurious rich; (2) the necessitous poor; (3) the mentally and physically afflicted. I leave out of the account the class intermediate to (1) and (2) because this class has learnt to take care of itself. I also omit the tramps and loafers. . . . .

I will begin with Class 3, which includes all the "degenerates," since it offers less difficulty than either of the other two classes. And for this reason. In considering it, we are concerned mainly with biological facts on which science speaks with ever-increasing certainty. But in classes (1) and (2) we are confronted with problems both social and moral, problems as yet incapable of being expressed in scientific formulæ.

I am aware that statistics are, as a rule, repulsive, yet a few must here be set down in order to make the position clear and show that a remedy is needed.

In 1859 there were in England and Wales 37,143 certified insane. In 1906 there were 121,802, an increase, in the space of less than half-a-century, of from 1 in 536 of the population to 1 in 285. In 1902, the rejections for the army on the score of physical unfitness showed an increase of 26.77 per 1,000 over the rejections in 1901. In 1903 the increase of such rejections was 14.61 per 1,000 over that of 1902. On last census-day (1901), when the population of the United Kingdom was 41,458,072, every fifth person was disabled by illness. No less than thirteen million pounds sterling are expended every year upon the maintenance of the mentally degenerate and the physically unfit, expenditure which from a national point of view is, of course, wholly unproductive.

Again, the number of cripples in the United Kingdom at the present time exceeds 124,000, and in the metropolis alone there are 7,200 crippled children, without reckoning those in public institutions. . . . .

Last Christmas Day, each of these 7,200 received, we are told, by the bounty of the Lord Mayor, "materials for a solid meal, and an ornamental box, containing half a pound of tea." This is one instance (among many) of the efforts made by the charitably disposed on behalf of the "ineffectives"—many of whom are the result of unions that ought never to have been formed, and others of whom are the result of parental neglect, either before or after birth.

. . . . If the doctors will not give us a lead by an authoritative deliverance on the misery caused by the marriage of "degenerates," the laymen—the ignorant laymen—must speak out. This they are at last beginning to do. Public opinion is being slowly formed. It is in hope of hastening its formation that I venture to make the suggestions that follow.

From time immemorial banns of marriage have been published in our churches, inviting all who "know any just cause or impediment why these two persons should not be joined together in holy matrimony" to declare it forthwith. The object of this appeal is to call attention to the prohibited degrees of consanguinity and affinity. Is there any reason why the appeal should not have a more extended range? Surely there can be no greater impediment to a marriage, or to the primary purpose for which, according to the English Prayer Book, marriage "was ordained," than the fact that the man or the woman is afflicted with a transmissible disease, whether of mind or body. Why should not the law of the Church by requiring each of the contracting parties—the man on his own account, the woman by her parents or guardians —to make a solemn declaration that no such impediment exists? Such a requirement, as has been lately pointed out by Dr. Rentoul, of Liverpool, is enforced in some Continental countries and in several of the States of North America:—

In Servia, idiots, maniacs, complete cripples, deaf and dumb,

physically or mentally defective, those too poor to maintain a family, those very ill or who suffer from infectious or hereditary complaints (unless a medical certificate is presented showing that the disease is cured) are not permitted to marry.

In Austria, parents and guardians may refuse consent to a marriage for want of adequate means, bad moral character, contagious diseases, and infirmities.

In Michigan (the first State of North America which dealt with the subject) no person insane of inflicted with certain specified diseases, and not cured of the same may marry. If he does, he is guilty of felony, and is punishable on conviction by fine or imprisonment, or both.

In Connecticut, no man and woman, either of whom is epileptic or imbecile or feeble-minded, can intermarry or live together as husband or wife when the woman is under 45 years of age.

In Minnesota, no woman under the age of 45 years, and no man of any age, except he marry a woman over the age of 45, who is epileptic, imbecile, feeble-minded, or afflicted with insanity may Intermarry or marry any other person within the State. No license to marry is issued to any person who, or whose intended spouse, is afflicted with any of the above diseases.

In New Jersey it is unlawful for any person who has been confined in any public asylum or institution, as an epileptic or insane or feeble-minded patient, to intermarry within the State without a certificate from two regularly licensed physicians of the State that he or she has been completely cured, and that there is no possibility that he or she will transmit any of the above defects and disabilities to the issue of such marriage. Any person of sound mind who intermarries with such epileptic, insane, or feeble-minded person, with knowledge of his or her disability, or who advises, aids, abets, causes, or assists in procuring any marriage contrary to the above conditions is guilty of misdemeanour.

There should be no difficulty in passing through the British Parliament a Bill requiring all candidates for matrimony to conform to the spirit of the statutes just cited. . . . .

Apart from definite diseases and infirmities, a great deal of the "degeneracy" we see around us is caused by the imperfect nutrition of the mother during the months of gestation, and of the offspring during infancy and childhood. On these points also an authoritative pronouncement by the heads of the medical profession has been long waited for. Popular books on the subject exist, but they have not the seal of authority, and in consequence they are often regarded with suspicion.

This question of imperfect and mistaken feeding was fully investigated and reported on in 1904 by the Inter-departmental Committee on Physical Deterioration. . . . . This particular report, however. deserves not only to be read, but to be closely studied by all who have at heart the improvement of the race, not

only for the facts it discloses, but for the recommendations it contains. Let me summarise these last in a few sentences. The committee suggest that the law with regard to the employment of women in factories should be strengthened, either by throwing on the employer the burden of proving that the requisite period has elapsed since the confinement of the married women he employs, or by prohibiting such employment in the absence of (1) a medical certificate that it would not be prejudical to their physical well-being, and (2) proof that reasonable provision had been made for the care of their infants (if any). This safeguard would also help to promote breast-feeding, and to oust the pernicious system now too often adopted of "letting baby have a sup of everything." The committee further advocate systematic instruction being given to elder girls in the processes of infant feeding and management, by means of continuation classes, and they recommend that leaflets on the rearing of infants should be issued to mothers by the local municipality, by voluntary associations, or by the district registrar of births."

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II.

The condition of the necessitous poor is in its way quite as pathetic as that of the degenerates. It is equally due to causes that are preventible. The chief of these is overcrowding, which in nine cases out of ten carries along with it arrested development and a craving for drink. Mr. Charles Booth, in his monumental work on the London poor, affirms this over and over again. "Overcrowding," he says, "is the great cause of degeneracy." "Crowded houses send men to the public-house." "Crowding is the main cause of drink and vice." With over-crowding also inevitably go bad sanitation and foul air, for the landlord who shuts his eyes to the first is always also indifferent about the other two.

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The first step towards the improvement of the "very poor" should accordingly be to grapple with the housing problem. One of the next steps should be to make the lives of the poor brighter by supplying them with music and other innocent delights. The Report on Physical Degeneration, from which I have already drawn, dwells on the contrast between the happy-go-lucky way in which we, in England, suffer our towns to grow with the methodical provision for such growth which is to be found in parts of Germany. "In England, no intelligent anticipation of a town's growth is allowed to dictate municipal policy in regard to the extension of borough boundaries, with the result that when these are extended the areas taken in have already been covered with the normal type of cheap and squalid dwelling houses which rapidly reproduce on

the outskirts of a city the slum characteristics, which are the despair of the civic reformer, in its heart." In Germany an opposite system obtains. "As soon as the original nucleus of a town has reached certain proportions a broad zone, with lungs something like the points of a star, is drawn round it. Within the zone and the avenues leading outward no population beyond a certain very limited density is allowed, and the increase of the towns on the scale of population permitted in the centre is pushed back beyond this zone. No such town, therefore, in Germany, however large, would be without its proportion of open space in the immediate vicinity, and the lungs or avenues provide for the indraught of a due quantity of fresh air into the very heart of the city."

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III.

The case of Class (1)—the "luxurious rich"—which I have left to the last—can only here be dealt with very briefly. . . .

Last summer Father Bernard Vaughan launched a formidable indictment against an influential section of the dwellers in the West-end of London. The indictment was unquestionably true in substance, although possibly exaggerated in parts. The Golden Calf *is* set up and worshipped. Gambling in its manifold forms *does* prevail; neither is immorality absent, although its victims may be too discreet for the tower of Siloam—in the shape of the Divorce Courts—to fall upon them. Carelessness here would be worse than crime. It would be "bad form."

## WOMEN AND POLITICS.

Miss Caroline E. Stephen has an article on the above in the "Nineteenth Century and After." She says:—

On behalf of a great though silent multitude of women, I desire to set forth some of the grounds on which we shrink from the proposed abolition of our present exemption from the office of electing members of Parliament. This change, if made without any serious attempt to ascertain the wishes of the women of England, may inflict upon them, against their will and without a hearing, a grave injustice. I am not about to attempt a full discussion of the whole subject, that being a task for which I am by no means competent. Nor is it my purpose to argue against the proposed measure. My objects are: (1) To urge the claim of women to be consulted before any such unaccustomed share in the work of the country is assigned to them, and (2) to contribute towards the full and deliberate consideration of the question in

all its bearings by calling attention to some of the pleas which women of the more retiring type are either unable, or for obvious reasons unwilling, to put forward for themselves.

(1) With regard to the first question, viz., the claim of women to be consulted before the introduction of any measure so profoundly affecting their interests, and through them the interests of the whole nation—a very few words will suffice, for there can scarcely be two opinions as to the desirableness of the step if practicable. And it could hardly "pass the wit of man" to devise some method by which the opinion of women could be ascertained.

(2) But to set forth the grounds on which women are strongly though silently opposed to the measure, is a far more arduous task. The difficulty of approaching the subject, from a point of view distinctly feminine, and at the same time purely human, is great, though, I trust, not insuperable. It arises, of course, largely from those habits of reserve, and those surrounding shelters of convention and tradition, for the continuance of which we have to plead. Many women, I am sure, are silent in this controversy, not only because their education may have, in some degree, unfitted them for the public advocacy of their cause, but also because the very cause itself which they would advocate—the cause of reserve, of modesty, of personal dignity and refinement—appears to forbid public discussion of a position which, till lately, has seemed to be "its own security." It can, however, no longer be held that the subject of the right position of women is sufficiently protected by our better instincts from public discussion; and since those who wish for a change are restrained by no such scruples as I have referred to, it would, indeed, be misplaced modesty to allow judgment to go by default.

The difficulty of discussing the question of female suffrage to any good purpose is also greatly increased by the impossibility of detaching it from the much larger and deeper problem of the right general position of women, and the feminine and human ideals to which that position should correspond and contribute. The question of the suffrage, indeed, is but an incident, so to speak, in the great movement of the last century towards what is called the "emancipation" of women. The movement has, no doubt, been mainly for good. Much has been gained for women and for the race by the removal of many restraints and causes of oppression from the lot of women, and by the opening to them of various spheres of activity and means both of self-support and of education from which they were formerly debarred. Yet none but a bold, not to say blind, partisan of "progress" would venture to deny that the price paid for these gains has been a heavy one. With the removal of restraints it was inevitable that special protections should also be removed. With the opening of careers for women it was inevitable that they should become, more than of old, recognised bread-winners. It may be good that all doors should

be open. It does not follow that it must be equally wise to pass through them all. No one can deny that there is need for caution in going forward; and we are now confronted with the demand for a further step in the same direction, by which in the name of justice and of equal rights a real injustice, as many of us feel, may not impossibly be wrought. For the equalisation of conditions or of tasks, in disregard of unequal abilities, is manifested by injustice. Whether women can in any sense be considered as "equal" to men appears to be a question as idle as it is interminable; but there is no need to consider it, since women are certainly handicapped by natural burdens from which men are free.

## PARIS AND HER UNEMPLOYED.

Mr. Guy Cadogan Rotheby writes in the current issue of 'World's Work" the following:—

To the unbiassed student of sociology it seems as if, in thi country, the various bodies theoretically concerned with the problems of poverty vied with each other in their zeal to shift the responsibility of unemployment and its consequences on to other shoulders. Stormy scenes have been witnessed quite recently, on this very point, in the Board room of one of the largest and best-cared-for Poor Law Unions in London, and as the winter advances the question does not tend to become less acute.

In Paris they have so far settled the question; it is the Municipality that does the work. And although, in comparison with our own unemployed the numbers dealt with are small, the following outline of the organisation "gives to think":—

The Municipality of Paris has organised a remarkable series of establishments designed to assist destitute members of the community. The duties carried out by the Bureau du Travail et des Etablissements Sanitaires et Charitables are most instructive, and although at the first glance the policy adopted may appear somewhat socialistic in tendency, the system has the soundest scientifie basis. Whilst the mere fact of destitution entitles the man or woman to immediate relief, the temporary aid once given, steps are taken to help the recipients to become self-supporting and useful members of society. The aims and methods are ameliorative, and, in spite of administrative routine, there is a broad and wide sympathy which decidedly conduces to good results.

There exist, in different quarters of the city, night refuges (practically casual wards, organised on sane principles) for men. These are the Refuge Nicolas Flamel in the Rue des Rentiers, the Refuge Benoit Malon in the Quai de Valmy, and the Colome

Agricole de la Chamelle (Seine et Marne) is in connection with these refuges. They are intended for unemployed men. A man who has no work applies in the day-time at one of the refuges and receives a ticket; if successful in his quest for work he does not return, but if unsuccessful he turns up at about seven in the winter or eight in the summer. On admission he enters the lavatory and takes a wash-down bath, donning a suit of white drill, while his own clothes are removed to the adjoining public disinfecting station, and undergo purification in a steam disinfector. He has a supper of soup and bread (the soup generally contains lentils and beans), and goes to the dormitories at eight o'clock in the winter, and nine in the summer. The dormitories are large, lofty, well-lighted and ventilated, have cement floors, and a ten-foot high partition down the centre. On an average 750 cubic feet is allowed per bed. The bedsteads are of iron with metal springs, on which are placed a mattress of seaweed and another of wool. The bedding consists of cotton sheets, brown double blankets and a coverlet and pillow. Beds and bedding are disinfected every day. In winter the men rise at 6 a.m., in summer at five; after a wash they are given their own clothes and a breakfast of soup and bread. They are then at liberty to depart in search of work, but their tickets entitle them to two more nights' lodging. At each of the establishments, however, employment is found for a large number of men. They are put to work to keep the place clean under the supervision of the staff, employed as assistants in the disinfecting station, or given tasks in the workshops, where many things are done for the municipal charitable establishments and offices. For instance, all the firewood used by the municipality is chopped and bundled at the night refuges. Carpenters, smiths, tailors, and others are employed. Such men may remain 20 nights, though the average stay is only seven or eight days. This is explained by the fact that the men are paid for their work on the piece system, and may earn as much as 1s. 9d. per day; upon these savings they can leave and find outside employment. Men working at the refuges are given a second breakfast at nine o'clock, consisting of a hunk of bread; at one o'clock a dinner of stewed vegetables (with animal fat) and bread; and supper at eight. From a personal test, I can say that the lentil stew is an excellent dish. The cost of this class of inmates works out at a little over 4d. a day.

And variable as this is, the most strikingly original part of the work is that which is devoted to the care of women and children. The system was inaugurated in 1889, and now embraces six separate establishments:—

Asile George Sand: Night Refuge for Women.

Asile Pauline Roland: Industrial Refuge for Workwomen out of Work.

Asile Michelet: Home for Rest for Expectant Mothers.

Asile Ledru Rollin: For Convalescents after Childbirth.

Asile Leo Delibes: Temporary Asylum for Children under Five years of Age.

Orphelinat Municipal de Jeunes Filles: Asylum for Orphan Girls.

These are so linked up that they form a perfect chain. The Asile George Sand supplies for women what the Flamel and the Malon institutions do for men. Here a homeless woman will be received with her children and kept for three or four nights, she herself and children being bathed, and their clothes passed through a steam disinfector. Should further assistance be required she is sent to the Industrial Refuge Pauline Roland, where she is employed as a seamstress, or in the large and splendidly equipped steam laundry. Children are allowed to remain with their mothers and are carefully looked after and educated. If she is on the point of becoming a mother, the Asile Michelet is ready to shelter her, and after childbirth she is received with her baby at the Convalescent Asylum, Ledru Rollin. This establishment is at Fontenay Aux Roses, one of the loveliest suburbs of Paris, and stands in magnificent grounds. On complete convalescence; if there is no home or work to go back to she can return to the Industrial Refuge Pauline Roland, and there stay until some suitable situation is found for her. But this is not all, for should a woman, as the result of ill-health or inadequacy of employment be unable to look after her children, although she may be in no urgent need of aid on her own account, the children can be received temporarily at the Asile Leo Delibes. It will be seen that the scheme of assistance has been conceived in a truly charitable, yet thoroughly practical and economically sound spirit. This is further exemplified by the internal organisation. In each establishment there is a housekeeper, occupied with all the minutiæ of domestic economy. Above her is the directress, who, relieved of butcher and baker worries, is able to devote her attention to her charges, and deal with each as her individual bodily or mental needs may require, the ameliorative potentialities of the brief stays never being forgotten.

## THE VENUS OF ILLE.

I was coming down the last hill of Canigon, and though the sun had already set I could clearly see in the plain the little town of Ille where I was going.

"I suppose you know," I said to the Catalan who had been my guide since the day before, "where M. de Peyrehorade lives?"

"If I know it!" he said. "I know the house as well as I do my own, and if it were not so dark I would show it to you. It is the finest of Ille. M. de Peyrehorade has a great deal of money, and his son is going to marry a very rich young lady."

"Will the marriage soon take place?" I asked.

"Soon! Why I believe that the fiddlers have already been ordered for the wedding. To-night perhaps, to-morrow, the day after to-morrow, but I really do not know. It will take place at Puyganig, for his son is going to marry Mademoiselle de Puyganig. It will certainly be very fine."

I was recommended to M. de Peyrehorade by my friend M. de P. He was, I had been told, a very learned and very obliging antiquary. He would be happy to show me all the ruins round Ille. I was relying on him, for I knew that the neighbourhood was very rich in ancient monuments of the Middle Ages. This marriage that I heard about for the first time would upset all my plans, I said to myself; I shall be in the way; but I was expected, and M. de P. had said that I was coming, so I was obliged to go on.

"I would bet, sir," said my guide to me, when we were already in the plain, "I would bet a cigar that I can guess what you are going to do at M. de Peyrehorade's?"

"But," I answered, giving him a cigar, "that is not very difficult to guess. At this time when we have been riding for six leagues in the Canigou, the chief business is supper."

"Yes, but to-morrow? Come, I would bet that you have come to Ille to see the idol. I guessed that when I saw you drawing the Saints of Serrabona."

"The idol! What idol?" That word had excited my curiosity.

"What! they did not tell you at Perpignan how M. de Peyrehorade had found an idol in the ground?"

"You mean a statue in terra-cotta—in clay?"

"No; but in copper, enough to make many pennies. It weighs as much as a church bell. It was deep in the ground, at the foot of an olive tree, that we saw it."

"You were there when it was found?"

"Yes, sir. M. de Peyrehorade told us a fortnight ago, to John Coll and to me, to pull up an old olive tree which had been frozen last year, for it was very cold then, as you know. So while working, John Coll, who was digging with a will, struck something with his pick-axe, and I heard—boom!—as if he had hit a bell. 'What is that?' I said. We went on, we still went on, and there appeared a black hand, which was like the hand of a dead man coming out of the ground. I was frightened. I went to the master and I said to him,

"'There are corpses, sir, under the olive tree; we must call the priests."

"'What corpses?" says he to me.

"He came, and no sooner did he see the hand than he cried: 'An antiquity! an antiquity!' You would have thought that he had found a treasure; and then he set to work with the pick-axe, with his hands, and did as much work as we two."

"And what did you find after all?"

"A big, black woman, more than half naked—begging your pardon for saying so—all made of copper, and M. de Peyrehorade told us that it was an idol of Pagan times, of the time of Charlemagne!"

"I see what it is—some image of the good Virgin in bronze from an old convent."

"The good Virgin! Not so! I should have known her if it had been the good Virgin. It is an idol, I tell you. You can see it by her looks. She gazes at you with her great white eyes. You would think she was staring you in the face. She makes you drop your eyes."

"White eyes? No doubt they are fixed in the bronze. It may be, perhaps, a Roman statue."

"Roman! that is so. M. de Peyrehorade said that it was a Roman. Ah, I see that you are a learned man like him."

"Is it in a good state of preservation?—is it perfect?"

"Oh! sir, there is nothing wanting, It is much finer and much better than the bust of King Louis Philippe which is at the Town Hall and which is in coloured plaster. But with all that I do not like the face of that idol. She looks wicked and she is a bad lot."

"Wicked! What has she done to you?"

"Nothing to me, but you will see. We were for working to set her up, and M. de Peyrehorade too was pulling on the rope, though the worthy man has not got as much strength as a rat. After a lot of trouble we made her stand up. I was picking up a tile to make her stand steady, when down she fell all of a heap. I cried out 'Look out there!' But yet not quick enough, for John Coll had not time enough to jump back."

"And he was hurt?"

"His poor leg was broken"! When I saw that, I was in a rage. I wanted to smash the idol with my pick-axe, but M. de Peyrehorade held me back. He gave money to John Coll, who, however, is still in bed, though this happened a fortnight ago, and the doctor says that he will never be able to use his leg properly. It is a pity, for he was our best runner, and after M. de Peyrehorade's son he was the best tennis player. M. Alphonse de Peyrehorade was very sad, because they used to play together. It was quite pretty to see how they sent the balls backwards and forwards. Paf! paf! they never touched the ground."

Talking thus we came to Ille, and I soon saw M. de Peyrehorade. He was a little old man, still active and lively, with powdered hair, a red nose and a pleasant and joyful air. After reading the letter of M. de P. he made me sit down to a meal, after having introduced me to his wife and to his son as a distinguished archæologist who was going to make the province of Roussillon better known among the learned.

While I was making a good meal, for nothing makes one more hungry than mountain air, I was looking at my host. I have already described M. de Peyrehorade. I ought to add that he was liveliness itself. He spoke, ate, got up, ran to his library, brought me books, showed me etchings, poured me out wine to drink—he was never still for two minutes at a time. His wife, who was rather fat, like most of the women of Catalonia when they are over 40, appeared to me to be a pure provincial, thinking only about her household affairs. Though the supper was sufficient for at least six persons, she ran to the kitchen, had pigeons killed, and opened I do not know how many pots of jam. In an instant the table was covered with dishes and bottles, and I should certainly have died of indigestion if I had only tasted all that was offered to me. Yet as I refused a dish, new excuses were made to me. They feared that I should not be comfortable at Ille, there is so little to be had in the provinces, and Parisians are so particular.

While his parents were moving about M. Alphonse de Peyrehorade was as still as a post. He was a fine, tall young man of 26, with fine and regular features, but they were wanting in expression. His height and his athletic limbs fully justified his reputation of an indefatigable tennis player, That evening he was elegantly dressed and looked just like a picture from a book of

fashion plates. But he appeared to be ill at ease in these garments, he was as stiff as a poker in his velvet collar, and he turned all in a piece. His fat and sunburnt hands, his short nails, formed a singular contrast with his clothes. They were the hands of a labourer in the sleeves of a dandy. Besides, though he looked me down from head to foot because I was a Parisian, yet he only spoke to me once in the whole evening to ask me where I had bought my watch chain.

"Now, my dear guest," said M. de Peyrehorade to me, as supper was coming to an end, "you are mine; you are in my house. I will not let you go till you have seen all the sights of our mountains. You must know our Roussillon, and you must do us justice. You have no idea what we are going to show you. You shall see Phœnician, Celtic, Roman, Arab, Byzantine monuments, everything 'from the cedar that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.' I will take you everywhere and you shall see every brick in the place."

He then had to stop because he had a fit of coughing. I took the opportunity of telling him that I should be much grieved at being in his way at such an interesting time. If he would give me advice as to where I should go I would not need to bother him to come with me.

"Ah! you want to speak about that boy's wedding," he said, interrupting me. "That is a trifle, it will take place the day after to-morrow. You will come to the wedding with us; it will be a quiet one, for the lady is in mourning for an aunt who has left her some money. So there will be no ball and nothing special. It is a pity, you would have seen our ladies dance. They are pretty, and perhaps you would have liked to imitate our Alphonse. They say that one marriage leads to others. On Saturday, after the young people are married, I am free and we can set out. I must ask your pardon for inviting you to a provincial wedding. For a Parisian sated with parties, and a wedding without even a ball! Yet you will see a bride—a bride—you will tell me what you think of her. But you are a serious man, and you do not look at women any more. I can show you something better than that. I will show you something. I have got a great surprise for you to-morrow."

"Really," I said to him, "it is difficult to have a treasure in your house without the public knowing it. I think that I can guess your surprise. But if you mean your statue, the description which my guide gave me has only served to excite my curiosity, and to make me ready to admire it."

"Ah! he has spoken to you about the idol, for that is what they call my beautiful Venus Tur——. But I do not want to tell you anything. To-morrow you shall see her in broad daylight, and you shall tell me if I am not right in thinking her to be a masterpiece. By my faith! you could not have come at a better time! There are some inscriptions which I, a poor ignorant man, explain in my

own fashion, but a learned man from Paris——. You would laugh, perhaps, at my interpretation, for I have written a paper, I, who am speaking to you, an old provincial antiquarian—I was bold. I will make the press groan. If you would read my paper and correct it, I might hope. For instance, I am very curious to know how you would translate this inscription on the foot of the statue: CAVE. But I will not ask you anything yet. To-morrow! to-morrow! Not a word about the Venus to-day!"

"You are right, Peyrehorade," said his wife, "to leave your idol there. You ought to see that you prevent the gentleman from eating. Now, he has seen in Paris many finer statues than yours. At the Tuilleries there are dozens of them, and in bronze, too."

"There is an instance of ignorance, the holy provincial ignorance!" interrupted M. de Peyrehorade. "To compare an admirable antique to the common-place statues of Couston! Do you know that my wife wished me to have the statue melted, in order that we might make a bell of it for our church. Because then she would have been the bell's godmother. A masterpiece of Myron, sir!"

"Masterpiece! Masterpiece! This beautiful masterpiece has done a fine thing! It broke a man's leg!"

"My dear," said M. de Peyrehorade to his wife in a resolute voice, stretching towards her his right leg in a silk stocking, "if my Venus had broken this leg, I should not regret it."

"Good gracious! Peyrehorade, how can you say that? Fortunately the man is better. And I will not look at the statue which does things like that. Poor John Coll!"

"Wounded by Venus, sir," said M. de Peyrehorade, laughing heartily, "wounded by Venus, the boor complains.

"Veneris nec præmia noris.

Who has not been wounded by Venus?"

M. Alphonse, who understood French better than he did Latin, winked with one eye in a joking manner, and looked at me as if he wanted to say: "And you, Parisian, do you understand?

The supper came to an end. I had eaten nothing for the last hour. I was tired and I could not disguise my frequent yawns. M. de Peyrehorade noticed this first, and remarked that it was time to go to bed. Then new excuses began on the bad bed that I was going to have. I should not be like in Paris. Things are so bad in the provinces; you must not be too particular about the people in Roussillon. It was no use my saying that after travelling for a whole day in the mountains a truss of straw would be a delightful bed for me, for they continued begging me to forgive poor country folk if they did not treat me as well as I deserved. At last I went to the room which had been prepared for me, accompanied by M. de Peyrehorade. The staircase, of which the upper stairs were in wood, led to a corridor, on which several rooms opened.

"On the right," said my host to me, "are the rooms of Mme. Alphonse. Your room is at the end of the opposite corridor. You will understand," he added, in a tone which was meant to be witty, "you quite understand that a newly married couple will wish to be all alone. You will be at one end of the house, they will be at the other end."

We went into a nicely furnished room, in which the first thing I saw was a bed seven feet long, six feet wide and so high that I had to use a footstool to get into it. My host having shown me where the bell rope was, and having satisfied himself that the sugar basin was full, that eau de Cologne was on the dressing table, after having asked me several times if I wanted anything, wished me good-night and left me alone.

The windows were shut. Before undressing I opened one to breathe the fresh night air, which seemed delicious after a long supper. In front was the Canigou, which always appears admirable, but which seemed that day the finest mountain in the world, lit up by a splendid moon. I stayed for several minutes looking at its marvellous shadow, and I was going to shut my window when, lowering my eyes, I saw the statue on a pedestal at about twenty yards from the house. It was placed at the angle of a quick-set hedge which separated a small garden from a long flat lawn which I understood afterwards was the tennis-court of the town. The ground, belonging to M. de Peyrehorade, had been given by him to the municipality at the earnest request of his son.

At the distance where I was it was difficult for me to distinguish the attitude of the statue. I could only judge its height, which seemed to be about six feet. At that moment two rascals from the town were crossing the tennis-court, near the edge, whistling the pretty Roussillon tune, "Fine Mountains." They stopped, looking at the statue. One of them addressed it in a loud tone; he was speaking in Catalan, but I had been long enough in the Roussillon to understand nearly all he said.

"There you are, you hussy" (the Catalan word was a little more energetic). "There you are," he said; "you broke John Coll's leg; if you belonged to me I would break your neck."

"Bah! with what?" said the other. "It is made of copper, and is so hard that Stephen broke his file on it trying to spoil it. It is copper made in pagan times; it is harder than anything."

"If I had my pincers," said the other, he was apparently a locksmith, "I would pull its big white eyes like I would draw out an almond from its shell. They are worth more than five francs."

They went on for a few steps.

"I must say good-night to the idol," said the tallest of the apprentices, stopping suddenly. He stooped and probably picked up a stone. I saw him throw something, and at once a sonorous sound was heard on the bronze. At the same moment the apprentice put his hand to his head, uttering a cry of pain.

"She has thrown it back to me," he cried.

And the two rascals took to their heels. It was evident that the stone had bounded back from the metal, and had punished the lad for the outrage on the goddess.

I shut the window, laughing heartily.

"One more Vandal punished by Venus! May all those who destroy our old monuments have their heads broken." And I fell asleep uttering this charitable wish.

It was broad daylight when I awoke. Near my bed stood on one side M. de Peyrehorade, in a dressing-gown; on the other side, a servant, sent by his wife, with a cup of chocolate in his hand.

"Come, get up, Parisian! You are just like the lazy ones from the capital," said my host, while I was hastily dressing. "It is eight o'clock and you are still in bed. I have been up since six o'clock. I have come up three times and went on tip-toe to your door; no one, no sign of life. At your age it is bad to sleep too much. And you have not yet seen my Venus. Come, take this cup of Barcelona chocolate quickly. It is smuggled; you do not get chocolate like that in Paris. Take something, for when you see my Venus, you will not come away from her."

In five minutes I was ready, that is to say, half-shaved, with my clothes badly fastened, and burnt by the chocolate which I swallowed while it was boiling. I went down into the garden and I found myself face to face with an admirable statue.

It was really a Venus, and one of astonishing beauty. The upper part of her body was naked, as the ancients generally represented the greater gods; the right-hand, raised to her bosom, was turned with her palm inwards, the thumb and the two first fingers stretched out, the two other fingers were slightly folded. The other hand, near the hips, held up the drapery which covered the lower part of the body. The attitude of this statue recalled that of the Mora Player, which is called, I do not know why, Germanicus. Perhaps it was intended to show that the goddess was playing at Mora.

Whatever was meant, it was impossible to see anything more perfect than the body of this Venus, nothing more gentle or more voluptuous than its outlines, nothing more elegant and more noble than its drapery. I thought I should see some work of the Lower Empire, I saw a masterpiece of the best time of art. What especially struck me was the exquisite variety of her forms, so that one might have thought they were modelled on nature if nature produced such perfect models.

The hair, raised on the forehead, seemed to have been formerly gilt. The head, small, like all those belonging to Greek statues, was slightly bowed forward. As to the face, I shall never be able to express its strange character, of which the type was not like that of any ancient statue which I remember. It was not that calm and severe beauty of Greek sculptors which, system-

atically, give to all the features a majestic calm. Here, on the other hand, I noticed with surprise the marked intention of the artist to depict malice, even to the point of wickedness. All the features were slightly contracted, the eyes a little oblique, the mouth raised up in the corners, the nostrils a little swollen. Disdain, irony, cruelty, could be read on that face, which was yet of astonishing beauty. Really, the more I looked at that admirable statue the more I felt the painful sensation that such astounding beauty might be joined to the absence of all sensibility.

"If the model has ever existed," said I to M. de Peyrehorade, "and I doubt if Heaven has ever produced such a woman, how I pity her lovers! She must have taken pleasure in making them die of despair. There is something ferocious in her expression, and yet I have never seen anything more beautiful."

"It is Venus seizing hold of her prey!" cried M. de Peyrehorade, quite satisfied at my enthusiasm.

This expression of infernal energy was increased, perhaps, by the contrast of her very bright eyes, set in silver, and the green-black colour which time had given to the statue.

Those bright eyes produced a certain illusion which recalled reality and life. I remembered what my guide had told me, that she would make anyone lower their eyes who looked at her. That was almost true, and I could not but feel angry with myself, as I felt rather uncomfortable before that bronze figure.

"Now that you have admired all the details, my dear antiquarian colleague," said my host, "let us have a scientific lecture. What do you say about that inscription which you have not yet noticed?"

He showed me the pedestal of the statue, and I read there these words:

CAVE AMANTEM.

"Quid dicis, doctissime?" said he to me, rubbing his hands. "Let us see if we shall agree on the meaning of that Cave Amantem!"

"Well," I answered, "it may be read in two ways. You can translate 'Take care of him who loves you; beware of lovers.' But I do not know if in that sense cave amantem would be classical Latin. Looking at the diabolic expression of the lady, I would rather think that the artist wished to warn the spectator against this terrible beauty. I should therefore translate: 'Take care of yourself if *she* love you.'"

"Humph!" said M. de Peyrehorade. "Yes, that is admirable sense; but if you do not mind, I prefer the first translation, for which I shall argue. You know who was the lover of Venus?"

"There are several."

"Yes, but the first is Vulcan. Is not this the meaning: In spite of all your beauty, your disdainful air, you shall have a

smith, an ugly lame one for a lover? A good lesson for coquettish women, sir!"

I could not refrain from smiling, because the explanation seemed so far-fetched.

"Latin is a terrible language, with its conciseness," I remarked, so as not to contradict openly the antiquarian. And I stood back a few steps so as to see the statue better.

"One moment, colleague!" said M. de Peyrehorade, seizing my arm, "you have not seen everything. Stand on the pedestal and look at the right arm." Thus speaking, he helped me up.

I hung on without any ceremony to the neck of Venus, with whom I was getting familiar. I even looked at her face quite close for a moment, and, on closer inspection, I found her look still more wicked and still more beautiful. Then I noticed that there were engraved on her arm some characters of ancient cursive writing, as far as I could judge. After some trouble, I spelled the following, while M. de Peyrehorade separated each word as I uttered it, approving by his gesture and by his voice.

So I read:

VENERI TURBUL - -
EUTYCHES MYRO
IMPERIO FECIT.

After this word TURBUL in the first line, it appeared to me that some letters were rubbed out, but TURBUL could be easily read.

"And that means?" asked my radiant host, who maliciously smiled, for he thought that I should not easily explain that TURBUL.

"There is a word which I do not properly understand," I said to him,,' all the others are easy. Eutyches Myro made this offering to Venus by her order."

"Very good, but what are you doing with TURBUL? What does TURBUL mean?"

"TURBUL is very embarrassing. I am seeking in vain for some known characteristic of Venus which might help me. Come, what do you say about TURBULENTA? Venus who troubles, who agitates. You see that I am still thinking of her wicked expression. TURBULENTA is not a very bad epithet for Venus," I added in a modest tone, for I was not very satisfied with my explanation.

"A turbulent Venus! a noisy Venus! So you think that my Venus is a tap-room Venus? Not at all, sir, she is a Venus used to good society. I will explain this TURBUL to you. But you must promise me not to say anything about my discovery before I have printed my paper. For you must know that I am very proud of this find. You must allow us to glean a few ears, we

poor devils of provincials. You are so rich, you learned Parisian gentlemen."

From the top of the pedestal, on which I was still perched, I promised to him solemnly that I would never be mean enough to rob him of his discovery.

"TURBUL, sir," said he, coming near me and lowering his voice so that no one else could hear him, "read TURBULNERAE."

"I do not understand any better."

"Listen carefully. At a league from here, at the foot of the mountain, there is a village called Boulternère. This is a corruption of the latin word TURBULNERA. There is nothing commoner than these inversions. Boulternère, sir, has been a Roman town. I always thought so, but I could never prove it. Here is the proof. This Venus was the local goddess of the city of Boulternère, and that word Boulternère, which I have just proved to be of ancient origin, demonstrates a much more curious point, namely, that Boulternère before being a Roman town had been a Phœnician town."

He stopped one moment to breathe and to enjoy my surprise. I managed to suppress a strong wish to laugh.

"For," he continued, "TURBULNERA is pure Phœnician. TUR pronounce TOUR—TOUR and SOUR are the same word, are they not? SOUR is the Phœnician name for Tyre. I need not tell you the meaning. BUL is Baal, Bâl, Bel, Bul are only slight differences of pronunciation. As to NERA, that has given me some trouble. I am tempted to believe, as I cannot find a Phœnician word, to say that it comes from the Greek *neros* moist, marshy. So it would be a hybrid word. In order to justify *neros*, I will show you at Boulternère how the mountain streams form dangerous marshes. On the other hand, the termination NERA may have been added much later in honour of Nera Pevesuvia, the wife of Tetricus, who may have given something to the city of Turbul. But, on account of the marshes, I prefer the etymology *neros*."

He took a pinch of snuff with a satisfied air.

"But let us leave the Phœnicians and come back to the inscription." I translate, 'To the Venus of Boulternère, Myron dedicates by her order, his work, this statue.'"

I took care not to criticise his etymology, but I wished myself to show that I was clever, and I said to him, "Stay a minute, sir, Myron has dedicated something, but I do not at all see that it is this statue."

"What," he exclaimed, "was not Myron a famous Greek sculptor? Genius was hereditary in his family, one of his descendants made this statue. Nothing could be more certain."

"But," I rejoined, "I see a little hole in the arm. I think that it must have been used for fixing something—a bracelet, for instance—that this Myron has given to Venus as a peace-offering.

Myron was an unfortunate lover, Venus was angry with him; he placated her by consecrating a golden bracelet to her. For you may remember that fecit can often be used for consecravit. These are synonymous words. I could show you several instances of this if I had a copy of Gruter or of Orelli. It is natural for a lover to see Venus in a dream, that he should imagine that she orders him to give a golden bracelet to her statue. Myron consecrates a bracelet to her. Then the barbarians or some other sacrilegious thief——"

"Ah! it is easily seen that you write novels," said my host, giving me his hand to help me down. "No, sir, it is a work of the school of Myron. Just look at it again, and you will agree."

As it has been a maxim for me never to contradict point-blank an obstinate antiquary, I bowed my head as if I agreed, and I said, "It is a beautiful work of art."

"Great God!" cried M. de Peyrehorade, "another act of vandalism. A stone has been thrown at my statue."

He had just noticed a white mark a little above the bosom of Venus. I observed a similar mark on the fingers of the right hand, which I then thought had been touched by the stone, or that a piece of it had become detached by the shock, and had rebounded on the hand. I told my host how I had witnessed the insult, and how quickly it had been avenged. He laughed heartily, and, comparing the apprentice to Diomed, he hoped that, as in the case of the Greek hero, his comrades might be changed into white birds.

*(To be continued.)*

PROSPER MERIMEE.

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.

THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**The New Transvaal Government.**— The whirligig of Time has indeed brought his revenges in South Africa. General Louis Botha who, five years ago, was in the field waging war against the British Government in defence of the independence of the Boer Republic of the Transvaal, is to-day at the head of the Government of what is practically an independent State constituted under the British flag. Nothing could more clearly demonstrate the utter futility of the war than this development. To all intents and purposes the Boers are once more masters in their own house, and all the changes that have been effected could and would have been wrought without the waste, the bloodshed, ruin and devastation of war. Of course, we hear a great deal now about British magnanimity, and our masters are flattered by the assurances of the international capitalist press that no other people than the Britith would have dared to be so generous to a conquered people. But it appears

to be forgotten that the establishment of a representative system of government within a reasonable time was one of the conditions of the bargain struck at Vereeniging. That whenever such institutions were established, if they were not a sham, the Boers would practically have self-government, no one could have any doubt whatever, although some seemed to hope that by jerrymandering the Government could have been kept out of their hands. That, however, could only have been for a time. It is impossible for the British, or any other nation, to forcibly hold a white race in subjection, interminably, thousands of miles away from its own shores. It may not always be possible with a race of another colour.

**The Futility of the War.**—No one looking back over the events of the past eight years but must see what a hideous blunder the war was. It is plain enough now, as we Social-Democrats pointed out at the time, that all that the British Government or the Outlanders could ask for, and much more than they had any right to demand, could be secured by the exercise of a little patience. Once having fastened itself upon the rich mines of the Rand, capitalism was bound to develop; and, much as President Kruger and the older men among the Boers may have disliked this development and wished to check it, it had already proved too strong for them. Moreover, they could not last for ever; they already belonged to the past, and the younger men in the Republic were by no means so averse to the mining industry as their elders had been—more's the pity! It is quite clear, therefore, that in time practically the same end would have been attained without any war as has been achieved by its dire agency. But the greedy gold-grabbers could not wait; "good government" and cheap labour in the Transvaal meant another two and a half millions of profit annually for them. Every year that passed

without the Boer "oligarchy" being destroyed meant for them the loss of that two and a half millions. They therefore egged on their instrument, the British Government, to hasten that destruction. It was nothing to them that that involved the devastation of the whole country, the ruin of thousands of homes, the loss of tens of thousands of lives, the "methods of barbarism," and the horrors of the concentration camps. All these things weighed as nothing against their increased profits. As to the two hundred and fifty millions of treasure which the war cost the tax-payers of this country, the greater part of that found its way into the pockets of the profit-mongers; so that caused them no concern. They have succeeded in evading their share of this burden; they have acquired a plentiful supply of cheap labour, and they have the assurance of the Boer Prime Minister that their interests shall be carefully safeguarded, and so they have every reason to be satisfied that all things have worked together for good for them, and that everything is indeed for the best in the best of possible worlds.

**The Progressive Rout.**—The result of the London County Council election was no better and no worse than we expected. With the "Municipal Reformers" yelling "Socialists" at their opponents, and charging all their blunders and mismanagement to the account of their Socialism, and with Socialists, who should have known better, admitting the justice of the impeachment, rushing forward to defend the Progressives and co-operating with them in the elections, it was not possible for those Socialists who were fighting a straight fight against both Progressive and Moderate to poll a big vote. The fear was, after their ridiculous demonstration in Trafalgar Square on February 23, that the Moderates had overdone it, and had secured the success of their opponents. In that

event we should have been condemned to another three years of the paralysing influence of Progressive ascendancy which, for eighteen years, has hampered the Socialist movement in London and made real municipal progress impossible. With the Progressives in office all criticism was stifled; incompetent administration had to be winked at, or spoken of only with bated breath and whispering humbleness, lest our dear good friends should lose their seats. Street improvements which ought to have been carried out long ago have been deferred for years; the thirty shillings minimum for employees has been repudiated; education has been neglected, and municipal enterprise crippled, because the Progressives could not afford to offend the ratepayer. We may not get much better from their successors, but, at any rate, these will be subjected to a healthy criticism and will be compelled to go faster forward than they intend, while they will not be permitted to practise reaction under a pretence of progress.

**Foredoomed to Failure.**—It is very generally surmised that Mr. Haldane's scheme of army reorganisation, of which we have heard so much, has been deliberately designed to fail, and to thus demonstrate the impossibility of organising an efficient military force in this country on a voluntary basis. We are loth to believe in any such deliberate intention, but it is difficult to regard the scheme in any other light. It is certainly foredoomed to fail. It has become increasingly difficult to find men for the regular army, and to maintain and develop a reserve to draw upon in emergencies. The only way in which this difficulty can be met with voluntary recruiting is by improving the conditions of service and offering greater inducements for men to join. But this would involve greater expenditure, and Mr. Haldane and his party are pledged to economy. In this dilemma the War

Minister has hit upon the device of effecting economy by reducing the numbers and material of the regular army, and of meeting the difficulty of a shortage of men by militarising the Volunteers and merging them, the yeomanry and the militia, into what he calls a "Territorial Army," which is to be recruited under the same conditions as the regular army. It is scarcely likely that young men who might be willing to enrol themselves in the Volunteers will enlist in this new Territorial Army and incur the liabilities which are to be imposed. If they wish to enlist at all they would be more likely to join the regular army. They are scarcely likely to undertake all the obligations of soldiering without its emoluments, and with the alternate risk of losing their civil employment or paying a penalty of £5 to escape the military obligations into which they have voluntarily entered. The whole of Mr. Haldane's elaborate scheme leaves us more convinced than ever that an efficient military organisation cannot be obtained here without spending a great deal more money on it, unless by way of universal military training.

**The Secular Solution.**—It is pleasing to note that at the recent Conference of the Evangelical Free Church National Council the following pronouncement by the President, Dr. Rendel Harris, was received with "the greatest and most continued cheer":—"I am satisfied that no solution is at the present moment practicable except that of secular education, supplemented, if possible, by the activities of the Churches, and without an offensively negative attitude towards the Bible or religion. But I do not suggest to you to abandon definitely the ground of what I will now call the Newcastle compromise. It is matter of observation that many of our people still cling to the possibility of a Protestant solution. It is sufficient for my purpose to remark that if a secular solution be proposed

elsewhere it will not be possible to carry a resolution in this Council against it, and I am content to leave the matter for the present in that state." It seems curious that after cheering such a statement the delegates should have tried to correct Sir Oliver Lodge when he interpreted this as a desire to see purely secular teaching in elementary schools. Despite their cheers, and the declaration of a Wesleyan leader that while he did not desire the Bible excluded from the schools he "would rather have secular teaching than sectarian teaching," these same delegates refused to take a vote on the secular solution! It is all very well to call upon the Government to take a courageous course, but if those who call for that tune are afraid to pipe it themselves, they can hardly expect the Government to be enthusiastic and courageous—especially over further compromises. If the Government were not so weak, there would be a possibility of a new Education Bill embodying the secular solution, especially after Dr. Harris's declaration and those cheers. Even the Passive Resisters appear not to be altogether satisfied with the "one-fifteenth" deduction of sectarian teachers' salaries as a solution, and say it is as much a matter of convenience for the Government as for Passive Resisters—but very few of the latter seem to be able to see that there is no half-way house between sectarian teaching and secular education.

**Suffragettes Baffled.**—There is no doubt that many members of Parliament who did not wish to vote for Mr. Dickinson's Bill, and who dared not vote against it, were immensely relieved when they were relieved of the necessity of doing either. Both the author of the Bill and the Prime Minister damned it with faint praise and were at some pains to show that any measure for the enfranchisement of women would be unjust which left the great majority of working women unenfranchised. As for Mr. Philip Snowden's plea

that the passing of this measure would be more fruitful of good for the future of the human race than any other single act of legislation, that is sheer nonsense. That could not be said with truth of any extension of the franchise, however complete and far-reaching. We could almost wish that the measure had been carried in order to demonstrate its utter futility, were it not that such a measure would be not only useless for good, but absolutely mischievous. We do not believe that the extension of the franchise to all women will make much difference, one way or the other; we do not believe, as both friends and enemies of this Bill affect to do, that women will vote simply as women and apart from all other parties. On the other hand, we are convinced that to confer the franchise upon a small minority of women would be to strengthen the forces of reaction. Meanwhile, however, it is rather like irony that a Bill to confer votes upon women should have been "talked" out!

**The Sins of Society.**—The very reverend Father Vaughan has been at it again. Society is once more being castigated for its immorality and its wickedness. But it seems to us that all this virulent denunciation is somewhat out of date. It is pretty generally accepted that "society" is absolutely rotten; that it is immoral; that it riots in useless waste and lying; that the whole of the useless lives of the higher capitalist class are wasted in burning wealth. "Society" is sinful because the conditions of society makes it so. And under the present state of things it is a good job for the workers that the idle rich do waste their stolen substance in this fashion. The more they waste and destroy the better it is for the workmen, because it creates more work and provides a living for those that would otherwise be unemployed. It is, indeed, sinful of Father Vaughan to denounce the surface effects without also showing the causes. And, truly, it is hardly the duty

of the good Father to carry on this campaign. It is only the real sufferers—the working class—the down-trodden and exploited, that have the right to denounce this sort of thing. The Father is just as much a parasite on the labour of the workers—not so flagrant or so ostentatious with his means, it is true—as the very people whom he is making such frantic efforts to bring back to the fold.

**A Dying Industry.**—One cannot but feel sorry for the cabman. On all sides are to be seen conveyances that are gradually and persistently usurping the place of the now old-style cab—motor cabs, motor omnibuses, tube railways and electric tram cars. The cabman can see slowly fade away his chances of getting a livelihood at his calling. His position gets more precarious every day. He plies his cab for hire, but his former rich patrons have later and more convenient means of conveying themselves from place to place. This is one of the many instances of the mercilessness with which the present system crushes the working class. As soon as any new invention occurs, or there is a general speeding-up of any industry, hundreds and even thousands of men are thrown out to swell the army of the unemployed. And thus they starve and rob casual workers of their casual work and make harder the fight for life in the depths. And therein lies the irony of modern progress.

## SOCIALISM AND PARLIAMENTARISM.

Several recent events have shown the necessity for pointing out the true relation between Socialism and Parliamentarism. We hear, for instance, a great deal about the severe "set-back" that our comrades in Germany have suffered in the recent elections. The loss of some thirty odd seats in the Reichstag is represented by our enemies as a crushing blow to Social-Democracy, from which it can surely never recover, and they are correspondingly jubilant in consequence. Unfortunately there are some of our friends who appear to regard matters in the same light, and who are equally disappointed and depressed. All this jubilation on the one hand and disappointment on the other is entirely due to a misconception of the Socialist movement and a confusion of the end with the means.

In the same light, to a certain extent, are regarded the policy of the Labour Party in the British House of Commons and the defeat of the Progressives (Liberals) at the London County Council elections. This defeat is acclaimed by the political opponents of the Progressives as a blow to Socialism; and there are some of our friends, so deluded by the term "Progressive" as to so regard it. They ought to know by this time that these Liberals are the worst enemies of Socialism, and that by their halt-hearted and incapable tinkering with municipal enterprise they have not only done

their worst to discredit Socialism, but have even hindered the development of public municipal control.

As to our Labour Party, it is claimed, on their behalf, that we owe to their presence in the House of Commons the passing of the Trade Disputes Act, the Amendment of the Compensation Act, and the Provision of Meals Act. I, for one, should be sorry to deprive them of any credit to which they are entitled on this score, and far be it from me to suggest that they have done no good and have been absolutely useless in Parliament. It is the duty of a Labour Party in the House of Commons to defend the interests of the working class on every occasion, and to win for them any legislative concession whenever possible. But that is not the only, or indeed the chief, function of a Labour Party, and to assume that to be so is to entirely misunderstand the objective of working-class political action from a Socialist standpoint.

To the Social-Democrat, whose objective is the Social Revolution—the abolition of capitalism and wage slavery—and the emancipation of the working class, the end is everything, the means nothing. Parliamentary action is not the only means, nor always the most speedy or efficient. In Parliamentary countries we use parliamentarism, because it is there to use; but in doing so the immediate object in view, there as elsewhere, is to win the people to Socialism—to make Socialists, in short—and to organise the working class for the Social Revolution. That being so, the winning or losing of seats in any legislative chamber is of quite secondary importance. What is important is to win votes—not merely as votes, but as evidence of the growing strength of the movement. In other words, as has been well said, we count heads instead of breaking them. That is not to say that the winning of seats is of no importance at all. It is important for two reasons—it enables us to stimulate palliative and revolutionary legislation, and it also helps the propaganda and organisation of the general

movement. I do not wish in any way to decry or to contemn Parliamentary action, but simply to place it in its proper perspective. It is necessary from time to time to discount the undue importance too often attached to such action, in consequence of success, due, it may be, to quite temporary causes. Unless such success is correctly estimated, a "set-back," due to the disappearance of the temporary causes of success—and which, in itself, may be no real set-back at all—is likely in its turn to be over-estimated, and to do harm which might otherwise be avoided.

The so-called set-back in Germany has done no harm whatever, rather the reverse; because the veteran Social-Democrats there know the value of mere parliamentarism. They keep the objective of the movement well in view, and can regard with serenity the loss of a few seats in Parliament while they see the ranks of the organised army of Social-Democracy growing in numbers, in discipline and in enthusiasm. It is only the "reformers" who are cast down and disappointed.

In this country our Labour Party may reasonably expect a far worse set-back, and how that set-back will affect them depends entirely upon the view they take of their function as a party. It is not at all likely that they can hold all the seats they gained by the goodwill of the Liberal Party, if they maintain a position of independence. On the other hand, a strong, independent course will have to be maintained if they are to retain the seats won against the Liberals. In any event, and whatever fresh conquests they may make, the Labour Party may look for a reduction in the number of Parliamentary seats they hold, even with a considerable growth of the party in the country. As to the effect this will have on the party, that will depend, as I have said, on the view they take of the duty of an independent working-class party.

Labour representation or a Labour Party may be regarded from two points of view, the one conservative,

the other revolutionary. From the conservative standpoint Labour representation would be claimed, and a Labour Party organised, on the ground that the working class, forming so large a proportion as it does of the nation, is entitled to representation in its legislature and a voice in public administration. That standpoint presupposes the permanence of class society; it assumes that we have practically reached finality in social development—that the existing divisions of society are perfectly just and reasonable, and that the only reason for working-class representation is that that class, being a permanent institution in society, should play a part in the affairs of society equally with the other classes. It is from this conservative standpoint that an analogy is set up between the working class as a class and women as a sex; and it is on precisely the same grounds—i.e., that they form a large and important section of society—that Women Suffragists base their claims. In both cases, it is not because the movement aims at fundamental social changes, but because it accepts existing society as being fundamentally right, that it seeks for expression in the political affairs of the State. At the same time, it is scarcely necessary to point out that this is scarcely the view of a Labour Party and its function which is likely to evoke much enthusiasm among the working class. It is very well to claim that the working class, by virtue of its existence in society, has a right to representation, but if that representation is to be an end in itself, and not a means to an end; if it is simply to mean a conservation of existing conditions, and a co-operation with other classes to make those conditions tolerable, it is scarcely likely to inspire in the working class that activity and devotion necessary to make such representation anything more than a negligible quanitity. There is little doubt that it is precisely because this conservative view has existed so long in this country that we are so backward in the political organisation of the working class. Working men have

not thought it worth while to organise, to do the hard work, and to make the personal sacrifices, necessary to return a party of their own class to the House of Commons, simply to say ditto to the representatives of the other classes and to do precisely the same work as other men would do who were willing to pay for the privilege of doing it.

On the other hand, a revolutionary Labour Party enters into politics hostile to all other parties and to the existing régime. It regards the present class society as only a passing phase in social development, and works to hasten its destruction. Its objective is not the maintenance or the palliation of existing conditions but their termination by the abolition of class domination and the emancipation of the working class. It takes an active part in every piece of work which in any degree improves the lot or lightens the toil of the working-class; it does not contemn palliatives, but it most vigorously supports those which in their application afford not only immediate amelioration of the lot of the workers, but hasten their final emancipation. The policy of such a party, allowing for the difference in objective, is analogous to that of the Irish Parliamentary Party. That party is openly and avowedly hostile to the British connection, and to British institutions. It does not hesitate, however, to take advantage of the representation and the platform that connection affords, or to make use of those institutions, to secure any possible improvement in the conditions of British rule in Ireland, while steadily pursuing the complete otherthrow of that rule which is its declared objective. Irish nationalism is the aim of the Irish Parliamentary Party; an aim which it pursues by Parliamentary means because Parliamentary means are those most effective at the present time. In the same way a real Labour Party should have for its objective the overthrow of capitalist rule and the emancipation of the working-class. It should understand that Parliamentarism is simply a means to

that end, and that the means must always be subservient to the end. Once a Labour Party clearly understands that position, it will be not less, but more, zealous in its work for ameliorative measures; but it will also attach less importance to these proportionately, and will be consequently bolder in its attack upon the power and privilege of the possessing class. It will then have less respect for Parliamentarism and for Parliamentary forms and usages, will think little of mere Parliamentary reverses, and will help to inspire the working-class with a belief in itself and in its future.

H. QUELCH.

## SOCIALISM AND THE L.C.C. ELECTION.

In no sense of the word was the result of the London County Council election a set-back for Socialism. The trustified press may rage, and even respectable provincial organs imagine vain things,* but whether we regard the contest between the two main parties, with the downfall of the one and the exalting of the other, or we are guided only by what happened in the bitterly fought three-corner contests, we can very well afford to keep our powder dry and trust to the irresistible current of events.

We are not likely to accept the measure of the Progressive Party taken by the Municipal Reform candidates, and by their blaring organs before and since the poll. We at any rate never believed that every vote given to a Progressive was a vote for Socialism. Those who said that, those who are still saying it—protest too much. Were such the case, that would mean that nearly 400,000 votes were cast for Socialism in London out of less than a million polled. In some cases, indeed, notably at Kennington, the S.D.F. vote was rendered all the poorer by this fastening of the charge of Socialism on the Progressives, and the Moderates' own chance of return corre-

* The "Western Daily Press" (Bristol) gives the Socialist strength in "revolutionary Battersea" as 42 votes.

spondingly lessened. We have it, however, on record that notwithstanding this holding up of Socialism as a bogey to be feared, 395,000 voters showed that they were not at all frightened by this bogey. That, after all, is some advantage, even though we should not dream of claiming those votes as given for Socialism.

Then there are the votes cast for Socialists, disguised or undisguised. Those Progressives who were known to be Socialists did not appear to suffer as compared with other Progressives. Stewart Headlam headed the poll at Bethnal Green with a bigger vote by 500 than that cast for his predecessor; Sidney Webb at Deptford, although closely pressed by his opponents, polled nearly as well as Mr. Bowerman at the Parliamentary election; Frank Smith had very few votes separating him from his official Progressive colleague; while at Woolwich Jenkins Jones and George Lansbury (the latter weighted, too, with the "scandal" of having tried to humanise the Poor Law at Poplar) each polled between 800 and 900 more votes than were polled in 1904.

Turning to the three-cornered fights, although the rigid two-party Juggernaut crushed the Labour men and Socialists out of the way, yet there is one good sign, that declared Socialists did as well as those who chose to hoist the neutral colour of Labour. The case of Mr. Stephenson at Fulham cannot, of course, be any criterion, as though the Progressive, fearing that the Labour candidate should be returned and himself be left out, scoured round for plumpers at the eleventh hour, and so secured 1,500 of them, yet there is no doubt that the difference between Mr. Stephenson's 3,139 and the 1,100 scored at the bye-election for Alderman Clarke was due to many Progressives giving Mr. Stephenson their second vote. But in the real three-cornered fights, where like conditions prevailed, Socialist candidates did just as well without the "Labour" disguise as with it; and, as we have already seen, the dubbing of men as Socialists by their

enemies does not prevent voters, even in London, from voting for them by the hundreds of thousands.

We are told by the Progressives that "London is lost." We are urged to note the fall in L.C.C. stock and the rise in the share values of electric supply companies. I for one decline to regard London as lost, or to think that the Municipal Reformers can either put back the clock many seconds or will sell the trams or even venture to hand over London hand and foot to an electric trust. Even were the latter to take place, what boots it? The responsible Moderates are not the scoundrels their nominal enemies have depicted them, and their idea is, at the most, to lease out the electric supply on the same lines as the northern trams were, with reversion at the end of a period; and meanwhile relief of rates as a charge on the makings. What material difference is there between this and the idea of the late Progressive Finance Committee to declare a nominal control and to farm out portions of the business to companies or borough councils—also with relief of rates as the objective? Personally, I see no vital difference from the worker's point of view.

Bureaucracy may possibly become a little stronger at Spring Gardens—if that were possible—by reason of the appearance of so many councillors new to the business. Labour may at times be openly instead of being privately flouted. The 30s. minimum is no nearer than it would have been under Progressive administration—and certainly no farther off. As for general trade union conditions, many of the Municipal Reformers are pledged to that point, and, for tactical reasons, will be hardly likely to stray further from it than their predecessors.

In housing there will be no more haste than under the rule of the Progressives. At worst there will be some attempts at leasing to companies, till the latter find there is not much to be made out of housing the workers on proper lines. On the other hand, as the Moderates while in the wilderness have declaimed

against the Progressive method of building only for the better-paid worker, there is a chance for them now to try another method, if they have any. They cannot do worse than the Progressives, either in regard to rents or accommodation.

As regards education, there will probably be a little more tenderness shown to the non-provided schools; and their rate-saving declarations may induce the Moderates to follow the Progressive example of starving the school accommodation in growing districts in order to keep down expenses.

These are the microscopic differences which occur to me as likely to be evolved as a result of the change from Progressive to Moderate. As I think Leonard Courtney said some time since, the tendency of all Governments is to approximate to the position of their opponents. Such an approximation in this case will not be difficult. Lest it should be objected that I have left out of account the possibility of the destruction of the Works Department. I would merely say that it matters very little to the worker whether he is sweated by the L.C.C. or by a contractor. "Direct employment" is a good principle, so long as you don't try to compete with sweaters, and that is exactly what the Progressives have done.

No, London is not lost. Socialism is not lost.

We have lost something, however. We have lost, in municipal matters, the rule of the Liberal Party, which it seized and held under false pretences for eighteen years. That is a point which ought to be made clear to our provincial comrades, and to our weaker brethren in the metropolis itself—that the Progressive Party was only the Liberal Party with a Fabian tail, which latter sometimes thought itself to be the rudder to the main body. At the first election in 1889—which was supposed to be fought on non-political lines, when even Lord Rosebery could be returned for the City—the results were heralded as a great Liberal triumph. Very little was done in those

first three years, and strenuous were the fights that had to be put up in that period to secure even a lip-acceptance of trade union conditions. The activities of the Socialist bodies outside produced an effect in 1892. A number of avowed Socialists of the Fabian description were taken to the bosoms of the individualist Radical ratepayers' representatives, and, with the assistance of several trade union candidates, a sort of bloc was created which not merely saved the Liberal Party (under the Progressive disguise) but swept London from end to end. Probably the next three years were the most satisfactory, from the popular point of view, in the history of the Council: trade union conditions laid down in contracts; direct employment decided upon; parks extended and added to; even a re-housing policy appeared, and one or two improvements of a capital character were discussed. But with the declining fortunes of the Liberal Government of that day, its metropolitan equivalent came near to a fall in 1895. The elections then gave a tie between Moderates and Progressives, and in the following triennium the Moderates were able to give effect to their tram policy—that of leasing the northern concern to a company, instead of taking it over and working it by the Council employees direct. Partly on account of this the Moderates were thrown back in 1898. In the next three years both parties were forced by outside pressure, and despite the opposition of Sir Arthur Arnold and other Liberal and Tory individualists, to embark on housing in the suburbs, but at the instigation of one of its Liberal peer members (who is now among the slain), the Council tied itself up with stringent regulations whereby the interests of the middle-class ratepayers were to be made of first regard. It took another six years for anything to come of the housing decision. In 1901 the Council would have been lost to the Liberals but for the water companies idiotically putting upon the lower middle-class ratepayer, just prior to the election, a heavy burden

in the shape of providing cisterns, which caused Tories by the tens of thousands to abstain from voting or to vote Progressive. In 1904 the prospects of Liberalism in London began again to look up and consequently the L.C.C. election once more resulted in a Progressive triumph. And now their Sedan has come.

At best the Progressive Party was a compromise between Collectivism or Labourism on the one side and the individualist Liberal ratepayer on the other. We English are said to love compromise: I doubt it; we may tolerate compromise until it becomes intolerable, and then it goes. The Progressives were essentially the party of compromise—they tried to please worker and ratepayer, and they have displeased both. They never went out of their way to please the Socialists, of course; they never even put Sidney Webb or any Collectivist in the chair, nor suffered them to dictate the main policy of the Council. For chairmen, after Lord Rosebery (chosen because he was a peer), other titled folk have followed: Lord Avebury (then Sir John Lubbock), the apostle of the Industrial Freedom League; Sir Arthur Arnold, an individualist dodo; Lord Welby, banker and financier. Then clever business men like Cornwall, McDougall, Torrance, Spicer, and the like. But never a worker—and never anyone with the faintest claim to being a Socialist.

And as time has gone on the policy has veered more and more towards the ratepayer and less towards the worker. Even the ratepayer's own vital interests were neglected in order to save his pocket; but his pocket was not saved, his rates were not relieved. Main drainage kept back, public improvements retarded because of fear of the ratepayer's vengeance. For the worker direct labour came to spell direct sweating, instead of sweating through a contractor. Workers who sought relief from landlords' burdens and slumdom of one kind, on applying to the L.C.C. found a landlord equally onerous and slums of another kind.

This was the worker—who had a vote. His unemployed brother, too, got short shrift from the Progressive L.C.C. As for the poor child, with no vote and no power of agitation, he was often kept waiting for a school, and if hungry had to starve or seek refuge in the stony bosom of charity.

The Progressive Party is gone to limbo. Let it remain there. Despised by the ratepayer, whom it treated as a fetish; hated by the class-conscious worker—it were better so. It had been better for London had there never been a Progressive Party—aping Collectivism to please the worker, and apishly distorting it till Socialists failed to recognise their own ideas; coddling the wealthy ratepayer and grinding out profits from the people for his relief, and all the while simply existing as a seminary for the training of Liberal M.P.'s. Better still that the Progressive Party should never be resurrected. Far better a Moderate Council pushed down the Collectivist slope by the trend of events. The easiest way is always the quickest. Let Moderates propose collective, communal action, Progressives dare not oppose. Let, then, Moderates blunder on. In our way they must go sooner or later; until the worker rises to an intelligent sense of his position, thrusts them aside, and takes the helm himself. The worker who fancies himself a ratepayer will get no relief from his burdens. For him Municipal Reform, like Progressivism, will prove a delusion and a snare. We want in London, as in national affairs, a strong independent worker's party with a Socialist ideal and a Socialist policy.

FRED KNEE.

## THE CASE FOR SOCIALISM *v.* INDIVIDUALISM.—(*Conclusion.*)

It would thus seem that in the question of Socialism as opposed to Individualism is necessarily involved the whole history of the evolution of methods of production. If contemporary Socialism were merely a seductive utopian theory, if it were in opposition to the teachings of economic history and positive science, then, however much he might regret the circumstances, its propaganda would have to be abandoned by the student of society. The Social-Democrat, however, accepts to the full the theory of evolution, and logically applies it to the whole of material phenomena. The obvious fact that from time immemoral the minor antagonisms between individuals, and the great and far-reaching antagonisms between classes having diverse economic interests, have also involved a continuous antagonism between systems of wealth production—an antagonism which has always resulted in the ultimate victory of that system best fitted to survive in the evolutionary process—proves to him that the present-day struggle between private ownership for private profit, and democratic public ownership for the common benefit of all workers, is but another phase, another period, in the natural upward movement of society towards higher forms and nobler ideals. And can anyone who intelligently notes the working of the present competitive system, with its absolute waste of human life and energy, really doubt that in the struggle for the survival of the fittest it is destined to go down before the saner

methods of the co-operative system ?—a system under which the combined skill and knowledge of the organised community will be directed towards the elimination of waste, and the conservation of human life and happiness. Evolution stands, therefore, of first importance in the estimation of the Socialist student of history. Evolution was responsible for the small isolated producer, working in his own shop, with his own tools and raw material; evolution in due time, with all the precision of an inexorable law, crushed out the small producer and his methods, and substituted the wholesale manufacturing and trading system, with capitalist employers, and propertyless wealth-producers earning a bare subsistence wage. Still continuiug its course, and ever favouring the most apt, evolution has forced large capitalists to combine, to weld together their forces for the purpose of winning the advantages of co-operative production, and thus gaining the fall of competitors less wealthy, less organised, and more individualistic in methods of production. Evolution has produced the millionaire, the trust, and the monopoly, and has demonstrated the fact that society can get along without the private capitalist, by allowing these revolutionary forces to appoint skilled organisers, whose duty it has been to entirely manage and still further reduce to a system the production of commodities—thus making the final step, the transferring of large accumulations of social wealth to the control of the whole community, a comparatively easy task. Evolution has further demonstrated that private capitalists are not essential to the management of large business concerns, by forcing society to fight and eventually buy out private capitalist companies in self defence, and with the irony of fate has forced unwilling individualistic public administrators to take over and control such undertakings as waterworks, gas and electric lighting, tramways, etc.

Society must go forward, and the only road of

successful passage appears to be Collectivism, and thence on to complete Socialism. It hardly seems possible that anyone—when once fully alive to the situation—can wish to make permanent the present social system, with its poverty for the masses of the people, its ruthless crushing down of the weak, the gentle, and the scrupulous. It was not likely that the wealth-producing class would for ever tolerate the terrible social evil of unemployment in the midst of capitalist wealth; and we live at a period when thousands—nay, millions—are dashing conventional thought aside, and demanding that the world's workers, the world's producers, shall no longer go in need of the means of life, while on every side abounds in plenty, and to the overflow, the creation of their hands and brains. And the abolition of unemployment means the break up of the capitalist system!

Moreover, the cry of starving chidren throughout the land has at last raised a strong and representative working-class demand, that the State shall recognise its duty to its future citizens.

In the past, conventional opinion has comforted itself with the reflection that poverty and unemployment are either not to be prevented, or that they are solely in the nature of punishments for sloth and wickedness. Except by those who are entirely ignorant of social questions, it is now pretty generally conceded that such is not the case, and that much yet remains to be done in the way of social justice to suffering humanity. And can social justice be done in any more effective manner than by the collective action of a sympathetic community? Well meant, though much of it may have been, has not all individual effort, all individual charity, and for that matter, all organised charity, failed to do more than. touch the fringe of the social evil? The duties of social physician belong to each individual, to each one of us, through the medium of the organised communi ty Socialism cries aloud for the complete recognition by

all of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. Some people talk about "the tyranny of Socialism." But can anything possibly be worse than the cast-iron tyranny of the slow starvation, the unemployment, and general poverty we have in our midst? We who are Socialists look forward with little fear to the so-called "organised tyranny" of a democratic community that will compel every person to enjoy the good things of life, providing he or she performs some useful function in society. "Socialism will abolish property," it is complained. On the contrary, Socialism will allow everyone access to the means of life. For the great mass of the population to-day there is no such thing as property, their whole life is passed in making property for others for a bare subsistence wage. And they consider themselves lucky if they get that! "Socialism would reduce everything to a dead level." That would be no great change to the working class even if it were true. But it rather seems that the Socialist system would remove the overwhelming fear of poverty, would give greater leisure, more time to study and travel to each individual—increased opportunity to develop individuality, to cultivate the ethical, the æsthetic, and the higher side of life generally. Living under free and happy conditions, individuality would tend to advance, and, with no conflicting economic or material interests, the whole of society would benefit thereby, and the men and women of that day would look back with horror on the dull monotonous existence of their forefathers under the poverty-producing capitalist system. "Would Socialism, then," it may be asked, "favour the abolition of all competition, all human aspiration and ambition of the individual?" By no means! Competition between individuals for material wealth would undoubtedly cease; for the latter, once the common right of all workers, would, as such, lose the overwhelming importance it now possesses. Competition, individual aspiration,

would then be transferred to a higher plane—it would become *Emulation*, the glorious ambition of the individual to achieve social distinction in the service of the community.

It is sometimes contended that "Socialism would favour the growth of a red-tape officialism." On the contrary, an educated Social-Democracy would abolish the autocracy of the official. Officialism only thrives where the mass of the people are ignorant and apathetic of public affairs. Social-Democracy means a highly educated body of citizens, keenly jealous of their civic life and liberty; it means democratic control and election, the right to give office and the right to take away. The capitalist State of to-day does not represent the democracy; the people as a whole, owing to their economic servitude to the classes above them, have no real hold of the reins of government. The Executive Committee of the State simply represents the capitalist and landlord class, and all public institutions, such as the Post Office, etc., are managed entirely from the profit-mongering point of view of the ruling class. Social-Democracy, by abolishing the economic servitude of the workers to the classes above them, would also abolish their political servitude to the capitalist State. The State would then represent the whole of the people, banded together by a common interest, a common ideal and aspiration, the perfection of the individual in the organised whole of society. The emancipation of the people would then happily be accomplished, the dreams of many a patient toiler and thinker in ages past would be realised, humanity would at last rest on the bed-rock basis of co-operative life!

"Then all mine and thine shall be ours, and no more shall any man crave For riches that serve for nothing but to fetter a friend for a slave."

W. G. VEALS.

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NOTE.—This paper was read at a debate, in opposition to one written by an Individualist.

## THE USELESS CAPITALIST CLASS.

"And you? You the 'smart,' the comme il fauts, the gentles! What of you? Where are you going? Your mad gambling, your insatiate drinking, your foolish drugging, your vulgarity, your extravagance, your worship of Mammon, your silly speech, your endless search for brutal pleasure, your absolute contemptibility! . . . . I merely ask, What *use* are you? You are beautiful exotics, you wear fine raiment. But what is your purpose?"—BELINDA BLINDERS.

"The leading capitalists, the millionaires and billionaires, are sad specimens of the human race, useless and hurtful. The mark of degeneracy is upon them. Their sickly offspring are old at birth. Their organs are sapped with diseases. Exquisite meats and wines load down their tables, but the stomach refuses to digest them; women, expert in love, perfume their couches with youth and beauty, but their senses are benumbed. They own palatial dwellings in enchanting sites, and they have no eyes, no feeling for joyful nature, with its eternal youth and change. Sated and disgusted with everything, they are followed everywhere by ennui as by their shadows. They yawn at rising, and when they go to bed; they yawn at their feasts and their orgies. They began yawning at their mother's womb. Capitalism, bankrupt, old, useless, and hurtful, has finished its historic mission; it persists as ruling class only through its acquired momentum."—PAUL LAFARGUE.

"Society consists of two sections, those that bore and those that are bored."—LADY WARWICK.

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A few thousand persons, owing to their ownership of the means of life, hold the mass of the people in bondage. They say to the people, Lo! and behold! We are privileged; you are our bounden slaves. At our pleasure we let you live; at our pleasure we condemn you to starve. You must work for us, you must

provide us with boundless wealth by your labour. To-morrow, if we cannot profitably rob you, we will turn you naked into the street. If you grow old, and worn and broken in obtaining luxuries for us, we will fling you out like a dirty rag into the gutter. We want only young and strong people to feed our machines with their life's blood. We are of no use; we are neither ornamental nor interesting; we are vicious, lazy, drunken, brutal, callous; we do no work; we create no useful thing; we add nothing to the good of the common weal; we clog up the wheels of progress. We live in palaces; we riot in luxury and extravagance to an extent hardly conceivable; we own the land you live on and the land you will be buried in. Everything is for us—for you, nothing!

There are in the United Kingdom 882,690 such persons and their families, and they possess wealth to the value of £7,974,000,000. These, although they only constitute one-ninth of the population, own seven-eighths of the whole wealth of the land. These are the parasites! These are those who "toil not, neither do they spin." These are those who gamble millions at such "sport" as horse-racing, bridge, yachting; who spend thousands and tens of thousands on automobiles, on gowns, on banquets, on everything that takes their fancy for the moment.*

The workers pour so much wealth into their laps that all the time at their disposal is taken up in spending it. Their whole and sole interest in living seems to be as to who shall be the most ostentatious; who shall the most recklessly destroy and waste everything that is useful and necessary. They seek everywhere for an outlet for their money. They have no need to be thrifty. Their great trouble seems to be the inability to get rid of their ever-accumulating wealth. They are forced to "save" owing to lack of "ability"

* The late Marquis of Anglesea, perhaps, presented the most aggravated form of this disease—for disease it most certainly is.

to spend it. Their wealth is turned into capital, i.e., invested. This capital, as Marx so truly says, "is dead labour, which, vampire-like, becomes animate only by feeding on living labour, and the more labour it devours the more it lives." It accumulates by devouring labour, by feeding on the sweat and blood of the people.

"They are your natural superiors," has often been the "clinching" answer to any poor proletarian who has dared to aspire to be something more than a wage-slave. "They are the elite, they are everything that is good and great and noble." Now, that might well have been said of the ancient Athenians, who have passed us down, through the ages, so many wonderful proofs of their culture; but it certainly cannot be said of the capitalist class to-day. Instead of that they are brutal, blatant and vulgar. Having neither leisure for, nor interest in, such things as art, science and literature—which they leave to a few professional men—but, instead, having all their energies sapped up in money-spending, they are both stupid and ignorant. They pursue the latest "craze," be it ping-pong, gymnastics, mad-motoring, or anything else that requires very little mental effort. Such is this desire for the ridiculous, for sensation, for something novel or bizarre, that they have Venetian dinners, like that recently given at the Savoy Hotel, which cost over £100 per head. In New York, the millionaire clique, that was known by the name of "the smart set," but now, more appropriately known as "the mad set," have "tramp" banquets, to which the persons invited go dressed as tramps; and they have farmyard dinners; that is: the luxuriously-appointed dining-hall of one of their palaces is temporally turned into a farmyard and the guests dine amongst the swine and poultry, and crawl about on all fours, and behave worse than beasts. The following, culled from the Philadelphia "Record" will give some idea of the shameless and criminal waste of the idle rich: "Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish

amused society to-night with one of the most original entertainments ever given in New York. One hundred and sixty guests enjoyed a roof-garden show in the white-and-gold ball-room of the Fish house. Mrs. Fish planned an artistic decoration for the occasion, and her florist had a contract to transform the ball-room into a garden with artificial apple trees in blossom and with trellises hung with wistaria. The details were perfect, and even the polished floor was covered with artificial grass. Tables and chairs, painted green, were sprinkled about, and supper was served to the guests while the performers sang and danced." This kind of thing is not confined to New York, or to America. It is peculiar to the capitalist class all the world over. Let anyone go into any of the fashionable clubs and pleasure haunts of the West End, here in London, and the same senseless misuse of wealth will be observed. Only the other day there appeared in the capitalist press, itself, a condemnation of the carryings-on of "smart set" women belonging to the Lyceum Ladies' Club in Piccadilly. A wail was sent up over these women smoking cigarettes, drinking brandies and sodas, playing gambling games, such as bridge, etc.

It is a wonderful, yet tragic, story. Surrounded as we are with all that the genius of invention has achieved, with art and science carefully nursed and cared for and developed by exceptional men; with the instruments at hand, now, for providing everyone with the means of a pleasurable life, yet this noxious weed, this capitalist virus, creeps in and denies our right to live. Utterly rotten, corrupt from top to bottom, of no use whatever, lecherous, profligate, and callous, this class must be thrown from off the back of the people before the emancipation of the workers can be achieved.

T. QUELCH.

## THE ELECTIONS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

For years now our comrades in the Western District of Canada have been pursuing a vigorous Socialist propaganda. Their hard work is at last becoming productive of great good. Their little paper, the "Western Clarion," is growing considerably in circulation. The ranks of the Socialist Party are being joined daily by workers—made conscious of the historical mission of the working class by the efforts of our comrades. Especially so in the province of British Columbia. So persistent has been the dissemination of Socialist literature and the carrying on of meetings that Socialism has become the prevailing topic of discussion there. This is as it should be. Just lately the elections to the British Columbia Legislature have taken place. The following is the Socialist vote, as far as can be gathered :—

VANCOUVER.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dubberly | 599 |
| Kingsley | 617 |
| McVety | 616 |
| Pettipiece | 602 |
| Stebbings | 598 |

Average, 607.

VICTORIA.

| | |
|---|---|
| Watters | 441 |

NEWCASTLE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Williams | 259 |

REVELSTOKE.

(Fourteen polls to hear from.)

| | |
|---|---|
| Lefeaux | 86 |

RICHMOND.

(Five polls to hear from.)

| | |
|---|---|
| Kilby | 46 |

NANAIMO.

| | |
|---|---|
| Hawthornthwaite | 344 |

SLOCAN.

(Three polls to hear from.)

| | |
|---|---|
| Davidson | 60 |

SIMILAKAMEEN.

(Thirteen polls to hear from.)

| | |
|---|---|
| Winkler | 13 |

OKANAGAN.

(Sixteen polls to hear from.)

| | |
|---|---|
| Logie | 76 |

NELSON.

| | |
|---|---|
| Philips | 96 |

FERNIE.

(Two places to hear from.)

| | |
|---|---|
| Moore | 230 |

GRAND FORKS.

(Two places to hear from.)

| | |
|---|---|
| McInnes | 319 |

ROSSLAND.

| | |
|---|---|
| Berry | 98 |

GREENWOOD.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dynes | no returns. |

ALBERNI.

| | |
|---|---|
| Cartwright | 26 |

(Partial returns.)

ISLANDS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Ledingham | no returns |

The vote in Vancouver is as follows :—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Bowser (Cons.) | 3,153 | Neelands (Lib.) | 2,063 |
| Macgowan (Cons.) | 3,142 | McVety (Soc.) | 618 |
| Tatlow (Cons.) | 3,137 | Kingsley (Soc.) | 617 |
| McGuire (Cons.) | 2,925 | Pettipiece (Soc.) | 602 |
| Garden (Cons.) | 2,918 | Dubberley (Soc.) | 599 |
| McLennan (Lib.) | 2,316 | Stebbings (Soc.) | 598 |
| Henderson (Lib.) | 2,268 | Williams (Labour) | 401 |
| McInnes (Lib.) | 2,227 | Perry (Labour) | 281 |
| Farris (Lib.) | 2,097 | | |

The " Western Clarion " prints the following " Review of the Situation " :—

No complete summary of the result of the election can yet be made in view of the fact that full returns are not in from many districts. It is conceded that Hawthornthwaite, of Nanaimo, Parker Williams, of Newcastle, and John McInnes, of Grand Forks ridings have been elected. The vote of the two former equalled or exceeded that of both their opponents, while the latter was elected by a heavy majority.

Comrade Moore, of Fernie, appears to have been defeated by about 25 votes, with ample evidence of sufficient crooked work upon the part of the Conservative candidate to warrant his unseating. It will be remembered that this riding is the one in which ballot-boxes were stolen in the interest of the same Conservative candidate at the election of 1903.

Comrade Berry, of Rossland, polled about 10 per cent. of the total vote. When it is taken into consideration that Rossland has long been an eye-sore to the labour movement, the workers having been hoodwinked into support of capitalist politicians by crooks in their own ranks, and that the situation there has only recently been attacked by the Socialists, this is a remarkably encouraging showing. If the Rossland comrades stand by their guns and persistently push forward their attack they will soon wrest from the hands of the enemy the seat in the house now held by the unscrupulous hypocrite who poses as leader of the opposition.

Comrade Frank Phillips, of Nelson, polled 96 votes. This city, being the largest in the interior of the province, and, of course, the most bourgeois and backward, is a difficult nut to crack for the proletariat. A tireless persistency in propaganda and continual battering away at the fortifications of capital will in time reduce them to ruins in Nelson as elsewhere.

The defeat of " Bill " Davidson in the Slocan has been undoubtedly brought about by the fact that the district has been put out of business by the exigencies of capitalist production. The lead trust and its control of the market has rendered the operation of properties in this district superfluous and the wage-slaves have been forced to hit the trail in search of jobs elsewhere. The men who elected " Bill " in 1903 have been scattered to the four winds.

They have been swallowed up in the maelstrom of the labour market that tosses its victims now here, now there, in response to every demand and requirement of capitalist production. No wonder "Bill" was beaten.

In Revelstoke riding Comrade Lefeaux polled 86 votes, an excellent showing in view of the fact that Revelstoke is little else than a railway town. Such places are naturally Conservative, as the railway slaves get a little better than the average wage, and their tenure of employment is not quite so insecure as in many other lines of employment.

In the Island, Alberni, Okanagan, and Similkameen districts, the Socialist vote was of course light, as little work has been done there, and the conditions are not favourable for a rapid spread of Socialist ideas. The returns from these ridings are not all in, but will be given later. Comrade Logie, in the Okanagan, is reported to have polled 76 votes with several places to hear from.

The vote in Vancouver averaged 607 for each of the five candidates, with a difference of but 20 votes between the highest and lowest. Allowing for split tickets and personal votes, it appears that approximately 600 electors voted the ticket straight.

Vancouver is the commercial metropolis of the province. The immense financial and commercial interests of British Columbia centre here. A no inconsiderable portion of its population belongs to the trading class. All of the thousand and one baneful influences that flow from the traffic in the plunder of the working class are felt here in full force. All the pressure that can be brought to bear upon the slaves of capital is in evidence. A powerful press is continually playing upon such strings as tend to arouse the fear, the passion or the prejudice of the unsuspecting working-man, in order to hold him aloof from such action as might threaten the hold of the master class upon him.

The workers of Vancouver are employed in numerous industries, no large number being brought together in any one. A consequence of this is that they do not get into such close touch with each other as in the case of, for instance, a mining or smelting town where all work in one industry, and often for a single concern. Under such circumstances the task of converting them to a recognition of their class interests and marshalling them for the conquest of the necessary power to secure those interests, is no easy task. A multitude of bourgeois prejudices must be set at defiance and reform and reaction fought at every step if the banner of the revolution is to be unfurled amid such surroundings. That the banner has been unfurled was demonstrated by the 600 straight Socialist votes polled in the city. That 600 men could not be shaken in their faith in, and allegiance to, the cause of Labour in the face of all the pressure that unlimited coin and instituted lying, chicanery, threat and deceit could bring to bear upon them speaks volumes for their grasp of the labour move-

ment and knowledge of the action necessary to strike the shackles from the limbs of the wage-slaves.

Three years ago the vote for the two Socialist candidates, Mortimer and Stebbings, was about 1,300 and 900 respectively. Of these about 100 were straight votes. Of those cast for the candidates on February 2, close on 600 were straight. A like increase during the next three years would place Vancouver in the Socialist column. This can be accomplished if there be no wavering from the policy and line of action followed during the past three years. It is the only policy and line of action that can win out for the proletariat under any circumstances.

Take it all around, the outlook for the revolutionary movement of the proletariat in British Columbia is excellent. The outcome of the recent campaign can bring naught but cheer to the heart of the soldier in the army of emancipation who has any conception of the task in hand and the obstacles to be overcome in its accomplishment.

The triumph of capitalism was evidenced in British Columbia by the result of the elections, the true political expression of capitalist property—the Conservative Party—having been returned with a larger majority than three and a half years ago. That peculiar aggregation termed the Liberal Party, has been put out of business, let us hope, for ever. This for the simple reason that it had no mission. There is no room for a party in British Columbia between Socialism and capitalism. While the Liberals will, perhaps, have a greater representation at Victoria than the Socialists for the present term, everything goes to show that the Socialist Party is to be the second party in future in this province.

Regarding the results from a provincial standpoint, the Socialists have much to encourage and enthuse them.

In Vancouver City, for the first time in the history of the Socialist Party, it was possible to obtain a true expression of the economic intelligence of the working class. All the political factions were represented, and every voter this time could vote for what he thought he wanted. The remarkable feature of the Socialist vote is its genuineness—only a few votes difference between the highest and lowest candidate. From this data alone can future comparisons be made. There can be no doubt either as to how little stock the workers of British Columbia will take in any movement purporting to voice their interests masquerading under various labels.

The political field has at last been clarified—even in Vancouver. The Socialist Party has triumphed.

With the so-called Liberal Party broken up and routed, and the entire abolition of union fragments of both capitalist parties, the Socialists should rejoice. They must get right down to business (the next campaign was opened in Vancouver last Sunday night with a rousing packed meeting in Grand Theatre) and never let up until the mission of our party has been achieved.

## THE GLASS BLOWERS.

In the month of September last there was held at Albi the Eleventh Congress of Glass Blowers. MM. Leon and Maurice Bonneff wrote shortly afterwards a remarkable article on the subject in "La Nouvelle Revue." It was full of facts, and is a remarkable illustration of what they call "a real workman's hell."

It is difficult to give more facts than they do, as they have so thoroughly exhausted the subject. I quoted their names because I shall have to quote a great deal from their interesting essay. It is well known what the glass industry is: how the matter is in a state of fusion, and is at a high temperature, and is contained in enormous crucibles. The workman watches through holes, by which the liquid glass will come out in a condition of white heat, so dazzling that it must not be looked at. This is why the eyesight of these workers is often bad, and in some cases they have become quite blind.

Then the tube is plunged in the furnace; it comes out in the form of a luminous ball, which the glass blower blows lightly to spread it, and thus forms in many different ways various kinds of bottles.

For window-glass the method is different. The basins in which this glass is melted are very large. The workman, with one grasp, picks up a ball of glass in a state of fusion, which weighs from 15 to 20 kilogrammes (30 to 40 lbs.). In order to stretch it, he balances it at the end of his tube in troughs, which are about 4 metres in depth.

The glass balanced is then blown, and one can imagine the considerable effort needed by the workman to extend and render cylindrical such a heavy and compact mass of window glass.

In the making of bottles the temperature is one of 400°. In window-glass it is so intolerable that in summer many glass-blowers cannot stand it, and must hastily leave the workshop. In all the factories for window-glass in the North of France most workmen have had burns on their faces and on their arms.

Sometimes, even if one stays a second near an oven it leaves on the eyelids, and on the cheeks, indelible traces. "No pen could depict the work before the furnaces," writes Raoul Haucart, the treasurer of the National Federation of Glass Workers. "In summer, when we have 'the bad wind' which sends back the flames or the smoke, the outside air no longer cools the heavy atmosphere of the workshop. After an hour all the places are deserted."

This does not come quick enough; often the terrible blow of heat comes instantly. The blow of heat is cerebral hæmorrhage, overpowering, striking the worker down in front of the furnace, killing him at the foot of this hell.

All those who fall, struck down at their work, do not die; some remain mad, others must leave their profession, because when seeing flaring basins they faint or reel. That is not all. By blowing glass constantly the cheeks of the worker break, the tissues give way, the nerves break. All glass-blowers have "broken cheeks." But, in addition, their respiratory apparatus breaks also. The effort of always blowing very hard becomes deadly when it is necessary to impress on the glass, which is getting cold and will not receive the impress, the deep folds or the reliefs of an ornamental mould, and soon exhausts the worker, who is also exposed to sudden changes of temperature when he leaves the workshop, and then the glass-blower becomes liable to bronchitis. A poor devil stricken by tuberculosis, even if he be liable to that disease, might perhaps live for a month in a glass factory, but that hell kills the weak at once, though they help to contaminate the living by means of the blowing tube.

The tube, by the very necessity of the case, passes, without interruption, from mouth to mouth, and gives rise to crevices and numerous scratches in the lips; it is a perfect means of contamination. Venereal disease by this means is quickly propagated among the glass-blowers. If a worker has this plague, all his mates run a great risk of being infected. 180 glass-blowers of Rive-de-Gier were recently sent to Coventry by the population, treated as lepers, driven from the cafés and the barbers, because they were suspected of being contaminated by the disease.

This professional venereal disease of the glass-blowers has been declared "an accident" by two judgments of the courts, which were upheld on appeal, and, as such, are cases to be dealt with by the law of 1898. But no efficacious scheme has yet been devised to protect the glass-blowers against this terrible disease.

In this trade there are no old men. According to statistics laid before the Congress of Rive de Gier, in 1905, by Raoul Haucart, it follows that if old age pensions are granted at the age of 65, then 94 per cent. of glass-blowers will never receive them.

Do they at all events earn good wages if they die so quickly? The masters make a great noise, and say that they pay their workers exorbitant wages. No. With the exception of some blowers of window-glass, who are well paid, but who form a very small minority (one out of a thousand workers), the wages are as follows :—

Window-glass : The man who takes up the glass, 6 f. a day ; his boy, 2 f. ; the stretcher, 9 f. ; the cutter, 5 f. ; the melter, 4 f. ; the warehouseman, 4 f. to 5 f. ; the labourer, 2 f. 50 c.

Bottles (black) : Blower, 7 f. to 8 f. ; his mate, 4 f. 50 c. to 5 f. ; the man who takes up the glass, 3 f. ; porters, 1 f. 50 c.

Bottles (white) : Opener, 8 f. to 9 f. ; blower, 6 f. to 7 f. ; his mate, 4 f. to 5 f.

In all the glass factories the ovens shut for two months a year, on an average. The men are out of work for that time, and this, of course, reduces wages. What struggles, what heroic strikes have had to be undergone before these wages have been secured! How the men have been exploited and starved! It would take too long to retail the story here.

It is remarkable that many of these strikes have been due to the abuses of the truck system. This is a plan which forces the worker to buy his food, etc., from a shop kept by the master. All the glass-blowers in Normandy struck in 1905 against the truck system, which made them serfs bound to the factory. There were some of them who for *15 years had never received any money for their work.*

In the intervals from one pay day to another, the master's shop had absorbed all their salary, and even more. There are cases where the worker, without having received a penny, ends by owing money to his master.

At Clanet (Vosges) this system prevails, and a father and son, in 1899, received at the end of the month, a half-penny in money. At Tourouvre (Orne), the employer pays his men, not in money, but in metal checks, and the shopkeepers of the village take them in exchange as money ; but a check for a frank is only worth 85 c.—i.e., there is a loss of 1½d. The reason is that the employer will only take the checks back at a discount of 10 per cent. And thus the worker gets 15 per cent. off his salary.

When a workman wants some ready-money on a Sunday, then the shopkeepers will give him 1 f. 50 c. for checks of 2 f. More discount!

If there is sickness, and the doctor is wanted, then the employer will advance 2 f., but out of kindness ; the worker is debited with 3 f. Truck system again! The factory where this is done is at Martaineville (Somme).

There is a Bill before the Chamber prohibiting this system ; it has been put a stop to in several places by strikes, but it prevails, however, nearly everywhere.

I cannot conclude better than by quoting a page from MM. Leon and Maurice Bonneff relating to child labour :—

"Never, they write, shall we forget the visit which we made unexpectedly to a glass factory near Paris. It was just after midnight. The ovens were in full activity; we could see the shadows of the workers cast on the walls. Men half naked, covered with sweat, were turning their tubes round, which had balls of fire at their ends. The place seemed to be full of moving stars. The intense heat drove us to the doors; near us there were children running silently and quickly. They carried pieces of glass, cold tubes, pails of water heavier than themselves. We stopped one as he passed; he had short trousers, a bandage was round his swollen cheeks, his eyes looked tired, and his face looked like that of an old man. We wanted to know his age. For a long time he refused to tell us, for he had learned his lesson, and was afraid to speak the truth. At last he told us in a low voice he was not yet *nine* years old."

Nine years old! What wretchedness! What a shame! What a crime!

HENRI GEROULE in "L'Humanité."
(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

## THE WHOLESALE MAIMING AND KILLING OF WORKERS IN AMERICA.

Mr. Clarence H. Marks, of the New York Charity Organisation Society, writes an article entitled "The Industrial Scrap Heap," in the "American Federationist." The facts and figures that it gives are simply appalling. The following is a somewhat lengthy extract:—

Of the 29,000,000 wage-earners in this country, the majority are toiling in the mills, factories and mines, and not on the farms, or even in the offices. The artisan has become dependent almost entirely upon machinery for his daily bread; he no longer owns his own tools, but has become a cog in the machinery of industry, and now makes one-sixtieth part of a shoe, whereas formerly he made the whole.

The cost of production has been reduced to a science—the principle that it is easier and cheaper to conduct a large business rather than a small one now dominates our industrial life. The individual has become almost an atom in the condensation of productive power. By cost of production is meant the combined cost of raw material, labour, and such like. The successful purchasing agent must know how to buy material at the lowest prices, and the successful employment superintendent must know how to manipulate labour on the closest possible margin, for labour is the largest item in the cost of production.

How many people know that over half a-million wage-earners are annually killed or injured in industry in the United States alone? The speed with which we have been moving industrially has blinded us to the sacrifice of human life and the resulting loss in productive power. The "dump" created by the mills, factories, and railroads, has for years been growing, but the killed or crippled artisan thrown thereon by a profligate system of production has long been considered as mere human tailings—worthless and unworkable. Expressed otherwise, it means that when a man, woman, or a child, has been maimed or killed in the mill or factory, the innocent sufferer has been turned out to join the ranks

of those similarly situated, and sooner or later to drift into charity's niggardly maw, after being denied the right to earn a living. Hence, the negligent and profligate methods of the days of '49 and '81, when rich mineral was allowed to remain unused, are being duplicated on a vast scale in the industrial world of a later day. In those days men got rich quick at the expense of nature, who is a patient sufferer. To-day it would seem that the pioneers of a new industrial era are enriching themselves by wasteful use of the energies of men, women, and children, only to cast them upon the waste-heap when they are killed, injured, or worn out in the fierce struggle for a livelihood. They, too, have been patient sufferers. It remains to be seen how long they will bear the burden.

Looking a little closer at the modern industrial waste-heap, let us examine its component parts. Of what it is made and from what sources is it created? By tracing the questions of accidents in industry, as they have been investigated at home and abroad, we find that the five great industries, railroading, manufacturing, mining, building, and construction and agriculture, are the main contributors. The steam railroads in the United States annually maim and kill 100,000 employees and passengers, about 15 per cent. of which number are killed. The factories and mills conservatively add 225,000 to the list annually. With the rush of building and construction, it is not surprising to find that over 235,000 are derived from this source. John Mitchell has estimated the loss in mining at 12,000 lives yearly, this number being based on incomplete reports of only 15 of the 30 mining States. To complete the list, agriculture adds over 9,000 accidents, resulting largely from the introduction of modern machinery.

In this way the grand total of the injured and killed amounts to over 575,000. These figures are based on the best authorities in the United States, on the thorough studies of the accident question made in Germany, France, Switzerland, and other foreign countries, and upon investigations in the large industrial centres among us. They are admittedly incomplete, and it is believed that, were a complete census of accidents taken, the real number would exceed the above total many fold.

The productive power lying dormant upon the industrial waste-heap is arrived at by comparative statistics, and by actual experiments in re-establishing the injured artisan, as carried on in New York and Chicago. It has been found, for instance, that about 40 per cent. of industry's cripples possess a certain earning power, but under present conditions employers do not hire cripples, though they might do some things well. The increased liability to accident is the main reason for this discrimination.

It is apparent, therefore, that the partially and totally disabled are not re-established in other lines of employment. Fifteen per cent. are killed and the remainder, or about five hundred thousand, are compelled to fight a one-sided battle for existence, or give up

the struggle as hopeless, for those who can are denied the right to work. This modern "Slaughter of the Innocents" constitutes one of the saddest blots upon our nation's fair name.

Unconsciously, the industrial system accountable for this slaughter is also forced to meet the economic loss. Considering that the average annual wage of the artisan is $500, the loss in earning power is something like $250,000,000 yearly. In addition to this, it is safe to say that the loss in production, through enforced idleness, is twice the above sum. So the industrial scheme must bear this burden and attempt to save the waste in other ways—by raising the price of food stuffs and rent, and by reducing the wage scale, or at best, increasing the latter but slightly. As a matter of fact, inflation of prices and other methods are false palliatives, and only tend to confuse the real issue.

But the above loss is only a part of the evil resulting from the creation of industry's waste heap. If its half-million integral parts are not re-established—and there is little chance that they will be — they must sooner or latter become public charges—forced into poverty. And here again the economic loss is terrifying if they are driven into poverty as they are every day. We know that it costs $6,000 to support a pauper throughout his natural lifetime. This means that by crippling and killing a half million wage-earners annually, over *one and a-half billion dollars* must be paid for their support during their natural lifetime. Unconsciously again, the employer and the philanthropist, to say nothing of the general public, help to bear this heavy burden by an increased tax rate.

The economic loss is appalling enough, but the cost in misery and suffering, the demoralisation of the home, the enforced poverty and the loss of self-respect—in a word, the social loss—cannot be estimated for the present, nor as to the effects upon future generations.

As a nation of greedy toilers, in search of the almighty dollar, we have not yet awakened to the enormity of the slaughtering process going on all about us. The fact that 11 per cent. of all the paupers in the United States have been reduced to dependence through needless accidents is either generally unknown or not considered in the rush for gain. The fact that fully 2,000,000 people—wage-earners and their dependent families—are annually crowded to the verge of poverty, and that a large percentage are actually forced into the abyss through accidents that might largely have been prevented, is only beginning to awaken an interest among thoughtful men and women in this country. In itself this deplorable condition is a sad commentary on our national morals, in defence of which we arose en masse a generation ago to free the black slaves, but by which we are not now actuated to free this modern host, who are none the less slaves to machinery and the prevailing industrial system.

# THE REVIEWS.

## A DEFENCE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Right Hon. Earl of Dunraven writes in this month's "Nineteenth Century and After," a defence of the House of Lords. He says :—

Judging by platform speeches, the exuberant utterances of popular orators, and the more measured complaints of statesmen and politicians capable of exercising some self-control, the charge against the House of Lords resolves itself into the expression of the two following opinions : First, that it is outrageous that the will of the people as expressed in the branch of the legislature elected by the people should be overruled by the branch of the legislature that is composed of hereditary scions of "an effete aristocracy" ; second, that, owing to the predominance of one of the great political parties in the House of Lords, legislation is easy when that party has a majority in the House of Commons, and difficult when it has not. There are three distinct counts in this indictment—namely, first that the body overruling the will of the people is an incompetent body ; second, that the will of the people is overruled by any body ; and third, that the political complexion of the existing body is overpoweringly Conservative. Let us examine into these points.

As to the personnel of the House of Lords and the qualifications which its members may claim to possess as legislators, the case against them has been thus stated by a Cabinet Minister with remarkable force. Speaking with all the weight and authority attaching to his exalted position, and presumably with a full sense of his consequent responsibility, the President of the Board of Trade said at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on January 23 last :— "What was the use of Liberal enterprise if the work of Liberalism was to be frustrated by a House chosen by nobody, which was representative of nobody, and which was accountable to nobody?

He hoped that, now they had begun to ask that question, they would insist upon an answer. . . . . The House of Lords was the refuge and hope of all the forces that stood between the people and the harvest. Legalised greed and social selfishness in every shape and form had their bodyguard in the Peers." It is quite unnecessary to question the accuracy or good taste of Mr. Lloyd George's opinion that "legalised greed and social selfishness" are the actuating principles of the House of Lords; but, though admitting, of course, that the Peers are "chosen by nobody" in the sense that they are not elected by the people, I directly traverse the statement that they are "representative of nobody," and are "accountable to nobody." Of what elements is the House of Lords composed? There are about six hundred peers eligible to take their seats. This body contains 172 members who have held office under the State exclusive of Household appointments, 166 who have sat in the House of Commons, 140 who are, or have been, mayors or county councillors, about forty who are members of the legal profession, and about the same number of men eminent in art, science, letters, invention, manufacture, and trade, 207 have served, or are serving, in the Army or Navy. Furthermore, it must be added that, in addition to those who have acquired merit and knowledge as chairmen of railway companies, and in other positions of an analogous character, the great majority have developed business habits, and have derived valuable experience of men and matters in the management of large estates and complicated affairs.

. . . . . .

The second count in the indictment is that the will of the people, as expressed in the elected Chamber, is overruled. That opens up two questions—the desirability of a Second Chamber, and the extent to which public opinion is reflected in the Commons' House of Parliament, and in the legislative proposals of the Cabinet.

On the first point, argument is perhaps superfluous. Unquestionably the whole consensus of educated opinion in the United Kingdom is in favour of a Second Chamber; the principle has been approved and adopted in our great self-governing colonies, in the United States, and, in fact, throughout the world wherever democratic systems obtain; the belief in the necessity of a revising Chamber in order to ensure that the permanent opinion of the people may receive adequate expression is practically universal.

. . . . . .

The necessity of a Second Chamber is recognised by all democratic communities, whether under a monarchical or republican form of rules, and the functions, duties, and powers appertaining to it are determined by the mere fact of its existence. A

Second Chamber exactly reflecting the opinion and expressing the voice of the First Chamber would be a gross absurdity. To justify its existence, it must exercise the function of revision ; it must ensure that the sober, well-considered wishes of the people prevail ; it must act as the flywheel or governor of the legislative machine. This is the function which Second Chambers discharge throughout the world—in Republics such as France and the United States, and throughout the British Empire, under a monarchical régime. A Second Chamber always saying ditto to the First Chamber would exercise no check on ill-considered proposals, and would be merely a ridiculous fly upon the legislative wheel.

. . . . . .

The origin of the clamour that the House of Lords must be ended or mended is to be found in the fact that Radical leaders fear lest the good sense of the people will revolt against Radical promises when put into concrete shape and held in suspense long enough for the nation to consider them. The more reasonable members of the party urge amendment of the House, but the larger section are impatient with half measures and claim that this check upon ill-considered and partially-considered legislation should be entirely swept away, leaving the affairs of the Empire, and not merely of the United Kingdom, at the mercy of the passing mood of a narrow majority of the electors of the United Kingdom. The ending of the House of Lords is desired not in the permanent interest of the community, but in the temporary interest of one political party, who suspect that their theories do not commend themselves to the mature judgment of the people.

## FAILURE OF INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION IN NEW YORK STATE.

The American "Yale Review" has to confess that industrial arbitration is a failure. In a lengthy article by Mr. George Gorham Groat, on "Industrial Arbitration in New York State," the following facts are given. Speaking of the New York State Arbitration Board, he says :—

It is obvious that the board has been obliged to intervene of its own motion in the vast majority of cases. For 15 years (1886-1900) the board acted on 409 cases. The intervention was upon request from employers in 16 cases (4 per cent.) ; from labourers in 34 cases (8½ per cent.) ; from both parties in 8 cases (2 per cent.) ; and of the board's own motion in 351 cases (86 per cent.) In the total of 409 cases, the action resulted in failure in 135 cases (38 per cent.) ; and a settlement was reached (presumably

through the efforts of the board), in 119 cases (29 per cent.) During the same period of 15 years there were recorded in the State 6,189 strikes and lock-outs, of which the 409 cases of intervention were 6.6 per cent. Of the entire number of strikes and lock-outs in the State the Board secured settlements in 1.9 per cent. of the cases, while they actively intervened in 4.4 per cent. of the cases. The succeeding period of four years (1901-1904) shows net results as follows: The number of strikes and lock-outs recorded for this period was 599. The board intervened in 85 cases (14.2 per cent.), and secured settlement in 29 cases (4.8 per cent.). The board intervened of its own initiative in 69 cases (11.5 per cent.). In the other 16 cases (2.7 per cent.) request came from employers twice (.3 per cent.) and from the labourers 14 times (2.3 per cent.).

## THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

Mr. Paul Descours has an article under the above title in the March "Positivist Review." After recalling the events leading to the dissolution of the German Parliament, viz., the expenses of the Colonial policy of the Government, the attack of Bebel on the Government, and the defection of the Centre Party, which as a rule supports the Imperial policy, the writer says:—

The Chancellor, Prince von Buelow, in a letter intended to be used as a Government manifesto, wrote strongly against the combination of Socialists and Clericals (the Centre Party), which had defeated the Government, and this was translated by the Liberals and Conservatives into "Down with the Reds and the Blacks." As far as the Socialists (the Reds) were concerned, they suffered a bad defeat, for there were 79 Socialists in the old Chamber and there are only 43 in the new; but the Centre (the Blacks) are not shattered; there were 104 before, and there are 108 now.

There are a great many parties in Germany, and perhaps it will make matters clearer if I say a few words about each.

The Centre, which is represented by 108 members, out of a total of 397 members, is essentially a Catholic Party. It is admirably organised, each priest being an election agent. On most occasions it has supported the Government, especially in all demands that have been made for an increase in the Navy or the Army, and at times the Emperor has thanked its members for their intelligent care of great national interests. Its voting against the Government was particularly obnoxious to good Germans, who would almost have preferred the Reds to the Blacks. But it is as strong as before, and its organ, the "Ger-

mania," says that Prince Buelow, who said that he was glad the Centre had not been more successful, is like a man who having broken his legs feels thankful that he has not broken his arms too.

The National Liberals (says Mr. Descours) were 51 before and are now 56; the Radicals were 36 and now number 49; the Conservatives numbered 80 and there are now 86; the Agrarians were 15 and are now 23; and the Poles are 20 as compared with 16. These, with a few other deputies, constitute the present Reichstag. The writer then proceeds:—

The Socialists, as I have said, have lost 36 members, but they have not lost votes. In 1907 they secured 3,255,970 (at the first ballot), an increase of 245,199 above what they had received at the last election in June, 1903. But 1,421,000 more electors voted this year, and of this number 746,000 were cast for the "enemies" of the Empire—the Centre, the Socialists, and the Poles. The defeat of the Socialists was particularly marked in Saxony. In 1903 they had obtained 24 seats out of 26, and this year they only obtained 7. It must be said that there in 1903 they received the votes of many Liberals of the middle class who were dissatisfied with the Saxon Government, and accused the Crown Prince of having treated his wife badly.

In 1903, too, the main question before the electors was the Protectionist tariff, which had just been voted. The lower middle classes were angry at having to pay more for their food, and no doubt in many cases voted for the Socialists. The circumstances were, however, far different this year. It is quite true that owing to the Protectionist tariff food has become dearer, but trade at present is very flourishing in Germany, and wages have risen slightly; and it is an astonishing and unfortunate thing how easily people will pay taxes if only they are indirect, so that there is not much discontent on account of Protection. But, on the other hand, the Government Press made much of the fact that the Socialists were the enemies of the country—every vote given for them was a vote given to the enemy. So that, though the Socialist vote has increased by nearly a quarter of a million (245,199), yet many who voted for their cadidates before did not do so now, and it may well be argued, as "Vorwaerts" does, that the Socialists have increased their voting power by more than the apparent increase, when it is remembered that the 3,000,000 voters in 1903 must have included many who were not Socialists and who voted against them this time. It may be asked why the Centre did not lose members in the same proportion as the Socialists. But it must not be forgotten that the Centre is a clerical party, and that its candidates receive the support of the Catholic clergy, who in many country districts are still powerful, and the candidates of the Centre could say that in the past they had supported Imperial measures, and had even been thanked by the Emperor himself.

When all is considered, the Socialists have not done so badly. It must be remembered that the electoral districts were fixed in 1871, and have not been altered since. The large towns are under-represented, and the country districts are over-represented. The Socialists hold five out of the six seats of Berlin, all the three seats of Hamburg, and seats at Nurenberg, Stuttgart, Dresden, Hanover, Mainz, Munich, and Strasburg ; and they have had very unscrupulous foes to contend with.

The Chancellor in governing will not be able to rely on any party, but will have to try and govern by depending sometimes on the Conservatives and sometimes on the Liberals, and he will have a strong opposition to fight against.

The result of the elections resembles somewhat that of 1887, when, relying on the cry of the Fatherland in danger, Bismarck achieved a great victory, but this was followed by a check in 1890, and history may repeat itself.

I do not think that there is much fear of a Bill being brought in to do away with Manhood Suffrage, as the Centre would hardly agree to that, and we must not forget that even Austria has just adopted that system. If ever this was done there would certainly be serious trouble, and perhaps the German Emperor's wish "to crush his enemies under the hoofs of his horse" might not be realised.

## THROUGH THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

Mr. V. Hussey Walsh writes of personal experiences of the recent German elections in the "Fortnightly Review."

A Berlin Socialist meeting, he writes, has quite a character of its own. They know they can carry everything before them, and they are, therefore, less conciliatory to the opposition there than elsewhere. A meeting addressed by Herr Molkenbuhr, the late deputy for Elberfeld, was held in the second division. It was so crowded that the tables which generally remain in the room were all piled up at the back of the platform, so as to give more space. Herr Molkenbuhr spoke for an hour and a half, and hardly mentioned Socialism from start to finish. The dissolution of the Reichstag ; Prince von Buelow's letter to the "Reichsverband," or the "Imperial Association for combating Social-Democracy" ; the mismanagement of affairs in South-West Africa ; the poverty of the country ; the cost of the war, which already amounted to £20,000,000 ; the fact that each private in South-West Africa, involved an outlay of £500 a year ; the annual dividend, 115 per cent., paid by the army contractors to their shareholders ; the iniquities of the Reichsverband, which paid its speakers 50 marks a speech and stopped at no slander on Social-Democracy—

marks a speech, and stopped at no slander on Social-Democracy—all these arguments were followed by an eloquent peroration in which the orator asked his audience to look to the Socialist Commonwealth for the redress of their grievances. During the whole of the speech two policemen, one an officer and the other a sergeant, sat on the platform taking notes of any particularly controversial matter. When the speaker had finished, the chairman rang his bell and announced that the discussion was open. A young man, who described himself as an "apothecary's assistant," then made his way up to the platform amidst a certain amount of hisses and jeers. The chairman was, however, very anxious to get him a hearing, as he knew that in the event of a disturbance the police could clear the room. The speaker said he had not come there so much to fight Social-Democracy as International Socialism. One of the audience called out, "A nice piece of impertinence for a man like you to think of fighting Social-Democracy." The police-inspector then told the chairman that unless the interrupter left the room at once, he would close the meeting, which he could do in Prussia with the greatest ease; every man who resisted his authority being liable to a fine of 150 marks or a term of imprisonment varying from eight days to three months. The most remarkable feature of the meeting was the character of the audience, who are particularly respectable in Berlin. As the editor of a leading German paper observed to me: "Es sind ja keine Lumpen" ("They are not ragamuffins"). They are members of the middle-class, Government officials, and clerks, who, for one reason or another, are dissatisfied with existing conditions, object to the rise in the price of food or the stagnation of the salaries of Government officials. The same character ran through all the other meetings of the Socialist Party in Berlin.

# INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

## SWAMPING CANADA WITH CHEAP LABOUR.

Under the title of "How Canada is Filling Up," the March issue of "Chambers' Journal" says :—

The "Outlook," of New York, remarks that for the season of 1905-6 189,000 immigrants arrived in the Dominion, as compared with 146,000 during the season of 1904-5. During the twelve months which ended on September 30, 50,000 homesteaders went into Western Canada and possessed themselves of 12,500 square miles of farm land. Winnipeg is the clearing-house for most of this Western immigration; and in these days, when the 250,000,000 acres of wheat land in Canada are being so rapidly peopled by immigrants from Great Britain, from the United States, and from the older provinces of Canada, its position among the larger cities of the North American continent is unique. In the immigration season Winnipeg has a transient population of from 17,000 to 20,000, while as a result of the immigration of the last three or four years the city has now reached the 100,000 class. Other Western cities are increasing in population from the same cause; but of all the Canadian cities Winnipeg is perhaps the best from which to form an idea of what the filling up of the wheat-area of the Dominion means in the way of development. In Winnipeg the increase in population has been so great that the municipal equipment of the city is in arrears, and extraordinary exertions and large outlays are now being made to bring the water-supply, the sewerage system, and the street department up to the needs of the city. Even the railway companies, which are usually supposed to look far ahead, have found themselves behindhand and not quite ready for all the business—passenger and freight—which the rapid development of the prairie country is bringing to them. The new station of the Canadian Pacific

Railway Company at Winnipeg is, as a station, almost as magnificent as Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. It was opened before it was fully complete; it has already been found too small, and the building of an annexe is now to go on side by side with the completion of the main station. East of the city of Ottawa there is only a single track of rails, but the handling of the increasing grain crops—for the Canadian West now raises 85,000,000 bushels—has rendered necessary the double-tracking of the 400 miles of railway which lie between Winnipeg and Fort William, where most of the grain is transferred from cars to steamers for conveyance down the Great Lakes to Canadian and American ports. At the Annual Convention of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at Winnipeg, the association decided to begin a propaganda in Great Britain in the interest of the factories and workshops of the Dominion. This because the Government hitherto has only used propaganda for settling people on the land.

## THE UNEMPLOYED.

Our comrade Jack London, in his book, "War of the Classes," says:—"Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff tells the following story: 'Some of the bosses who were in need of added hands were obliged to turn men away because of physical incapacity. One instance of this I shall not soon forget. It was when I overheard, early one morning at a factory gate, an interview between a would-be labourer and the boss. I knew the applicant for a Russian Jew, who had at home an old mother, and a wife, and two young children to support. He had had intermittent employment throughout the winter in a sweater's den, barely enough to keep them all alive, and after the hardships of the cold season he was again in desperate straits for work. The boss had all but agreed to take him on for some sort of unskilled labour, when, struck by the cadaverous look of the man, he told him to bare his arm. Up went the sleeve of his coat and ragged flannel shirt, exposing a naked arm with the muscles nearly gone, and the blue-white transparent skin srtetched over sinews and the outlines of bones. Pitiful beyond words was his effort to give a semblence of strength to the biceps which rose faintly to the upward movement of the forearm. But the boss sent him off with an oath, and a contemptuous laugh, and I watched the fellow as he turned down the street, facing the fact of his starving family with a despair at his heart which only mortal man can feel and no mortal tongue can speak.' This story tells one of the most awful tragedies of capitalism—yet it is a thing of daily occurrence. The old men and the weak men are gradually being sifted out and forced into the ranks of the unemployed. This terrible filtration is going on to such an extent that a man trembles

for his job—which means his life—if a grey hair appears on his beard or he is seen to give way under a strain. Industry has been worked up to such a pitch that our masters can find more than enough young and strong and capable men for their needs. Advancing years means increasing unemployment. Woe unto the prematurely aged or crippled or those struck down by illness. And for the vast army of unemployed nothing is being done—and nothing is likely to be done unless they force the pace themselves."

## SALVATION AND SUICIDE.

In the publication "All the World," issued monthly by the Salvation Army, appears the following table giving the number of suicides in England and Wales:—

| Year. | Women. | Men. |
|---|---|---|
| 1890 | 570 | 1,635 |
| 1891 | 620 | 1,863 |
| 1892 | 676 | 1,907 |
| 1893 | 659 | 1,940 |
| 1894 | 677 | 2,052 |
| 1895 | 726 | 2,071 |
| 1896 | 677 | 1,976 |
| 1897 | 702 | 2,090 |
| 1898 | 711 | 2,166 |
| 1899 | 723 | 2,121 |
| 1900 | 730 | 2,166 |
| 1901 | 803 | 2,318 |
| 1902 | 807 | 2,460 |
| 1903 | 871 | 2,640 |
| 1904 | 822 | 2,523 |

In this connection the "Army" have started a scheme and established a Bureau where all who have suicidal intentions may apply—not to go further—but to endeavour to cure themselves. According to the statements made it has turned out a magnificent success—so much so that branches of the bureau are about to be opened in all parts of the kingdom—there must be a lot of intended suicides—with hopes of equal success. It is a shocking commentary on the present anarchical system that so many persons should be so distraught as to desire to end their lives. An analysis of the figures proves that the majority of suicide cases have been owing to commercial collapse, unemployment, etc.—things that Socialism would remedy. It is also sad to think that this reclamation business—as also the emigration fraud—should be left in the hands of that big sweating and financial concern, the Salvation Army.

## THE PASSING OF THE MIR.

The only part of Europe in which primitive communism remains is Russia, and last year the Russian Government, without legislation and without flourish of trumpets, overturned that primitive survival of barbarism, and launched one hundred million peasants npon the path of individualism. . . . It was brought about in the simplest manner. The St. Petersburg corresponeent of the "North American Review" says that the change was effected by what he calls a judicial fiction. The legal advisers of the Government held that when the serfs were emancipated in 1861, the Commune became a voluntary association; but it continued in existence until the entire redemption tax upon the land could be paid up. The peasants were collectively responsible for the payment of what we should call the purchase-money of their land; and so long as this payment was due the Communal tenure remained in force. The Czar having announced that the redemption tax would, after 1906, no longer be levied, the Mir, after 36 years, becomes a purely voluntary association, the peasant becomes the owner of freehold, and is emancipated from the arbitrary authority of the Mir, taking his place, for good or for ill, side by side with the other individualists of the world. What havoc this makes of the once popular theory that the Russian land tenure was destined to become as universal as the one Christian fraternal system existing in Europe! It is extraordinary that so momentous a change should be effected by what is practically a legal dodge.—"Review of Reviews."

## THE VENUS OF ILLE.

(*Conclusion.*)

The luncheon bell interrupted this classic conversation, and, as the day before, I had to eat enough for four. Then the farmers of M. de Peyrehorade came, and, whilst he was receiving them, his son took me to show me a landau which he had bought at Toulouse for his betrothed, and which I necessarily admired. Then he took me into his stable, where he kept me for half-an-hour admiring his horses, telling me their pedigree, and letting me know the prizes they had won in the races of the Department. Finally, he began to speak of his betrothed, just after he had praised a grey mare which she was to ride.

"We shall see her to-day," he said. "I do not know if you will think her pretty. You are difficult to please in Paris, but every one here, and at Perpignan, think she is charming. The best of it is that she is very rich. Her aunt at Prades has left her all her property. Oh! I shall be very happy."

I was very shocked to see a young man thinking more of the dowry than of the charms of his betrothed.

"You are a judge of jewels," continued M. Alphonse, "what do you think of this? This is the ring which I shall give her to-morrow."

He then drew off from his little finger a thick ring adorned with diamonds, and having on it two joined hands, an allusion which appeared to me to be very poetical. It was old, but I thought it had been altered by the diamonds being added. In the inner circle of the ring there were these words in Gothic letters "Sempr' ab ti," that is to say, "Always with thee."

"It is a pretty ring," I said to him, "but these added diamonds rather jar with it."

"Oh! It is much finer like that," he replied smilingly. "The diamonds are worth £48. My mother gave it to me. It was a family jewel—very old, mediæval. It had belonged to my grand-

mother who had it from her grandmother. God knows when it was made."

"The custom in Paris," I said to him, "is to give a very simple ring, generally made of two different metals such as gold and platinum. There, that other ring, which you have on, would do very well! This one with its diamonds, and its hands in relief, is so big that you could not put a glove over it."

"Oh! Madame Alphonse will do what she likes. I think that she will be very pleased to have it. £48 on her fingers is rather nice. That little ring," he added, smiling at the plain ring which he wore on his hand, "that one was given to me by a girl in Paris on a Shrove Tuesday. Ah! I had a fine time of it at Paris two years ago. That is the place for pleasure." And he sighed with a regretful air.

We had to dine that day at Puygarrig with the parents of the betrothed. We went in a landau, and so to the house, which was about five miles from Ille. I was presented, and received like the friend of the family. I shall not speak about the dinner, nor about the conversation which followed, and in which I hardly joined. M. Alphonse, sitting next to his betrothed, whispered a word in her ear every quarter of an hour. As for her, she hardly lifted her eyes; and each time that her future husband spoke to her she modestly blushed, but answered him without embarrassment.

Mlle. de Puygarrig was eighteen; her flexible and delicate waist formed a strange contrast with the sinewy frame of her athletic betrothed. She was not only beautiful, but bewitching. I admired the perfect naturalness of all her answers, and her air of goodness, which yet had a kind of malice in it, recalled to me, in spite of myself, the Venus of my host. In the comparison which I made I asked myself if the superiority of beauty which I was compelled to assign to the statue was not due, in a high degree, to its tiger-like expression; for energy, even in bad passions, always excites in us astonishment and a kind of involuntary admiration.

"What a pity," I said to myself on leaving Puygarrig, "that such a nice girl should be so rich, and that a man so unworthy of her is only marrying her for her money."

Coming back to Ille, and not knowing what to say to Mme. de Peyrehorade, to whom I thought I ought to speak sometimes, I said, "You are not superstitious in Roussillon, as you are celebrating a marriage on a Friday. In Paris we should never dare to do so on that day."

"Good gracious! don't speak about it," she said to me; "if it had only rested with me another day would have been chosen. But Peyrehorade wished it, and we had to give way. Yet it worries me. Suppose anything went wrong! There must be a reason, for why otherwise is everybody afraid of Friday?"

"Friday," said her husband, "that is the day of Venus!* That

*i.e., Vendredi=dies Veneris.—J. B.

is a good day for a wedding! You see, my dear colleague, I think of nothing but my Venus. I give you my word of honour that is the reason why I have chosen Friday. To-morrow if you like, before the wedding, we will offer a sacrifice to her; we will immolate two doves, and if I knew where to find incense——"

"For shame, Peyrehorade!" said his wife, who was quite scandalised. "To incense an idol! It would be a sacrilege! What would they say about us in the district?"

"At all events," said M. de Peyrehorade, "you will allow me to put on her head a crown of roses and lilies.

MANIBUS DATE LILIA PLENIS.

You see, sir, the charter has been passed in vain. We have not got religious liberty!"

The arrangements for the next day were settled in the following manner. Everyone must be ready and dressed at ten o'clock in the morning precisely. After drinking chocolate, we should go by carriage to Puygarrig. The civil marriage was to take place at the village hall and the religious ceremony in the chapel of the mansion. Then the wedding breakfast. After this everyone could pass the time as he pleased till seven o'clock in the evening. Then everybody was to go back to Ille, where M. de Peyrehorade would entertain the party. As they could not dance they would eat as much as possible.

At eight o'clock in the morning I sat down in front of the Venus, pencil in hand, trying in vain at least twenty times to get her expression. M. de Peyrehorade came and went near me, gave me advice, repeated his Phœnician etymologies, then placed Bengal roses at the foot of the statue, and in a tragic-comic tone addressed vows to her on behalf of the couple about to be married, and who were going to live under his roof. About nine o'clock he went in to dress, and at the same time M. Alphonse appeared wearing a new dress suit, having white gloves, patent leather shoes, pretty buttons and a rose in his button hole.

"You will take my wife's portrait," said he to me, looking at my drawing. "She is pretty, too." At that moment a match began on the tennis ground of which I have spoken, which at once drew the attention of M. Alphonse. And I, tired and despairing of getting the expression of that diabolical figure, left my drawing to look at the players. There were amongst them some Spanish mule drivers who had arrived the previous day. They came from Aragon and Navarre, and were nearly all marvellously skilful. So the people of Ille, though encouraged by the presence and by the advice of M. Alphonse, were quickly defeated by these new champions. The French spectators were in despair. M. Alphonse looked at his watch, it was only half-past nine, his mother had not got her hair done yet. He no longer hesitated, he took off his coat, asked for a racquet and defied the Spaniards. I looked at him and smiled, as I was rather astonished.

"I must work for the honour of my own place," he said.

Then I really thought he looked manly, he was much in earnest. His appearance, about which he was so anxious recently, no longer troubled him. Some few minutes before he had feared to turn his head lest he should spoil his tie. Now he no longer thought about his curly hair nor about his well-ironed shirt. And his betrothed? Really, if that had been necessary, I think he would have put off the wedding. I saw him hurriedly put on a pair of sandals, turn up his sleeves and place himself with an assured air at the head of the conquered side, like Cæsar rallying his legions at Dyvrachium. I jumped over the hedge and stood comfortably under a tree so as to be able to see both sides.

Contrary to the general expectation M. Alphonse missed the first ball; it is true that it came very near the ground, and was thrown with surprising strength by an Aragonese who appeared to be the leader of the Spaniards.

He was a man of about forty, thin and wiry, six feet high, and his olive-coloured skin was nearly as dark as the bronze of the Venus.

M. Alphonse threw his racquet on the ground.

"It is that diamond ring," he cried, "which pinches my finger and makes me miss the ball." He took off, not without trouble, his diamond ring. I came near to take it, but he waived me aside, ran to the Venus and put the ring on the third finger of her hand. Then he went back to the game.

He was pale, but calm and resolved. Henceforth he played without making a single mistake, and the Spaniards were completely beaten. The enthusiasm of the spectators was a fine thing to see, some uttered a thousand cries of joy, throwing their caps in the air; others pressed his hands calling him the honour of the country. If he had driven back an invading army I do not think he would have received warmer or sincerer thanks. The grief of the vanquished seemed to add greatly to the joy of the victors.

"We shall play other games, my good fellow," said he to the Aragonese in a tone of superiority, "but I will give you some points."

I should have liked M. Alphonse to be more modest, and I was almost hurt at the humiliation of his rival.

The Spanish giant felt this insult deeply. I saw him grow pale beneath his dark skin. He looked at his racquet in a gloomy way, and clenched his teeth, then in a gruff voice he murmured, "Me lo pagarás."

The voice of M. de Peyrehorade broke up the triumph of his son. My host, much astonished at not finding his son superintending the harnessing of the new carriage, was still more surprised at seeing him in a state of perspiration and holding his racquet in his hand.

M. Alphonse rushed indoors, washed his face and hands, put on again his new coat and his patent leather shoes, and five minutes afterwards we were going at a rapid trot on the road to Puygarrig. All the tennis players of the town, and many spectators followed us uttering cries of joy. Our prancing horses could hardly go quicker than those intrepid Catalans.

We were at Puygarrig, and the procession was getting ready to go to the hall, when M. Alphonse, striking his forehead, said to me in a low voice:—

"Here is a pretty pickle! I have forgotten the ring. It is on the finger of Venus, whom may the devil carry off! Don't, whatever you do, tell my mother. Perhaps she will not notice anything."

"You might send someone," I said.

"Bah! My servant remained at Ille. As for the men here, I do not trust them. £48 worth of diamonds would tempt a good many people. Besides, what would people think of me? They would laugh at me; they would call me the husband of the statue. I hope no one will steal it! Fortunately, the idol frightens my rascals. They dare not approach it by an arm's length. It is of no consequence, for I have another ring!"

The two ceremonies—the civil and religious marriages—took place with befitting pomp, and Mlle. de Puygarrig received the ring of a Parisian milliner without knowing that her husband was giving her a lover's token. Then we sat down to table, where we ate, drank, and even sang, all at great length. I felt awkward for the lady at hearing the jokes, but she endured them better than I could have hoped, and her embarrassment was neither awkward nor affected.

Perhaps courage comes with difficult situations.

When the breakfast was over in God's own good time it was four o'clock. The men went for a walk in the beautiful park or looked at the peasants of Puygarrig, clothed in their best garments, dancing on the lawn of the mansion. In that way we got through some hours. Meanwhile the women were gathered round the bride, who made them admire her wedding presents. Then she changed her dress, and I noticed that she hid her beautiful hair under a cap and a hat with feathers, for women are always in a hurry to wear as soon as they can things which custom does not permit them to put on when they are unmarried.

It was nearly eight o'clock when we set out for Ille. But first of all there was a pathetic scene. The aunt of Mlle. de Puygarrig, who had been to her as a mother, and who was a very old and a very devout woman, was not going with us to the town. When we set out she delivered a very touching sermon to her niece on her duties as a wife, and this homily gave rise to torrents of tears and endless embraces. M. de Peyrehorade compared this separation to the Rape of the Sabines. Yet we did get away, and during the journey

each one tried to enliven the bride and to make her laugh, but it was in vain.

At Ille supper was waiting for us, and what a supper! If the hearty joy of the morning had shocked me, I was much more scandalised at the jokes and at the remarks addressed to the bridegroom and especially to the bride. The bridegroom, who had disappeared for a moment before sitting down to table, was pale and terribly serious. He drank constantly old Collioure wine almost as strong as brandy. I was sitting next to him, and I thought that I ought to warn him.

"Take care! they say that wine . . . ." (I really do not remember what nonsense I said in order to imitate the other guests).

He touched my knee and said to me in a low voice:

"When we rise from table I want to say a word or two to you."

His solemn air astonished me. I looked at him more closely and I noticed the strange change in his features.

"Don't you feel well?" I asked him.

"No."

And he went on drinking.

Meanwhile, in the midst of cries and clappings of hands a child of eleven years of age had slipped under the table and was showing to the guests a pretty white and red ribbon which he had just cut off from the ankle of the bride. They call that the garter. It was at once cut into pieces and given away to the young men, who wore them as favours in their buttonholes, this being in accordance with an old custom which still prevails in some few patriarchal families. This made the bride blush right up to the whites of her eyes. But her confusion became greater when M. de Peyrehorade, after appealing for silence, sang a few "Catalan" verses composed, he said, on the spur of the moment. Here is the meaning if I understand them.

"What is the matter, my friend? The wine which I have drank makes me see double? There are two Venuses here. . . . ."

The bridegroom turned his head suddenly in a frightened way which made everybody laugh.

"Yes," continued M. de Peyrehorade, "there are two Venuses under my roof. One I found in the ground like a truffle, the other has come from Heaven, and has just given us her girdle."

He wished to say her garter.

"My son, choose either the Roman or the Catalan Venus, whichever you prefer. The fellow takes the Catalan and he has chosen the better one of the two. The Roman one is black, and the Catalan is fair. The Roman is cold, and the Catalan sets on fire all those who come near to her."

This ending gave rise to so many cheers, such clapping of hands, such hearty laughter that I thought the ceiling was going

to fall on our heads. Round the table there were only three serious faces, those of the married pair and mine. I had a bad headache, and then I did not know why a marriage should make me sad. I must add that this one rather disgusted me.

The last verses had been sung by the Deputy-Mayor, and I must say that they were very free. Then we went into the drawing-room in order to see the bride go away, for she was going to be taken to her room as it was nearly midnight.

M. Alphonse drew me near a window, and said to me, averting his eyes:

"You will laugh at me, but I do not know what has happened to me. I am—I am bewitched! May the devil take me away if I am not."

The first idea that came into my head was that he thought he was threatened by one of those misfortunes which Montaigne and Mme. de Sévigné relate: "All the world of love is full of tragic histories," etc.

I said to myself that I thought that these kind of accidents only happened to intelligent people.

"You have drank too much Collioure wine, my dear M. Alphonse," I said to him. "I warned you."

"Yes, perhaps. But it is something much more terrible."

His voice was broken; I thought he was quite drunk.

"You know about my ring?" he added after a pause.

"Well—someone has stolen it?"

"No."

"Then you have got it?"

"No. I cannot get it off the finger of that she-devil Venus."

"Get along with you, you did not pull strong enough."

"Yes I did, but the Venus drew back her finger."

He looked at me with a strange look, leaning against the casement so as not to fall.

"What a story!" I said to him. "You pushed the ring too far back. To-morrow you will get it with pincers. But take care not to spoil the statue."

"No, I tell you. Venus pulled her finger back, she folded it back, do you understand? She is apparently my wife since I have given her my ring. She will not give it back."

I suddenly shivered, and for a short time I was in a great fright. Then, as he sighed and I smelt his breath laden with the smell of wine, all my emotion disappeared. The wretch, I thought, is completely drunk.

"You are an antiquary, sir," added the bridegroom in a sad voice, "you understand these statues. Perhaps there is some spring, some devilry of which I am ignorant. Won't you go and see."

"Willingly," I said. "Come with me."

"No. I would rather that you went there alone."

I left the drawing-room.

The weather had changed during the supper and the rain began to fall in torrents. I was going to ask for an umbrella, when, thinking about the matter, I stopped. "I should be a great fool," said I to myself, "if I went to see whether what a drunkard has told me is true. Besides, perhaps he has wanted to play some wicked jest in order to laugh at me with these honest provincials, and in any case I should be fortunate if I escaped a thorough wetting and I should probably get a bad cold."

I looked at the dripping statue from the door, and I went up to my room without going back to the drawing-room. I went to bed, but sleep was a long time coming. All the scenes of the day passed through my mind. I thought of that very pretty and pure girl in the arms of a brutal drunkard. What a horrid thing, I said to myself, is a marriage of convenience! A mayor girds himself with his tricolour scarf, the priest puts on his stole, and the best girl in the world is given over to the tender mercies of a Minotaur! What can two persons who are not in love say to each other at such a moment, for which two lovers would forfeit their whole lives? Can a woman ever love a man whom she has once seen act coarsely? First impressions always remain, and I am quite certain that this M. Alphonse would deserve to be hated.

During my monologue, which I shorten very much, I had heard much coming and going in the house; doors were opened and shut, carriages drove away; then I thought that I heard on the staircase the light footsteps of several women going towards the opposite end of the corridor to my room. It was probably the bride being escorted to her room. Then they went downstairs. The door of Mme, de Peyrehorade's room was shut. How that poor girl must be agitated and uneasy. I turned round in bed in a very bad temper. An unmarried man plays a stupid part in a house where a marriage is taking place.

Silence ruled for some time, when it was troubled by heavy steps coming up the stairs. The wooden stairs creaked very much.

"What a boor!" I cried, "I would bet that he will fall on the stairs."

All became quiet again. I took a book to change the current of my thoughts. It was a volume devoted to statistics of the Department, and also contained a paper by M. de Peyrehorade on the Druidical remains of the arrondissement of Prades. I fell asleep after reading the third page.

I slept badly, and woke up several times. It might have been five in the morning, and I had been awake about twenty minutes, when the cock crew. Day was breaking. Then I distinctly heard the same creaking on the stairs which I had noticed

before I went to sleep. That seemed strange. Yawning, I tried to guess why M. Alphonse got up so early, and I could think of no valid reason. I was shutting my eyes again when my attention was again called to strange noises, ringing of bells, opening and shutting of doors, and I heard strange cries.

I thought that the drunkard had set the house on fire, and I at once jumped out of bed. I dressed myself quickly and rushed into the corridor. From the opposite end there arose cries and groans, and a voice of despair uttering these words, "My son! My son!" It was evident that some misfortune had happened to M. Alphonse. I ran to the nuptial chamber, which was full of people. The first thing which I saw was the young man, half-dressed, stretched across the bed, whose wooden frame was half-broken. He was pale and motionless. His mother was crying and screaming near him. M. de Peyrehorade was busy rubbing his temples with eau de cologne and putting smelling salts to his nose. Alas! his son had already been dead a long time. On a couch at the other end of the room lay the bride in horrible convulsions. She uttered inarticulate cries, and two strong servants could hardly keep her down. "Great God!" I cried, "what has happened?"

I went to the bed and raised the body of the unfortunate young man; he was already quite stiff and cold. His clenched teeth and his blackened face expressed a most terrible fright. It was clear that he had met with a violent death and that his death struggle had been a frightful one. Yet there was no sign of blood on his clothes. I opened his shirt and saw on his chest black marks which extended on his side and on his back. It seemed as if he had been smothered in an iron ring. My foot rested on something hard which was on the carpet. I knelt down and saw the diamond ring.

I took M. de Peyrehorade and his wife into their room and I had the bride carried there. "You have still a daughter," I said to them, "and she needs all your care." Then I left them.

It did not seem doubtful that M. Alphonse had been murdered by someone who had managed to get into the bride's room at night. Those marks on the chest and their circular direction puzzled me very much, for a blow from a stick or from an iron bar would not have produced them. Suddenly I remembered that I had heard that at Valencia hired ruffians made use of leathern sacks full of fine sand to kill people for a consideration. Then I remembered the mule-driver from Aragon and his threat, but I hardly dared think that he would have exacted such a terrible revenge for a little joke.

I went over the house, seeking for any evidence of its having been broken into, but I found nothing. I went into the garden to see if the murderers could have come in that way, but I could discover nothing definite. The rain of the

evening before had made the ground so damp that it would have been difficult to discover any trace of footsteps. Yet I noticed traces of steps deeply implanted in the ground; these were in two different directions, but they were in a straight line going from the hedge near the tennis-court to the door of the house. They might have been the footsteps of M. Alphonse when he had gone to get his ring from the finger of the statue. On the other side, the hedge in that place was not so thick as in others, it must have been there that the murderers had got through. Passing and repassing before the statue, I stopped for a moment to look at it. This time, I must confess, I could not contemplate without terror her expression of ironical wickedness, and, my mind full of the horrible scenes of which I had just been a witness, I seemed to see an infernal deity congratulating itself on the misfortunes falling on this house.

I went back to my room and remained there till noon. Then I went down and asked how my hosts were. They were a little calmer. Mdlle. de Puygarrig—I ought to say the widow of M. Alphonse—had recovered consciousness. She had even spoken to the Public Prosecutor of Perpignan, who happened to be at Ille, and he had taken her deposition. I also made one before him. I told him what I knew, and I did not hide from him my suspicion of the Aragonese mule-driver. He ordered his instant arrest.

"Have you heard anything from Madame Alphonse," I asked the Public Prosecutor, after I had made and signed my deposition.

"That poor young woman has gone mad," he said, smiling sadly. "Mad! quite mad! This is what she says: She had been in bed, for a few minutes with the curtains drawn, when the door of her room opened and some one came in. Madame Alphonse was on the side of the bed nearest the wall. She did not move, as she felt sure that it was her husband. In about a minute the bed creaked as if there was an enormous weight on it. She was very frightened, but she dared not turn her head. Five minutes, ten minutes, perhaps—she could not really say—passed in that way. Then she either involuntarily moved, or the person who was in bed did so, and she felt something near her as cold as ice—these were her very words. She huddled into the corner, trembling in every limb. Soon after the door opened a second time, and someone came in, who said, 'Good night, my little wife.' Soon after the curtains were drawn. She heard a stifled cry. The person who was in bed next to her sat up and seemed to stretch her arms forward. Mme. Alphonse then turned her head and saw, she says, her husband kneeling near the bed, his head just by the pillow, and being held in the arms of a kind of green giant who was squeezing him with great force. She says, and the poor woman has repeated it twenty times, that she recognised—guess whom? The Venus of bronze, the statue of M. de Peyrehorade. Since it has been here everybody dreams about it. But I go on with the story of the poor mad woman. At

that sight, she fainted, and probably she had gone mad a few minutes before. She cannot say for how long she remained unconscious. When she came to, she saw the phantom (or the statue, as she will call it) motionless, with its legs and the lower part of the body in the bed, the bust and the arms stretched forward, and in its arms her husband motionless. A cock crew. Then the statue rose from the bed, let the corpse fall, and went out. Madame Alphonse hung on to the bell, and you know what took place then."

They brought in the Spaniard. He was calm, and defended himself with much coolness and readiness. He did not deny the words that I had heard, but he explained it by saying that he had only meant to say that the next day, after he had rested, he would easily have been victorious in a game at tennis. I remember that he added: "An Aragonese when he is insulted does not want a day for his revenge. If I had thought that M. Alphonse wished to insult me, I would at once have stabbed him in the belly with my knife."

His shoes were compared with the marks of steps in the garden, but his shoes were much larger.

Finally, the hotel-keeper where the man put up was certain that he had spent the whole night in rubbing and doctoring one of his mules that was ill. Besides which this Aragonese was a well-known man, much thought of in those parts, where he came every year to trade. So he was released, with many apologies.

I was forgetting the deposition of a servant who was the last man that had seen M. Alphonse alive. It was when the young gentleman was going to his wife's room that he had called the servant and had anxiously asked him if he knew where I was. The man replied that he had not seen me. Then his young master sighed and remained for a moment silent, after which he said: "*Then the Devil must have carried him off, too!*"

I asked the man if M. Alphonse had his diamond ring on during this conversation. The servant hesitated in answering, at last he said that he did not think so, and that he had really not paid any attention. "Yet if he had got his ring on," he added as an afterthought, "I think that I should have noticed it, because I thought he had given it to Madame Alphonse."

While interrogating this man I felt a little of the superstitious terror which the deposition of Mme. Alphonse had spread through the whole house. The Public Prosecutor looked at me with a smile, and I did not insist.

A few hours after the funeral of M. Alphonse I was going to leave Ille. The carriage of M. Peyrehorade was going to take me to Perpignan. In spite of his weak state of health, the poor old man would go with me to the garden gate. We went through it in silence, he hardly being able to drag himself along and using my arm. As we were taking leave of each other,

I cast a last look on the Venus. I quite understood that my host, though he did not share the terror and the hatred which she roused in the bosom of some of his family, would like to get rid of a figure which constantly recalled a frightful misfortune. I was going to advise him to give it to some museum. I did not know how to begin when M. de Peyrehorade mechanically turned his head in the direction in which I was looking. He saw the statue and at once burst into tears. I embraced him, and without daring to say a word, I got into the carriage.

Since my departure I have not heard that any new light has been thrown on this mysterious catastrophe.

M. de Peyrehorade died a few months after his son. By his will he left me all his manuscripts, which I shall perhaps publish one day. I did not find among them the paper relating to the inscriptions on the Venus.

P.S.—My friend M. de P. has just written to me from Perpignan that the statue is no longer in existence. After her husband's death Mme. de Peyrehorade had the statue melted down and made into a bell for the church of Ille. But, adds M. de P., it seems that a perverse fate overtakes those who own this bronze. Since that bell has been ringing at Ille the vines have been twice frozen.

PROSPER MERIMÉE.
(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme).

NOTE.—This story was taken by Merimée from a Latin chronicler of the eleventh century, H. Corner, but in the original the end was not so tragic, as Venus gave back the ring.—J.B.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**The Easter Conferences.**—The Annual Conferences of the S.D.F. and the I.L.P. were both held at Easter, the one at Carlisle and the other at Derby, and both showed an increase in numerical strength during the preceding twelve months. While in the former, however, the time was devoted to the consideration of Socialist propaganda, organisation and tactics, the deteriorating effect of mere Parliamentarism, uninspired by the revolutionary idea, was manifested in the latter by the bourgeois nature of the business done and the resolutions discussed. In the S.D.F. Conference, in addition to matters of organisation, the principle of Socialist unity was unanimously endorsed, and it was agreed to attempt to give some effect to this by the appointment of a special Committee to take any possible steps to that end; then there were the questions of international Socialist interest—unemployment, the massacres of Jews in Russia, Crises, Parliamentarism and the General Strike, International Labour Legis-

lation, and so on. In the I.L.P. Conference the idea of Socialist unity was scouted, and the chief business appears to have been a repudiation of the decision of the Labour Party Conference at Belfast in favour of Adult Suffrage, by the adoption of a resolution in favour of the privileged woman's franchise. The rest of the resolutions would not have been out of place in a Liberal Conference.

**The Boom—and After.**—Trade is still booming. The returns of exports and imports for the first three months of the present year have again beaten all records, and there is every sign that the present year's record of trade will be far beyond that of last year. It is almost amusing to witness the feverish eagerness with which Liberal Free Trade journals note and blazon forth the figures which to them represent such unprecedented prosperity. Of course to them it is nothing that the prosperity of the propertied class is no evidence whatever of universal well-ebing, and that behind this phenomenal boom in trade lurk want and misery, and that even those workers who are busily employed in consequence of this boom are very far indeed from being prosperous, and can, even in these best of times, do little more than keep the wolf from the door. They ignore, too, the fact that in this year of quite exceptional prosperity this virtuous and talented Liberal Government is throwing thousands of men out of employment without making any provision for them whatever, while thousands of the flower of the working class are being shipped off, like so much rubbish, to the Canadian North-West and the back-blocks of Australia. Nevertheless, while they ignore these facts, there appears to be in the Liberal organs an over-eagerness of rejoicing over present prosperity which suggests a fear that it is doomed to be but short-lived. And of this there can be no doubt whatever. As Hyndman said at the S.D.F. Con-

ference, the present boom is bound, in the nature of things, to be followed by one of the most tremendous crises that the world has ever seen. Nothing but a stupendous disaster in the shape of a war or something equally destructive can avert the crisis, as all who live will see.

**Socialism its own Religion.**—In the attempts of prominent members of the Labour Party, and even of prominent Socialists of the peculiarly "British" type, to claim eminent religionists as comrades in their movement, we have the counterpart of the attempts made more than once by the religious bodies to capture the Labour movement. And we frankly distrust them both. "Divine immanence" may be all very well—we don't know what it means, but we are certain that working-class solidarity is the only safe foundation on which a Labour or Socialist Party can build. To Christianise the Socialist movement is to water down Socialism, and to attempt to Socialise Nonconformist Christianity, whether of the old theology or the new, or Roman Catholic Christianity, or Episcopalian Christianity, will be to water down both or all of them and to produce a hybrid "Christian Socialism" which will be neither Christian nor Socialist. We welcome the hope expressed in the "Church Times" "that there will be nothing of the nature of vulgar competition for the honour of giving the Labour Party a religion which pleases them." The writer hopes his religion will not be watered down to meet varying tastes. We only wish some of the folk on the other side were a little more steadfast. Socialism is a very good spirit in its way—but some of our friends prefer it diluted, with some religious notion, some "peace maker," some teetotal or ascetic party or other's belief. Socialism as an ideal—to work to—should be sufficient to enthuse and inspire, without pretending that the other fellow's theology is the same as our human faith.

**Failure of the Lady Suffragists.**—We cannot but feel gratified that the efforts of the limited suffragists have ended in failure, especially after their using working women, and even working children, to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them. The callous brazenness with which the desires of working women for voting power in order to obtain better conditions have been exploited, has been all too obvious, as has also been the manner in which even the revolutionary fervour of working women has been successfully diverted into support of getting votes for their masters' wives and daughters while leaving themselves out in the cold. They have had their chance for two years running, to say nothing of when the Tories were in power; scores, almost hundreds, of working-class women have been gathered by them from all parts of the country to enter into a mad conflict with stalwart constables, and with the certainty of prison as a result. And yet they have failed.

**Possibilities of Adult Suffrage.**—There are a few of the people attached to this limited suffrage movement who sincerely believe it to be a stepping-stone to Adult Suffrage, and who are really astonished that we should be unable to see the visions they behold. On principle we are opposed to their measure, but on the question of tactics we think them to be still more woefully in the wrong. The Liberals dare not, for the sake of their chances of continued power, grant the vote to the well-to-do women and leave the bulk of working women out: to throw the balance of political power against themselves would be to commit suicide. Therefore, if the Liberals do anything in the way of an extension of the franchise to women their own desires and interests would lead them to give the vote to all women, or at any rate to a much wider portion of womankind than that contemplated by Mr. Dickinson or Mr. Keir Hardie in

the Bills they have presented to the House. The S.D.F. Conference reiterated the demand for Adult Suffrage, with which years back Mr. Keir Hardie refused to concern himself, and we trust that everywhere the demand for every man and every woman of age to be entitled to the vote will be pressed forward, so that the lesser and dangerous proposal may be swallowed up in the larger and democratically safer measure.

**Modern Martyrs.**—Socialism does not mean squalor, nor asceticism, nor the mortification of the flesh, and we never rail against pleasure, or even the luxuries (as such) of the rich. We want to level up, and to bring leisure and pleasure within the reach of all. We cannot, however, forbear a comment on some of the methods of those modern martyrs, the "Suffragettes," which suggest that their martyrdom must appear very attractive to many a poor mill-girl or work-woman. Thus we read of Miss Kenney and Miss Gawthorpe, with a small party of Suffragettes, on their way to Northern Italy for a holiday, and interviewing the Prime Minister in the first-class restaurant car over their afternoon tea en route. Now, as already said, we have no objection to pleasure, in itself, nor to these estimable ladies enjoying themselves, and we are glad to know that they can take a holiday, and are quite sure that many people will fervently hope that it may be a lengthy one. But this style of doing it certainly does not strike one as a very terrible form of martyrdom, and it is quite certain that no movement carried on in the interest of the working class will run to holidays and junketting. The Socialist movement has in its ranks men and women who have for years borne the heat and burden of the day and who have suffered imprisonment and worse forms of martyrdom. But they do not make a fuss about it and they don't get holidays in Northern Italy.

**The Far East.**—Although the thunder of the guns of the great Manchurian war has hardly died away, the Far East seems to be already regarded as hardly existing. Yet some remarkable events have been taking place there recently. Persia has been given a Parliament; Afghanistan has been given a Consultative Assembly; the Dowager Empress of China has issued some very progressive edicts; the boycott movement—Swadeshism—has spread alarmingly from Bengal all over India; strikes—and in some instances rioting—have been and still are prevalent in Japan. All these things are demonstrative of a great awakening. Asia—the sleeper—has sprung suddenly into vigorous life and her teeming millions are now following in the wake of the Western world. All these events simply tell of the development of commercialism—they are part of the great world-process. But behind all this there is trouble. The absorption of the Eastern markets will mean that capitalism has reached the end. And when that takes place, what then? Anyhow, the Far East is teeming with problems that will require solving and the solving of which will put a very different complexion on the face of things both in Europe and America.

**Egyptian Nationalism.**—Lord Cromer's recently issued Egyptian report contains some interesting information concerning the development of Egypt. Of course, that country, with all its great natural resources, is being exploited for all it is worth by British capitalists. Egypt now, in spite of the peculiar conditions under which England obtained her hold there, is practically an English dependency. But in Egypt, as elsewhere, English dominance seems to have brought in its train a prolific crop of native resentment. It is not surprising, therefore, to learn of a national Egyptian movement against British supre-

macy. This movement, consisting chiefly of Young Turks, bears a striking resemblance to the National Congress movement in India. In both Egypt and India capitalism has been making wonderful strides. And both these movements represent the antipathy of the rising native capitalist class to the white capitalists. As a writer in one of the daily papers recently remarked in this connection: "These Egyptian Nationalists are prepared and willing to take every advantage of British enterprise so long as they can be rid of the British themselves."

# SOCIALISM, MILITARISM, AND MR. HALDANE'S SCHEME.

Socialism is the one world-wide force opposed to militarism. The international Social-Democratic Party is an international peace party, and the *only* political party which really endeavours to "seek peace and ensue it." These are mere truisms; but to appreciate them it is necessary to understand what is meant by Socialism and militarism, and why they are necessarily opposed to each other. Socialism implies the social ownership of all natural resources and the application of all social forces in co-operation for the satisfaction of all material social needs. It, therefore, involves not merely co-operation between individuals and groups of individuals, but also co-operation between nations. This would ensure peace; because the chief essential characteristics of such national and international co-operation would be thrift—in the true sense of the word, the conservation of wealth—and the elimination of all forms of waste. In a system of universal co-operation for production for use, all destruction of wealth, all waste, would be sheer loss. And all war is waste. Under the present system of capitalism—with its class ownership and control of all natural resources and all means of production—with universal competition and production for profit, waste means gain, and is not only inevitable but

necessary. And war, in such circumstances, is indispensable. Production for profit involves the production of a surplus of wealth—over which those who have produced it, and who most need it, have no control—over-production, the glutting of markets, commercial and industrial crises, bankruptcy and ruin. The very abundance of the surplus wealth from which profit is derived prevents profit being made, clogs the wheels of production, stops mills and factories, throws men out of employment, and produces widespread misery and want—misery and want which can only be averted by the waste and destruction of this surplus wealth. Under present circumstances, therefore, the waste and destruction of war, with all its indescribable horrors, are blessings to mankind. Even if it were possible to eliminate war, therefore, under capitalism the horrors of peace would far transcend those of war. But it is not possible, because that very frenzy of production which results in a surplusage of wealth forces the competing producers into conflict with each other for the mastery of markets in which the surplus can be disposed of. So hideously, in the capitalist system, do all things work together to produce the conditions essential to capitalism that the very over-production of wealth which makes war and waste so useful also makes war inevitable.

Whatever may have been the case in relation to the wars of the past, and whatever may have been their causes—racial, religious, or dynastic—the wars of to-day are essentially economic in their origin and their object. However it may have been in the past, and with that I am not now concerned, there is no question that now all the cries which are raised to justify war—patriotism, empire, the flag, religion, and so on—are so much humbug, and that the real cause and object is the conquest of markets.

That being so, it must be quite clear that capitalism and international peace are incompatible, and that however sincere and well-intentioned bourgeois

advocates of peace may be, their plans are foredoomed to failure, and international peace cannot be established while capitalism exists.

In these circumstances, the international Socialist Party has to consider how best to pursue its object. It is as idle and utopian to dream of establishing peace in the midst of capitalism as to attempt to establish the co-operative commonwealth. We have to work in the conditions and with the means which we find to our hand. Just as in all other relations, so in this, we have to consider what is possible in existing conditions and what will modify the worst features of those conditions, while at the same time helping on the social and economic development.

Bourgeois peace-mongers talk of universal disarmament. But any Socialist who has taken the trouble to understand the operations of the capitalist system must recognise that universal disarmament under capitalism is impossible. If, for instance, at the coming Conference at the Hague, the Powers there represented agreed to disarm, how is that agreement to be enforced? Imperative as are the reasons, as already set forth, for war under present circumstances, there is no Power in Europe which does not find the cost of armaments irksome and burdensome, or would not willingly come to some arrangement by which this burden might be reduced. But, suppose some such arrangement were arrived at, and assuming, further, that, acting on that agreement, every Power in Europe were to disarm. The causes of conflict still remain, and there is nothing in the way of any Power organising a predatory expedition against its neighbour, and nothing can prevent its doing so.

We are thus face to face with the inevitability of armaments under present conditions, and we have to consider what in these conditions is the best to be done for Socialism and against militarism.

Now, this is not a new question. It has been discussed over and over again in the International

Congresses of the Socialist Party, and the conclusion always arrived at has been that the only way in present circumstances to promote peace and to combat militarism is not by disarmament, but by universal armament. By the abolition of all professional standing armies and the military training of all citizens, so as to render all professional armies unnecessary. I have already shown that disarmament is out of the question in present conditions, and we are concerned with making the best of existing circumstances.

We Socialists advocate the military training of all citizens and the abolition of professional armies, as ensuring the maximum of military efficiency and the minimum of menace to democratic principles and popular rights. At the I.L.P. Conference Mr. Keir Hardie is reported to have said that in industrial disputes there was no difference between a professional army and the citizen force which we Socialists advocate. If he was correctly reported it is quite clear that Mr. Hardie has not taken the trouble to understand what it is that Socialists advocate. We propose that every man should undergo a thorough military training so as to be equal to any other man. No one suggests that with such universal training all strife would cease, or that the master class would lose their ascendancy. In advocating this universal training we are presupposing present class antagonism and the ascendancy of the master class. But the latter are infinitely more powerful with a small body of janissaries, of trained professional soldiers, in the midst of an unarmed, untrained people than they would be if all were equally well armed and well trained.

A professional army is maintained for a number of reasons, all of these representing, in the main, the defence and maintenance of the interests of the master class. A professional army is a specialised class or caste, divorced from civil life, hostile to the general body of the community and maintained as an instrument to serve the purpose of the master class. That

purpose is as often the suppression of popular movements at home as it is aggression abroad. If it were possible to abolish all military organisation, the remedy would be simple. But we have seen that that is, under present conditions, impossible. Therefore, we urge that all citizens should be armed and trained to the use of arms, so that all reasonable military requirements may be met and professional soldiering be entirely dispensed with. With this universal military training nobody pretends that all abuses of force would cease; but it is obvious that the coercion of the whole working class by a small minority would be quite impossible.

As to the contention that such universal military training would encourage militarism and jingoism, the very reverse would be the case. With the responsibility for war brought home to every household there would be far less jingoism than there is to-day when "respectable" people put out their fighting, as they do their washing, for others to do, and consider that they are wasting the money they spend on the army unless there is some fighting going on.

Universal military training—every citizen drilled and armed—with no professional soldiery, would free us from the menace to civil liberty constituted by a standing army in the midst of an unarmed population; while it would provide, in the most economical manner possible, the most efficient means of national defence that could under any circumstances be required. It is at once the most democratic, the most anti-jingo, the most efficient and the most economical military organisation that could be devised under existing circumstances.

It may be objected that this proposal has so much to recommend it from a popular democratic standpoint as to constitute such a counsel of perfection that our rulers will never adopt it, and that to advocate it is little less utopian than to advocate total disarmament. That would be a perfectly sound argument if

on the one hand universal disarmament were even conceivable in present conditions, or if, on the other, our rulers found the present military organisation satisfactory. As it is, however, neither of these hypothetical conditions exists. As we have seen, disarmament is impossible under existing circumstances, and at the same time army organisation in this country is in so unsatisfactory a condition that every succeeding War Minister comes forward with a plan of reconstruction, a plan which invariably breaks down and leaves confusion worse confounded. We, therefore, put forward our proposal of universal military training —the armed nation, and no standing army—not as a counsel of perfection, but as an alternative to the various schemes of army reorganisation put forward by succeeding War Ministers.

This brings us to a consideration of Mr. Haldane's scheme. This has been formulated for precisely the same reason that has caused other similar schemes to be brought forward—the difficulty of meeting the admitted military requirements of the Empire on the present basis. The initial difficulty is the shortage of men. Now, there is little doubt that this difficulty could be met, and an ample supply of men secured if the inducements held out to men to enlist were sufficiently high. But to increase the inducements sufficiently to ensure a plentiful supply of recruits would be to enormously enhance the cost of the army. As it is, the burden of militarism has been a steadily increasing one, and army expenditure has grown enormously. Unsatisfactory as is the present army organisation from a military standpoint, the expenditure has gone up from £17,441,293 in 1891-2 to £28,430,000 in 1905-6, while the net estimates for 1906-7 amount to £29,796,000. Even these enormous sums, it is generally admitted, fall far short of the total actually spent, and it has been estimated that the army costs, at the present time, little less than forty millions a year. And we haven't got an efficient army at that!

It is easy to understand, therefore, that any War Minister would hesitate before proposing anything which would naturally add to the cost of the army, even if there were any prospect of such proposals being agreed to. Moreover, Mr. Haldane is pledged to retrenchment, and has actually, by disbanding several battalions, and by taking advantage of economies carried out by his predecessors and the completion of artillery equipment, effected a saving on the year of something like a million and half.

With it all, however, Mr. Haldane finds himself in the dilemma of having to increase the number of men available to fill the ranks while at the same time reducing the cost. We Socialists are delighted with his difficulty. It is our opportunity. If he were able to provide a plentiful supply of men as food for powder, and yet save money, if he were able, that is, to organise an efficient professional army with an ample reserve, and with reduced expenditure, that would be a misfortune from a popular democratic standpoint. But this he cannot do. He cannot stiffen the regular army without spending more money—and he must not spend more money. His plan, therefore, for getting out of the difficulty is to decivilise the Volunteers and to make them, together with the Militia and the Yeomanry, part of the regular army.

The Volunteer is to be invited to enlist as a regular soldier, but without the regular soldier's pay except when up for training. He is to be subject to the same military law, and the same conditions as the man with the Colours, is to undergo an annual training of not less than eight or more than fifteen days in addition to prescribed drills, and to be called up for six months' training, as a preliminary to being sent to the front, on the outbreak of war. He is to be a regular soldier, practically on perpetual furlough without pay for almost the whole of the four years for which he enlists, and may not escape from the obligations he has under-

taken except under a penalty of £5, and with three months' notice.

It is unnecessary to consider the details of this precious scheme—the county associations which are to be set up and the machinery by which it is all to be worked. Few people regard it as a serious proposal. It is inconceivable that men who will not join the regular army out-and-out will voluntarily undertake all the obligations and responsibilities of a man in the regular army without the pay. Yet it is this ridiculous scheme, which proposes to turn the Volunteers into professional soldiers, that Mr. Haldane has the cool assurance to describe as the "nation in arms." It is nothing of the kind. But everybody regards the scheme as foredoomed to failure, and as only intended to demonstrate the futility of the voluntary system and to pave the way for conscription. It is for Social-Democrats to take hold of this opportunity to oppose conscription and militarism and to push forward their own proposals of the Armed Nation, the real Nation in Arms—every man a citizen and every citizen a soldier.

H. QUELCH.

## PRINCIPLES VERSUS £ S. D.

Some months ago a group of workmen from Keighley and other Northern towns visited Paris for the purpose, among others, of inquiring into the workings of the co-operative movement in France. Though they were struck by the excellent organisation of the co-operative societies in France, they nevertheless were able to return home with the satisfaction that in comparison with the English results, the French are still fractional.

From the standpoint of the intelligent, practical, and hard-headed English co-operator, viz., "divi."-hunting, the French are, no doubt, far behind. Have we not so many millions of members; have we not a turnover of so many millions of pounds, and above all do we not pay so many hundreds of thousands in dividends? Successful? Well I should think so!

If, however, we consider this subject from the standpoint of the actual object for which co-operation was started, can it be claimed that the English movement is a success?

Has it done anything leading towards the emancipation of the workers from the thraldom of capitalism?

Has it revealed itself as a model employer?

Has it thrown itself on the side of any section of the workers when engaged in a struggle with the master class?

I take it that the solution of the above questions, which, in fact, are summed up in the first, should be the objects of any working class co-operative movement, and there is no doubt that such were the objects of the pioneers of the movement in this country.

Consequently, before the present-day co-operators lose themselves in ecstacies over their achievements, write glowing accounts to the press, or jubilate at their annual meetings, it would be more to the point if they gave us some definite data concerning the above questions. Unfortunately that phase of the movement is never broached, and for obvious reasons :—

1. Inasmuch as the co-operative societies are nothing else than profit- or dividend-mongering institutions, they do not differ from any ordinary capitalistic enterprise, and therefore are actually an obstacle, instead of a means, to the emancipation of the workers from wage slavery.

2. A reference to any trade union medium will show that dissatisfaction is rife in the ranks of co-operative employees.

3. I have yet to learn that the co-operative movement, as such, in this country has ever ranged itself on the side of any body of workers on strike.

From the standpoint of the proletariat, let us see whether the results of the French movement are fractional as compared with the "SUCCESS" of the English one.

On September 16, 1906, the "Magasins de gros des Co-operatives Francaise" (Wholesale Co-operative Stores of France) held its first meeting at the headquarters of "La Proletarienne" in Paris. On that date 93 co-operative societies had already joined and taken up shares. I will not quote figures as regards membership or capital, as my object is simply to show the difference between co-operation for principles and co-operation for £ s. d.

Of these 93 societies, 80 are distributive and 13 engaged in production. Several more, however, have joined since.

With regard to its object, Article 1 says: "The creation of federal services for purchase, production, exchange and credit."

In order to prohibit future alterations or interference with the object of the Society, Article 15 says: "The essential object of the Society is to place in the hands of the consumers—i.e., the collectivity—the ownership and control of the means of consumption, production, and exchange."

Socialist Co-operative Societies already affiliated to the Bourse only may become shareholders.

With regard to the use to which profits shall be put, Article 13 states :—

"The net profits, after deducting general expenses, allowance for sinking fund, and social charges voted by the General Assembly, will be divided as follows :—

"5 per cent. to reserve fund.

"*5 per cent. to the solidarity fund of Socialist Co-operative Societies.*

"40 per cent. to a fund for the development and extension of the Society, or of federal services of production.

"*20 per cent. for Co-operative and Socialist propaganda.*

"10 per cent. at the disposal of the Assembly to increase the above, or to subsidise Socialist Co-operative undertakings.

"20 per cent. to the societies in pro rata to their purchases."

So much for the objects of the French Wholesale Co-operative Stores, which, as will be seen, are definite and perfectly safeguarded against mischievous interference. It might prove instructive to compare these principles with those of the English Co-operative Wholesale Society, which we are told is also run for the benefit of the working-class.

Now, what have the French Co-operative Societies done by way of assisting the militant proletariat when engaged in strikes?

As a striking instance, I will take "La Bellevilloise," and give a few facts and figures.

This is a co-operative society whose operations are chiefly confined to one particular district of Paris bearing that name.

During the strike last May 500 strikers, their wives and children, were supplied with two meals each day in the gardens attached to the establishments. During the same period the society supplied free of charge to its members 2,000 quarts of milk and 22,000 lbs. of bread; added to this, it subscribed 1,200 francs towards the eight hour strikes.

When the bakers of Paris struck for one day's rest per week the society placed its ovens at the disposal of the union, and by so doing it was possible to distribute 11 tons of bread, in one day, to the population which the master bakers were endeavouring to starve for the purpose of gaining public sympathy.

At the same time "La Bellevilloise" decided to pay its employees for their weekly day's rest. This involved an additional outlay of 10,000 francs. Thus the employees work six days per week, and receive pay for seven. English working-class co-operators please note.

The question of education also receives its full share of attention. The society subsidises and provides accomodation for a band, a popular university, a library and several other works relating to the education and the care of children.

The society has no debts, it owns its furniture, plants, buildings, etc., free from all encumbrances. Each year new additions are made, and it is proposed to erect a vast building which shall contain several minor meeting halls, a large café, and a vast concert room capable of accommodating several thousand people, besides providing accommodation for the centralisation of all the services of the society

and the unions of the district; all this will be done without borrowing. (What a paradise for Municipal Reformers and Progressives.)

So much for the "Bellevilloise," but if we wish to give other examples of how French and Belgian co-operators help their own class, we need only refer to what took place during the strike at Fougères, and in Belgium during the strike of the weavers of Verviers.

If we take into account the fact that the English movement is much older, we shall find not only has the French and Belgian movement rendered such assistance to the militant section of the workers as is yet undreamed of here, but, comparatively speaking, it is as great, if not greater, a financial success, and one of which from every standpoint our comrades have far more reason to feel proud, than have our benighted divi.- and profit-mongers occasion to boast of their so-called co-operative institutions.

As an outstanding monument reflecting the capabilities of a conscious proletariat to manage its own affairs, and to free itself from capitalistic exploitation as far as is possible under present conditions, it is sufficient for my purpose to mention only "La Bellevilloise" of Paris, "Le Maison du Peuple" of Brussels, and the "Vooruit" of Ghent.

Compared with the above, co-operation as carried on in England is an obstacle and a danger to the Socialist cause; the name is used, in some cases deliberately, as a snare to delude the workers and keep their minds from the real issue. The sum total of the great majority of English co-operators' aspirations does not rise above dividends and cheap soap. But I fancy there are rocks ahead. Being capitalistic concerns pure and simple, which are neither owned nor worked by and in the interest of a proletariat conscious of its economic position and mission, they are subjected to the same influences as all other capitalistic ventures. With the further concentration of capital, the increasing controlling power of the trusts,

the possibilities of being bought out or wiped out (more likely the latter) will have to be faced, perhaps in the not very distant future.

As the co-operative societies are claimed to be such beneficent institutions for the working class, and as they are claimed to be such wonderful successes, my object here has been, from a Socialist standpoint, to make a brief comparison between success and *fractional success*, or rather between co-operation for £ s. d. and co-operation for principles.

To those interested I cannot do better than refer them to an article dealing with the history of the Vooruit, which appeared in the "Social-Democrat" for September, 1903. There they will see how by persistent efforts our comrades are gradually extending their operations from distribution to production for a definite purpose. How they provide against illness, unemployment, old age, etc. How they provide for the education of men and women, old and young, in order to further develop their moral and intellectual faculties, so that they may better be able to realise the possibilities the future has in store for them and of which their institutions are but a small example. They are imbued with a consciousness of solidarity and comradeship that must inevitably lead to the application of the true principles of co-operation to the entire field of human progress and aspirations.

When mankind will have accomplished its emancipation it will look back with pride to those pioneers who by such efforts helped to pave the way to a higher and nobler life where men, women and children, irrespective of colour, creed or language, will have an equal opportunity to *live*, and where, as Ruskin says: "Humanity will be united by the bonds of love, happiness and admiration."

Once more we say: Workers of the World unite, Socialism is the only Hope.

A. Tierce.

## FREE AND COMPULSORY FEEDING OF ALL SCHOOL CHILDREN AT VERCELLI.

Under the above title, the "Lancet" Sanitary Commissioner continues his account of the Italian experiments at feeding children—a summary of which appeared in the February "Social-Democrat." The writer begins by giving a brief account of Vercelli, which he depicts as a "sleepy little town." From its geographical situation one would think it the last place to adopt such an idea as the compulsory feeding of school children, and the fact that it has done so as a result of party politics does not affect a scientific study of its progress. In the case of Vercelli we have the advantage of tracing the experiment from its inception in April, 1900, and it is the more interesting because of the several reforms the municipality has attempted to combine. This will be seen from the following :—

"The municipality of Vercelli appointed a special committee with the Mayor for President. Signor Pietro Lucca, the representative of Vercelli in the Italian Parliament, was the chief instigator of this measure, and he explained that the committee was nominated so as to study how education as well as instruction could be imparted to the children attending the primary schools. The law rendered education compulsory, but it left the local authorities free to select the means by which education was to be enforced. The debate and the arguments were all devoted to the question of education, as distinct from instruction. The instruction given was judged satisfactory, but the education was very deficient. Attendance at school was obligatory, yet some parents were too poor to send their children. They could not provide them with food or with books. Therefore, measures had already been taken to supply books and stationery, at least in the elementary classes. The principle of assistance in kind had thus been established; there was no legal objection to its more extensive application. By the aid of municipal subventions and of charitable donations, the poorest children had received

some instruction, and the object now was to educate them. The committee then came to the conclusion that the most practical method of education would be to provide a midday meal. It was not a question, as in England, of starving children and of physical degeneration, nor was it a question of mere instruction, of the mere learning of lessons; it was a question of education in the highest sense of the term, of moral education, of education in the art of savoir-vivre. The teachers had urged that during class hours there was no time or opportunity to educate the children in the principles of etiquette and politeness, which are all based on the great moral principle of unselfishness. To find time for such a purpose it was necessary that the children should not go home in the middle of the day, but should remain at school and be taught how to behave druing recreation hours and at table. As matters stood, on leaving school, and once in the street, the children soon acquired objectionable and rough habits and bad language. Parents could not fetch them away from school, and during these two hours in the middle of the day they got into all kinds of mischief.

"It was easy to understand that if the children were kept from the street, and if their meals and their play-time were under the kindly and intelligent surveillance of the teachers, their manners would improve. The masters also urged that it was easier to study a child's character and to ascertain what were his natural capacities during play-hours than in the class-room. But, on the other hand, how were the children to be fed? The parents had not the time or the means to take meals to their children at school. Then if the parents were, in some way or other, to give food to their children there would be painful contrasts. Some children would bring with them ample provision, others the meanest of fares. Another important consideration was the fact that if in winter when it was cold and wet the children had to go home for their midday meal, they travelled backwards and forwards four times in the one day. This caused too much exposure, and consequently a considerable amount of sickness among the children. Therefore, it had already been recognised as indispensable to feed at least those children whose homes were a long way off."

As in the case of Milan, the "committee of patronage" had attended to the feeding, but its limited funds could not bear the strain of the number of children requiring food, so the municipality granted £40 per annum, which was afterwards increased to £80. Then it only provided for those children who lived a distance from school, and the demand to feed all the children during the winter months failed through lack of funds. This difficulty led the committee to consider what would be the best course to pursue, and it is pleasing to see how broadly they viewed the matter.

"Many different proposals were made. Some urged that all parents who had sufficient means should be compelled to pay for the meals which their children took at school. The majority of the specially-appointed committee and generally of those who discussed the matter did not agree with this. They said that the feeding of the children could not be considered as a charity. This idea of charity was degrading, and therefore mischievous. If education was compulsory, and the law had rendered it compulsory, then all that was necessary for education must be given. Now it was recognised that the sort of education which could be given only at meal times, and during recreation was as necessary as the mere teaching from books in the class hours. Therefore, the provision of means of recreation and of the midday meals formed an integral part of the general scheme of combined instruction and education.

"Throughout, the argument raised was not that the children were starving, but that every endeavour must be made to teach them to live in the spirit of good fellowship. For this reason objection was raised to any interference on the part of the parents, as this might create rivalries, jealousies, and a sense of inequality between the children."

The idea of Signor Lucca in pressing the question of free meals is extremely interesting, more particularly to Social-Democrats. Although it approaches nearer to our conception of State Maintenance, we are told his "idea seems to have been to endeavour so to educate children as to efface in their minds all traces of that 'class war' which Socialists maintain cannot be prevented except by the advent of Socialism. The free meals were to be given not because the children could get no food, but as a means of instilling in their minds sentiments of brotherhood. Hence the partaking of this meal was to be obligatory, as well for the rich as for the poor. By daily taking a meal, and identically the same meal, together, and then playing together, the children would receive education in good manners, in their civic duties, and be made to understand that they all belonged to the same community, and had duties to perform towards that community.

"Thus it will be seen that the purport of the free meals was absolutely different from that which brought the question of the feeding of school children before the British public. At Vercelli it was not a question of supplying to the children the food necessary to prevent starvation and physical degeneration. This, it was believed, the parents did, with but a few exceptions, in a sufficiently ample and satisfactory manner."

The amount of food given, the method by which it is ascertained, and the cost, show how carefully the health of the Vercelli children is considered.

"The morning classes lasted two and a-half hours. So the

question put was the amount of food necessary, not to feed a child, but to compensate the waste of energy incurred during two and a-half hours of schooling. Experiments have been made which set forth that the waste of calories and nerve energy during two and a-half hours can be compensated, according to the age of the child, by from 100 to 140 grammes of bread with 20 grammes of cooked salame, or 14 grammes of raw salame, or 20 grammes of cheese. This quantity has been fixed by various physiological authorities, and it is also considered that this dry food is better than soup. Then practically it is not so difficult to distribute as soup. Such a meal ought not to cost more than 7½ centimes, or ¾d. per child. When a meal of this description was first given to all the children at Vercelli, but only during the winter months, it cost the municipality 13,000 lire, or £520."

As in the case of Milan and other towns, the idea of supplying hot meals has made slow progress, but the advocates of this improvement argue that the full advantage of the teachers taking their meals with the children is not derived, the cold collation not requiring table utensils. It is now proposed to increase the cost by providing hot meals. Not all the scholars receive free meals, and of those who do the amount varies from 140 grammes of bread in the fourth class to 100 grammes in the first and second classes with fourteen grammes of uncooked, or 20 grammes of cooked salame sausage. The cost per meal is from 7 to 8 centimes. An elaborate system has been devised to insure that the food supplied shall be of good quality, as in addition to the teachers taking their meals with the pupils "at the beginning of each day the master or mistress draws up a list of all who are attending his or her class. Three copies of this list are made. One the teacher keeps, and the two others are sent to the *economo*; that is to say, the financial manager at the education department of the municipality. The latter functionary keeps one of the lists to register, and the third is sent to the kitchen or the purveyors. At ten o'clock the rations are prepared. The food must be of the first quality. It is inspected every day by the financial manager, and occasionally by the medical officer attached to the schools. The scale for the rations given at Vercelli is also adopted by the management of the schools at Pavia, only at Pavia the sausages are taken whole to the schools and cut up by the masters. At Vercelli the contractor cuts the sausage up himself, and places the right number of thin slices for each ration in small pieces of white paper. These are all first taken to the Town Hall, where the inspector every day weighs some of the rations and tests them by the sense of colour, smell, and taste. As, whatever else he may ignore, every Italian knows the difference between good and bad salame, the question I ventured to put that such a test might not, scientifically-speaking, be considered sufficient, only elicited looks of scornful surprise."

A more efficient method of procuring the commodities is in operation than at Milan, only two tradesmen contracting for the bread, one for the sausage, and one for the cheese. The provision of the midday meal has had an interesting effect on the school attendance, though some of the more wealthy children experience a hardship in being obliged to have the same meal as the less fortunate scholars, so careful are the organisers to avoid any trace of class distinction. Before the introduction of free meals, many of the children remained in the fields helping their parents, and we learn that—

"So general became this practice that the examinations were held in April to enable the rural children to get away. It is claimed that now there is food to be had at the school, these children are willing to remain till the end of July if necessary, and thus obtain a much better education. The population of the schools may be roughly divided into three equal parts. The first is not poor, the second is not well off or rather poor, and the third is really poor. For the children of the first of these three classes, the simplicity of the meal given may almost be considered a hardship. They would willingly pay if they could be allowed to have a hot meal, but it would destroy the purpose of the free meals if money could purchase any sort of privilege. So rich and poor must be fed alike, and if any child refuses to eat, the medical attendant is sent for. Some 10 per cent. of the children, mostly the richer children, have contrived to get medical certificates giving them permission to go home, and exempting them from attendance at the communal meal. Thus for the month of December last the attendance at school showed that 22,298 meals should have been served, but the actual number of meals consumed amounted to 20,022, and that represents in round numbers 10 per cent. of absentees."

Not only has the principle of free feeding been established, but the municipality of Vercelli has taken a step further towards complete State Maintenance by the provision of articles of clothing. The sewing classes are supplied with material at the public expense, from which the garments are made, and over 500 were produced last year. The teachers receive a compensation of £2 per annum for the loss of their leisure time during the midday meal. This is miserably low, as are the salaries paid. The insufficiency of the meal is also apparent, and although—

"It may, according to the chemical and physiological theories, suffice to supply the average number of calories lost in two and a-half hours' study, it does not suffice to satisfy the children of the well-to-do classes who are accustomed to much better fare at home, and still less does it satisfy those who are insufficiently fed at home. So both rich and poor desire better meals, and it is now all but decided that kitchens shall be provided, and hot and complete meals supplied. On the other hand, it is not yet

decided who shall pay for this. The feeding of the children last year in reality cost some £1,200, though the meals did not exceed an average of ¾d. each. What would it be if hot meals were served? At least double this amount."

This step forward is somewhat spoiled by the attempt to reintroduce the charitable idea, by making the rich subscribe towards the meals of the poorer children, and further complicated is the method in operation at the large infant school of mixed children belonging to all classes of the community, the idea being that the parents should pay for the meal. But we are told—

"It is a better meal, a hot meal, but each parent is supposed to pay 1s. 3d. per month per child. A considerable number of parents, however, fail to make this payment, so the municipality is obliged to grant a subvention to supply the difference. Then to complicate the situation further, there are voluntary subscriptions, so the children are fed partly by the money paid by the parents, partly by charitable donations, and partly out of the public purse by means of a municipal subvention. Yet there are not a few persons at Vercelli who are satisfied. They think the result is good, even if the means employed are illogical and contradictory."

From the above account, together with the experiments already summarised of other towns, it will be seen that Italy is attempting to grapple with the question of feeding the children, but the whole thing lacks unification at present, and is, consequently, not so efficient as could be desired. The same complaint will be necessary in this country in the future unless some effort is made to get the Education Authorities to adopt some general scheme for administering the recent Act.

## THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT THE HAGUE AND THE DISARMAMENT QUESTION.

The second Hague Peace Conference, which is to take place in June, is casting its shadow before it. Mr. Stead and other apostles of peace have already for months been piping elegaic peace songs, and now the Prime Minister of the Liberal Cabinet now at the helm in England has joined the concert as flute player. In a new English journal, the "Nation," he the other day recommended disarmament, or at least the restriction of the competition of armaments which has to-day become the rule between the great Powers. And on the 5th of this month, when the Navy Budget was presented in the House of Commons, he also spoke for the restriction of armaments—at least fleet-armaments, on the ground that there is "a strong feeling among the thoughtful persons of all European States" in favour of arbitration for the peaceful settlement of disputes, and for the "release from the gigantic expenditure which the present condition involves." From this it would appear that the English Government intends on its side to work towards the placing of the disarmament theme on the agenda of the second Hague Peace Conference; and judging by the present political influence of England in the so-called council of the nations, the English Cabinet will probably see its wish realised.

It is, however, quite another question whether there will be any more result from this discussion than there was from the first Hague Conference in 1898, which, as is well known, owed its convening to a peace manifesto issued by Nicholas the Bloody in August, 1897. Just as that Conference in reality achieved nothing more than a few secondary amendments to the law of nations, conformity with which was left completely to the fancy of the individual Powers, so the second Hague Conference will, it is highly probable, result in nothing further than a few general peace assertions and international

arrangements, which, when it comes to a war will not outlive the first interchange of shots. Certainly the English Premier is right. There does exist among the thoughtful persons in all European States an intellectual tendency towards the peaceful settlement of differences between the nations and the diminution of the gigantic military and naval armaments. But this body of thoughtful people is—as the last elections in Germany have again proved—on the whole, rather small, and above all, these thoughtful people do not belong to the economically powerful classes who determine the policy of Governments. Stronger than the "intellectual tendency" mentioned by Campbell-Bannerman is the capitalist interest of the ruling classes and the imperial need of expansion. Before the first Hague Conference this "intellectual tendency" also existed, in some continental countries even more strongly than to-day, and yet it was neither able to prevent England's fight for the Transvaal and Orange Free State, nor the bloody war between Russia and Japan for dominion in North-Eastern Asia, wars which were dictated to the respective States solely by capitalist interests.

Even in England this intellectual tendency is, on the whole, but weak. This is proved by the stand taken up by the great English papers, especially the "Times," towards Campbell-Bannerman's "Nation" articles. It is proved above all by the increase of imperialism, to a certain extent even of jingoism, in England. And even among those English Liberals to whom the thought of disarmament is acceptable, only the few are led by humane sentiments and consideration of international rights. Most of them are, even with the propagation of this disarmament demand, only pursuing selfish English capitalist interests. This may not apply to Campbell-Bannerman, nor to some other English Liberals who are captivated by the traditions of the Free Trade Bright school. The old ideologic conception of the English Free Trade doctrine, that the free exchange of goods between the nations leads to the abolition of war, to the brotherhood of humanity, that conception which found its most original expression in Dr. Bowring's exclamation: "Free Trade is Jesus Christ," still haunts some people's minds, though in a somewhat modified form owing to the experiences of the last century. Also in some clauses of Campbell-Bannerman's "Nation" article this opinion breaks forth, for instance in the sentence: "The sea power of this country implies no challenge to any single State or group of States. I am persuaded that throughout the world that power is recognised as non-aggressive, and innocent of designs against the independence, the commercial freedom, and the legitimate development of other States, and that it is, therefore, a mistake to imagine that the naval Powers will be disposed to regard our position on the sea as a bar to any proposal for the arrest of armaments, or to the calling of a temporary truce." But the English friends of peace of this sort are the minority.

With the greatest number of the Liberal advocates of disarmament, their point of view originates simply in the consideration that the strong naval and military armaments demand more and more, not only from England's purse, but from her human material, while on the other hand England possesses all that she can expect, and has on that account not much more to gain. All over the earth's surface she has the most valuable colonies, and is, since the alliance with Japan and France, in a perfectly secure position, which awakes in her the wish to consolidate her position and to economise her finances for the upholding of her supremacy. It is that satisfied state of mind which makes the fortunate winner of the game say: "We will leave off, I am tired of playing now."

With the changes in the economic condition of England, the conception of her capitalists as to the value of the British colonies and of her naval power has always changed too. As at the beginning of last century when England was developing more and more into an industrial nation, and the products of her industries took possession in quick succession of all the colonial markets, the idea arose in the English Free Trade circles that it would be better if England entirely gave up all her colonies and left them to themselves. Already in 1823 Joseph Hume said in Parliament that the colonies only weakened the mother-country, that it would, therefore, be best to cut them adrift. Similar opinions were expressed by John Stuart Mill, Cobden, Bright and others. They looked at the colonies—from their point of view quite correctly—only as selling markets for English industries, and as in all probability these markets, with their trade, would have been preserved to England, even if she had given up her Colonial possessions, the expenses for Colonial administration, Colonial troops, naval stations, etc., seemed to them an objectless drain on the English Budget.

But hardly had Germany, France, the United States of America entered into competition with England in the world's market, hardly had it begun to become evident that the colonies were not only worth consideration as selling markets for English industries, but still more as favourable investment markets for surplus English capital, before opinion veered round in the opposite direction. The enthusiasm for the commercial peace-era gave place to the demand for energetic expansion; the tender anxiety for the welfare of the souls of the negroes in Africa gave place to the fear of not getting enough when the districts were divided; the soft, emotional lyric of a Tennyson to the military lyric of a Rudyard Kipling. Now, after the success that England has achieved lately, the securing of her supremacy in the Egyptian Soudan, the conquest of South Africa, the destruction by Japan of the Russian dominion in Eastern Asia, the diminution of Russian power in Persia and Afghanistan, the conclusion of a favourable

alliance with Japan and France, and the crippling of Russia through her internal confusion, a section of the English capitalists feel themselves in a safe position. Nothing can easily go wrong at present. The thing is, therefore, to secure what they have got and to diminish the heavy burdens.

This desire is comprehensible, only the other Powers will probably not respect it. The policy of American capitalism has for years pursued the object of obtaining the dominion over the northern part of the Pacific Ocean. Hardly had the young, free State of North America obtained access to the coast of the Pacific, before it formed (already in 1844) a treaty with China. Then followed the protest against England's plan of building the Isthmian canal; the expedition of Commodore Perry to Japan; the laying hold and annexation of the Sandwich Islands; the taking possession of the Philippines, and now the building of the Panama Canal. Slowly but consistently the Union has created for herself the fundamental conditions of her dominions of the Northern half of the Pacific, the "Mediterranean of the future." Now all that is needed to arm America against England and against quickly-rising, fleet-building Japan, is the continuous enlargement of the American war fleet, a thing which is much easier for the United States to accomplish than it is for Japan. And now, when American capitalism is about to pluck the fruits of its policy, is it, out of consideration for its English cousin, to renounce or put off the realisation of its plans? The United States have no objection to the disarmament of other Powers, but to any suggestion to curtail their own fleet, they will answer with the sentence from Roosevelt's last message: "It is a foolish and bad thing for a great and free nation to renounce the power to defend her own rights." How little the Government of the United States is inclined to give up their rights over the great ocean, is shown by the newest information from Washington, according to which the State Department has given orders that the American Pacific-Ocean, Philippine and China squadrons are to unite into one fleet and choose Honolulu as their central station of defence.

Quite as little can Japan do without the enlargement of her fleet, in competition with America, if she would carry out her plans in the Pacific Ocean. Neither are the capitalist circles of France, as the utterances of the French press show, inclined to accept the propositions of Campbell-Bannerman. And Germany? She, now that the elections have given the Government their longed-for "national" majority, will at once steer with full sails into the world-wide political rapids! For these reasons it is not likely, this time either, that much will result from the Hague Conference beyond empty assurances of mutual peaceableness and perhaps a few unimportant decisions upon questions of the rights of nations. The working-class party is very much in sympathy with the disarmament idea in itself. For this party is

the most consistent opponent of militarism, and demands in its programme not only the formation of a citizen army in place of the standing army, but also that questions of peace and war should be determined by the people themselves, and that all international differences should be settled by arbitration. But no amount of sympathy can get over the fact that in the present capitalist world there is very little chance of a general disarmament of the Powers. The conception that war is only a product of human unreason is on the same level as the idea that revolutions are only mental aberrations of the masses. War is rooted in the opposing interests of the nations, as are revolutions in the opposing interests of the classes. And the opposing interests of the nations have, under the present capitalist era, diminished quite as little as those of the classes. They have become itensified!

—Translated from "Vorwaerts," March 10, 1907.

## THE MOYER-HAYWOOD CONSPIRACY.

The following is a review by Eugene V. Debs of the now famous conspiracy to murder our comrades Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone :—

"The trial of Charles H. Moyer, William D. Haywood and George H. Pettibone, national officials of the Western Federation of Miners, on the grave charge of complicity in murder, is pregnant with great possibilities for the Labour movement.

"That three men so high in official station and so widely and favourably known in Labour circles should be accused of the crime of murder is in itself sufficiently extraordinary, but when to this are added the sensational kidnapping of these men by armed force and their secret abduction by the governors of two sovereign states it can be readily understood why the whole world of organised labour is aroused as never before in all its history and why the trial promises to mark distinctly an important epoch in the Labour movement.

"It is to present this case briefly to the labour unions of the country and to show them that there is in this conspiracy an insidious and dangerous attack upon organised labour that this article is written.

### "Mine Owners are the Law Breakers.

"It is well understood that there has long been a state of active warfare between the organised mine owners and the organised mine workers of the Colorado and other Western States. This warfare has been marked by a long series of outrages and crimes, most of which the mine owners have sought to fasten upon the mine workers, but not one of which has ever been successfully proved in the courts or otherwise against the unions or their leaders.

"On the other hand, a number of crimes against Labour have

been proved against the organised mines and smelter owners, the western allies of the Standard Oil Company, chief of which was their bold and bodily purchase of the Legislature of Colorado, which has been commanded by a popular majority of almost 47,000 votes to enact a law providing an eight-hour work day for men employed in and about mines and smelters. This law had been enacted by a previous Legislature, but declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court at the behest of the mine owners. It was then submitted to the people of the State in the form of a constitutional amendment, and the election returns show that it was carried by an overwhelming majority, but in spite of this the following Legislature, instead of giving heed to the voice of the people, basely betrayed their trust, and it is a matter of common notoriety that the cause of their apostasy was their cash purchase at so much per vote by the mine and smelting combine.

"To Discredit Unionism.

"This corruption of the Legislature and defiance of the people's expressed will was the starting point of most of the troubles, including the strikes, which have occurred in Colorado during the past few years, one of the incidents of which was the kidnapping of the officials of the Western Federation of Miners not because they were guilty of crime, but to fasten infamy upon their names, discredit their union and thus destroy organised labour.

"These men have been charged with complicity in the assassination of ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho in December, 1905. As a matter of fact they could have had no possible motive in the commission of such a crime, and they were almost a thousand miles from the scene of its execution.

"Notwithstanding this fact an affidavit charging them with being on the ground when the crime was committed was made by the prosecuting attorney as a basis for a secret requisition for the extradition of the defendants from their homes in Denver to the place where the crime was committed and where the greatest prejudice had been aroused against the Western Federation and its officers by the public officials, including the governor of the State, who were well known to be in sympathetic alliance with the Mine Owners' Association.

"The Kidnapping.

"The requisition thus issued was honoured in secret by Govenor McDonald of Colorado, himself a mine owner and intensely hostile to organised labour, and, awaiting a favourable opportunity, the secret service men of the two governors pounced upon the three labour officials in the dead hours of night, and without giving them a chance to ask a question, utter a protest, consult a lawyer or even send word to their families, they were

secretly locked in separate cells of the county jail, and at 5 o'clock in the morning, a Union Pacific special train which had been provided by the railroad company, rushed them at a high rate of speed to Boise, Ida., where they were placed in the separate cells of the state penitentiary under a heavy guard.

"This is the story in a very brief form, but every word of it is absolutely true and can be easily verified. Indeed there has been no attempt to deny it, even by the kidnapping governors themselves or any of their numerous mercenaries.

"The constitution of the United States was flagrantly violated when these men were seized and deported by armed force and denied all the privileges guaranteed to citizens under the law of the land.

"WHY THEY WERE KIDNAPPED.

"The simple reason for this is that they could not be lawfully connected with the crime with which they had been charged, for had they been guilty or believed guilty they could and would have been proceeded against in the usual manner provided by law.

"As the basis of this whole infamous persecution conducted in the name of prosecution there is a false affidavit, an infamous lie, and this is clearly set forth in the magnificent and patriotic dissenting opinion rendered by Justice McKenna of the Supreme Court of the United States, which should be read by every working man and indeed by every good citizen of the nation.

"The secret of this whole affair lies in the malign purpose of the Western mine owners and their corporate allies, the Standard Oil Company, to crush organised labour, and this is why the case has special interest for and appeals directly to the whole body of labour unionists throughout the land.

"WORKERS OPPOSED TO CRIME.

"It is not that we object to the lawful punishment of crime; not at all. The precise contrary is true. We are opposed to the commission of crime, especially in the name and under the forms of law.

"Kidnapping is kidnapping whether the criminal happens to be Pat Crowe, of Nebraska, Governor Gooding, of Idaho, or Governor McDonald, of Colorado. Indeed, when the kidnapper is clothed with high official authority he becomes not only infamous, but monstrous and execrable.

"We protest against the kidnapping of our fellow-workers in the name of organised labour, in the name of law, and in the name of justice and humanity.

"We are quite sure that if these three citizens had been prominent capitalists instead of mere working men and had been

thus seized by force and violently deported from their homes, all the powers of government, the army and navy included, would at once have been set in motion to effect their release.

"There is in this very point food in plenty for meditation.

"No Packed Jury This Time.

"It appears quite plainly even to the most unthinking that this government is dominated by the great capitalists in their own interest and without the slightest regard to the interests of the working class or the welfare of the people.

"The trial of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone will be watched as no trial has ever been before by the working class in the history of this country. It is a safe prediction that no packed jury will be allowed to send innocent men to the gallows, as was done with the victims of the Haymarket two decades ago.

"The labour giant has slept long, but is now awakening."

Since the above was written Judge Bryan who was to have tried the case has voluntarily withdrawn, making way for Judge Wood, who is decidedly more bitter against the working class.

## POPLAR INDUSTRIAL COLONY.

### REMARKABLE ENTERPRISE.

We reproduce from the "Morning Post" of April 3 the following account of the opening of the Poplar Guardians' new schools at Shenfield, Essex.

The Poplar Guardians, whose term of office approaches its close paid a visit of inspection yesterday to the youthful industrial colony, the creation of which was authorised by them two and a-half years ago in the Essex village of Hutton, close to the Shenfield Junction of the Great Eastern main Ipswich and Southend lines. The industrial schools erected there are now occupied by 650 children from the slums of London, whose two months of "back to the land" have already made so much difference in their appearance that one would be ready to swear that they were country-bred. The school estate, which is encircled by a beautiful belt of trees, has an area of 100 acres, of which 35 acres are devoted to buildings for the accommodation and, above all things, for the education of from 800 to 1,000 children. In the centre stands the administrative block, in which is situated the superintendent's office, and from which all necessary stores are issued daily to each of the boarding houses. For the girls there are ten double semi-detached blocks, each house capable of accommodating thirty children, under the supervision of a house-mother and assistant. There is also the matron's block, in which 24 girls who have reached the necessary educational standard are trained for domestic service during their last two years of residence in the institution. The demand made for the services of these girls through the medium of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants bears eloquent testimony to the soundness of their upbringing both in the old Forest Gate schools and in their new and better surroundings. For the boys there are five blocks, each capable of holding 60 boys, also under the superintendence of house or foster mothers.

### The Basis of Education.

As regards education, on which chief emphasis is laid, the teaching is carried on by certificated masters and mistresses on a system approximating to that of the London County Council as regards curriculum, holidays, and teaching staff, who have their own private houses in Hutton or Shenfield, and on whom no extraneous duties are imposed. The religious instruction and the Sunday services are conducted by a clergyman of the Church of England. The boys are also taught in various workshops the skilled trades of plumbers, carpenters, painters, bakers, etc., and there is a large band-room in which the boys are taught to play musical instruments of a kind likely to fit them for military and other bands. An excellent feature of the organisation is that three times a day the boys take their meals together in a common hall, where the influence of the officers can be better brought to bear on them than if they were scattered. The girls take their meals in messes of 30 in their respective homes. The common dining-room is 70 ft. long by 34 ft. in width, and is capable of seating 350 boys. The great assembly hall, 90 ft. by 45 ft., is capable of holding a thousand people, and there is a swimming bath with a water area of 75 ft. by 30 ft. The 65 acres of spare ground is put under cultivation, an orchard with 2,500 fruit trees has been planted, and all vegetables, etc., required for consumption are grown on the spot, the cultivation being carried out by the boys themselves under the direction of properly qualified gardeners. Those who desire them have also small plots of ground allotted for their amusement and recreation, and many of the children are busily at work in their gardens during the fortnight's Easter holiday. There is also a capital gymnasium, and a small cricket pitch is being laid out. The whole of the clothing, including boots and shoes, worn by the children is made in the school. There are 65 resident officers, of whom the principal are Mr. William B. Dean, a graduate of London University, who has had charge of the institution at Forest Gate for 18 years, and Miss Lidgett, the matron. The whole of the children were transferred in six batches on six different days in the month of February, the old furniture, fittings, and stores having been previously removed in 150 van-loads.

### The Buildings Described.

The style of the buildings, of which Messrs. Holman and Goodrham are the architects, and Messrs. McCormick and Sons, of Islington, are the contractors, is domestic, red brick and rough cast with tile hangings, and the contract price was £167,000. According to evidence brought before Lord George Hamilton's Royal Commission on the Working of the Poor Laws, the cost of administration per head compares very favourably with that of any

other similar institution in the Kingdom. The roof of the assembly hall, of which Lord Balfour of Burleigh observed it would not disgrace a cathedral, is of pitch pine, supported by hammer beams with stone corbels, in which the rose, the thistle, the shamrock, and the leek are ingeniously blended. There are dormer windows in the roof, with semi-circular lights in the walls and large windows at either end, plain leaded lights bearing in the one case in coloured lettering the names of Chaucer, Milton, Hogarth, Shakespeare, Johnson, Turner, and Goldsmith, and in the other of Drake, Blake, Nelson, Wellington, Collingwood, Raleigh, Havelock, and their historian Macaulay, each and all intended to convey an incentive to emulation among the boys. The only exterior ornamentation is a frieze of red brickwork on which are empanelled the quarterings of the arms of Poplar, the four panels depicting respectively Bowe Bridge and the bent bow, the Three Poplars, the Dock Gates surmounted by a barque in full sail, and the effigy of St. Leonard of Bromley-bye-Bowe.

Mindful of the fire in which many children lost their lives at the Forest Gate School 16 or 17 years ago, each building is provided with hydrant and hose, all being in telephonic communication with the central fire station and water tower. The heating throughout is by hot water circulation, the lighting and power for the laundry, etc., being provided by an up-to-date electrical installation, while the infirmary, bakehouses, dormitories, play-rooms, and sanitary arrangements are patterns of completeness. The walls throughout are encaustic tiles of various hues, after the manner of the Tube railway stations, and the staircases are of fire-resisting teak. The whole scheme bears the seal of official approval in the shape of the Local Government Board certificate, and in such surroundings the physique and social standard of the rising generation cannot fail to be raised.

### Daily Routine.

The following is a brief outline of the daily routine observed by the boys: Call bell, 6.30 a.m.; beds made, windows opened; wash downstairs in lavatory; house-work till 7.45; boots on, hands washed; assemble in dining hall; breakfast, 8 a.m.; prayers, 8.15; if fine, play till 8.40; school parade, 8.45; working boys commence work, 8.30; dismiss 12 (noon); workboys wash for dinner; schoolboys play if fine; dining-hall parade, 12.25 p.m.; dinner, boys 12.30-1, girls 12.15-12.45, in own houses; school parade, 1.25; industrial work, 2-4.30; school dismiss, 4; play; tea, 5.15, followed by prayers; if dark return to blocks; if fine and light play; bed, according to season, 7, 7.30, or 8.

### Great National Asset.

Mr. Crooks, M.P., Chairman of the Board, after the Guardians had made their official reception, addressed the children in the big

schoolroom. He acknowledged the capital way in which the officers had carried out the transfer of the children from Forest Gate. There had been, he said, a lot of talk about the extravagance displayed in the roofs, the encaustic tiles, and all the rest, but he might say in connection with the last item alone that there had been a saving of no less than £2,000 by the substitution, with the assent of the Local Government Board, of tiles for glazed bricks, and at the same time it had been possible to produce much more beautiful effects. The works were commenced in July, 1904, and he hoped that by next July the contractors would have taken their departure and that the children would be in full possession of splendid playing-fields and gardens, in which though they might not grow poplar trees they would be able to cultivate plants and vegetables as tall as celery. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) In the shape of buildings, grounds, and above all 700 or 800 clean and tidy children, mentally and physically trained for the battle of life, he claimed that the Guardians were handing on not only to their successors but to the nation at large a priceless asset. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. George Lansbury (Chairman of the Committee of Management) declared that the Board had determined, in the face of many obstacles, to build this institution at Shenfield in order that the children might be brought up to love clean and wholesome things, to learn that good things need not be ugly, and that one of the aims in life should be to make the best of one's surroundings. Brought up in such a delightful place as they could now call their home, he was sure that they would make up their minds to be as nice and clean as the school itself, and that when they grew older they would not be satisfied to live in dirty homes or amongst dirt, but would be determined to have pure air to breathe, to keep their bodies strong and healthy, and their homes as clean and wholesome as the school, to which he believed they would look back with a pride equal to that which other boys had for what were called the great public schools of England.

The ceremony, as brief as it was simple, concluded with votes of thanks to Mr. Crooks and the members of the Committee of Management, proposed by Mr. G. E. Holman and carried with lusty rounds of cheers, the first ever echoed by the schoolroom walls and rafters.

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

Prior to the March elections, the "Times" printed a series of articles, entitled "The Story of the London County Council." An additional article subsequently appeared, which, besides dealing with municipal matters, discussed the Socialist movement at some length:—

Socialism—that is, the organised political and economic movement known by that name—is rapidly becoming the leading question in all Western countries at the present epoch, if it has not already taken the lead. It embraces or touches all the other questions generally considered important, such as international relations, war, disarmament, forms of government, religion, taxation, education; it is pretty nearly world-wide, and expanding year by year. Such domestic questions as the House of Lords and Home Rule are mere trifles compared with the march of this movement. Those who do not see that are blind to what is going on about them. Many are beginning to see; they know at least that it is not a thing merely to laugh at; they are afraid of it, but do not understand it. Most even of those who call themselves Socialists do not comprehend what is happening. The prevailing idea, alike among those who fear and those who hope, is that it means something abrupt, if not violent; a perceptible overthrow or collapse of existing arrangements and relations. That was the idea of Marx, and still is the idea of that section of Socialists which follows his teaching, and is probably more numerous than any other; they look to a political revolution of some kind, not by force, but still a revolution, though they have never explained how it is to come about. Others, clearer-sighted, do not believe in a revolution, but in a consummation by gradual steps. Nearly everybody, however, believes that Socialism is a movement of the people, of the "working classes," or the "proletariate," to use the particularly inappropriate term beloved by Socialists, and that, whether it be the handwriting on the wall presaging the overthrow of

Babylon or the initiation of a slow constitutional process, it has behind it the immense potential force of the people. But that is not so—yet. Socialism is not a popular movement; it did not spring from the people, like trade unionism and co-operation, nor has it been carried on by the people. It is a half-intellectual half-emotional movement, which emanated from the bourgeoisie or middle classes and has been carried on by them. The leading names, which form landmarks in its development, all belong to that stratum of society. Godwin, whose "Political Justice" laid the foundation of systematic Socialism and contained all the essential ideas since developed, was for some years a Nonconformist minister and was the son of one. Owen, who translated the idea into action, crude and short-lived but real, who gave it its name, and made it familiar, was a manufacturer. Marx, who was the father of political Socialism as we know it, was a Gelehrter. These are the most outstanding landmarks, and the others are like unto them. It is curious that this movement, which so loudly proclaims itself anti-bourgeois, should derive all its inspiration from bourgeois sources. "Labour" has contributed nothing, although the ostensible object of the whole thing is to secure the "rights" of labour. Socialism has, of course, appealed to that class and endeavoured to obtain its support; in recent times it has particularly aimed at utilising the great strength of the trade unions, with some, but more apparent than real, success. It has gained some more or less convinced adherents among the prominent men, but its hold over the rank and file is very slight. Over the mass of the people it has failed to obtain any direct hold at all, which was only to be expected. Economic theories are about as intelligible and attractive to the mass of the people as higher mathematics. As for the poor, they are the most conservative of all classes.

For these reasons Socialism portends no revolutionary rising of the people, nor even a great organisation from within. It has failed to capture them directly and has betaken itself to the political path. It relies on the ballot-box, and appeals not to the man, but to the voter. Some persons may think there is no great difference except that the revolution will be gradual instead of sudden; and that appears to be the opinion of Socialists themselves. They do not doubt the end for a moment; they are certain that their ideas will be realised. But there is an enormous difference between a movement which has behind it millions of devoted adherents and one which makes way not by the conversion of convinced believers in its truth, but by votes drawn from indifferent hearers by attractive promises of tangible benefit. As soon as it becomes a power, it is by that very fact placed upon trial in the eyes of its supporters, who are free to withdraw their support if the promises are not realised. Socialists believe in their theory by conviction, and probably nothing would shake their faith; if the people were in the same case they would be irresistible, but that is

just what they are not. The people have no faith, though they may have hope; they wait for results. The popular success of Socialism in various countries during the last few years means that its promises have been so far accepted as to make it a power, and thereby to place it on trial. It has two spheres of action—the legislative and the administrative; in some countries the former, in others the latter, is the more prominent. In Germany, for instance, the forces of Socialism are mainly concentrated on the Reichstag; in England they have only just begun to exercise any influence in Parliament; their real activity has been brought to bear upon administration, chiefly through local government. In both countries recent elections have illustrated the point I am trying to establish. In both, Socialism has had to re-appeal to the people after a period of prolonged and increasing success at the polls, and in both, to its great disappointment and the surprise of those who do not go below the surface of current events, the instability of a power which rests upon the ballot-box has been demonstrated. So far from sweeping onward in a gathering wave of enthusiasm, Socialism has been shown to be merely on trial, and subject to the cold verdict of an independent electorate.

These considerations lend extreme interest to the London County Council election and the situtation produced by its result. It is here in England, the original birthplace of Socialism, that it has been brought to the test of actual experience. The Social-Democratic Party in the German Reichstag has been sterile, it has produced only negative results; but Socialistic municipal administration in England has produced positive results which can be judged and weighed. London is the great example, and the County Council the chief instrument. I am not concerned to argue the question whether Progressive councillors are or call themselves Socialists or not; the point is that Socialism has made use of the party, as it has made use, though less fully, of the trade unions. The distinctive features of the Progressive policy have been purely Socialistic. They are not confined to London or to the County Council, but that body has led the way. The fullest exposition of Municipal Socialism is entitled "The London Programme"; and Mr. Stead has truly called the County Council "the nursing mother of Municipal Socialism." Now, it is that policy which has been on trial and has met with a rebuff. The electors have called for a change, and the important question is what the change is to be; for we may be quite certain of this, that, if the change fails to justify itself, they will go back and give Socialism another and a better chance. The progress of events will be watched all over the world; for the significance of the experimental trial of Socialism in London, and its result, have been more clearly realised at a distance than at home, and the sound of the recent election has reverberated far and

wide. The sequel, therefore, will exercise great influence. If the new administration be successful in retaining public confidence, Socialism will be deeply discredited; for it will have tried and failed, and will have been proved inferior to alternative methods. The more advanced Socialists, no doubt, deny that it has ever had a trial, and despise such a milk-and-watery business as London County Council Socialism. But they are not the judges, and the people who are will assuredly be slow to swallow a large dose of this particular medicine when they see that a small one has done them more harm than good, and that they are better without it. If Fabianism leads to financial embarrassment, Social-Democracy would spell bankruptcy. The same reasoning applies to the whole field of legislative action. If Municipal Socialism is discredited, State Socialism will be still less acceptable. We see that plainly enough in the reaction of the London municipal elections on Parliament; the Socialist section there at once lost ground, and its opponents or unwilling friends no longer fear it as they did. In fact, it is in the municipalities, and particularly in the London County Council, that the real battle is being fought. It would be too much to say that the whole future of Socialism depends on the result; but certainly its future will be profoundly influenced by the result.

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Municipal trading or enterprise is not necessarily Socialistic. It existed long before Socialism was thought of, and to-day there is many a town in Germany where it is more highly developed than in London without a single Socialist on the town council, which may be entirely composed of anti-Socialists and yet deliberately undertake all kinds of municipal enterprises. The difference is this—that in such cases municipal action is not adopted as a matter of principle, but because there are good reasons for believing that it will be to the public advantage, whereas Socialists assume that municipal action must always and in all cases be to the public advantage and preferable to private action, because it is a step towards that complete collectivism at which they aim. Hostility to private enterprise is the keynote of their policy. It follows that, when they have succeeded in installing some municipal enterprise, they have so far attained their object, and do not feel strongly the necessity of making it successful in fact as well as in theory. It is enough to say that it is successful when election time comes round. Hence carelessness, extravagance, blunders, and then shifty expedients to cover them up. But, if the other side make opposition to municipal, and the support of private enterprise a matter of principle, they will fall into the same mistake. Sometimes private enterprise is better, but it must not be assumed to be so. Theoretical Socialism and Individualism are both fallacious, for the bedrock fact is that man is both individual and social, and unfitted by nature to have either everything or nothing

in common with their fellows. The only rule to go by is to judge each case, without prejudice, on its merits, so far as they can be ascertained. And to that end it is desirable that the existing enterprises of the Council should be thoroughly overhauled and their true position and prospects ascertained, so far as it is possible. If they are good, let them stand; if not, let them cease. The public will acquiesce, for reason shown. As for the allegation that the election was fought and won in the interest of monopolies and trusts, it would be an insult to the Council to notice it, as it would be an insult to the old Council to praise its clean administration. Integrity is not so rare that we need thank God for an honest man. Mr. Burns seems to think it wonderful that he and his friends should have clean hands; I consider it elementary, but then I am not a Socialist.

The guiding rule, which includes all the rest, is to keep steadily in view the interests of the whole community and never subordinate them to party, prejudice, theory, or class. If the new Council does that, it will retain the merits, and avoid the defects, of the old one, and will show the world a better way.

# THE REVIEWS.

## THE RIGHTS AND WRONGS OF SOCIALISM.

Professor Adolph Wagner writes in this month's "Fortnightly,' under the above heading. Amongst other things he says :—

The intellectual work represented by the dogmatic teaching of economic Socialism I would be the last to deprecate. Herein lies a notable attempt to build up still further the actual theory of political economy: abstract thinking receives the place due to it and the defects of the historical school are made good. Much, indeed, appears to me quite tenable, but in my view and in that of most of my colleagues, though not all, the new fundamental doctrines of value, surplus-value, profits, wages, capital, etc., are not tenable. Hence the positive demands of Socialism, and the necessary further development deduced by Marx, appear to fall to the ground. But they are impugnable from two further decisive practical counter-arguments, which scientific and polemical Socialism has passed over with extreme thoughtlessness. The universal realisation of those demands would be dependent on impossible assumptions, and would have results which, so far as one is able to judge of things which cannot yet be settled by experience, would in all probability be opposed to the interests of the body politic. The realisation of the Socialistic system of economy makes demands upon the intellectual and moral qualities of men—for example, in regard to motive in economic dealings—which all that we know of men, whether from knowledge of one's own self or from historical experience, shows to be pitched far too high. The wild speculations current, touching the capacity of the intellectual and moral nature of men for change and improvement, are almost altogether imaginary. On the other hand, the influence of external conditions, of economic environment, real though it is, is inordinately exaggerated, in spite of all known facts of experience. I, for my part, am unable to come to any

other judgment than this, that the economic and social structure of Socialism presupposes as its material men, not only more perfect but of an entirely different nature than men hitherto have been, are now, and will remain. Thus, for myself, the most conclusive argument against Socialism is the psychological one.

## M. CLEMENCEAU AS WRITER AND PHILOSOPHER.

The Abbé Ernest Dimnet has an article in this month's "Nineteenth Century and After" on the above. He says:—

Few men are better known than M. Clemenceau. He has been before the public for nearly forty years, during one of the most interesting, though not, unfortunately, the most glorious periods of French history; and his dash, his wit, his go, together with his savage logic, have made him an exceptionally conspicuous figure on the political stage. It is curious that his literary achievements should be so seldom spoken of. M. Clemenceau has written nearly a dozen volumes, on a variety of subjects, and some of them were undoubtedly successful, if passing through six, eight, or ten editions means success for a book. Yet M. Clemenceau, as a writer, is not well known; people hardly ever quote from his books; many cultivated readers have only a vague idea even of their existence; and, in short, they cannot be said to help their author much in any manner.

On the other hand, we see that M. Deschanel, with not a tithe of M. Clemenceau's originality, is in the French Academy for three or four volumes by which no publisher seems to have become very rich. (A strange enigma at first sight, yet not very difficult to solve.) In the case of the ex-President of the Chamber, and would-be President of the Republic, we see a man of slender power aiming at literary celebrity, as he used to aim at success in society, well connected, and making the most of his old advantages in the interests of his new ambition. The result is such as clever management of this sort can lead to—viz., the paltry celebrity called notoriety.

In the case of M. Clemenceau, it is clear that the man, far from serving the writer, simply outshines him. One suspects that such a fiery Radical can only write to further his political action, and one is right—and I must add at once that this entire devotion to his ideal ought to be his chief glory—but one forgets that a man of such remarkable parts cannot be quite the same when he speaks and when he writes; that there is more effort to define himself on the part of a man who takes up his pen and strives to give

full expression to his thought; and in short, that most men of action are best explained by their writings.

This will be felt by whoever chooses to look into M. Clemenceau's works. The man appears before the reader's eyes with all his perfections and limitations—some of them unknown or dimly apprehended—and his formula becomes clear and easy. In his books, as in his life and in his politics, M. Clemenceau appears to be an impassioned individual; whose characteristic is energy fed by domineering ideal, but the ideal is that of the poet rather than that of the philosopher, and this fact accounts for the mobility with which he has so often been twitted.

Most of M. Clemenceau's volumes consist of articles reprinted from the numerous papers to which he used to contribute. Some of them are a mere jumble, as if the journalist's drawers had been turned, such as they were, into the press, instead of the waste basket, and they are often wretchedly got up. The worst in this respect is a fat brochure on the Dreyfus affair, at sight of which I experienced the same depressed feeling as the author himself once felt, at an inn where the landlady thought to please him by immediately turning the talk to the unfortunate captain. But all these books possess in common the quality of being deeds, not words, and they are written in the crisp eighteenth-century French, which holds the reader spell-bound, even when the matter is not quite to his taste. Three of them, "Le Grand Pan," "La Mélée Sociale," and the novel entitled "Les Plus Forts" ought to give their author high rank in modern literature, and possess, in a higher degree than their fellow volumes, the charm of adding as many touches as they have pages to M. Clemenceau's portrait.

Nothing is so unfortunate for a man as to go by a nickname. For many years, M. Clemenceau has been called the overthrower of Cabinets, and numbers of people imagine him only as a grim, saturnine misanthropist, sneering and snarling sceptically in a corner of the Chamber or the Senate, rising from his bench at long intervals just to deal a steady blow at the Prime Minister, no matter whether it be Gambetta or only M. Combes.

No fancy can be so remote from the truth. M. Clemenceau is neither a Sceptic nor a Nitszchean, nor a harsh ironist, nor a destructive politician. He is, on the contrary, more or less the reverse of all that. Above all he is not a sceptic. The form of sceptism affected in France during the past 30 years has been mostly the graceful, easy and lazy dilletantism which has Renan for its father, and M. Anatole France for its most complete exponent. Sceptics of this stamp are generally too fastidious to launch out on the muddy political shallows, and too averse from a plain aye or nay to expose themselves to the ridicule of adopting a system. Now M. Clemenceau not only has revelled in politics from his youth, but he never loses an opportunity of avowing a

system, and this system is no other than hard and fast materialism —the materialism of 40 years ago in all its crudeness, narrowness, and overweening finality.

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Apart from the mistakes and violences thus brought about by his breeding, and, above all, by his poor philosophy, most of his writings suggest a regular good fellow with more human than satire, and an inexhaustible fund for compassion for the humble and defenceless. Some of his short stories are indescribably touching and perfect little masterpieces. There is one—called the "Colibri" —of a child who dies and compels his mother to sing a song by his bedside just when he is dying, which no reader can resist. Many others are unpretending humorous tales full of air and sunshine— full of concealed art, too—which only a man really enamoured of the old provincial life is able to pen. The dry Voltairean vein never appears except when stupidity united to conceit or selfishness and cruelty require proper castigation. Then the punishment is prompt and complete. The Parisian scenes in "Les Plus Forts" are as good as any other in that style.

# INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

## "WOMEN'S RIGHTS" AS A MENACE TO THE RACE.

The movement for what is called the emancipation of woman is making advances all over the world, and woman seems determined to make a place for herself and hold it in the realm of affairs. The advantages which have been obtained intellectually and economically by the crusade are still matters of dispute; but there is another point of view—the biological—which has been neglected. This is treated in the "Umschau" (Frankfort) by Dr. Albert Reibmayr. Says this writer:—

"In the struggle for existence man has had to do the fighting for himself, his wife, and his children. This necessarily increased the development of the intellectual faculties. The woman's share, on the other hand, has been the care of the children and the culture of the female secondary characteristics so that a balance might be established between the sexes. But woman's chief work has been the development of the feelings. However valuable the culture of the intellect in the struggle for existence, it has little to do with the happiness which man is undoubtedly able to obtain, and it is far inferior in actual human value to the exaltation which high culture of the feelings is able to create. So far, not through the cold activity of the reason, but through the warm effulgence of the feelings, have the greatest heights of happiness been achieved in the history of the race."

The development of the intellectual faculties, Dr. Reibmayr tells us, undoubtedly falls to man's share, but to woman is given that division of work which makes for happiness. In considering any change in the established relations, we must not lose sight of the clearly differentiated parts played by the two sexes. He goes on:—

"It is clear that the biological menace in the woman's-rights

movement lies in the loss of the finer sensibilities. These will be stifled and effaced. We know to-day that this priceless inheritance is entirely dependent on the intensive culture of the mother feelings. These feelings have heretofore been highly developed by the woman, undisturbed by the struggle for existence, protected by the man, and relieved of the greater part of the material cares of the family. And by constant culture and development throughout the course of generations these deep sensibilities have become a grand inheritance. . . .

"This is particularly true of the artistic impulses. There is little doubt that in the sordid every-day strife the artistic emotions would soon be stifled if they were not constantly animated and freshened by the influences derived from the mother. But in all the paths of life these feelings have been the real benediction of human life, and they constitute the greatest factor for good in human society. Indeed, so great has been the abundance of our inheritance, and its dynamic force has been so compelling that in spite of the increase in life's complexity the inheritance of fine sensibilities in the male has not decreased. In fact, man has always endeavoured to give to a pitiless struggle a certain human cast."

Dr. Reibmayr calls attention to the fact that we are not prone to search for the cause of human progress in the right direction. If we did this, we should see how many branches of human endeavour are animated by inheritance from the maternal side. He says :—

"It is the ordinary procedure to attribute all progress to the activity of the male intellect, although our daily life teaches us that high intelligence without a corresponding development of the heart is unable to do anything essential in the plane of humanity. But a serious change must take place in the conservation and expression of the emotions the moment woman enters the arena and begins to take a real part in the struggle for existence. For in this existence-struggle the possession of fine feelings is an impediment, and the high culture of this characteristic must be rather restrained than encouraged if success is desired in the business world. Here the greatest weapon is the intellect, and the woman who wishes to be successful in affairs must strive for the development of her intellect and for the suppression of her feelings. Consequently, with the degeneration of the emotions much that we know and cherish to-day must pass away; and this will be shown particularly in the arts where the inheritance of refined sensibilities is of vital importance. . . .

"We shall also have more rapid extinction of the female line in families of genius. It is a widely recognised law that the male lines of talented families sooner or later die out, while the female lines remain and maintain the constancy of talent. This is due to the fact that the female line is shielded from the hard battle for

existence, and also to the fact that it is prevented from misuse of the brain, which is the chief menace to talented families. If, however, woman enters the field of active affairs she will be exposed not only to stunting and degeneration of the feelings, but to abnormal growth of the intellect and to the inevitable exhaustion of the brain through social strife."—Translation made for "The Literary Digest."

## THE MALLOCK LECTURES AGAINST SOCIALISM.

Five lectures on Socialism delivered at Columbia University by the well-known English economist and author, W. H. Mallock, under the auspices of the National Civic Federation, have attracted a great deal of newspaper notoriety recently. Among other things Mr. Mallock engages to destroy "the Socialist's theory that labour is the sole producer of wealth." Thus :—

"The modern industrial system, when Adam Smith wrote in the middle of the eighteenth century, was as Karl Marx insists, only just beginning. The world's great increases in productivity have been all made since that time. Even then two factors were at work, other than the division of labour, which have ever since been growing in importance and magnitude, and the secret of modern production resides, we shall find, in these. One of these is the development of machinery. The other is the increasing application of exceptional intelligence, knowledge, and energy, not to the manual labour of those who possess these exceptional qualifications, but to the direction and co-ordination of the variety of individual operations into which the manual labour of others, on an increasing scale, divides itself. It is to this latter factor that the development of modern machinery is itself due.

"The enormous augmentation of wealth, then, which is characteristic of modern times, is not due to average labour, though average labour is essential to it. It is due, in its distinctive magnitude, to the increasing concentration of intellect, knowledge, and other rare mental faculties, or the process of directing this labour in an increasingly efficacious way ; and capitalism is primarily the means by which this direction is effected. No intelligent Socialist, when the matter is thus put plainly, can possibly deny this. . . .

"Socialism has made two attempts to justify itself—attempts beginning at opposite ends of the scale. (1) One is the attempt of Marx and his school, which represents ordinary manual labour as the sole producer of wealth. (2) The other is that of the more

thoughtful Socialists of to-day, who more or less clearly recognise, though they do not openly say so, that the Marxian analysis of production is no better than nonsense. These men, so far as the machinery of production is concerned, are coming round to a view which is, in many respects, not to be distinguished from that of their most uncompromising opponents. They are coming to recognise that in the modern process of production the few play a part even greater than that played by the many—that the labour of the many is the unit which the ability of the few multiplies ; and the only radical change which these modern Socialists would introduce is a change in the character of the motives by which this ability is first to be elicited, and then kept in a state of sustained activity."

Mr. Mallock's conclusion is that the only alternatives to the wage system are slavery and the "corvee" system, that the individual demand for financial reward and desire of family life, as well as limitations on what the State can compel individuals to do, make Socialism impossible.

Replies to Mr. Mallock were not long in coming. Gaylord Wilshire, editor of "Wilshire's Magazine," in the New York "Times," vigorously combats the points raised, particularly the argument from ability. He writes :—

"The very condition to develop human productivity which Mr. Mallock declares to be required, namely, large material rewards for superior directive ability, has been a fact in the world's history for the last two thousand years, and yet he does not seem to have noticed that it is only in the last one hundred and fifty years, since the invention of the steam-engine and labour-saving machinery, man has increased in productivity to any great extent. . . .

"The evolution of the capitalist system is to-day eliminating the small owner, the 'men of ability,' the very men who Mr. Mallock is declaring are so essential to our system of production. Mr. Mallock, it seems, would have us believe that among the ones who get the great rewards for 'directive ability are the scientific men, the chemists in the steel industry ; that they are more highly paid than manual labourers. The truth is that these men, these brain-workers, are paid a competitive wage which gives them very often much less than manual labourers. It is not very difficult to get a good chemist, graduated from one of our best universities, at a salary of $100 a month, while many a manual labourer in a steel mill gets $200 a month. But while the manual labourer may get his $200 a month and the chemist but $100, the stockholder who may do nothing at all is getting $20,000 a month. . . .

"In regard to the destruction of family life which Mr. Mallock alleges that Socialists wish, I would point out that the greatest foe to family life is the fact that the labourer is frequently not paid enough to support the family without putting his wife and children to work."—"The Literary Digest," New York.

## RAILROAD MAGNATES AND PRISON-STRIPES.

The time has arrived in the history of American railroading when a large section of public sentiment, as represented by the Press, believe that sending more railroad managers to gaol would result in sending fewer passengers to untimely graves. The sickening accident record of the past few months, capped by the frightful wreck in New York City on February 16, in which 21 were killed and 147 injured, leads the New York "Times" to suggest that the lesson must perhaps "be impressed upon the minds of officers and managers by indictment, trial, and conviction." To the greed of the owners and managers "is very largely due the appalling record of bloody accidents as well as most other delinquencies in transportation," believes the Springfield "Republican"; and the New York "Evening Mail" predicts that the rate legislation "is likely to be followed up by a demand for laws decreeing criminal responsibility for railroad disasters and for a sterner execution of existing laws." The Boston "Herald," too, thinks it is time for criminal action against negligent railway directors, for, it asks, "in what other way can they be roused to an adequate feeling of personal responsibility for the lives of helpless people who trust themselves in their hands?"

These are not hasty and demagogic journals, but papers that represent the sober and conservative thought of their respective cities. And the New York "Journal of Commerce," a paper that speaks with authority in railroad matters, says of the New York wreck:—

"There is about this and about most of the recent railroad disasters an air of incompetency in management and of carelessness in operation that is disheartening. Are our railroad men giving so much attention to their schemes of expansion and increased facilities and to financing these in the stock-market that they are negligent of the daily duty of efficient and safe operation? There seems somehow to be a condition of demoralisation of service, of lack of competency, of discipline, of fidelity to the immediate duty, which is having alarming results and is casting discredit upon the railroad management of the country."

The New York "Press" remarks that the railroad managers "howl against Government interference with their business, yet they constantly provoke Government to assume functions which they persist in refusing to perform." "The World" thinks the manager is too busy with other things to safeguard human life. It observes:—

"In the matter of rigging the stock-market the American railroad manager has no superior. In the matter of providing safe and expeditious facilities for transportation he has no inferior in any nation of the first rank. He can manipulate political conven-

tions. He can debauch legislatures. He can send his paid attorneys to Congress, and sometimes put them on the bench. In these matters he is a master, just as he is a master in the art of issuing and juggling securities. It is only in the operation of railroads that he is deficient. The mere detail of transporting lives and property safely and satisfactorily he seems to regard as unworthy of his genius. His equipment is usually inadequate. His road-bed is generally second-class or worse. His employees are undisciplined and his system is archaic.

"Whatever the causes may be, the fact remains that, judged by the results of operation, the American railroad manager is incompetent, and the records of death and disaster prove it."

The New York "Evening Mail," quoted above, brings out the fact that the wreck in New York City was only an average day's railroad slaughter. To quote :—

"Why should the terrible disaster at Bedford Park be spoken of as an unusual occurrence? Only 20 victims are dead, only 150 injured. It was not an average day's work of the American railroad system! To equal the record of 1906, the daily death-roll must number 26, and 237 men and women must be maimed and crippled every day in the year.

"What matters it whether this latest example of murderous inefficiency was due to spreading rails, a broken axle, or merely the common-place habit of racing light cars so swiftly around a curve in the effort to catch up to a wrong schedule that they were flicked from the track like the crack of a whip-lash? It is not the one road, nor the one train crew, nor any single instance of reckless disregard for human life that calls for special denunciation. It is the entire shameful system."—"The Literary Digest," New York.

## THE DEAD MISTRESS.

You ask me, brother, if I was ever in love. Yes, I have been. It is a strange and terrible story, and though I am sixty-six years old, I hardly dare stir up the dead ashes of that remembrance. I cannot refuse you anything; but I would not dare tell this story to a less trustworthy person than yourself. The events are so strange that I cannot believe that they happened to me. I was for more than three years the victim of a strange and diabolical illusion. I, a poor country priest, lived in a strange world every night (God grant that it was only a dream!), the life of a lost soul, of a man of the world, of a Sardanapulus. A single, but too friendly, glance cast at a woman nearly caused the loss of my immortal soul; but at last, with the help of God and my holy patron saint, I was able to drive away the evil spirit which had gained possession of me. My life was twofold: by day I was a priest of God, chaste, thinking of prayers and holy things; at night, as soon as I closed my eyes, I became a young nobleman, well acquainted with women, dogs and horses, using the dice-box, drinking and blaspheming, and when at dawn I awoke, it seemed to me that I was really going to sleep, and dreaming that I was a priest. I still retain remembrances of this nightmare; there are thoughts and words against which I cannot fight, and though I have never left my parsonage, you would think sometimes that I am a man who had lived in the world, had become disgusted with it, had become a priest, and wished to end in the bosom of God a life of ill-spent days, instead of a humble priest who has grown old in a forgotten parish in the midst of a wood, and who has had nothing to do with the things of the world.

Yes, I have loved like no one else has loved in the world—with a mad and furious passion which has been so violent that I am astonished that it has not broken my heart in twain. Ah! what nights, what nights I have spent!

From my earliest youth I felt a vocation to be a priest; and,

therefore, all my studies were directed towards that object, and my life till I was twenty-four was nothing but one long novitiate. As soon as I had completed my theological studies, I received the minor orders, and my masters thought that I was worthy, in spite of my youth, of taking the final vows. The date of my ordination was fixed for Easter week.

I had never mixed with the world; for me the whole universe was the college garden and that of the seminary. I knew, in a vague way, that there was something called woman, but I never let my thoughts rest on her; I was perfectly innocent. I only saw my mother, who was old and infirm, twice a year. This was all I knew of the outside world.

I regretted nothing. I did not feel the slightest hesitation before that irrevocable decision. I was full of joy and impatience. No young lover ever counted the hours with more feverish ardour. I could not sleep; I dreamt that I was saying mass; to be a priest was, I thought, the finest thing in the world. I would have refused to be a king or a poet. I could conceive no higher ambition than to be one of the priestly order.

I tell you this to show you that what happened to me ought not to have occurred, and to explain how I was the victim of an inexplicable fascination.

When the great day came, I walked to the Church with such a light step that it seemed to me that I was raised up on the air, or that I had wings on my shoulders. I thought that I was an angel, and I could not understand the gloomy and dismal countenances of my companions, for there were several other candidates. I had spent the night in prayer, and I was in a state which was almost one of ecstacy. The Bishop, a venerable old man, seemed to represent God the Father looking over eternity, and I saw Heaven through the roof of the cathedral.

You know the details of the ceremony: the blessing, the communion in two kinds, the touching of the palm of the hands with the oil of the catechumens, and finally the Holy Sacrifice offered up by the Bishop. I will not dwell on all this. Would that I had done as Job and "made a covenant with mine eyes."* I raised my head by chance, which, till then, I had cast down, and I saw in front of me, so near that it seemed that I might have touched her, though really she was a great distance off and on the other side of the balustrade, a young woman, remarkably beautiful and magnificently dressed. It was as if the scales fell from my eyes. I felt like a blind man who had suddenly recovered his sight. The Bishop, so dazzling bright a short time ago, seemed to go out; the wax candles grew pale in their golden candlesticks, like the stars in the morning, and the whole church appeared to be in complete darkness. The charming creature

* Job, xxxi., 1.

stood out in the shadows like an angelic revelation; she seemed to shine with her own brightness, and rather to emit light than to receive it.

I lowered my eyelids, and determined not to raise them, so as not to see any exterior objects, for I seemed to be more and more distracted, and I hardly knew what I was doing.

A minute afterwards I reopened my eyes, for through my eyelashes I saw her beaming with all the prismatic colours, and she seemed to be surrounded by purple shadows, like when one looks at the sun.

She was very beautiful. The greatest painters who have tried to depict the ideal beauties of Heaven by painting on earth the divine portrait of the Madonna have never been able to come near to this fabulous reality. Neither the verses of poets nor the palette of the painter could give any idea of it. She was rather tall, and her carriage and bust were those of a goddess; her hair was fair, and fell towards her temples in two rivers of gold. You would have thought she was a queen with her crown. Her forehead was of a bluish white, and transparent, and rose above the arcs of two nearly brown eyelashes, and her eyes were green, like the waves of the sea, and shone with a brightness and a warmth which was almost unbearable. Those eyes seemed by a flash to decide a man's destiny for ever; they showed a life, a limpidity, an ardour, a brilliancy which I had never seen in mortal eye; there came from them rays like arrows, which I could see coming straight to my heart. I do not know if the flame which illuminated them came from Heaven or from Hell, but it certainly came from one or other of those places. That woman was either an angel or a devil, and perhaps a mixture of both; she certainly did not come from the side of Eve, our common mother. The finest pearly teeth of Orient shone in her red smile, and little dimples appeared in the rosy satin of her adorable cheeks each time she moved her mouth. As for her nose, it showed a royal pride and perfection, and revealed her noble birth. Bright stones of agate sparkled on the soft and lustrous skin of her half-uncovered shoulders, and strings of large blond pearls, almost like her neck in colour, came down to her bosom. From time to time she lifted up her head with a serpentine movement of a snake or a peacock, and then the open ruffle which surrounded her neck like a silver trellis would tremble.

She wore a red velvet dress with sleeves lined with ermine, and I could see her patrician hands with long plump fingers, of an ideal whiteness, letting the light pass through them as if they were those of Aurora.

I can see all this as if it had happened yesterday; and, though I was much agitated, yet I noticed everything. I noticed that she had a little black beauty spot on her chin, slight traces of down

on her lips, a forehead like velvet, and that her eyelids gave a trembling shade on her cheeks.

While I was looking at her, I felt that gates were breaking in me which till then had been shut; windows which had been blocked were opening and letting me see sights which, up to that time, had been invisible; life assumed an entirely different aspect; I was experiencing new ideas. A frightful pain was at my heart; each minute which elapsed seemed to go like a second, and yet to last a century. The ceremony, however, went on, and I was carried far away from the world of which my growing desires were furiously besieging the entry. Yet I said yes when I wished to say no; when my whole being was in revolt and was protesting against the violence which my tongue made to my soul; an occult force made me utter the words in spite of myself. That is why, perhaps, so many young girls go to the altar with the firm determination of refusing in a startling manner the husband who has been chosen for them, and yet not a single one carries out her intention. That is why, doubtless, so many poor novices take the veil, though they have quite determined to tear it in pieces, when they are agreeing to the vows. No one dares cause such a scandal before all the world, nor to disappoint so many people; all those wills, all those looks, seem to weigh on you like a cloak of lead, and then everything is so well-arranged beforehand, and in such an irrevocable manner, that thought gives way to the weight of the matter, and completely breaks down.

The look of the beautiful unknown changed its expression as the ceremony went on. At first it was tender and caressing, then it changed to one of disdain and grief at not having been understood.

I make a great effort to pull up a mountain, to cry out that I did not want to be a priest, but I could not do it; my tongue remained riven to my palate, and I could not show in the slightest way my refusal. I was, though wide awake, as in a nightmare—when one wishes to speak out and cannot do so, even to save one's life.

She seemed to understand that I was suffering; and, as if to encourage me, she gave me a look full of divine promises. Her eyes were a poem, of which each look was a book. She said to me:—

"If you will be mine, I will make you happier than God in his Heaven; angels will be jealous of you. Tear that funeral shroud in which you are going to wrap yourself. I am beauty, I am youth, I am life. Come to me, we shall be love. What compensation could Jehovah offer you? Our life will be a dream, and one eternal kiss.

"Pour out the wine of that chalice, and you will be free. I will take you to unknown islands; you shall go to sleep on my bosom in a golden bed under a silver canopy, for I love you, and

would take you away from your God, before whom so many noble hearts pour out torrents of love which do not reach him."

I seemed to hear these words said in a very gentle way, for her looks almost spoke, and the sentences which her eyes sent to me resounded in my heart as if an invisible mouth had whispered them in my soul. I felt ready to give up God, and yet my heart went mechanically through the forms of the ceremony. The lovely one gave me another look so tender, so despairing, that sharp thrusts pierced my heart, and I felt more swords in my breast than the Mother of grief.

It was all over, I was a priest.

No human countenance ever showed a deeper anguish. The maiden who sees her betrothed die suddenly by her side; the mother by the side of her child's empty cradle; Eve sitting at the gates of Paradise; the miser who finds a stone in the place of his treasure; the poet who has allowed his manuscript to fall into the fire; all these do not seem so cast down and so wretched. Her charming face became deadly pale, and she seemed like a block of white marble; her beautiful arms fell alongside her body as if the muscles had lost their strength, and she leaned against a pillar, for her legs grew weak, and were giving way. As for me: pale, my forehead wet with a bloodier sweat than that of Calvary, I tottered faintly towards the church door; I was gasping for breath; the roof seemed to me falling on to my shoulders, and I thought that my head alone held up all the arches of the cathedral.

As I was going out, a hand suddenly seized mine; it was a woman's hand! I had never felt a woman's hand before. It was as cold as the skin of a serpent, and it was as if I had been touched by a hot iron. It was she. "Wretch! wretch!" she said in a low voice. "What have you done?" And she then disappeared in the crowd.

The old Bishop passed. He gave me a stern look. I had a strange look on my face; I grew pale; I blushed; I was nearly fainting. One of my comrades took pity of me, and led me away, for I should not have been able to find, by myself, the way to the seminary. As we turned a corner, while the young priest was looking another way, a negro page, strangely dressed, came near to me, and gave me, without stopping to say anything, a little pocket-book with embossed golden ends, making a sign that I was to hide it. I put it up my sleeve, and kept it there till I was alone in my cell. I then forced it open, and there were only two leaves in it, with these words written "Clarimonde at the Concini Palace." I then knew so little of the affairs of life, that, though Clarimonde was famous, I did not even know her name, and I was quite ignorant as to the situation of the Concini Palace. I made a thousand guesses, each one more mad than the other; but to say the truth, as long as I could see her

again, I did not care what she was, whether she was a courtesan or a great lady.

My new-born passion completely mastered me, and I did not even think of fighting it, because I felt that it was impossible. That woman had completely conquered me. One look of her had been sufficient to change my whole life; she was mistress of my will. I no longer lived an independent existence, but was her slave. I did a thousand wild things. I kissed the place on my hand that she had touched, and I repeated her name for hours. I had only to shut my eyes to see her as clearly as if she had been really present, and I repeated those words which she had said to me under the porch of the church: "Wretch, wretch! What have you done?" I understood all the horror of my situation, and the funereal and terrible sides of the calling which I had just chosen were clearly revealed to me. To be a priest! That is to say, to be chaste, not to live, to distinguish neither sex nor age, to turn aside from all beauty, to put out one's eyes, to crawl in the very shadow of a cloister or a church, to only see dying persons, to watch over unknown bodies, and to wear one's own mourning in a black cassock, so that a shroud for your coffin could be made from your clothes.

And I felt life rise in me like an inland lake, which swells and overflows; my blood beat rapidly in my veins; my youth, kept down for so long, blossomed forth suddenly like the aloe, which takes a century to flower, and then buds out with a clap of thunder.

What could I do to see Clarimonde again? I could think of no excuse for leaving the seminary, as I knew no one in the town. I was not even going to stay there, and I was only waiting to be appointed to a parish to go there. I tried to unfasten the bars of my window, but it was at a great height, and as I had no ladder, flight was impossible, and could not be thought of. And, besides, I could only escape by night; and how should I have found my way in the inextricable labyrinth of streets? All these difficulties, which would not have appeared formidable to others, were very great for me, a poor seminarist, a lover of yesterday, without experience, without money, and without clothes.

Ah! if I had not been a priest, I might have been able to see her every day. I should have been her lover, her husband, said I to myself in my folly. Instead of having on my sad shroud, I should have doublets in silk and in velvet, golden chains, a sword and feather like fine young cavaliers. My hair, instead of being dishonoured by a big tonsure, would flow round my neck in bright curls. I would have a fine pair of moustachios; I would be a bold cavalier. But an hour passed before an altar, some inarticulate words, had cut me off for ever from the living, and I had myself sealed my own tombstone; I had driven home with my own hand the bolt of my prison door.

I went to the window. The sky was beautifully blue, the

trees had put on their spring dress, nature was displaying an ironical joy. The streets were full of people who came and went; young lovers and their lasses were going, two by two, towards gardens and bowers. Joyous companions passed by singing drinking songs; there was movement, life, zeal, joy which only made more evident my mourning and solitude. A young woman at her own door was playing with her child; she kissed its pretty little red mouth, still wet with drops of milk, and she was teasing it as only a mother can in a hundred charming ways. The father stool a little way off smiling at the charming group, and his crossed arms pressed his joy on his heart. I could not endure the sight. I shut the window, and I threw myself on my bed, with fearful heat and jealousy in my heart, biting my fingers and the blankets like a tiger who had fasted for three days.

I do not know for how long I remained there; but, as I turned round in a passionate state, I saw the Abbé Sérapion standing in the middle of my room, looking at me very attentively. I was ashamed of myself, and letting my head fall on my breast, I hid my eyes with my hands.

"Romuald, my friend, something extraordinary is taking place in your heart," said Serapion to me, after a few minutes' silence. "Your conduct is really inexplicable. You who are so pious, so calm, and so gentle; you are moving about in your cell like a wild beast. Take care, brother, and listen not to the counsels of the devil. The Evil One, angry because you are consecrated for ever to the Lord, is walking round you like a ravening wolf, and is making a final effort to make you his own. Instead of giving way, my dear Romuald, make yourself a breastplate with prayer, a shield with mortifications, and bravely fight the enemy, and you shall conquer him. The test is necessary to virtue, and you will be stronger after the fight. Be neither afraid nor discouraged, the most pious and the bravest souls have experienced these feelings. Pray, fast, meditate, and the evil spirit will depart."

The words of the Abbé Sérapion made me think, and I became a little calmer.

"I came to tell you that you were appointed Vicar at C——. The priest who was there has just died, and my Lord the Bishop has charged me to take you there, and induct you. You must be ready to-morrow."

I answered by a nod that I would be ready, and the Abbé withdrew.

I opened my breviary, and I began to read my prayers, but the lines grew dim before my eyes; my ideas became confused, and the volume fell from my hands without my noticing it.

To go away to-morrow without having seen her again! To add another difficulty to all those which already separated us. To lose for ever the hope of meeting her unless by a miracle. Should I write to her? But how could I send my letter? Holding a

sacred office, whom could I trust? I was terribly anxious. Then all that the Abbé Sérapion had said to me about the artifices of the demon came back to my mind. The strangeness of the adventure, the supernatural beauty of Clarimonde, the phosphorescent brightness of her eyes, the burning impression of her hand, the way she had bewitched me, the sudden change that had taken place in me—my piety vanishing in an instant—all this clearly proved the presence of the devil, and this hand of Satan was perhaps only the glove hiding his claw. These ideas threw me into a great fright. I picked up the breviary which had fallen from my knees on the ground, and I went on reading my prayers.

The next day Sérapion came to fetch me. Two mules waited for us at the door laden with our humble belongings. He mounted one, and I managed to get on to the other. While going through the town, I looked up at all the windows, and at all the balconies, in the hope of seeing Clarimonde, but it was too early, and the town was not yet awake. My eyes tried to see through the blinds and the curtains of all the palaces that we passed. No doubt Sérapion thought that I was doing this because I admired the beauty of the architecture, for he went slowly, in order that I might have time to look. At last we arrived at the gate of the town, and we began to go up the hill. When I was quite at the top, I turned round to look once more on the spot where Clarimonde lived. The shadow of a cloud quite covered all the town; its red and blue roofs only dimly appeared in a kind of mist formed by the morning smoke. By a strange optical effect, there appeared, pale and gilt by a single ray of light, a building which surpassed in height the neighbouring buildings, quite hid in the vapour. Though it was more than a league off, it appeared quite new. You could distinguish the most trivial details: the little towers, the parapets, the windows, and even the weathercocks, which represented fishes.

"What is that palace which I see a long way off, lit up by a ray of the sun," I asked Sérapion. He put his hand over his eyes, and, having looked, he replied: "It is the old palace which Prince Concini has given to the courtesan Clarimonde; dreadful things have taken place there."

At that very moment, I do not yet know whether it was a delusion or a fact, but I thought that I saw a white and slender form pass on the terrace for a second, and then disappear. It was Clarimonde.

Oh! did she know that there at the top of that steep road, which took me from her, and which I should never retrace, I was yearning for her, and was anxiously looking at the palace where she lived, and which, by the strange appearance of the light, seemed to be nearer to me, as if inviting me to go in as its lord and master?

No doubt she knew it, for her soul was too sympathetically

joined to mine not to feel its slightest moods, and it was this feeling which had led her, still clothed in her sleeping attire, to go on to the terrace in the cold dews of the morning.

The palace seemed to fade, and I could only see a still ocean of roofs and attics, which did not allow me to distinguish anything clearly. Sérapion spurred his mule; mine followed its mate, and a turning of the road hid the town of S—— for ever, for I was never to go back there. After three days' journey, through a very dull country, we saw through the trees the weathercock on the steeple of the church which I was to serve, and, after having passed through a few narrow and tortuous streets, in which were poor cottages, we came in front of the church, which was not very magnificent. There was a porch, roughly carved, standing on stone pillars, a slated roof and aisles resting on pillars; at the left was the cemetery, full of tall grass, with a great iron cross in the middle; on the right, in the shadow of the church, was the parsonage. It was a very simple dwelling, scrupulously clean. We went in. A few chickens were picking up some grains on the ground. As they were apparently accustomed to the black garments of ecclesiastics, they were not frightened at seeing us, and scarcely moved away to allow us to pass. We heard a cracked and hoarse bark, and we saw an old dog come running towards us.

It was the dog of my predecessor. His eye was dim, his hair was grey, and he showed every symptom of extreme old age. I touched him gently by the hand, and he began to walk next to me appearing to be very pleased. A rather old woman, who had been the housekeeper of the former priest, came to meet us, and, having made us go into a room with a low ceiling, asked me if I would keep her in my service. I answered that I would keep her and the dog and the chickens, and all the furniture that her master had left her at her death, and this made her feel very happy, especially as the Abbé Sérapion at once gave her, without any bargaining, all she asked for the furniture.

*(To be continued.)*

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**May-Day.**—May-Day was observed in London by Social-Democrats, Anarchists, and the unemployed by a demonstration in Hyde Park, from which Independent and other respectable "Labourists," were, for the most part, conspicuously absent. They, like the majority of the working-people of this country, uninspired by any consciousness of class solidarity, take all their ideas and opinions from the master class. They have no idea, yet, of declaring a holiday of their own—except in case of a strike. Of course, if the bourgeoisie were to initiate a general holiday for the First of May, as an "Empire Day," or a "King's Day," or for the celebration of 60 years of capitalist Free Trade and cheap labour, the working people, still in the thrall of capitalist ideas, would take it up with enthusiasm. But to declare a holiday of their own, as a manifestation of solidarity with their fellow-workers in other countries, and as an earnest of the days to come when Labour shall be

emancipated, that is entirely beyond them; and so they look on curiously at these Social-Democrats and their proceedings, while in every other capital in Europe the down-trodden proletariat, whom the free Briton despises, boldly makes holiday in celebrating the international solidarity of Labour.

**The Bourgeois Budget.**—The expressed consternation of members of *the* Labour Party in the House of Commons when they discovered that Mr. Featherstone Asquith had made no provision whatever in his Budget for old age pensions was very amusing. Why they should ever have supposed that he was going to do anything of the kind it is difficult to imagine. Their child-like simple faith in the Liberal Government—in spite of their professed "independence"—is really most pathetic. It is of the nature of the faith that moves mountains, but it would be easier to move the Himalayas from their base than to move a bourgeois Liberal Government from serving the interests of the class it represents. Featherstone Asquith's Budget is a bourgeois Budget, as anyone, not a child in political matters, must have foreseen it would be. No Socialist can possibly be disappointed with it. In this, as in everything else, the Liberals have done and are doing precisely what we anticipated. We, at any rate, are not disappointed.

**Home Rule for India.**—Considerable uneasiness is being felt in official circles on account of what is called the "unrest" being manifested in different parts of India. We are glad that it should be so. Our Liberal newspapers endeavour to show that Lord Curzon's administration is solely responsible for the present trouble. As a matter of fact, however, years and years of misrule and extortion are the cause, and the British rulers of India may be assured that when

payment is exacted for all those years, it will be payment in full, pressed down and running over. The people of India, submissive, downtrodden so long, are beginning to have some faith in themselves and in the possibilities that lie before them. The effect of the rise of Japan has inspired them with a belief in the power of an Asiatic race to hold its own against Europeans. We are just now hearing the rumblings of the approaching storm. If our rulers were wise, it might not be too late even yet to avert a catastrophe; but repression is no good. The deportation of agitators, so-called, will only create a feeling that the Feringhee is afraid, and will inspire the natives with confidence. We wish them every success in their efforts to shake off the life-destroying rule of Britain and to establish Home Rule for India.

**Aiding Despotism and Massacre.**—The eternal vigilance which is said to be the price of liberty needs to be specially exercised at the present time. There is a curious hankering on the part of the Liberal Government, as well as in Court circles, for an Anglo-Russian alliance. Strenuous, if somewhat subterranean, efforts have been made to give a political and Russophil turn to the visit of Russian war-ships to our shores, as well as that of the Dowager Empress. In view of all the circumstances the Government is afraid to act too openly; but we have reason for knowing that there is the strongest possible desire on the part of the British Ministry to establish an alliance with the ensanguined and bloodthirsty Government of the Czar. Had Abdul the Damned been guilty of a tithe of the atrocities which lie at the door of Nicholas, our peace-loving Government would have taken the advice of its saintly press and sent the Fleet with double-shotted guns to bring him to reason. With the Czar, however, tortures and massacres appear to bespeak the approbation of our Liberal Government, and a visit of the

British Fleet to Russia, not as a threat, but as an act of courtesy, would have taken place ere this but for our opposition. It is something that we have so far managed to preserve the right of asylum so that our comrades of the Russian Social-Democracy can hold their Congress here. If they could we have no doubt Liberal Ministers would arrest and hand them over to the Russian police, in order to curry favour with the torturers and assassins of St. Petersburg.

**The Military Muddle.**—The chief dish of the Ministerial ménu for the present Session is Haldane's Territorial and Reserve Forces Bill. The Irish Council Bill will either fail to propitiate the Irish, or will incense the Lords, and in either case is not likely to get through this Session. The Army Bill is another matter, and in one form or another is pretty certain to be passed. This is much to be regretted, as there is little hope of such drastic amendments being adopted in Committee as would destroy the mischievous character of its provisions. We do not, for a moment, believe it will be found to be a workable scheme, but if it is found to work it will be because, through the hierarchical constitution of the County Associations, such social and economic pressure will be brought to bear upon the sons of the working class as to constitute a system of conscription in the guise of a pretended voluntary organisation. This, coupled with the provisions for bringing the Territorial Forces—Volunteers, Yeomanry, and Militia—under military law, will create, under another name, a complete system of actual compulsory military service, with all the worst features of such a system—class domination and the like—in their most mischievous form. If the scheme does break down, it will furnish another argument for those who desire conscription as the only way out of the present military muddle. It seems that our peace-loving friends—Liberals and Labour men alike—would pre-

fer any system of compulsory service, to a system of universal training which would make any *service* unnecessary.

**Government and the Unemployed.**—The present Government must be very certain of its position, to judge by the cavalier fashion in which it is treating the working class, to whose votes it undoubtedly owes its accession to office. There is no question of more urgent importance to the working-class than that of the unemployed, and, although the general body of those in employment have for long ignored that fact, there is no doubt that it is universally recognised now. Yet this is the second Session of the present Parliament, and the Government has been eighteen months in office, and so far has failed to attempt to redeem the promise made at the opening of Parliament last year, to amend the Unemployed Workmen Act. Not only so, but while there has been no attempt to amend the law, and the President of the Local Government Board has hoarded the niggardly sum granted for the relief of distress, while the cry for help of the unemployed has fallen on deaf ears and the appeals of Distress Committees have passed unheeded, the Government has been sedulously increasing the numbers of the unemployed and intensifying the distress by discharging men by the thousand from Woolwich Arsenal. From all appearances, however, the Ministry are fully justified in counting on the docility and continued subservience of the working-class.

**Trade Unions and the Children.**—It is regrettable to note the half-hearted way in which the trade unions and the Labour Party are supporting what has been described as the trade union educational policy. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that, with the

exception of the Gasworkers' Union, they are not backing it at all. Yet that policy has been adopted by successive Trades Union Congresses and was accepted by the Labour Party Conference at Belfast as the educational policy of its Parliamentary Group. That policy, as set out in the comprehensive resolution of the Congress, embodies the whole of our palliative programme so far as the children are concerned—Free and Secular Education, complete State Maintenance and adequate medical inspection and registration. Probably that is the reason why the trade unions show so little enthusiasm for it. They are so enamoured of bourgeois ideas that they support anti-trade unionist proposals like compulsory evening classes rather than anything which would save their children from capitalist exploitation. All the more credit, therefore, in the circumstances, to our comrade Thorne and his colleagues of the Gasworkers' Union for the vigorous manner in which they are carrying on the fight for the children.

## EXPERIMENTING WITH THE UNEMPLOYED.

The exceeding slow manner in which we are allowed in this country to get at the facts is exemplified by the Report just issued by the Central (Unemployed) Body for London "upon the work and procedure of the Distress Committees in London, from their constitution to June 30, 1906." It is very seldom our statisticians—local or national—let us know what is happening to-day or yesterday. They marshal the facts of a year ago in this case, as in the case of trade unionism a return was recently issued of how things stood two years since.

The five tables appended to the Report as an appendix are after all much more valuable than the diverse opinions expressed by the 28 Distress Committees. One Distress Committee sent in no report at all—that was Battersea, where the largest number of male unemployed were registered, and where, as soon as the Liberal Government came in, a determination appears to have been tacitly arrived at not to work the Act at all (the Distress Committee only met a half-dozen times in a twelvemonth), and now the Borough Council is refusing to acknowledge the precept of the Central Body—this apparently in collusion with the President of the Local Government Board, who is M.P. for the

Battersea division, and has pursued a policy of unceasing hostility towards the Central Body.

Notwithstanding all the painful rules and regulations—which I told Gerald Balfour were 39 articles of despair—there appears to have been no uniformity, nor even agreement, in method on the part of the 29 subordinate committees who had to do the preliminary work of registration and inquiry under the Unemployed Workmen Act, 1905. The classification of applicants is very slovenly done. One Distress Committee even neglects to say how many of its applicants registered were men and how many were women, while in some cases widows and widowers are returned as "single" and in others as "married." If in such simple, though side-facts, we cannot get the exact figures, it makes an investigator or student despair of getting at other less accessible facts.

Altogether 38,927 were returned as registered, though some of these are up to March, 1906, only, while the bulk of them reach to three months later. Of 37,608 whose sex was reported, 563 were women.

In all cases the married men outnumbered the "single" male applicants. The following were the instances in which the two classes approximated most nearly to one another:—

| | Married men registered. | Single men registered. |
|---|---|---|
| Bermondsey ... ... ... | 1,397 ... | 478 |
| Fulham ... ... ... | 1,772 ... | 606 |
| City of London ... ... | 82 ... | 40 |
| Holborn ... ... ... | 262* ... | 106* |
| Woolwich ... ... ... | 1,040 ... | 441 |

The proportion, it will be seen, is here nearly as low as two to one. In Hackney, Islington and Southwark, on the other hand, the married men outnumbered the single men applicants by 6 or 7 to one.

* One or two of these were women.

Of the applicants whose ages were investigated :—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 5,430 | were from | 16 | to 25 | years of age. |
| 11,189 | „ | 26 | to 35 | „ |
| 10,663 | „ | 36 | to 45 | „ |
| 7,114 | „ | 46 | to 55 | „ |
| 3,439 | „ | 56 | to 65 | „ |
| 601 | „ | 66 | to 75 | „ |

Of the total applicants registered, 5,112 are in one table said to have been found "ineligible," while, in another, 4,783 are stated specifically to have been disqualified by having had parochial relief in the twelve months preceding the application—a disqualification of a brutal and senseless description, and which successive Presidents of the Local Government Board have in vain been asked to remove.

Trade unionists as a rule barred the Distress Committees, as only 1,689 (a little over 4 per cent.) of the applicants were reported as belonging to "trade or labour unions." Other forms of thrift, represented by "benefit societies sharing out" and "benefit societies non-sharing out" (in some cases not distinguished), had a larger proportion, 2,079 belonging to such benefit societies (slightly under 6 per cent. of applicants).

The variety of methods of trade classification leaves much to be desired. When for Wandsworth we get 930 returned as belonging to the "building trades," and we find subsequently that of these no less than 600 general labourers are included in this figure, such a return on this point has no value at all. Westminster, too, returns 329 general labourers in 602 "building trades." Fulham also probably includes a large number of labourers to swell its 1,865 as the "building trades" quota.

In some other cases such "general labourers" are thrown in to swell the number under "locomotion, transport, etc." No actual comparison of one trade group with another or with the whole is possible under these circumstances.

Practically all the tables are incomplete; there are several gaps in that of the list of numbers of emigrants from the several boroughs as also in that of the cases where work was given by the Central Body. Consequently any aggregate or average figures would be worthless on these points. But if a sample borough be taken, say Camberwell, we find that of the 2,085 cases registered and investigated 716 were found to be ineligible, of whom 557 had had parochial relief. Of the remainder, 38 heads of families and 12 single men were emigrated (198 total souls), and 269 were given work here by the Central Body. Thus the number assisted under the Act would work out at 15 per cent. of the total applicants.

The oft-repeated charge that men will refuse work when it is offered is not borne out by the figures in the table bearing on the point. These figures are loosely extracted. In the case of 58 returned from Marylebone, we are told that the figure includes "several found to be in work," and in the case of 66 Stepney men who refused the work offered, 45 are stated to have been included "who did not respond to summons." It may reasonably be surmised that of those 45, a proportion might have been found to be in work also; and, further, that the figures of other boroughs might be diminished in the same way. Altogether, 348 is the expanded total of those who refused work, compared with 3,528 cases of work offered by the Central Body, a proportion of less than 10 per cent. An attempt was made at classification—but nine Distress Committees made no return at all on the matter, and four others did not specify whether the refusal was to the offer of work on a colony, or to non-colony work. The unclassified refusals amounted to 88; the refusal to be exiled from wife and family on a farm colony numbered 162; while the refusals to accept other offers of work were said to be 92.

I have been moved to give these figures, because in all the press notices of this report which I have seen

a good deal of space has been taken up with the opinions of the Distress Committees—whose very diversity detract from their value—and no attention at all has been given to the figures, the loose manner in which they have been collected and collated, and to the obvious lessons to be derived from them.

The Central Body seems to be rather pleased than otherwise at the "advantages of the somewhat cumbersome machinery created by the Act," which it evidently regards as experimental. That point of view is so manifestly shared by the Government in its refusal to amend the Act, that it will be very necessary to move the Labour members and others, in order to prevent the Act and its machinery automatically disappearing in 1908, and the business of dealing with the unemployed question having to be re-recognised by the State, and the whole battle having to be fought over again. Evidently the Central Body has a very dim conception of the problem which it was created to deal with, as it accuses some of the Distress Committees of "attaching too little weight to customary regularity of employment," and to the cardinal consideration of enabling men to tide over a time of "exceptional distress." On the very page of the report facing this statement there are some figures from Camberwell, which show that the distress for nearly half the applicants is not an exceptional matter. Of 2,040 male applicants registered during 1905-6,

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 546 | registered during | 1904-5 | and during | 1905-6 | |
| 88 | „ „ | 1903-4 | „ | 1905-6 | |
| 206 | „ „ | 1903 4 | „ | 1904-5 and | 1905 6. |

Stepney, too, reports that since August 26 71 assisted cases have re-applied.

It has never struck me before what a valuable effect on character is the necessity of having to look for work, and the evil effect likely to be produced by having work found for one. Kensington lays stress on "the deterioration of character produced by the expecta-

tion of having work found for them," and Hackney feels too that it tends "to weaken the sense of personal responsibility." On the other hand the latter Committee admits that good has been done by the work itself, as also does St. Pancras, but Bermondsey, though agreeing thus far, urges that "the temporary character of the work has precluded any improvement in the status of the unemployed," as "very few succeeded in obtaining satisfactory work on their return; hence it seems that no permanent effect can follow if men are sent back at the end of 16 weeks." St. Pancas, where the variety of employment would perhaps be greater, reports that the men searched for work with new vigour on their return.

The opinions expressed show that on the whole the men worked well. There is a good deal of criticism of the refusals to accept work, but Stepney throws a little additional light, when it informs us that "the general drift was to the effect that the wages and conditions were such that they would rather shift for themselves."

The limited character and variety of the work provided comes in for criticism from several of the districts, Finsbury mentioning as one of its difficulties "dealing with men who are physically unfit to do such work as can be provided by the Central Body." Lewisham felt "that the idea of putting all men recommended on the same work was wrong."

St. Pancras points out that "Depression does not occur at precisely the same period in all districts," pointing out that coal porters are very much distressed in summer time. Stepney says "The great standing source of distress in this borough is casual labour."

Although I have given these statistics and opinions, yet I am painfully conscious that they throw very little more light on the subject than we as Socialists had before. Were it possible to impress the British public with the importance and actuality of the unemployed problem, the figures should eloquently aid in

that operation. That in about six months, notwithstanding the frantic and insulting methods adopted to prevent registration, over 38,000 should have registered in London alone as unemployed, and that so small a fraction should, with all this machinery, have been assisted with "employment-relief"—these facts alone constitute a damning indictment not only of the present industrial anarchy but also of the paltry efforts to restore order, or even to plumb the depths of the mischief.

FRED KNEE.

## SOCIALISM AND MILITARISM.

The contribution on "Socialism and Militarism," etc., which appeared in the April issue of the "Social-Democrat," calls for an immediate statement of an opposition point of view. To my thinking, comrade Quelch's attitude on this question is short-sighted and unwise.

I have no objection to "The Armed Nation" under Social-Democracy; but the sort of armed nation which we are likely to obtain under capitalism, if friend Quelch's views are adopted and acted upon by the Socialists in this country, will be an entirely different thing. It will commence with the carrying out of the insidious programme of the United Service League, and conclude with out-and-out conscription, *minus* a democratic control of the diplomacy that creates wars.

Comrade Quelch argues that because capitalism creates in its operations "over-production of wealth relatively," therefore some form of waste is necessary from time to time to remedy this evil, and the most efficient remedy that has been found available is war: consequently, war under present economic conditions is a necessity, indispensable, and a blessing to mankind in disguise.

This point of view, containing as it does a large measure of truth, may justify the capitalist in demanding an increase of armaments, but it cannot justify Socialists asking for such an increase, unless Socialism

affords no remedy for the economic evil of over-production.

Fortunately, however, for the cause of humanity, Socialism does provide practical palliatives for the practical elimination of the evil complained of, without our having to fall back at all on the brutalities of war.

Here are a few of these palliatives which occur to me as I write :—

(1) The abolition of child labour in farm, factory, and shop.

(2) The establishment of the eight hour working day.

(3) The provision of useful work for the unemployed as a permanent institution.

(4) The securing of such alterations in taxation as will promote a more equitable distribution of wealth among the people.

Now all these suggested changes are superior to anything war can do to balance up the present lopsidedness in wealth distribution, and it seems to me that these are the sort of things Socialists should put forward and not war, as a remedy for trade depression, glutted markets, and the like.

Comrade Quelch contends that, since general disarmament is impossible, we are compelled in self-defence to arm in the same proportion as rival nations do. I admit the force of this reasoning, and, considering our *insular* position, I say we are armed sufficiently for self-defence already. The danger is not that we are too weak, but that we may become too strong for the sanity of an inflammable profit-seeking press; and that, feeling our power, we may be tempted in our disputes with weaker nations to seek settlement by brute force rather than by resorting to courts of arbitration, where the strong and the weak are placed on an equality. This, it will be remembered, was what actually occured in the South African affair.

Universal disarmament is apparently far removed from the sphere of practical politics, but the remedy for war lies not so much in this direction as in encouraging the nations to enter into agreements under which, for a stated period, all disputes arising between those in an alliance shall be referred to arbitration. The only limit I can see to this promising movement is when it includes all the nations of the world, and when it is not restricted by time considerations at all.

But we are told that the "cause of conflict will remain" even should disarmament or something akin to it be adopted. Agreed! The *causes* that made duelling a common means of settling disputes between persons still exist; yet duelling here has been wholly superseded by other means of settling quarrels, and there is no reason why a similar improvement in regard to war should not take place among the nations generally.

Besides, if war can be dogmatically pronounced unavoidable under capitalism, as friend Quelch assumes, what hopes have we that universal soldiering is going to maintain peace?

The fact is, this idea of universal military training is of Continental origin, where the conditions are very different to those that prevail here. Here the sea policed by a strong navy, does for us what conscription is made to do for France or Germany. Socialism made in Germany is all very well, but Continental militarism masquerading as a peace preserver is straining one's allegiance to the cause we have at heart just a little too much.

That professional armies are a menace to democracies is a statement which is probably true, but in this country, the menace of professionalism is adequately held in check by the presence of *volunteer* forces, and, in proportion as volunteerism is encouraged, so far will professionalism be deprived of dangerous power.

Again, if universal military service protects the

liberties of the democracy, as it is alleged to do, then the inhabitants of that classic land of universal service —Germany, should of all peoples have their freedom well respected by the army. But is this so? And if it is not so, what becomes of the special protective value to the democracy of a nation in arms?

It may be affirmed that I confuse matters by mistaking conscription for the true "armed nation." Not so; what I clearly see is this, that under capitalism there is no guarantee that we shall get comrade Quelch's ideal armed democracy at all, or that its substitute will be in the least degree effective as a protection against war. We all know quite well enough that, owing to a clever distortion and suppression of facts by the press, this nation was quite led astray by a war-fever a few years ago. Those who were not compelled to go and fight, but did go, were amongst the worst of the jingoes. Japan since then has known a similar mania break out amongst her conscripted citizens; and France in 1870 had a similar experience. Now, mark the advantages of the present position of affairs in this country to the lover of peace, as compared with what it would be under any "armed nation" scheme. Under our present system he who deemed the wretched diplomacy that forced war upon the Boers infamous was not compelled, unless he was a professional soldier by choice, to go forth and slay those with whom he had no quarrel. Under compulsory universal service such a man would be the helpless tool of the abominable designs of a Chamberlain or a Milner, and this is what the "armed nation" under capitalism means to the democracy of this country.

It is useless to argue that such would not be the case. The amount of energy the Socialist Party could put forward in favour of the armed civilian ideal friend Quelch has in view would be altogether inadequate to secure his objective, but it might prove just adequate enough to break down that opposition to

conscription which, so far, has saved the people of these islands from a cruel and pernicious form of military tyranny. It is one of those obvious cases where we stand to secure a certain maximum of loss with a doubtful minimum of gain.

What we require is not an extension of armaments but a larger measure of control over the *diplomacy* that leads to war.

For the safeguarding of the consciences and liberties of the common people we require:—

(1) That all diplomacy shall be open, candid, and above board, so that we may know always what is being done by statesmen in our name, and so that the whole civilised world may know how to apportion praise and blame when disputes arise.

(2) We require that the power to declare peace or war should at once be vested in the direct votes of the people.

(3) And that a conscience clause should be inserted in *all* army regulations, for the relief of the man who honestly and conscientiously objects to slaying his fellows in an unjust and unnecessary quarrel.

In addition to these preliminaries we should press for the extension of Home Rule, as far as is practicable, to all the various peoples under our flag, and, having done this, we should wisely encourage in each dependency a volunteer movement for self-defence only.

It has been artfully suggested to me by a supporter of the National Service League that Socialists should support the League's programme because an armed democracy would be able to secure economic changes the more easily in its own interest. It may be that some Socialists who read this review have been approached with the same plausible argument. The natural reply to this piece of sophistry is, "Socialism will not come through force, but through education, and through the steady pressure of unpleasant economic facts. You may destroy by armed rebellions

and create military dictatorships, but you cannot well up-build. This last is a slower and a more deliberate matter than the first. There is nothing which can be gained by the rifle which cannot be as effectively gained through the medium of the ballot box, if only the democracy knows what it wants and is determined to have it."

I have lately had considerable discussion in the press and otherwise with advocates of the United Service League programme; and I am certain, as I live, that comrade Quelch is unwittingly aiding the League in its far-reaching designs to capture the British proletariat in the interests of militarism. His "Armed Nation" pamphlet is very freely quoted in the League's leaflets, and it is obviously only a military training by compulsion that the emissaries of the League care about.

A few words more and I have done. Down to the present time we have been able to adequately maintain the defences of the empire without resorting to any nation-in-arms expedient. By a series of empire extensions, culminating in the South African annexations, we have so enlarged the bounds of empire as to have all our work cut out to police it efficiently. Therefore, expansionism must be given up, or conscription in some form or other must be brought in to support its continuance.

Capitalism must secure new markets or reach a serious crisis in its existence. To advocate the "armed nation" ideal as we think of it under Socialism is to further the ends of anti-Socialist conscriptionists, and to assist in the prolongation of the capitalist order of things. Surely this last is not what we Socialists desire to do; therefore, the less we have to do with advocating compulsory militarism, the better will it be for our cause.

I appeal to comrade Quelch not to assist the enemy to spike our guns.

ARTHUR HICKMOTT.

# ARISTOCRACY.

## AN HISTORICAL VINDICATION OF THE CLASS WAR.

"The class struggle is not an invention of the Socialists. It is a fact which they discovered by a scientific analysis of human history. The class struggle had been raging in human society thousands of years before the Socialists discovered its historical function and pointed it out."—(E. UNTERMANN, "The Materialist Conception of History.")

"A social life which worships money and pursues social distinction as its aim, is, in spirit and fact, an aristocracy."—(J. G. HOLLAND, "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects.")

"A House of Peers in Parliament is useless and dangerous and ought to be abolished."—(Resolution abolishing the House of Lords, February 6, 1649.)

At a time when the "free" press is very much concerned about the future of the House of Lords, and while supporters of the "Government of all the talents" are loud in pronouncing various schemes for dealing with that irresponsible assembly, it may interest those more concerned with the existence of the class composing the Upper Chamber than with its mere abolition as a non-elected body if we consider some of the effects an aristocratic minority has upon the remainder of the community. After all, the power possessed by the aristocracy would not suffer much if the Lords were compelled to face the ordeal of popular election. The composition of the House of Commons affords standing proof of this. The possessing class would still be able to manipulate the instrument of government in its own interest, and the economic emancipation of the workers would be as far off as ever.

THE CHIEF FEATURES OF ARISTOCRACY and the institutions springing from it are a monopoly of

wealth, without which aristocracy can rarely be maintained, and privilege, the natural outcome of such possession. Inequality of wealth in any state is the result of the introduction of private property, and because it involves inequality of opportunity and inheritance, is opposed to all sound morality and progressive development. Here, it appears to us, lies the root cause of the struggle between the possessing and non-possessing classes, which we observe going on with ever-increasing severity. Privilege endows a few, and those only by the accident of birth, with gratifications which should be the common inheritance of all; and stultifies ambition in a large number of the rest of the community by the imposition of arbitrary barriers to their advancement. The few have placed into their hands the means for oppressing the others, and as a class have a total disregard for their feelings and interests. Among the "inferior class" there arise some whose intellects compel them to rebel against their environment, with the natural consequence that they discover the true cause of the stagnation of the whole class. "But," it is sometimes urged, "exalted qualities, hereditary in some lines of descent, determine that they should advance and secure their proper ascendancy over others." This does not answer our objection to the privileged environment, while the claim of hereditary genius is far from proven.

So greedy have been the abettors of aristocracy to monopolise wealth that there has grown up a judicial system so complex as to baffle all but the most astute. As examples, we will cite the law of entail, which renders property so averse to a generous distribution; of primogeniture, which disinherits every other member of a family to heap unwholesome abundance upon one; and the various limitations filling the courts of modern States with endless litigation, and making it in many cases almost impossible to decide what shall constitute a legal transfer. The

DEFINITION OF ARISTOCRACY

as "a social life which worships money, and pursues social distinction as its aim, in spirit and in fact," aptly reveals the prevailing conception of the term. For proof of this we have only to examine the aristocratic class, whether in monarchical, despotic, or Republican States—as, for example, England, Germany, America. It does not require much reflection to demonstrate that such an idea is opposed to the most important and fundamental factor necessary to the well-being of mankind—Justice. In a state of society where fictitious distinctions were unknown it would be impossible that any man should not be honoured who had by laudable perseverance and encouragement cultivated talents which conduced to the greater happiness of that society. But that any individual should be looked up to with servility because the sovereign had bestowed on him a spurious title; or should revel in luxury because his ancestors fought in the quarrels between the King and the people, and in return for some treacherous act were rewarded by the sovereign with treasures which were not his to dispense, is to be abhorred and fought with the utmost determination by those who cherish independence and revere justice. A dim conception of this iniquitous system is slowly yet surely engaging the attention and compelling the consideration of those who, with unending toil, find themselves incapable adequately to feed and clothe their dependents. Neither does the true

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE INJUSTICE

always show itself, because the minds of some of the disinherited are so withered and stupefied by the constancy with which it is practised that they are unable to comprehend the force which is driving them lower and lower into the abyss. In the monopoly of wealth by a class and the consequent domination of government now proceeding apace in most modern nations, we discern a condition very similar to that

which has wrecked all States that have tolerated an aristocracy. The civilisations of antiquity, Egypt, Persia, Greece, Rome; Venice, at one time the most powerful of the Italian city-states of the Middle Ages; and, in more modern times, Spain; when at the zenith of their power exhibited the spectacle of a minority possessing most of the wealth, and using the power of government arising therefrom to retard the advance of the remainder. A review of the part played by the

ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND

affords proof of this. With the decline of the "freeman" in Saxon England came the ruin of Wessex, and with it the downfall of the Saxon régime. "It is in the degradation of the class in which its true strength lay (freemen) that we must look for the cause of the ruin which already hung over the West Saxon realm."* This loss of freedom is defended by most historians on the ground that it ensured greater "security for property and person, amid the tumult and confusion which prevailed so often and so generally in England during the troubled ages of the Anglo-Saxon rule."† But it certainly appears to us that protection from Danish ravages could have been afforded without entailing the sacrifice of individual freedom. Thus did the aristocratic idea assume the ascendancy over the democratic, which had played an important part in Saxon institutions, and we see the growth of a superior class of "Earldormen," or chieftains. A generally-accepted authority on Saxon history tells us that, although "collectively as a caste, and individually over their own immediate followers and retainers, they possessed great dominion and influence, *there was no political power of any wide extent vested in any one individual*, excepting during hostilities. A chieftain was then elected to lead the nation, but *his rule expired*

* J. R. Green, "History of the English People," p. 61.
† E. S. Creasy, "History of the English Constitution," p. 44.

*with the urgency which had given it birth*, and all the aldermen were alike again."* The power of the Saxon "Earldormen" was not nearly as great as was that of the Norman Barons subsequent to the death of the Conqueror. Having become established in the land, they and their descendents throughout the centuries have always been opposed to the advance of the democracy, sometimes openly, at others covertly. The first example of this was

### The Peasant Revolt of 1381,

and the causes which led up to it. The introduction of the manorial system revolutionised the social organisation of the Saxons. Under the Norman régime little distinction was recognised between "ceorl," "villein," and "landless man," while during Angevin times they tended to become a single class of serfs. The fondness of the Barons for continental expeditions, show, luxury, and love of chivalry, considerably depleted their treasuries, which enabled some of the serfs to purchase a nominal freedom. The desire for freedom was enhanced by the visitation of a plague known as the "Black Death," which visited this country in 1348, destroyed more than one-half of the population, produced a scarcity of labour, and made the serfs masters of the labour market. Parliament being under the control of the landed class, rigorous measures were soon devised to check such an advantage, and by the Statute of Labourers (1351) the lot of the labouring class was rendered worse than before. The earlier enactments failing to bring the serfs to their knees, more repressive measures were introduced, and torture of the most barbarous nature was employed. Such treatment only served to kindle a spirit of bitterness and discontent, which was fired into a flame of open revolt, partly by the imposition of a poll-tax to meet the expenses of a disastrous war in France, but more particularly by the teaching of John

* Francis Palgrave, "History of the Anglo-Saxons," p. 61.

Ball, who deserves a place among the Patriarchs of Socialism.

"Good people," cried the preacher, "things will never go well in England so long as goods be not in common, and so long as there be villeins and gentlemen. By what right are they whom we call lords greater folk than we? on what grounds have they deserved it? why do they hold us in serfage? . . . . how can they say or prove that they are better than we, if it be not that they make us gain for them by our toil what they spend on their pride? They are clothed in velvet, and warm in their furs and their ermines, while we are covered with rags. They have wine and spices and fair bread! and we oat-cake and straw, and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses; we have pain and labour, the rain and the wind in the fields. And yet it is of us and our toil that these men hold their state."

Upon this, the historian makes a comment which is short, sweet, and very much to the point: "*It was the tyranny of property, that then as ever roused the defiance of Socialism.*"* The seething discontent prevalent all over the land culminated in the uprising of the peasants under Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. The diplomacy of the young King, who promised them freedom, quelled the revolt, many of the insurgents dispersing. His promise was, however, soon revoked, and in reply to the protests of the men of Essex to whom he had granted charters of liberty, Richard replied "Villeins you were, and villeins you are. In bondage you shall abide, and that not your old bondage, but a worse." The smouldering embers of rebellion were again inflamed, and thousands of peasants met their deaths at the hands of the aristocracy. A proposal to emancipate the serfs was met with the claim that they were part of the landlords' property, and could not be liberated without their consent. "And this consent we have never given and never will give, were we all to die in one day." Such, then, was the first example the aristocracy afforded of its usefulness.

*(To be continued.)*

J. G. NEWLOVE.

* Green, p. 250 (italics ours).

## THE RIDDLE OF AFRICA.

The colonial debate in the German Reichstag, the Congo debate in the Belgian Chamber of Representatives, and the discussions in the last Session of the English Parliament, are all indications of the anxiety felt by the "long view" politicians as to the future of the millions of native people who are the unwilling wards of Europe. In Zululand, in Togoland, in Portuguese West Africa, in the Congo Free State, and elsewhere, a similar tale is told of slaughter and rapine. Herr Bebel, Consul Casement, the Bishop of Zululand, Dr. Roth,* and Mr. Henry Nevinson, men far apart in their political and religious views, unite in denouncing the foul deeds alleged to be perpetrated by traders and officials in the well-named "Black Continent." Hardly a day passes but that there is some terrible affirmation of the truth of Abraham Lincoln's profound saying "that no man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent." Strangely enough, the brutalities of European exploitation become more numerous, notwithstanding continual exposure; while the educational facilities of Europe and the colonies, which the natives of Africa are slowly availing themselves of, have put into their minds an inkling of the real causes of their oppression. The Mahommedan teacher has many an elixir with which to quicken their jaded spirits; and of the lessons he has to impress on their receptive minds, there is none easier for them to understand than the difference between the precepts of Christianity and the practices of Christians. Christianity as a moral code will always withstand the assaults of the higher criticism; but, in Africa, human appreciation of the justice and injustice of given actions, which is innate to the lowest of mankind, recoils from the spectacle of the highly skilled European administrator disregarding the ethics of the Christian code at the very moment of exposition. M. de Tocqueville,

* Whose report on the aborigines of West Australia is one of the most terrible documents ever issued by any Government Department.

many years ago, drew a distinction between civilised and uncivilised races which has since become famous: the civilised peoples denied the justice of immemorial or customary rights, while the uncivilised peoples simply violated them. The result, however, is the same to the unfortunate races whose countries and homes are invaded; still, for the progress and honour of mankind, it would be far better if the civilised races confined themselves to violation, as the hordes of the northern steppes, in past centuries, contented themselves with doing. A man who justifies his actions by reference of the maxim, "Might is Right," however detestable such an attitude of mind may be, maintains a logical position. But, on the other hand, a man who denies the morality of the maxim, "Might is Right," with a lofty air of superiority, at the same time following out a policy of fraud and force (as Mr. Roosevelt did towards Colombia in 1903), on the ground that abstract and customary rights are revocable "in the interests of humanity at large," does more violence to his conception of right and wrong than if he had accepted the plain doctrine of brute strength as being the only law. As with men, so with nations. In modern times, the school of politicians which debated questions of world policy on the basis of "The Rights of Man" has become almost extinct. Again, when the diplomatic theory of the status quo was found, with the rise of democracy, to afford little scope for the energies of soldiers, sailors, statesmen, diplomatists, and traders, it was cast aside, and there was substituted the Bismarckian creed of "Blood and Iron," the Roosevelt ideal of "Granite and Iron," and the commercial Imperialism of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. J. Chamberlain. To-day, we are faced with a distinct tendency towards the condonation of the most flagitious acts in the policies of great nations. Property, like government, is founded on force; thus, robbery, the protest of the outcast and the gentleman alike against the institution of property, is punished by force—as against private individuals. Yet, when robbery is committed by nations and corporations, it is no longer punishable; indeed, it becomes an act "in the interests of humanity at large." As the enlightenment of the world proceeds, seemingly justice, gentleness and humanity recede. This steady slackening of morality in the policy of civilised nations must be traced to the rise of the "attainment of dividends" ideal. The political spirit has been degraded to such an extent that able politicians spend their lives in company promoting for the benefit of the Empire, always watching to see that the investment returns a monetary dividend on the brains and capital expended, but without considering whether, occasionally, a moral dividend might not more than compensate for the absence of a monetary return. The Imperialist orator pays but slight attention to the purity of purpose of the financier and the soldier whose careers he extols, or to the righteousness of the means by which national dividends are obtained by the Empire's agents. The vampirical financier, the carpet-bagging politician and the

military caste form an unholy trinity to inculcate into the mind of the pastoral native "the dignity of labour" in the bowels of the earth; while the concessionaire reaps a rich harvest of blood money.

The difficulty of the present system of government of the native races lies in the impossibility of humanising the departmental machinery of European government, as at present constituted. The units composing the whole machine of government may be, individually, men of the highest character, but, collectively, they appear to lack the capability to understand that government from above stifles and starves the people underneath. The central government assumes, officially, that its colonial representatives never err, though to err is human—and divine. Thus, we have established the dogma of the infallibility of the colonial official, even though his acts and proceedings may be demonstrably harsh and unwise.

Another fundamental mistake in the relations of the European Powers and the subject races arises from the notion that justice is less acceptable to the coloured peoples than unjust tyranny. In transferring European civilisation to the unwilling native recipients, the high standard of the European civil and criminal codes is lowered. In all native politics, however crude they may be, there will be found an effective, if rough and ready, kind of justice. Instead of leaving that system intact, or abolishing the system and substituting the European codes, a lex media is imposed on the natives, which combines the severity of the court-martial with a limited regularity derived from the civil courts. Calm and upright equity yields to a panic-striken, reckless cruelty, of which unhappily, there have been some sinister examples recently. As the lowest specimen of mankind can appreciate the distinction between a kind and a cruel master, the assumption that the native races regard clemency as a sign of weakness is a wicked sophism, invented by incompetent and short-sighted officials, such as Mr. Findlay, of the Egyptian Civil Service, to cover their own savageries in moments of panic.

* * * * *

The riddle of Africa is *the* problem for modern civilisation to solve. Every European community has many questions which need solution, and remedies are propounded, rejected, and accepted. In Africa, the problem is monthly becoming more abstruse and complicated. Vast tracts of territory are being opened annually. Then, in due course, the most horrifying accounts of treachery and murder reach Europe; but there is no sign of an intelligent and consistent international policy. Democracy and Despotism (for Imperialism is merely another word for Despotism), irreconcilable enemies in Europe, march together across the solitudes of Africa, leaving bloody traces in their trail. The history of the nineteenth

century is the history of the rise of democracy, but its last years, and the opening decade of the twentieth century, are full of warning for the admirers and supporters of democracy. The democracies of the world, if called on to account for their treatment of their weaker brethren, would have to meet a graver indictment than the worst and most abandoned despot that the world has hitherto known. What judgment would be passed by the Congolese on Belgium, by the Hererros on Germany, by the Zulus on England, by the San Thomé and Principe Islanders on Portugal, by the Hovas on France?

However, there are some bright spots in the gloomy annals of the exploitation of Africa, otherwise the picture would be too ghastly to bear looking at. The contact of civilisation, of the nobler spirits among the missionaries, the officials, and the civilians, and European ideals have, perhaps, saved Africa from eternal darkness and despair. The infamous trade in men and women has been partially checked, while the United States has undergone, and will have to undergo, many retributive agonies for its part in the degradation of the negroes of Africa. The negro problem in the United States enshrouds the destiny of that great people. The Americans are suffering under the iron law that the sins of the fathers will be visited on the children—a law which heedless nations render lip service to, but deny in their hearts; a law whose workings will only cease when the religion of humanity guides the world into the sinless path.

The administrator and the trader are creating a few oases where the weary searcher after the elevating effects of modern civilisation in Africa may pause refreshed and gain a little hope. In portions of the English and French possessions of West Africa, in the native Republic of Liberia, in certain protected States, and in parts of the Congo, there are little centres where the native may rest in peace, without fear of harrying from his European persecutors. Whether Europe will redeem some of the blackest pages in the history of the world, by determining in future that the Government of the native races shall be carried on by the noblest European administrators, solely for the benefit of the peoples of Africa, is a question that many of us are beginning to press, and which must be answered, sooner or later, ere some frightful calamity, taking its birth in the despair of the natives of Africa, engulfs the European colonies. Black, white and brown are face to face on that mysterious continent, wherein Nature's beauty shames man's inhumanity, and we may well pause to wonder at the course which events will take.

It may be useful to outline, at this point, an Imperial insurance policy, which, we believe, embodies some general principles of the utmost value. We suggest that our Imperial insurance policy should incorporate the following sections: That the King-Emperor,

for the better protection of his aboriginal subjects, withholds his assent from (1) commercial barter, except at trading centres which are under the supervision of properly qualified Government agents; (2) concessions granted by aboriginal rulers, unless approved by the Central Government, acting on the advice of the King-Emperor's representative at the locus in quo; (3) the sale of intoxicating liquor to aboriginal natives. Traders infringing this regulation, on conviction, to be imprisoned without the option of a fiee; (4) the imposition of taxes for the purpose of compelling aboriginal natives to work in mines and elsewhere. But assents to (5) the appointment of two or three travelling supervisory commissions, composed of eminent colonial and English judges and civil servants; (6) the increase of educational facilities, and allotment of revenue contributed by aboriginal subjects to their own special needs; (7) the transference of experienced non-European administrators (from India, Jamaica, etc.), to the native states of Africa; (8) the stern repression of offences against native women and girls; (9) the constitution of Native Councils, such councils to be elected by the native constituents of the various chiefs, and to be assisted in their deliberations by British and Indian officials.

Parenthetically, without desiring to admit the validity of the plea that the natives of Africa are "inferior" to the Aryan peoples, we may direct attention to the indisputable fact that in the one small country where the negro race governs the white race, namely, Hayti, the grand figure of its history is a Negro—Toussaint L'Ouverture. All students of mankind know that the genius of race can only be fully developed by the generality of the people being permitted free scope for their natural abilities. As this freedom is impossible in the case of subject peoples, it is futile to assert that the subject peoples are de facto inferior to the white races because they are not productive of men of genius.

Lord Curzon has stated: "If I were asked to sum up what were the lessons which Eastern government had given me, I should say they were these. In the first place, remember always that you are not in India, or in any foreign dependency, for the benefit of your own nationals. You are there for the benefit of the people of the country." It is a striking fact that Lord Curzon, with a perfect unconsciousness that he was passing the verdict of failure on his Indian Viceroyalty, should have laid down the true principle of government which should guide dependency and colonial officials. "To protect the weak and honour women," was the splendid maxim of the days of chivalry. Would that our Imperial officials, as servants of the public and protectors of their ignorant constituents, practised the laws of chivalry. Instead of that, they dabble in shares, like Sir J. West Ridgway; or bully, like Lord Curzon. Sir Stamford Raffles and Sir Frank Swettenham are two administrators to which the British

Empire and Malaysia owe much, but we applaud the Curzons, the Milners, and the West Ridgways!

Another vital principle of the government of native peoples should consist in the avoidance of all inequality of administration. Many of our foreign dependencies are controlled by men who delight in impressing their pride of race on those whom they rule. The ruled thus have their attention directed to their lower status—which is the most serious blunder that the representative of any ruling Government can commit. It is this administrative error which has largely assisted in wrecking all previous Empires, and will certainly shatter the British Empire in India in course of time.

Strange it is that the varying hues of men should be the cause of so much mischief. The vanity of men is a wondrous thing. The white man, the black man, the brown man, and the yellow man are waiting and watching, mutually distrustful. Ah! that one could tear away the veil that hides the future from our anxious gaze. Will these four colours mingle together in harmony, or will they make an ugly blotch on the canvas of civilisation? If the latter, there is yet to come the most destructive war that the foolishness of mankind and the arrogance of race have ever desolated the world with. We can only trust that human foresight and wisdom will avert the impending disaster, by the initiation of a policy in which the spirit of humanity will predominate over the lust for gain, and in which the coloured nations "shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people, shall not perish"—from the continent of Africa.

C. H. NORMAN.

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Commenting on the above, which first appeared in the "Westminster Review," the New York "Literary Digest says:—

"John Fiske remarked in one of his works on early American history that while we may speak of uncivilised tribes as 'savages,' there is no one on earth so savage as the white man, and his savagery is most apparent when he is dealing with the very tribes to whom he applies this name. Professor Starr, too, the Chicago anthropologist who recently visited the Congo, says that when he came back to civilisation he could not help noting the hard, cruel features of the white races, which strike terror to the hearts of the black people even before they find they have reason for fear. Mr. C. H. Norman, who writes in the 'Westminster Review' (London) on the white man's rule in Africa, quotes Abraham Lincoln's pregnant saying that 'no man is good enough to govern another man without that other man's consent.' Thus is explained the horrors of slavery. Thus it is that in the colonial debate in

the Reichstag, Mr. Bebel was able to give such damning details of German oppression in Africa; that the Congo debate in the Belgian Chamber of Representatives revealed such sickening cruelties on the part of the Belgian speculators in the Free State. Even the British Parliament at its last Session was forced to listen to terrible tales of British maladministration in South Africa. The classic historian declared that there was always 'something new' heard from Africa, but the sins of the white races against the black races, their unwilling wards, are unfortunately becoming an old story; and the great question of humanity to-day, the great problem for colonising governments to solve, says Mr. Norman, is the question of Africa, and its redemption not only from barbarism but from the oppression of civilised peoples."

## A LETTER FROM KARL MARX'S WIFE.

Mr. Kirkup, in his "History of Socialism," when speaking of Karl Marx, remarks how fortunate he was in his marriage. The following letter from Mrs. Marx, written from London on May 20, 1851, will give some idea of the hardships which she endured. It was written to Weydemeyer, one of Marx's friends, who afterwards emigrated to the United States, served in the northern army during the Civil War, and died in 1866 at St. Louis. The original was published in "Die Neue Zeit" of April 6, 1907.

DEAR MR. WEYDEMEYER,—A year has nearly passed since you and your dear wife received me so well and made me so at home in your house, and during all that long time I have been silent. I have not even answered when your wife wrote me such a friendly letter, and I did not reply when you told me of the birth of your child. I have often felt ashamed of my silence, but for the most part I was unable to write, and even now it is very difficult for me to do so.

Necessity alone compels me to write to you. I beg of you to send to us as soon as possible the money which is due to us, or may be due to us, from the "Review." We want it very, very much. No one can ever reproach us with having made much of a fuss for what we have sacrificed and endured for years, and we have not, up till now, worried the public with our private affairs. My husband is very particular in these kind of matters, and he would rather sacrifice his last penny than take part in democratic begging like great officials. But he might have, at least, expected his friends, especially those at Cologne, to take an active and energetic part in the reviews. He might especially have expected this when his sacrifices for the "New Rhenish Gazette" were known. But instead of this the affair was completely ruined by the carelessness and the irregularity which were shown, and I do not know which did the most mischief, the apathy of the publisher, of the business men, and of the friends in Cologne, or the attitude of the democracy in general.

My husband was nearly crushed by the petty cares of life in such a repulsive way that it needed all his energy, all his quiet confidence, of the clearness and calm of his nature to enable him to engage in the struggles of each day and of each hour.

You know, dear Mr. Weydemeyer, what sacrifices my husband made for the newspaper. He invested thousands of thalers in it, he became its proprietor, deceived by honest democrats when there was hardly any hope of success.

In order to save the political honour of the newspaper and that of his friends at Cologne, he assumed all the responsibilities, he gave over all the profits and he even borrowed three hundred thalers in order to pay the rent of the place, which had been hired, and the salary due to the writers, and he was brutally expelled. You know that nothing was left to us. I went to Frankfort to pawn my silver plate, the only thing of value which I had; at Cologne I sold my furniture. When the reaction triumphed, my husband went to Paris; I followed him with my three children. We had hardly reached Paris when we were again expelled. I followed him to England, and a month afterwards I had another baby. You ought to know London and life there to understand what these words mean, three children and the birth of a fourth. For rent alone we had to pay 42 thalers a month. We were able to do this with our money, but our feeble resources became exhausted when the "Review" appeared. In spite of agreements money did not come in, or it only dribbled in in such small sums that we began to find ourselves in a terrible situation.

I will only describe to you one day of this life and you will see that few exiles have gone through such misery. As nurses are very dear here I determined, in spite of trouble and continual pains in my breast and back, to feed the child myself. But the poor little angel took in with my milk so much care and secret trouble that he was always ill and was day and night in great pain. Since he was born he has not slept through the night, not for more than two or three hours. Recently he has had such violent convulsions that he is constantly between life and death. He sucked so hard that he hurts me and blood ran out of his little trembling mouth. I sat down one day when suddenly the landlady came in. I had paid her more than 250 thalers in the winter, but I was then paying her landlord, as she had not paid her rent. She denied that this was so, and said we owed her £5. As I could not pay her at once two brokers came in and seized all my goods, furniture, linen, clothes, even the cradle of the baby and the best toys of the girls, who were crying bitterly. They threatened to take all this away in two hours, and there I was with a sick child. Our friend Schramm rushed for help, got into a cab, but the horse ran away; he was brought back to me covered with blood, as I sat with my trembling children. The next day we had to leave the house; it was cold, wet and cloudy. My husband was looking for rooms, but no one would take us with four children. But at last a friend helped us. I sold our beds to pay the bills of the chemist, the baker, the butcher, and the milkman who were anxious owing to the scandal of the brokers.

The beds were taken outside and put into a cart. What happened then? It was after sunset—the law forbids this. The landlord fetched the police, saying that we might be taking some of his things which we wanted to take abroad. In less than five minutes, from two to three hundred people were at our door, in fact all the Chelsea mob. The beds are brought back, and only the next day at sunrise were we allowed to deliver them to the buyer. When we could pay all our debts, I went with my dear little ones to two rooms in the German hotel, 1, Leicester Street, Leicester Square, where, for five pounds and a half, we are fairly comfortable.

Pardon me, dear friend, having given you an account in detail of the life we live here; it is unseemly I know, but my heart is full this evening and I must for once let one of our oldest, best and most faithful friends know everything. Do not think that these petty sufferings have cast me down; I only know too well that this struggle of ours is not an isolated fact, and that especially I reckon myself as being amongst the happy and privileged ones since my dear husband, the support of my life, is still by my side. But what really overcomes me quite and makes my heart bleed is that my husband has to put up with so much pettiness, that he could have been helped with so little, and that he who helped so many others joyfully has been without any help here. But do not think, dear Mr. Weydemeyer, that we ask for anything. The only thing that my husband might perhaps demand of those who have found many ideas and encouragement in him is that more energy and more sympathy should have been given to his "Review." That I am proud to say ought to have been done; that much was due to him. I do not think that anybody would have lost anything. That distresses me. But my husband thinks otherwise. Never, even in the most terrible moments, has he lost confidence in the future, not even his good temper, and he was quite pleased when he saw me joyful, and my dear children round about their fond mother.

He does not know, dear Mr. Weydemeyer, that I have written to you so fully about our position; do not make any use of this letter. He only knows that I have asked you on his behalf to hasten as much as possible the getting in and sending of the money.

Farewell, dear friend. Give your wife the kindest greetings from me, and give your darling baby a kiss from a mother who has often wept over her babe. Our three eldest children are prosperous, in spite of all. The girls are pretty, lively, and good, and the boy is a marvel of liveliness and fun. He sings all day long in a loud voice, and when he gives out the Marseillaise of Freiligrath, "June brings deeds, my heart demands them," then all the house trembles. Perhaps it will be the destiny of this month, like that of its two unfortunate predecessors, to begin the struggle, after which we shall all join hands. Farewell!

## CHILD-FEEDING, MOTHERHOOD, AND NATIONAL WELL-BEING.

Dr. William Hall, of Leeds, contributed to the recently-issued "Progress," the quarterly review of the British Institute of Social Service, an article under the above title. He says:—

"We must begin with the mother. Her potentiality is the great factor in moulding the physical, the mental, nay, even the moral qualities of her offspring, and, indeed, her condition long before the birth of her child is all-important to its life-long welfare. We must remember that the bony framework of the coming child begins to be formed seven months before it is born, and not only so, but the framework of all the temporary and many of the permanent teeth is completed before the child comes into the world.

"It is very wonderful that all this busy work is going on, and that special power is given to the mother for it, unknown to herself, and only to be spoilt by disease, drink, extreme poverty, or unwholesome nervous excitement—a moderate amount of daily labour on her part being advantageous rather than otherwise—and it is wonderful, too, that the mother is provided on the birth of her child with a special kind of food, the breast milk, which her child can readily take and which beyond all other food contains bone-making, flesh-making, fat-making, and brain-making materials, and is in all other ways most suitable to the welfare of her offspring. As this child grows older the same line of sustenance must be followed, otherwise the bones will be soft and crooked, the growth stunted, the brains badly nourished, and the mind in consequence very apt to degrade, developing, instead of an honest man, a ne'er-do-well, a hooligan, or a lunatic.

"There is, however, after a bad beginning, a chance often given between the ages of two and ten to rebuild, as it were, a jerry-built frame work by a good supply of well-considered food. Now I have experimented in this direction. After weighing, measuring, and

examining between four and five thousand little scholars and finding a deteriorated body in most of them, I decided to try good feeding of a few of the hunger-bitten. Fortunately I met with pecuniary help from old friends, and also the enthusiastic services of a philanthropic lady who for more than three years has devoted her daily life to the feeding and to the clothing of these half-naked destitutes. At first we gave to 55 children—28 boys and 27 girls between seven and eight years of age—breakfast and dinner six days per week for two weeks, and they gained in that time 63lbs., that is at the rate of 2 stones each per annum. Since then we have given 120,000 meals, 300 pairs of clogs and boots, and much clothing, and we have daily watched the gratifying effect on many destitute little scholars."

After discussing in excellent fashion the kind of food best suited to the children, Dr. Hall continues:—

"The good foundation of the coming child's bony framework is, as I have said before, the first consideration, because upon the proper construction of this bony framework, and especially of the teeth, the future physical well-being of the child largely depends. You cannot hang clothes on clothes-props which will not bear their weight, neither can you build up the body on a bony framework so soft as not to be capable of supporting it. Now the curious thing is that socially we make no allowance for the bone-making responsibilities of the expectant mother. And, indeed, what do we do on national grounds to help the poor mother in laying a good foundation for the future citizen? In poor little Switzerland a pregnant woman is not allowed to do any kind of work in the factories for several months before and after the birth of her child, but in this wealthy country it is legal for a woman to work in a factory to within a month of her confinement, and at the expiration of a month afterwards, and even this wretched little month is often disregarded."

The same article emphasises the considerably less infantile mortality among poor Jews, as compared with poor Gentiles, due to the customs of the former, and photo illustrations are given of Jew and Gentile children from the same poor districts of Leeds, in which the former appear to be much the finer children, simply "because they are better and more abundantly fed." The following weighty remarks should be of service in pressing the propaganda for State maintenance:—

"We are spending 30 millions a year upon the mental culture of the rising generation. We have not hesitated to take away the liberty of the parent in the interests of his child's education. Engrossed with the idea of 'a straight run from the gutter to the university,' our educators have not thought it needful to provide food by the way. They have had a free hand for the last thirty

years, and they may certainly be considered as accessory to the fact of our national deterioration. The children of France, Germany, and Switzerland are much better clothed and fed than those of our own country. As to the sense of parental responsibility, it is most marked in those very countries where the State insists upon the feeding of the children, and for this purpose taxes the pocket of the parent. In this country my slum neighbour does what he likes with the child he is pleased to call his own; certainly when notoriously cruel he is taken in hand by a society which spends some £70,000 yearly in prosecuting him and others of his class.

"There is not the slightest doubt that more than a million children are now existing in this country, born with civil rights of which they are robbed by the fraud or poverty of their parents. These rights are ignored by the State, and it is impossible that under such circumstances these children should either grow up healthy or do justice to the education which the State has forced upon them."

## FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

When, after the assassination of Dr. Mauchamp, the press demanded the occupation of Oudjda, we made so bold as to say plainly that their action was absurd. Our protest was useless. The Government was resolved to show that it was capable of vigorous action, Parliament, that it was animated by the sacred flame of patriotism. M. Ribot's intervention signified that the occupation of Oudjda should be temporary, and that France should reduce the danger to a minimum by not entering into a quarrel with Morocco; for the rest, we had only to learn from future events. These events have now taken place. Experience shows that the occupation of Oudjda was of no use. Neither the Maghzen nor the Sultan have been moved by this military inroad into territory where authority was purely nominal. If the colonials and pioneers demanded at first that Oudjda should be occupied, it was simply because it was well-known that the attempt would be useless. But it would be an interference, and would have to be followed up.

A recent interview with M. Segonzac, published in the "Temps," throws much light upon the occupation of Oudjda, and upon the plan in preparation. "We must go to Marakesh. If we confine ourselves to occupying Oudjda, not only shall we have failed to restore the prestige of France, but shall have held up our country to the derision of the Moroccans. Moreover, by perpetually threatening and never executing, we cannot fail to become the laughing-stock of Germany. What are the German agents doing? They are persuading the Maghzen that it is they who are baulking, and in great measure paralysing, the will of France; and at every fresh scheme for repression on our part they obtain, at the instigation of Germany, some further concession." Thus M. Segonzac; and the "Temps" approves these statements with a significant satisfaction. What is to be done? Are we to maintain a condition of affairs the continuation of which will overwhelm France with ridicule? or

shall we decide upon a great expedition into Morocco? The Colonials consider that the problem is as follows: either to corner France into an absurd impotence in the impasse at Oudjda, or to bring her into the open with an invasion of Morocco.

What does M. Ribot think? Will he allow the document to which he affixed his signature thus to break its pledge?

There is only one escape from this difficulty and danger: to leave to Moroccan affairs the international character given them by the Algeciras Conference. An outrage upon any particular European does not merely concern the country within whose jurisdiction the crime has taken place, but the whole of Europe. If a protest is to be sent to the Sultan, if redress is to be obtained from him, it must be done by all Europe together. The Chinese Expedition was hateful, because it resulted in a series of injuries inflicted upon the Chinese by the Europeans, and because it was accompanied by abominable acts of brutality. But in itself, the method adopted by Europe was excellent. The same line of action should be taken in Morocco if the lives of Europeans there are imperilled. If a few hundred German soldiers joined in maintaining order with some hundreds of English, Italian, Austrian and French soldiers, all under the command of a general of Swiss nationality, as is already the case with the Inspector of the Police at the ports, France would have no cause for anxiety or fear of impairing her prestige. On the contrary, Germany would share responsibility with other countries: she would no longer play with the Sultan the convenient game suggested to her by our blunders. Thus, too, we should have given her a guarantee that we contemplated no policy of hostility or of exclusion towards the Germans, and that we had no wish to contest that influence in Mediterranean regions to which her economic power gives her a right. In such a manner might be set on foot a policy of loyalty and restraint.

Or perhaps M. Ribot has another solution to offer?

J. JAURÈS in "L'Humanité."

# THE REVIEWS.

## THE SINN FÉIN MOVEMENT.

Mr. James O. Hannay, writing on "The Wonderful Growth of the Gaelic League," in the current "World's Work," has the following to say about the new Sinn Féin movement:—

While it is perfectly true that the Gaelic League is a non-political organisation, a society apart from any of the parties for which men cast votes in ballot-boxes, it is also true that from the Gaelic League there has sprung a remarkable political movement of which more will be heard in the future. Gaelic Leaguers are free to hold any political opinions they choose, and some members of the League are to be found in every party; but the Sinn Féin policy has certainly proved more attractive than any other to enthusiastic Gaelic Leaguers. Probably every adherent of that policy is a Gaelic Leaguer, and is convinced of the value of the League's work. The words Sinn Féin mean literally "ourselves," and, as the name of a policy may be translated into English by "self-reliance." For some time those who adopted the name to express their political convictions could scarcely be called a party. They were a number of individuals loosely united in a belief that Ireland's political salvation was not to be found in Parliamentary work among English parties, but in the creation of a vigorous public opinion at home. Lately, inspired by an exceedingly able writer, the believers in the somewhat vague policy of self-reliance have organised themselves and placed before the country a definite programme, which requires for its accomplishment a very vigorous national life and a great deal of self-denial. Already the old parties are looking askance at a new rival which is claiming the allegiance of many of the ablest of the younger generation of Irishmen. This Sinn Féin policy is distinct from the Gaelic League. The League neither controls it, approves nor disapproves its teaching. But it is not to be denied

that the spirit, the inspiration of the new party, comes from the League. It is not likely, it is certainly not desirable, that the new party should absorb the League, it is not even likely to obtain a controlling voice in the League's Councils. The sections of the League which are opposed to the Sinn Féin policy, the majority of the Roman Catholic clergy, and the adherents of the old Nationalist Party, are still strong. But the Gaelic League cannot afford to shed the members of the Sinn Féin party. They have a future before them, and if the League were to lose their services it would be very seriously crippled. Men of enthusiasm and men of brains are the most valuable members of any society, and it is just these whom the Sinn Féin policy has succeeded in attracting.

## SEX AND SUFFRAGE.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart discusses in the current "Fortnightly Review" the question of Women's Suffrage, under the above heading. She says:—

Now what is this dynamic force which is dragging hundreds of peaceable women to bawl in the public thoroughfares, fight the representatives of order, and exchange their homes for Holloway? And what is the nature of this same force which induces the opponents of the revolutionists—the male element in society and the press—to treat the movement with that weapon which presages the most deadly fighting—ridicule? To the present writer it seems incontrovertible that the issue at stake is not whether the conservative forces of humanity are or are not prepared at this particular juncture to make a break in their defences upon this, that, or other pretence of political expediency, but whether or not the predominance of man over woman is to be regarded as a permanent and inviolable principle of natural law. It is, in other words, a question of sex-predominance or sex-equality, as will be shown by a short examination into the biological antecedents of the present sex-relationship, for it must be remembered that the male element has not always been monarch of all it surveys, but that, on the contrary, there was for a considerable period, during the biological development of the species, some doubt as to whether the female element should or should not continue, as in the earliest forms of life, to perform alone and unaided all the functions pertaining to life and reproduction. For that the original organism, whether uni-cellular or multi-cellular, was originally of the feminine order must, of course, be admitted from the fact that the generation of life was one of its main functions. But Nature, in her wisdom, decided that though the fertilising—that is, the male element, was not essential to life—a sexual reproduction in all the varying stages between fission and partheno-

genesis being practicable within the limits of the *one*, that is the *female* organism alone—that yet for the purpose, not of producing life, but of crossing strains, of securing variety, of keeping up, as biologists say, the difference of potential among biotic forces, and for generally ensuring progressive qualities in a process of organic evolution, the male element should be tolerated and encouraged in an independent existence. This male element, then, first as a parasite, next as contained in a small sac carried about by the female, gradually became detached, and acquired an independent individuality, which for a long period possessed no functions but that one for which alone it existed.

To this, says Professor Ward, "Among millions of humble creatures, the male is simply and solely a fertiliser, whilst throughout nearly or quite the whole of the invertebrates, and to a considerable extent among the vertebrates, the male has remained an inferior creature, and has continued to devote its existence chiefly to the one function for which it was created."

"The difference between the male and female spiders is not anomalous nor are the conditions which govern the matrimonial arrangements of the wretched male unique." In the insect world the males are generally smaller than the females, and frequently have no functional organs beyond that of sex. "Females, indeed, represent the centre of gravity of the biological system. They are the stubborn Power of Permanency of which Goethe speaks. The female not only typifies the race; she *is* the race, whilst it is on the other hand *Man* who constitutes the fickle and changeable sex."

From the moment, then, of the detachment of the masculine element, the development of the male organism was at the mercy of the selective powers—of the æsthetic tastes—of the female, and it may even be said that much in the same way that the nectar-loving tastes of insects have created flowers, so have the æsthetic tastes of women created men. For whilst Nature's command to the male was "fecundate," to the female she cried "discriminate"—choose the best—and for this purpose was no doubt created that plurality of male organisms which alone made selection by the female possible. It was, then, by the sexual selection of the female organism, guided by her instinctive æsthetic tastes, that the male organism acquired strength, size, courage, and other secondary sexual characteristics, such as gay plumage, antlers, spurs and whiskers. And if a man's pride be hurt by such reflections on his humble origin, let him take consolation from the analogy of the most powerful city in the world, whose origin was even more disreputable!

. . . . . .

. . . . But the discovery of the joint ownership in the production of the children was followed by the assertion on the part of the man of joint partnership in *authority*. And this, owing to the

superior strength and size with which women—be it remembered—had endowed man, led to a further assertion of authority over the wife as well as the children. From that moment woman's power of selection was taken from her, what may be termed the first Period of Humanity came to an end, and man's reign on earth began. Woman had, by prolonged processes of sexual selection, created man—in the image of woman created she him—and in return, man now made use of what one termed the secondary sexual qualities with which woman's æsthetic taste had endowed him in strength, courage, and brain-power—to subdue and enslave his own creator!

. . . . . .

. . . . The first period of humanity witnessed the supremacy of the *female* organism. The second period has seen the ascendancy of the *male*, but there is every indication that this period is drawing to a close, and that a third stage in humanity is about to be reached. For as the dawn of *mind* led man to the assertion over woman of that physical force of which brain-power was a concomitant result, so now does the present writer believe that the dawn of *sympathy* which this twentieth century witnesses, will lead woman to the asserting of her right equally with man, to regulate the moral and social forces which have displaced the physical in nearly every department of human life. We shall, then, in the third stage of humanity, see the *dual* supremacy of man and woman over every other department of creation. That the discrepancy between the mental and physical powers of men and women has decreased greatly during the last decades is due possibly in part to the readjusting of nature's own laws with regard to selection, for, from the moment when woman no longer had the power of choice, but was herself enslaved and selected, her æsthetic faculties of discrimination were no more of service for the selection of the fittest men, whilst, on the other hand, woman, being now in the majority, has herself been selected. And, as in the earlier historic periods the qualities selected in men by women, namely, physical strength and courage, were the requisites for the *formation* of societies, so now the qualities which man has of late especially selected in woman, namely, sympathy and love, are equally those best qualified to *maintain* in a state of happiness and prosperity the social state which man's previous efforts had formed. Each sex has in time, therefore, been, as it were, "hoist with its own petard," and has itself carefully put in place the gunpowder which was to explode its own supremacy.

## RELIGION AND THE CHILD.

Mr. Havelock Ellis, the well-known writer on psychology, writes an article in this month's "Nineteenth Century and After,"

asking the question as to whether it is right to teach religion to the child. He arrives at the following conclusion :—

If the view set forth is sound—a view more and more widely held by educationalists and by psychologists trained in biology—the first twelve years must be left untouched by all conceptions of life and the world which transcend immediate experience, for the child whose spiritual virginity has been prematurely tainted will never be able to awake afresh to the full significance of those conceptions when the age of religion at last arrives. But are we, it may be asked, to leave the child's restless, inquisitive, imaginative brain without any food during all those early years? By no means. Even admitting that, as it has been said, at the early stage religious training is the supreme art of standing out of Nature's way, it is still not hard to find what, in this matter, the way of Nature is. The life of the individual recapitulates the life of the race, and there can be no better imaginative food for the child than that which was found good in the childhood of the race. The savage sees the world almost exactly as the civilised child sees it, as the magnified image of himself and his own environment; but he sees it with an added poetic charm, a delightful and accomplished inventiveness, which the child is incapable of. The myths and legends of primitive peoples—for instance, those of the British Columbian Indians, so carefully reproduced by Boas in German and Hill Tout in English—are one in their precision and their extravagance with the stories of children, but with a finer inventiveness. It was, I believe, many years ago pointed out by Ziller that fairy tales ought to play a very important part in the education of young children, and since then B. Hartmann, Stanley Hall, and many others of the most conspicuous educational authorities have emphasised the same point. Fairy tales are but the final and transformed versions of primitive myths, creative legends, stories of old gods. In purer and less transformed versions the myths and legends of primitive peoples are often scarcely less adapted to the child's mind. Julia Gayley argues that the legends of the early Greek civilisation, the most perfect of all dreams, should above all be revealed to children. The early traditions of the East and of America yield material that is scarcely less fitted for the child's imaginative uses. Portions of the Bible, specially of Genesis, are in the strict sense fairy tales, that is legends of early gods and their deeds which have become stories. . . . . Some day, perhaps, it may be worth while to compile a Bible for childhood, not a mere miscellaneous assortment of stories, but a collection of books as various in origin and nature as are the books of the Hebraic-Christian Bible, so that every kind of child in all his moods and stages of growth might here find fit pasture.

# INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

## THE RED PERIL IN GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

While California is barring out the Asiatics and England is providing by law for the deportation of undesirable foreigners, the German universities, and especially Leipsic, we read, seem to be threatened with an invasion of undesirable foreign students, whose revolutionary sentiments and professions are likely to corrupt the budding minds of William II.'s juvenile subjects. A writer in the "Grenzboten," of Leipsic, who ought to know what he is talking about, speaks with fierce indignation of these "pestiferous aliens." The town of Doebeln, the seat of several manufactories, and the headquarters of the main Social-Democratic organisation in the kingdom of Saxony, is within easy reach of Leipsic, some of whose foreign students have allied themselves with what the "Grenzboten" considers a semi-revolutionary club, whose existence is subversive of public order. What right have these foreigners to claim the advantages of German education and training, asks the journal we cite, while they are practically plotting against the peace of the German Empire? Why should a German university tolerate their intrusion? To quote:—

"It is not, of course, to be wondered at that the Social-Democratic Committee at Doebeln should accept the services and support of the Russian students of Leipsic, nor is it strange that the raw Russian bumpkins should sympathise with the Social-Democrats. The thing to be amazed at is that a German institution of science and art should so eagerly open its doors to the horde of Oriental Slavs who have recently overflowed Germany. What we wish to remark is that these neophytes of science, these half-civilised yet presumptuous boys, whose prominent nose, eyes, and ears are so offensive, and who generally appear in public accompanied by half-grown girls, are a public scandal which Germans ought energetically to put a stop to."

These foreigners are educated largely at the public expense, yet are all red republicans bent on the destruction of the very State which feeds them like a mother. In this writer's words :—

"When it is considered that the only way in which these people show gratitude to the country that pays largely for their education is by supporting a party whose object is the undermining of public order, we think it time that Germany should open her eyes to the situation. Or must we be forced to the conclusion that Germany will tolerate any outrage upon her dignity, so long as it is committed by a foreigner? We hope that the citizens of Doebeln will take warning from the part these Russian interlopers played at the last election, and that the German students will consider it an insult to their honour that they should be called upon to sit side by side with those who, theoretically at least, are bomb-throwers and assassins. We certainly expect of the University of Leipsic, its Polytechnic, and Conservatory of Music, that they will revise their list of students, and politely inform these foreign gentlemen that the sooner they shake the dust of Leipsic from their feet the better. We do not believe that either German science or German art will be any the poorer for such a clearing out."—Translation made for the "Literary Digest."

## WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN NEW ZEALAND.

From an article by an anonymous writer in a recent number of "Public Opinion," we extract the following significant remarks :—

"We in this colony brought the women's franchise into power some twelve years ago, and it has now had a fair trial. Many of us hoped great things of it, many of us feared it, and now the great majority of us have settled down to the fact that beyond being a just, liberal, wise enactment, it has not brought about the changes expected of it. It certainly has not 'set the Thames on fire'; to many minds it has fallen far short of its capacity for good. It has placed women on a true footing, has removed a soreness of heart arising from injustice, and has shown the world in general, and ourselves in particular, that women are as capable of voting squarely as men are.

"In New Zealand the enfranchisement of women has been a disappointment, or, to put it more fairly, it has not yet found its feet. We are not doing justice to the franchise; already we have allowed it to die down into a fact of not very vital importance, and we are forgetting the value of the power we have put in our women's hands. Rightly used, it would prove a sure and trusty weapon of offence and defence in the cause of woman's true rights. Not those coveted, fancied rights of woman, which aim at the

theft of a natural inheritance, but those priceless rights, the crown of a woman's heritage. Ruskin told us long ago that a true woman must be a 'bread-giver.' So she must; but a giver of bread which is real life to men. The real object of a woman's being is so regal and magnificent that if the franchise is going to teach her how to improve it, let her have it by all means.

"What has the ballot done for our women in New Zealand? After we have admitted that they are fully entitled to it, and that they are wise and self-controlled enough to merit it, what have they gained by it? They have a vote, the power to vote for or against the country's welfare. They in New Zealand have many advantages, but the franchise did not win them. To-day women are not responsible for their husbands' debts, they can hold property in their own right, they can compete in university examinations and enter the professions. They are protected from cruelty, must be maintained by their husbands, athletic sports are open to them, and great freedom of life is theirs. But the franchise won none of these things for them, and men have not tried to prevent them from having them. The things men try to keep from women generally are those things they honestly think will injure their womanly side.

"So far they [the women voters] have not taken up questions of vital importance to their sex, to bring about any improvement, more than do women in England. They have not brought about a wise educational system for girls, although the state school system of the present day disregards the sex of its pupils, and trains them as inferior commercial machines; they have not righted the divorce laws; they have not legislated for the assistance and protection of helpless and poverty-stricken mothers of young children; they have not agitated for the care of the youthful inhabitants of the gutter; they have not used their power to bring in some simple true form of religious instruction in schools; they have not solved the comparatively simple question of the domestic servant—simple if it were made an honourable profession, for which state training is necessary. They have made no material difference in the welfare of their sex.

"The power to do this lies in the hands of enfranchised women; yet are they 'idle, openly idle, in the lea of the forespent line.'"

## PREDICTING A FIASCO AT THE HAGUE.

Forecasts of the possible results of the coming Peace Conference at The Hague, scheduled for June 15, employ the political observers of the whole European press, but it must be recorded that in most instances the tone of commentary merely re-echoes that of the American journals whose opinions we summarised in our issue of April 20, p. 615. A member of the Russian delega-

tion to the Conference has been visiting the different European capitals to feel the pulse of the different governments; and in a communication to the Paris "Temps," Mr. Martens discusses the main features of the proposed pogram—the limitation of armaments, and the right of search and seizure during a naval war. He declares that "the majority of the States see no objection to discussing the limitation of armaments," which, however, will meet with "strenuous opposition from Germany." "Germany, moreover, sees great advantages in the right of search and seizure at sea in war-time and welcomes this feature of the program." "If Germany gains her point, England, and certainly America, will retire from the Conference, while, on the other hand, should England succeed in gaining her point, Germany will retire." Mr. Martens thinks that "there is great danger that the Conference will end in a double fiasco," and this foreboding is little alleviated by his admission that King Victor Emanuel of Italy, in speaking to him of the Conference, "expressed his approval of the whole program, including the English proposals and the project for the limitation of armaments." This opinion of the Italian monarch is not, however, shared by the Italian press, the "Osservatore Romano" remarking that disarmament is impracticable until the experiences of a long and uninterrupted peace have demonstrated the absurdity of maintaining fleets and armies. The "Tribuna" (Rome) thinks that a resolution to limit armaments may be carried at The Hague, but, as far as England is concerned, it adds, the decree will only convey a platonic or Pickwickian meaning; and the influential monthly review "Antologia Nuova" (Rome) is of opinion that the only purpose of the Conference which promises success is that of establishing the principle of international arbitration. The Austrian press firmly support the cause of Germany, and depend more upon "the sword of Prussia" for cutting the Gordian knot of international differences, than upon any peace conference. Peace will never be assured "unless the adversaries of Germany establish a genuine friendship with her." The "Frankfurter Zeitung" asks doubtfully, "is it likely this coming meeting will be more fruitful in results than the one held eight years ago?" and lays the responsibility for its almost certain miscarriage on England. The Hague Conference is "a farce," declares August Bebel, echoing the expression of the London "Justice" (Socialist), which styles the program of the peace delegates "a humbug." Yet while not expecting any practical results from this Conference, the Socialist editor of "Vorwaerts" (Berlin) declares that "the German people hail the very idea of disarmament with joy, for the maintenance of the present status is a heavy burden unjustly laid upon them." England, "with her ocean girdle," talks in vain to Germany with her "open frontier of many a hnudred miles," coldly remarks the "Hamburger Nachrichten," which does not see much good likely to come of the Conference. The official "Kölnische Zeitung" speaks

more moderately, and anticipates some advantages from the deliberations at The Hague. To quote :—

" The development of some system of understanding between the Powers is certainly advancing. Each fresh Conference at The Hague tends to promote this end, so far as it furthers in increasing degree the friendly intercommunication between the associated states. It is from this point of view that we regard the coming Conference as one of the most significant events of contemporaneous history. It is neither to be undervalued nor yet looked upon as likely to inaugurate a millennium."

The great German monthly " Deutsche Rundschau " (Berlin), after recounting Professor Martens's official peregrinations, comes to the conclusion that the second Conference will be no more successful than the first " in transferring the disarmament question from the field of academic discussion to that of practical international politics."

The English press speak hopefully of the coming gathering as denoting a tendency toward universal pacification, and agree with the " Daily News " (London) when it declares :—

" Every day nation is drawing nearer to nation : in the bonds of a research and benignant advance in medicine and the sciences which is cosmopolitan ; in the realisation of the common danger presented by the contrast between great wealth and great poverty ; in the realisation of the hazardous position of the whole European comity in face of an awakening of the strange peoples outside its borders. These are forces making for understanding and security."—Translations made for the " Literary Digest."

## THE DEAD MISTRESS.

(*Conclusion.*)

When I was inducted, the Abbé Sérapion returned to the Seminary. I then remained alone, and with no help but from myself. The image of Clarimonde soon began to haunt me, and though I tried hard to drive away all thoughts of her, I was not always able to do so. One evening, walking through the box-bordered paths of my little garden, I seemed to dimly see a female form watching all my movements, and among the leaves there shone two eyes of a sea-green colour, but it was only an illusion, for on going to the place I only saw the mark of a footstep, and one so small that it might have been that of a child. The garden was surrounded by very high walls. I carefully looked into every corner, but there was no one. I have never been able to explain that circumstance, which, however, was nothing compared to the strange things which were going to happen to me. I lived in that way for a year, fulfilling carefully all the duties of my position, praying, fasting, visiting and tending the sick, being charitable to such an extent that I did without the necessaries of life. But I felt in myself an extreme coldness, and the sources of grace were closed to me. I did not envy the happiness which comes from the carrying out of a sacred calling. My ideas were elsewhere, and the words of Clarimonde often came to my lips like a kind of involuntary refrain. O, brother, meditate well on this. Because I once looked at a woman, for committing such an apparently trivial error, I have experienced much misery for many years ; my life has been completely wrecked.

I will not detain you longer on those defects, and on those inner victories, which were always followed by deeper falls, and I shall pass on at once to a decisive circumstance. One night my bell was violently rung. Barbara, the old housekeeper, went and opened the door, and she saw a dark copper-coloured man, richly dressed in a strange way, having a dagger at his waist. She

drew back in terror, but the man reassured her, and told her that he wanted to see me at once, for a purpose relating to my ministry. Barbara told him to come upstairs. I was going to bed. The man told me that his mistress, a very great lady, was at the point of death, and wished to see a priest. I answered that I was ready to go with him. I took with me all that I wanted for extreme unction, and I came down quickly. At the door two horses, as black as night, were impatiently chawing their bits, and breathing on their breasts two black streams of smoke. He held my stirrup, and helped me to mount one, then he vaulted into his saddle, just putting his hand on his saddle. He gave his horse his head, and galloped like the wind. Mine, whose bridle he held, also started off, and kept up with the other. We flew along; the ground seemed to disappear, and the black shadows of the trees fled like a routed army. We passed through such a black and cold forest that I felt a shiver of superstitious terror creep all over my skin. The sparks which the hoofs of our horses struck from the stones seemed to leave a train of fire behind us; and if someone at this hour of the night had seen my guide and me, he would have taken us for two spectres riding the nightmare. Will-o'-the-wisps now and again crossed the road, and the owls hooted sadly in the woods in which we could see now and again the phosphorescent eyes of some wild cats. The manes of the horses became wilder and wilder, the sweat rolled down their flanks, and their breath came loud and rapid from their nostrils. But when he saw them giving way, the squire, to reanimate them uttered a guttural cry, which was not human, and they began again to rush furiously through the air. At last the whirlwind stopped; a black mass showing some brilliant points was just before us, the hoofs of our steeds sounded no more on an iron pavement, and we passed under an arch which was between two towers. There was much movement in the castle; servants holding torches crossed the courts on all sides, and lights went up and down from landing to landing. I vaguely saw a huge architectural mass, colonnades, arcades, entrance halls, balusters—a strange royal and fairy-like building. A negro page—the same who gave me the tablets of Clarimonde, and whom I at once recognised, came and helped me dismount, and a myrmidon, dressed in black velvet, with a golden chain round his neck, and an ivory wand in his hand, came towards me. Big tears rolled down his cheeks, and fell on his white beard. "Too late," he said, shaking his head, "too late! my lord the priest; but if you have not been able to save the soul, come and watch by the poor body." He took me by the arm, and led me to the funereal chamber. I was crying as much as he was, for I had understood that the dead person was no other than that Clarimonde, who had been loved so much and so madly. A praying chair was next the bed, a bluish flame from a bronze lamp shed through all the room a weak and uncertain light, and brought out here and

there in shadow some piece of furniture or a lounge. On the table in a sculptured urn there was a rose, whose leaves, except one, had all fallen at the foot of the vase, like precious tears. A broken black mask, a fan, all kinds of garments were littered on arm-chairs, and showed that death had come unexpectedly in that gorgeous house, without being introduced. I knelt down, not daring to cast my eyes on the bed, and I began to repeat the psalms with great fervour, thanking God that he had put the tomb between the idea of that woman and me, so that henceforth I might add her now sanctified name to my prayers. But gradually this fervour abated, and I fell into a dream. This room did not look like a death chamber. Instead of the fœtid and cadaverous air which I had generally breathed in these funereal watches, there floated gently through the warm air a languishing smoke of oriental perfumes, and an indefinable amorous odour of woman. This pale light seemed rather to be a kind of half light fitting for voluptuousness rather than the night light with a yellow glitter which trembles faintly near corpses. I was thinking of the strange chance which had made me find Clarimonde just when I had lost her for ever, and a sigh of regret came from my breast. It seemed that someone, too, had sighed also, behind me, and I involuntarily turned round. It was the echo. At that moment my eyes fell on the fine bed, though I had hitherto avoided doing this. The curtains of red damask, with large flowers, looped up with golden tassels, allowed me to see her, lying at full length, with her hands crossed on her breast. She was covered with a linen veil of dazzling whiteness, which the dark purple of the hangings made more conspicuous, and of so fine a texture that it did not at all hide the charming form of her body, and allowed the beautiful undulating lines to be seen just as the neck of a swan is still beautiful, even after death. One would have said that it was an alabaster statue, modelled by some clever sculptor for a queen's tomb, or that it was a young girl sleeping on whom snow had fallen.

I could no longer remain still; that atmosphere was making me faint, that feverish smell of half-withered roses was getting to my head, and I was walking rapidly in the room, stopping every time I passed the bed to look at the gracious body hidden under the transparency of its shroud. Strange thoughts passed through my mind. I thought that she was not really dead, and that it was only a trick to bring me to her castle so that she might tell me of her love. One moment I even thought that I had seen her foot move in the whiteness of the veils, and that the straight folds of her shroud had fallen.

And then I said to myself, "Is it really Clarimonde? What proof have I? That black page may have entered some other lady's service? I am quite mad to grieve and to be so agitated." But my heart answered me by beating rapidly, "It is really she, it is really she." I approached near to the bed, and I looked

with increased attention at the object of my uncertainty. Shall I speak the truth? That perfection of form, though purified and sanctified by the shadow of death, troubled me more voluptuously than I liked, and that rest was so like a sleep that one might have made a mistake. I forgot that I had come there for a funeral office, and I thought that I was a young bridegroom entering the chamber of the bride, who hides her face through modesty, and will not be seen. Full of grief, mad with joy, trembling with fear and with pleasure, I stooped down towards her, and I took the end of the sheet; I lifted it gently, keeping back my breath, fearing that I might wake her. My veins beat with such force that I heard the blood rush through my temples, and my forehead was bathed in sweat as if I had lifted a marble slab. It was that Clarimonde as I had seen her at the cathedral when I was ordained; she was just as charming, and death seemed to have made her more beautiful. The paleness of her cheeks, the no less brilliance of her lips, her long drooping eyelashes showing up their brown tinge on that dazzling whiteness, gave her an expression of melancholy chastity and of pensive suffering of an inexpressive charm; her long untied hair, in which were still some little blue flowers, made a pillow for her head, and protected, by their curls, the nakedness of her shoulders; her beautiful hands, as fine and as transparent as wafers, were crossed in an attitude of pious rest and silent prayer, which mitigated, even in death, the too seductive appearance of the exquisite roundness and the ivory polish of her naked arms, from which the pearl bracelets had not been taken away. I remained absorbed in silent contemplation for a long time, and the more I looked at her, the less I could believe that life had abandoned for ever that beautiful body. I do not know if it were an illusion, or the reflection of the lamp, but it seemed as if the blood began to circulate under that white pallor; yet she still remained perfectly still. I gently touched her arm; it was cold, but not yet colder than her hand on that day when it had lightly pressed mine in the porch of the cathedral. I looked again at her, leaning over her face, and letting the moist dew of my tears fall on her cheeks. Ah! what a bitter feeling of despair and weakness! What agony in that watching! I should have liked to have gathered up my life in a heap to give it to her and to be able to breathe on her cold remains the flame which devoured me. The night was passing away, and feeling that the moment of eternal separation was coming, I could not refrain from that sad and supreme sweetness of putting a kiss on the dead lips of her who had had all my love. O, wonder! a slight breath joined my breath, and the mouth of Clarimonde answered my lips, her eyes half opened and recovered a little of their brightness; she sighed, and, uncrossing her arms, she put them behind my neck with an air of ineffable delight.

"Ah, it is you, Romuald," she said in a languishing and sweet voice, like unto the last vibrations of a harp. "What are you

doing? I have been waiting for you such a long time that I died, but now that we are betrothed, I shall be able to see you and go to your house. Good-bye, Romuald, good-bye! I love you; that is all I wanted to say to you; and I give you back the life that you have recalled in me by your kiss. I shall soon see you again."

Her head fell backward, but she still held me with her arms, as if she wished to keep me. A sudden gust of wind broke the window; the last leaf of the white rose fluttered for a little while like a wing at the end of its stalk, then it got detached and flew away through the open window, taking with it the soul of Clarimonde. The lamp went out, and I fell fainting on the bosom of the beautiful one.

When I came to myself, I was in my own bed in my little room at the parsonage, and the old dog of my predecessor was licking my hand which was hanging down. Barbara was moving about in a senile way in the room, opening and shutting drawers or mixing powders in glasses. Seeing me open my eyes, the old woman uttered a joyous cry, the dog yapped and wagged his tail, but I was so weak that I could not say a single word or move. I have since heard that I remained three days in that state, barely showing by my slight breathing that I was still alive. These three days do not count in my life, and I do not know where my mind had gone during all that time, for I remember nothing. Barbara has told me that the same copper-coloured man who had come to fetch me during the night had brought me back in the morning in a closed litter, and had then gone back at once. As soon as I could recall my ideas, I went over again in my mind through all the circumstances of that fatal night. First of all I thought that I had been the sport of a magical illusion, but real and tangible events soon destroyed this hypothesis. I could not think that I had been dreaming, since Barbara, like me, had seen the man with the two black horses, and because she described him quite correctly. But no one knew any castle in the neighbourhood which resembled that in which I had found Clarimonde again.

One morning I saw the Abbé Sérapion come in. Barbara had written to him saying that I was ill, and he had come at once. Though his haste showed that he cared and loved me, yet his visit did not give me the pleasure that it ought to have done. The Abbé Sérapion had a penetrating look in his eyes like that of an inquisitor, and this worried me. I felt embarrassed and guilty before him. For he first had discovered my inner trouble, and I was angry that he had been so clear-sighted.

While asking me for news of my health in a honeyed, hypocritical way, he fixed me with his two yellow leonine eyes, and he seemed to cast looks into my soul as if he were throwing down a sounding line. Then he asked me some questions on the way in which I managed my parish, if I had any complaints, if I had much

time on my hands after fulfilling my duties, and how I used it, if I had formed any acquaintance with the inhabitants, what were my favourite books, and a thousand other questions. I answered all this as shortly as I could, and he himself, without waiting for a reply, passed on to something else. This conversation had evidently nothing to do with what he wanted to say. Then without any preparation, and as if it were an item of news that he just remembered and feared to forget, he said to me in a clear and vibrating voice which sounded in my ears like the trumpets of the last Judgment:

"The great courtesan Clarimonde died lately after an orgy which lasted eight days and eight nights. It was something infernally splendid. They renewed the abominations of the feasts of Basthazar and of Cleopatra. Great God, in what an age we are living! The guests were served by dark slaves, speaking unknown tongues, and whom I really believe to have been demons; the livery of the least of them might have been the court dress of an emperor. Very strange stories have always been current about this Clarimonde, and all her lovers have come to a very violent and miserable end. They say she is a ghoul, a female vampire, but I think that she is Beelzebub himself."

He was silent, and looked at me more closely than ever, to judge of the effect that these words would have on me. I could not avoid starting on hearing Clarimonde mentioned, and the news of her death, besides the grief which it caused me by its strange conincidence with the nocturnal scene that I had witnessed, threw me into such a state of trouble and fear that these feelings appeared on my face, though I tried hard to hide them. Sérapion gave me an anxious and severe look, then he said to me,

"My son, I must warn you, you are walking near a precipice, take care that you do not fall into it. Satan has long claws, and graves sometimes give up their dead. The tombstone of Clarimonde should be trebly sealed, for it is said that this is not the first time that she has died. May God watch over you, Romuald."

After having said these words, Sérapion went slowly to the door, and I did not see him again, for he started nearly at once for S——.

I had quite recovered, and had resumed my ordinary occupation. The thought of Clarimonde and the words of the old Abbé were always present to my mind, yet no extraordinary event had occurred to justify the funereal predictions of Sérapion, and I began to believe that his fears and my terrors were too exaggerated; but one night I had a dream. I had hardly begun to sleep when I heard the sound of the rings on the hangings round my bed being moved. I awoke, and, leaning on my elbow, I saw the shadow of a woman standing in front of me. I recognised Clarimonde at once. She held in her hand a little lamp like

those which are placed in tombs, and the light shining on her long fingers gave them a rosy appearance, which gradually faded away in the opaque and milky whiteness of her naked arm. The only clothing she had on was the linen shroud which had covered her on her gorgeous bed, and she held its folds to her bosom as if she were ashamed of being so little clothed, but her little hands could not do it. She was so white that the colour of the drapery was merged in that of her flesh under the pale rays of the lamp. Draped in the fine gauze which showed all the contours of her body, she looked more like a marble statue of a classical bather than like a living woman. Dead or alive, statue or woman, shade or body, her beauty was still the same, only the dazzling green of her eyes was a little dim, and her mouth, formerly so rosy, was now only coloured with a weak and tender red like that of her cheeks. The little blue flowers, which I had noticed in her hair, were now quite dead, and had lost nearly all their leaves; but all this did not prevent her from being charming; so fascinating that in spite of the strangeness of the adventure, and of the inexplicable way in which she had entered my room, I was not frightened for a single moment. She placed the lamp on the table and sat down at the foot of my bed, then, leaning over towards me, she said to me, in that silvery and veiled voice which I have never heard but from her lips:—

"I have kept you waiting for a long time, my dear Romuald, and you must have thought that I have forgotten you. But I come from a long way off, and from a land from whence no one has hitherto returned. There is neither sun nor moon where I come from, it is only space and shadow; neither road nor path, no land for one's foot, no air for one's wing; and, yet, here I am; for love is stronger than death, and will end by conquering it. Ah! what sad faces and terrible things I have seen in my travels! What a lot of trouble it was for my soul which returned to this world by the power of its will, to find again my body, and to re-enter it. How I had to work to lift up the stone which was put on my grave! See, the palms of my poor hands are all bruised! Kiss them, dear love, to make them well."

She put the cold palms of her hands on my mouth. I kissed them several times, and she looked at me with a smile of touching pleasure.

I confess, to my shame, that I quite forgot both the good advice given me by Abbé Sérapion and my sacred calling. I had fallen, without resistance, at the first assault. I had not even tried to repel the tempter. The freshness of Clarimonde's skin penetrated mine, and I felt voluptuous shivers all over my body. Poor child! In spite of all that I have seen I can yet hardly believe that she was a devil, and, at all events, she did not look like one, and Satan never held better his claws and his horns. She was sitting on her heels on my bed, in a position full of

coquettish nonchalance. Now and then she put her little hand through my hair, and twisted it into curls, just to see how it suited me. I let her do what she liked, and she did all this chattering the while in the prettiest way possible. The strangest thing is that I did not feel at all astonished at such an extraordinary adventure, and with the facility that one has of admitting in a vision that the most strange events are very simple, I saw nothing unnatural in all this.

"I loved you long before I saw you, my dear Romuald, and I was looking for you everywhere. You were my ideal; and I saw you in the church at the fatal moment, when I at once said, 'It is he!' I cast a glance at you, in which I expressed all the love that I had had, that I had, and which I should have for you—a look which would have made a cardinal risk his salvation, and which would have compelled a king to throw himself at my feet before all his court. You remained unmoved, and you preferred your God to me

"Ah! how jealous I am of the God that you have loved, and that you still love more than you do me.

"Wretch, wretch that I am! I shall never have your heart all to myself. I whom you brought back to life with a kiss; I the dead Clarimonde, who for your sake burst open the gates of the tomb, and who comes to devote to you a life which she has only resumed to make you happy."

All these words were mixed with delirious kisses, which so affected my senses and my reason that I did not hesitate, in order to console her, to utter a dreadful blasphemy, and to say that I loved her as much as I did God.

Her eyes were rekindled, and shone like jewels.

"Is it true, quite true; as much as you do God?" she said, folding me in her beautiful arms. "Since it is so, you shall come with me; you shall follow me wherever I like; you shall give up your ugly black clothes; you shall be the proudest and the greatest of cavaliers; you shall be my lover. To be the avowed lover of Clarimonde, who contemned a Pope; that is indeed grand! Ah! what a very happy life, what a golden existence we shall lead! When shall we go away, my dear?"

"To-morrow! to-morrow!" I cried in my delirium.

"Well, to-morrow, then," she said. "I shall have time to change my dress, for these garments are rather scanty, and not good enough for our travels. I must also go and warn my servants, who really think I am quite dead, and who grieve as much as they can. Money, clothes, carriages, all shall be ready. I will come and fetch you at this time. Good-bye, dear heart."

And she lightly touched my forehead with her lips. The lamp went out, the curtains closed again, and I saw nothing more. A heavy, dreamless sleep fell on me, and I did not wake till the morning. I rose later than usual, and the remembrance of this

strange vision disturbed me all day, but I ended by persuading myself that it was simply a dream of my over-heated imagination. But the sensations had been so lovely that it was difficult not to believe that they were not real, and it was not without some fear of what was going to happen to me that I went to bed after having prayed to God to free me from evil thoughts, and to protect the chastity of my sleep.

I soon fell sound asleep, and my dream continued. The curtains moved aside, and I saw Clarimonde, not, as the first time, pale in her white shroud and with the violets of death on her lips, but joyous, lively and fresh, dressed in a beautiful habit of green velvet, ornamented with golden braid, and lifted up on one side in order to show a satin petticoat. Her fair hair was gathered up in thick curls under a big black felt hat trimmed with white feathers, wonderfully curled. She held in her hand a little riding whip with a golden whistle. She gently flicked me with it, and said to me, "Well, my fine sleeper; is that the way you get ready? I thought that you would be up. Get up quickly; we have no time to lose." I jumped out of bed.

"Come, dress yourself and let us be off," she said, pointing with her finger to a little parcel which she had brought. "The horses are restive, and are champing their bits at your door. We ought already to be thirty miles from here."

I hurriedly dressed, and she herself handed me the clothes, laughing at my awkwardness, and showing me how I should put them on when I made a mistake. She dressed my hair, and when it was done, she handed me a little pocket mirror in Venetian crystal adorned with silver, and said to me, "What do you think of yourself? Will you take me into your service as your valet?"

I did not seem to be the same person, and I did not know myself. I was no more like my old self than is the finished statue to the original block of marble. My old figure only seemed to be a rough sketch of the image presented by the mirror. I looked beautiful, and my vanity was agreeably tickled by this metamorphosis. These elegant clothes, this rich embroidered vest, made quite another person of me, and I admired the power of a few yards of cloth cut out in a certain way. My skin became penetrated by the spirit of my costume, and in ten minutes I was a perfect fop.

I walked up and down in the room to get used to my new clothes. Clarimonde looked at me with a kind of maternal pride, and seemed fairly satisfied with her work. "Now you have played long enough; we must set out, my dear Romuald; we are going far, and we shall never get there." She took me by the hand and led me away. All the doors opened before her without being touched, and we passed by the dog without waking him.

At the door we found Margheritone; he was the groom who had guided me before. He held by the bridle three black steeds like the first ones, one for me, one for him, one for Clarimonde.

Those horses must have been Spanish jennets, born out of mares, and having zephyrs for their sires, for they went as fast as the wind, and the moon, which had risen when we left to give us light, was rolling in the sky like a wheel detached from its chariot; we saw her leap from tree to tree on our right, and getting out of breath to run after us. We soon arrived in a plain where, near a clump of trees, a carriage, drawn by four sturdy horses, was waiting for us; we got in, and the postillions urged them to an insensate gallop. One of my arms was round Clarimonde's waist, and one of her hands was locked in mine; she rested her head on my shoulder, and I felt her half naked bosom press against my arm. I had never felt such keen happiness. I had forgotten everything, and I no more remembered having been a priest than what I had done in my mother's womb, so great was the fascination exercised over me by the evil spirit. From that night my nature was in a way of speaking twofold, and there were two men in me, of which one did not know the other. Sometimes I thought that I was a priest who dreamed each evening that he was a cavalier; sometimes that I was a cavalier who imagined that he was a priest. I could not distinguish the dream of the previous day, and I did not know where reality began and illusion ended. The young voluptuous fop mocked the priest, the priest hated the debauchery of the young nobleman. Two spirals intertwined one with the other and yet never touching each other represented very well my bicephalous life. In spite of the strangeness of my position, I do not think that I was mad for a single moment. I could clearly realise the perceptions of my two existences. Only there was an absurd fact which I could not explain to myself, and that was the feeling that two such different men were joined in me. It was an anomaly that I could not explain, either that I thought I was the parish priest of the little village of ——, or il Signor Romualdo, the envied lover of Clarimonde.

Anyhow, I was, or thought that I was, at Venice, for I have never yet been able to understand what was real and what was fictitious in this strange adventure. We lived in a large marble palace on the Canalcio, full of frescoes and of statues, with two pictures by Titian, when in his prime, in the bedroom of Clarimonde; it was a palace worthy of a king. We had gondolas, musicians, and poets. Clarimonde understood life in the grand style, and her nature was somewhat like that of Cleopatra. As to me, I lived the life of a prince, and I raised a dust just as if I had been one of the twelve apostles, or one of the four evangelists of Her Highness the Republic. I would not have given way to the Doge himself, and I think that since Satan fell from Heaven no one has been more proud or more insolent than myself. I went to the Ridotti, and I gambled a great deal. I frequented the best society in the world: young noblemen who had been ruined, actresses, sharpers, parasites and swashbucklers. Yet,

in spite of this dissipated life, I remained faithful to Clarimonde. I loved her madly, and she would have satisfied the insatiable, and fixed inconstancy itself. To possess Clarimonde was to have twenty mistresses, it was to have all women, for she was so changeable, so fascinating and so dissimilar; she was a true chameleon. She made you guilty of the unfaithfulness you would have committed with other women by assuming entirely the character, the walk and the kind of beauty of the woman who seemed to please you. She repaid my love a hundredfold, and it was in vain that young patricians, and even the ancients of the Council of Ten made her the most magnificent offers. One of the Foscari went to the length of offering her marriage, but she refused him. She had enough gold; she only wanted now love—young, pure love—evoked by her, and which should be the first and the last. I should have been perfectly happy, but for a cursed nightmare which visited me every night, and in which I thought I was a village priest, flagellating himself, and doing penance for the sins which I had committed in the day. Reassured by the habit of being with her, I no longer thought of the strange way in which I had made the acquaintance of Clarimonde. Yet what the Abbé Sérapion had said to me sometimes came back to my memory, and caused me some anxiety.

For some time the health of Clarimonde was no longer so good; her face got paler and paler every day. The doctors who were sent for could not understand her illness, and did not know what to do. They prescribed certain useless remedies, and did not return. Meanwhile her cheek became whiter every day, and her face and hands grew colder. She was nearly as white and as dead as on the famous night in the unknown castle. I was full of grief at seeing her waste away in that manner. She, moved by my grief, smiled gently and sadly at me, and her smile was like the fatal one of those who know that they are dying.

One morning I was sitting near her bed, and I was breakfasting on a little table so as not to leave her alone for a minute. In peeling some fruit, I happened to cut my finger rather deeply. The blood came out in purple streams, and some few drops fell on Clarimonde. Her eyes shone, her face assumed an expression of ferocious and wild joy that I had never seen her display till then. She jumped down from her bed with a wonderful animal-like agility, more like that of a monkey or of a cat, and she rushed at my wound, which she began to suck with a weird air of inexpressible voluptuousness. She swallowed the blood in little mouthfuls, slowly and lovingly, like an epicure who sips wine from Xeres or from Syracuse. She half closed her eyes, and the pupil of her green eyes had become oblong instead of round. From time to time she stopped in order to kiss my hand, then she began again to press to her lips my open wound, so as to get from it a few more red drops. When she saw that the blood no longer came, she rose up with her eyes moist and brilliant, rosier

than the dawn in May, her face flushed, her hand warm and moist, and she looked in a perfect state of health, and was more beautiful than ever.

"I shall not die! I shall not die!" she cried, half mad with joy, clinging to my neck. I shall be able to still love you for a long time. My life is bound up with yours, and all that is of life in me comes from you. Some few drops of your rich and noble blood, more precious and more efficacious than all the elixirs of the world, have given me a new lease of life."

This scene troubled me for a long time, and made me wonder who Clarimonde could be. On that very evening, when sleep had taken me back to my parsonage, I saw the Abbé Sérapion looking more grave and more anxious than ever. He gazed at me for some time, and then said: "You are not satisfied with losing your soul, but you also wish to ruin your body. Unfortunate young man! In what an abyss have you fallen!" The tone in which he said these few words struck me very much, but in spite of its vividness, this impression soon vanished, and a thousand other cares banished it from my mind. But one night I saw in a looking-glass Clarimonde putting a powder in a cup of spiced wine that she used to give me after my meals. She had not thought that I could see her do this. I took the cup, pretended to taste it, and put it down as if I intended to finish it at my leisure; then, taking advantage of a moment when her back was turned, I threw the contents under the table. Afterwards I went to my room, and went to bed, though I had quite made up my mind not to go to sleep, so as to see what would happen. I did not wait long. Clarimonde came in dressed in her night-gown, and having put her veils down she lay down on the bed by my side. When she was quite certain that I was asleep, she uncovered my arm, and drew a golden pin from her hair; then she muttered in a low voice:

"One drop, only a little red drop, a ruby at the end of my needle. Since you still love me I must not die. Ah! poor love! I am going to drink his beautiful blood, so rich and pure. Sleep, my very own; sleep, my god, my child; I will not hurt you; I will only take of your life enough not to let mine depart. If I did not love you so much, I might resign myself to having other loves whose veins I might empty; but since I know you, I hate the world. Ah! the beautiful arm. How round it is! How white it is! I shall never dare prick that beautiful blue vein." And while she said this, she cried, and I felt her tears fall on my arm, which she held in her hands. At last she made up her mind. She pricked my arm gently with her needle, and began to suck the blood which flowed. When she had only drank a few drops, she was afraid of exhausting me, and she bound my arm carefully with a little bandage, after rubbing it with some ointment, which healed it at once.

I could no longer have any doubts, and the Abbé Sérapion

was right. Yet, in spite of this certitude, I could nót prevent myself loving Clarimonde, and I would willingly have given her all the blood she needed to uphold her strange existence. Besides, I was not very frightened. The love of the woman made me careless of the vampire; and what I had seen and heard completely reassured me. My veins were overflowing, and would not soon be exhausted, and I was not bargaining my blood drop by drop. I would have opened my veins myself, and would have said to her: "Drink! and may my love enter into your body as well as my blood." I took care not to make the slightest allusion to the narcotic which she had poured into my cup, nor to the scene of the needle, and we lived in perfect agreement. Yet my priestly scruples tormented me more than ever, and I did not know what penance to invent to master and mortify my flesh. Though all these visions were involuntary, and I did not participate in them, yet I did not dare touch the Host with such impure hands, and with a mind tainted by such real or imaginary debauchery. In order to avoid falling into these torturing hallucinations, I tried to prevent myself going to sleep. I kept my eyelids open with my fingers, and I remained standing against the wall, fighting against sleep with all my strength; but the sand of weariness soon rolled in my eyes, and, seeing that all struggle was useless, I let my arms fall, being tired, and lacking in courage, and the current carried me off towards those perfidious shores. Sérapion exhorted me, with great vehemence, and sternly reproached me with my langour and my lack of fervour. One day, when I had been more agitated than usual, he said to me, "In order to make you get rid of these visions, there is only one way, and, though it is a strange one, we must make use of it; desperate evils need desperate remedies. I know where Clarimonde was buried. We must dig her up, and you must see in what a piteous state the object of your love is. You will no longer be tempted to imperil your soul for a filthy corpse, eaten by worms, and ready to fall into dust. That will certainly make you think." As for myself, I was so tired with this dual life that I agreed, wishing to know once for all whether the priest or the cavalier was the victim of an illusion. I was prepared to kill for the benefit of either one of the two men who were in me, or to kill them both, for this life could not go on. The Abbé Sérapion procured a spade, a lever, and a lantern, and at midnight we went towards the cemetery of ——, which he knew well. After having cast the rays of his dark lantern on the inscriptions of several tombs, we at last came to a stone, half hidden by tall grass, and covered with moss and parasitic plants, on which we managed to read this inscription—

Here lies Clarimonde.
When alive
She was the most beautiful woman
Of the world.

"This is the place," said Sérapion; and, putting the lantern on the ground, he raised the stone with the lever. Then he began to dig. I looked at him, and he was gasping for breath, and the sweat rolled down his face. It was indeed a strange sight, and we looked more like body snatchers and thieves than like priests of God. At last the spade hit the outside of the coffin. He wrenched it open, and I saw Clarimonde, as pale as marble; her hands were crossed, and she was wrapped in a white shroud, but one small red drop shone on her white lips. Seeing this, Sérapion was very angry. "Ah!" he said. "There you are, you demon; you impure courtesan; you drinker of blood and of gold. And he threw holy water on the body and on the coffin making the sign of the Cross with his aspersory. As soon as poor Clarimonde was touched by the holy dew, her beautiful body crumbled to dust, and it was nothing but a frightful mixture of ashes and half-consumed bones. "There is your mistress, Signor Romuald," said the merciless priest, pointing to these sad remains. "And would you still be tempted to go on the Lido or to Fusina with your beautiful lady." I bowed my head. A great ruin had taken place in me. I went back to my parsonage, and Signor Romuald, the lover of Clarimonde, parted company from the poor priest of whom he had been for so long such a strange companion. But the next night I saw Clarimonde. She said to me as she did the first time under the church porch, "Wretch, wretch! what have you done? Why did you listen to that foolish priest? Were you not happy? And what had I done to you that you should break open my poor tomb, and expose all my imperfections? All communication between our souls and our bodies is now broken off for ever. Good-bye. You will regret me." And she disappeared into the air like smoke. I never saw her again.

Alas! she spoke the truth. More than once I have regretted her, and I do so still. The peace of my soul has been dearly bought. The love of God was not too much to replace hers. Such, brother, is the story of my youth. Never look at a woman. Walk with your eyes fixed on the ground; for, however chaste and calm you may be, one minute is enough to make you lose eternity.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.
(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**The Austrian Triumph.** — The event of the month for international Social-Democracy has been the General Election in Austria. Contested for the first time on a basis of universal manhood suffrage, the result has been a sweeping victory for Social-Democracy, our comrades having won 84 seats out of a total of 450, and comprising now the largest single party in the Imperial Parliament. In the strange medley of races that go to make up the Austrian Empire, there are curious political divisions and combinations, marking racial, religious and geographical divisions and antagonisms. It is the merit of the Austrian Social-Democracy to have eliminated all these divisions and differences from its own ranks. It is the one party in Austria in which men of the different races are combined together for a common object, and in which racial and religious antagonisms have no place. Austrian Social-Democracy is essentially in itself international, and, therefore, its victory is in a double sense a victory for international Social-Democracy. We heartily congratulate our devoted comrade Adler and his colleagues on the work they have done and the success with which that work has been crowned;

success which not only augurs well for the future of Social-Democracy in the Austrian Empire but will be helpful to the cause of humanity throughout the world.

**The Liberal Failure.**—On nearly all hands, by friend and foe alike, this most wonderful Government of modern times is admitted to be a failure. The Irish estranged, the educated Indians hostile, Nonconformists half-hearted or sulking in their tents, their fanatical teetotal supporters put off with a jibe till next year, the housing reforms to next Parliament with another jibe, till only the Labour Party are left to bless the Liberal Government, and, through the mouth of Mr. Shackleton, to express warmest affection for the Premier! In regard to public business, the first Session of this Parliament, with its unwieldy Liberal majority, had to work overtime in order to achieve anything—two of its most talked-of measures would have been useless if passed; this year not a single measure of importance is to be pushed through, excepting the new Army Bill, which can only be got through by machine rules without discussion. Another Education Bill has seen the light only to be dropped; other measures have been fraudulently announced with no intention of presenting them; and already three measures are announced for certain next Session—licensing reforms education again, and a miners' eight hours scheme—so the mess of muddle, make-shift, and make-believe will be well spread over 1908. Unless a snap division throws the Government out. Then they will fight the Lords!—and they are showing the Lords how to win!

**Suicide of a Radical.**—The doings of Mr. John Morley at the India Office bear out the idea we have always held, namely, the impossibility of applying the principles of political Radicalism to the imperial sub-

jection of other races. It is fitting that Mr. Morley should have been selected as the victim of the latest experiment in that connection. On the one hand, a continent of myriads of starving people; on the other hand, an armed police-bureaucracy, whose object is to exact a tribute as great, and to ameliorate as little, as possible, and, above all, to keep these "damned niggers" in their places. To suggest a doubt as to the benignant character of such a rule is rank sedition, and bureaucracy deals with any such by putting aside all forms of law and suppressing newspapers, while deporting without trial the doubters. Trial on such a pretext would undoubtedly be dangerous, as the ridiculous nature of the charge and the severity of the treatment would be too sharply contrasted. And the acts of a Tory bureaucracy are backed by a Radical statesman.

**The Morley of the Past.**—The agitation in Ireland sixteen to twenty years back was graced, on one or two stage occasions, by Mr. John Morley, who sympathised with men who, at any rate, were tried under a form of law, extraordinary as its character was. On one of these occasions Mr. Morley narrowly escaped being struck by an indiscreet policeman's truncheon, what time the Liberal Party press held its breath in awe and indignation. What would they have said if Arthur Balfour had coolly issued an order under which "Honest John" had disappeared and turned up, say, in Canada or St. Helena and been forbidden to return? We do not wonder that the "Hindu," of Madras, recalls his writing in the "Nineteenth Century" 25 years ago: "When the Chief Secretary for Ireland defends the action of the Local Government Board his defence is purely mechanical, and cannot be anything else. . . . . He is only the mouthpiece of the bureaucracy. Yet the few members who are competent to criticise his answers with effect

are disregarded in the House of Commons, and, if it comes to the pinch, the whole body of English and Scotch members, on his own side at any rate, would take it for granted that he was in the right." That is exactly Mr. Morley's own position to-day, and his former Radicalism shrivels up in face of his new "Imperial" duties, while the Tories chuckle with glee at seeing their ideas so well carried out by their quondam critic.

**The Counter-Revolution in India.**—"Divide and rule," is a wise saying and a true one, and our fellow-countrymen who constitute the Indian bureaucracy are evidently firm believers in it. They have, undoubtedly, initiated themselves thoroughly into the modus operandi of the Russian autocracy. In Russia we find that the ruling powers organise the fearful "pogroms" and stir up the ignorant populace against the Jews as a means of keeping back revolutionary Socialism. In India we have Englishmen secretly stirring up Mohammedan roughs against Hindus who are striving for political progress. These roughs loot Hindu shops and desecrate Hindu temples — and are backed by Mohammedan grandees, who have been loaded with tawdry English "honours." We are sorry to see this. The unfortunate peoples of India have nothing to gain by prolonging British domination, and should not be so stupid as to let religious and racial differences stnad in the way of general advancement.

**Compulsory Military Service.**—As we predicted a month ago, Haldane's Conscription Bill has passed through the Committee stage with practically no amendment. It may now be expected to pass into law in almost its original shape. That means that we are to have established throughout the country hierarchical

county associations, headed by the Lord Lieutenant, whose object will be to "induce" the necessary number of eligible young men to "volunteer" for the Territorial Force, which is to be mobilised in time of war, and also to provide a recruiting ground and a reserve for the Regular Army. The social and economic pressure which it is hoped will supply the "inducement" for men to join can easily be conjectured, and if it proves as effective as its authors hope we shall have as perfect a system of compulsory service—while nominally voluntary—for the sons of the working class, as any conscriptionist could possibly desire. If, on the other hand, the inducement is not effective, why, then the whole scheme breaks down, and we find ourselves once more face to face with the problem of military reorganisation. This is perfectly certain, that, if men do not join the Volunteers and Regulars in sufficient numbers under present conditions, nothing but compulsion will bring them in under the more onerous conditions of the new scheme.

**Cheeseparing Economy.**—Everything goes to prove what we have all along maintained, that it is impossible to have a more efficient military organisation on a purely voluntary basis, except by spending more money. But the present Government is pledged to economy in military expenditure. Thus the present War Minister finds himself confronted with the impossible task of providing more men and a more efficient army at a less cost. It is not wonderful that he finds himself unable to achieve the impossible. It must be admitted, however, that he is doing his best. On the one hand, he endeavours to get the men and the organisation by establishing a system of social compulsion, and, on the other, in the meantime, he is endeavouring to save a little in expenditure

by a series of cheeseparing economies. "Starving the dockyard cat" used to be a proverbial term for the petty savings of Liberal Administrations; "starving the Arsenal labourers" will serve in future. The dismissals from Woolwich Arsenal, without making any provision whatever for the men discharged, are a disgrace to any Government and would have aroused such a storm of indignation as would have driven any Ministry from office among any working-class except the patient, long-suffering English. And the miserable pettiness of the whole business! Our military expenditure amounts to no less than 40 millions a year, and all the economy effected by the discharges at Woolwich will not result in the saving of a single one of those forty millions.

## CONSCRIPTION AND THE ARMED NATION.

It is impossible to explain the misconceptions betrayed by our comrade A. Hickmott in his article on "Socialism and Militarism" in the last issue of the "Social-Democrat," except by believing that he has unconsciously allowed his natural prejudice against everything in the shape of armed force temporarily to cloud his judgment. Take his reference to the waste of wealth under capitalist society. Has H. Quelch, or any other responsible Socialist, ever advocated war as a remedy for trade depression and glutted markets? Yet that is what A. Hickmott deliberately infers. "It seems to me that these are the sort of things (palliatives) Socialists should put forward and not war, as a remedy for trade depression, glutted markets, and the like." There was absolutely nothing in the article by H. Quelch, in the "Social-Democrat" for April that could legitimately bear such an interpretation. "Waste means gain, and is not only inevitable, but necessary. And war, in such circumstances, is indispensable." Quite so, but that is not advocating war as a remedy for the evils referred to. No one can dispute that the Russo-Japanese war, and in like manner the earthquakes at San Francisco and Valparaiso, relieved temporarily the pressure of the increasing glut of commodities on the markets of the world, and that, without these deplorable incidents, the present trade boom would not have continued. A recognition of these facts, which show up so completely

the criminal absurdities of production under capitalism cannot reasonably be distorted into a charge of advocating as remedies those things which are recognised merely as facts.

It is also difficult to understand how it is that comrade Hickmott does not observe the marked difference between military *service* and military *training*. Throughout his article he uses these opposite terms as if they meant the same thing. Universal military service means the domination of militarism: universal military training of citizens sounds the death-knell of militarism. Universal military service means that the people will be brought under military law: universal military training means the abolition of military law. No one has argued that "universal *service* protects the liberties of the democracy," so the reference to Germany in that connection is somewhat beside the mark.

Comrade Hickmott cannot see that the "Armed Nation" would be in the least degree effective as protection against war. He says, in regard to the South African War, that those who were not compelled to go and fight, but did go, were amongst the worst of the jingoes. Then how can he argue that the encouragement of "volunteerism" will deprive professionalism of its dangerous power? But though he is right, if comparing those who volunteered for service in South Africa with the soldiers and reservists who were compelled to go, there were yet worse jingoes during the Boer War than those who volunteered for active service, and they were the mad "maffickers," who had no intention of fighting whatever, but whose excessive "patriotism" led them to hound on other people to do the fighting for them. In fact, under our "voluntary" system of professional military service, where the soldiers are a class by themselves, divorced from the rest of the nation, jingoism is distinctly more rampant during periods of national excitement than it is in conscript countries. Those who realise the horrors of

modern warfare, and have had personal experience of the use of arms, may be quite ready to fight if they think occasion requires it; but it is your unarmed, untrained mass who are ever ready to despatch others to risk life and limb in the unholy work of imperialistic piracy. We are told that the advantage of our present military system is that it is not compulsory, that people are free to join the service or not as they please. The freedom of the average recruit to join the army is about on a par with the freedom of an unemployed workman to refuse to work for lower than the recognised rate of wages, or the freedom of the prostitute to decline to follow her only means of livelihood.

Comrade Hickmott assumes, apparently, that there is no danger of conscription save in our demand for the "armed nation." That is precisely where I think he is wrong. The danger of conscription in this country is a very real one. Mr. Haldane's proposals, when carried out, will bring the auxiliary forces under military law, and will therefore increase militarism in the army. But his schemes are foredoomed to failure. That is the universal opinion of those with a knowledge of military matters, who are, nevertheless, opposed to the establishment of a national citizen force. The failure of the War Minister's "reform" schemes will bring conscription along very speedily. The only alternative to the introduction of conscription, which will most certainly follow the breakdown of the voluntary system, is that of universal military training—in short, the complete democratisation of the military forces. The "Armed Nation," so far from leading to conscription, is the only proposal by the adoption of which the evils of universal military *service* under class officers and military law can be avoided. This is, it seems to me, the important point in the whole controversy which A. Hickmott has overlooked. The attacks now being made upon the S.D.F. by military organs furnish evidence that a National Citizen Force is not regarded favourably by those who call for conscription,

and among the latest to take us to task is the National Service League, the League which, as Hickmott says, has freely quoted from Quelch's "Armed Nation." But a Christian does not consider the Bible an unsafe guide because the devil can quote Scripture!

Though "Socialism will not come through force," organised force may possibly be a very necessary and effective auxiliary. The ballot box is no doubt a safer weapon than the rifle, but even when there will be a sufficient number of people in these islands convinced of the necessity and possibility of the Co-operative Commonwealth to bring about the change in society, the end will not yet be certain. There are the classes in possession to be considered. Are they going to allow themselves to be voted out? Will they respect a franchise and ballot box which vote that they shall get off the backs of the workers? Franchise "Reform" Bills—and it is astonishing to what use "reform" can now be put—can be rushed through Parliament, like Crimes Acts, in twenty-four hours, and there is the "voluntary" professional army, under military law, to overawe the recalcitrants who may resent the suffrage and the ballot-box being jerrymandered against the popular interest. But none are so likely to be overawed by threatened displays of armed force—whether voluntary or conscript—as those who have a difficulty in distinguishing the butt end of a rifle from its muzzle.

Comrade Hickmott says in conclusion "the less we have to do with advocating compulsory militarism, the better it will be for our cause." When he recognises, as I hope he will recognise, that universal military training is not military *service*, and that with the abolition of military law, upon which we have always laid the greatest possible stress, militarism falls to the ground, I don't think he will again accuse us, even by inference, of things of which we have not been guilty

H. W. Lee.

## REFORM AND REVOLUTION.

There is scarcely any subject upon which there is greater confusion of thought than that of the relation between reform and revolution. It is the fashion now-a-days to speak of evolutionary Socialists and revolutionary Socialists as representing two distinct schools of thought, just as though the revolutionary Socialist had repudiated the theory of evolution, or there could be *Socialists*, in any generally accepted meaning of the word, who did not aim at a social transformation. That there are two sections in the Socialist movement, to whom the titles evolutionists and revolutionists are generally applied as antithetical terms, is perfectly true. But they are not accurate definitions. Many of those who plume themselves on being "evolutionary Socialists," are neither Socialists nor evolutionists, and many others have no more right to the latter title than they have to deny it to the revolutionary Socialists. Roughly, the difference between the two sections—that is of those who really are Socialists—is in the standpoint from which they regard the transitional stage. It is not a difference of aim, nor is it always even a difference of method, although difference of method and tactics are necessarily frequently the consequence of the different standpoint. It is simply the view, on the part of the "evolutionists," so-called, that the social transformation must necessarily be the

result of quite peaceful political action, and a long series of legislative enactments.

That is what they mean by "evolution"—not the scientific conception of the term, but simply a process of slow, peaceful growth as opposed to the idea of sudden and violent change. In their view the world, socially and physically, has outgrown its turbulent youth; the period of violence, of sudden, cataclysmic changes, of insurrections and coups d'etat, of social upheavals and physical earthquakes, and will for the future roll quite smoothly and peacefully down the ringing grooves of change. It is true that existing conditions and recent happenings—the San Francisco and Jamaica earthquakes, the Vesuvian eruption, the widespread strikes, and the growing movement for "direct action"—do not appear to afford much ground for their view. Hope is ever young and buoyant, and they hope that, while there has been history in the past, we have reached finality in regard to most of the things which go to make history, and that whatever changes may take place in the future will be evolved in a slow, peaceful, and orderly manner, and that although, hitherto, no one has been able to achieve such a miracle, it will be for them possible to have their omelette without breaking eggs.

Revolutionists, on the other hand, accept the theory of evolution in its entirety. For them there is no finality. The Social Revolution is merely the outcome of social and economic development, and sudden, violent, cataclysmic changes are but natural incidents in evolution. To them there is no contradiction or antithesis between evolution and revolution. All birth is sudden, violent, revolutionary—in the narrow, arbitrary sense in which the word is frequently used—but the new life, and the violence with which the new life bursts asunder the integuments by which it has been confined and sets itself free, are equally the result of a more or less lengthy period of peaceful, imperceptible gestation and growth. The violent

breaking of the shell by which the young bird attains actual, separate, individual life, is just as much part of evolution as any of the unseen changes which have taken place within the shell during the period of incubation.

So in the life of society. Long periods of imperceptible growth and development have been followed by sudden upheavals, which, notwithstanding their apparent isolation, are really incidents in and a part of the general social evolution. Revolutionary Socialists, therefore, are not only revolutionary in aim, but they see that there is no contradiction or opposition between evolutionary and revolutionary changes; but that, on the contrary, they are really one and the same.

So with reform and revolution. It is generally assumed that the one is the antithesis of the other; and timid politicians have been frequently warned that "Reform delayed is revolution begun." But that depends entirely upon what is meant by reform. The general idea of reform is of such moderate and peaceful changes as will sufficiently modify the existing order in conformity with changing circumstances as to increase its stability and ensure its continuance. Regarded in that sense, it is the fashion of Socialists to contemn reformers; and some Socialists who have been more concerned with immediate ameliorative measures than with the ultimate object, have, and frequently quite justly, come in for the reproach that they are mere "reformists."

But there are reforms and reforms. There are reforms which are absolutely worthless, which are mere pretence and humbug, which accomplish nothing and are only adopted to deceive. There are others which while ameliorative in their immediate effects are conservative and reactionary in their general tendency; there are those which are neither progressive nor reactionary, but simply philanthropic, and there are others again which are ameliorative in immediate effects and revolutionary in operation and tendency.

Of the latter category are the "Immediate Reforms" in the programme of the Social-Democratic Federation. These, which were first put forward nearly twenty-five years ago, as "Practical Remedies for Pressing Needs," still hold the field for practicability and usefulness, and, while they are generally spoken of—sometimes contemptuously—as "palliatives," are conceived not only to ameliorate the worst evils of the present system, but to help on the change to a better. They are reforms, it is true, but they are reforms which, if adopted, would prove to be distinctly revolutionary in their effects.

The effect of the universal limitation of the hours of labour, for instance, would be distinctly revolutionary. Overwork, with the want of employment and the reduction in wages resulting therefrom, necessarily retards the economic development. The reduction of the hours of labour would not only ensure an immediate improvement in the condition of the working class in more leisure and more opportunity for organisation and education, it would increase the cost of labour and would, therefore, stimulate invention and the use of mechanical appliances in production. In a short time, doubtless, the workers would, through improved machinery, lose any material advantages they had gained by the shorter hours in the way of better wages and the absorption of the unemployed. But the advantage of a shorter working day, in itself, would still remain to them; the economic development would have reached a higher plane, and the period of comparative prosperity they had enjoyed would increase their discontent at the return of depression, and would hearten them for another move forward.

Again, with the State Maintenance of School Children. This is perhaps the most revolutionary of all our "palliative" proposals. This is not, as some people seem to imagine, a mere charitable proposal to relieve parents of their responsibilities by some slight mitiga-

tion of the sufferings of the children. If that were all that could be said for or against it, the balance would still be in favour of the adoption of our proposal, as there can be no justification for safeguarding the rectitude and probity of the parents by the sacrifice of the health and lives of the children; indeed, by the provisions made for neglected and deserted children, that principle is already admitted. But our proposal means the full recognition on the part of the community of its duty towards the children as really its duty to itself. The children of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow.

It is said that Xerxes wept when, reviewing his vast host, he reflected that in a hundred years not a man of that great multitude would be alive. How much more cheering is the reflection that, though men and women pass away, the race lives on, and though in a few years we who are now alive shall have ceased to be, we shall still live in our children and our children's children, and that in the training, education, and means for physical and mental development we provide for the children of the nation to-day we are actually moulding the future life of the race. Our imperialists exalt the greatness and glory of the Empire, and compel the children in the common schools to celebrate "Empire Day." They might spare some thought to providing that the children of this imperial race shall be worthy of the heritage of which they profess to be so proud, and physically and mentally capable of sustaining the burden of its responsibilities. We, who are not imperialists, who desire and work for a social revolution in which imperialism, with every other form of domination of man by man, shall disappear, want to see the children of the people sufficiently well-educated and well-developed to be able to play their part in that revolution, and to be fit and capable citizens in that better human society which the revolution will usher in.

It may be, and frequently is, urged that social and economic development is progressing too quickly for

any of these "palliatives" to be any longer worthy of attention; that there is nothing now to be done but to educate and organise for the revolution; and that even the advocacy of such measures as the State Maintenance of School Children is to divert attention from the great and supreme object. It may be quite true that we are much nearer the complete breakdown of the capitalist system than is generally supposed. This, at any rate, is perfectly certain, that the economic forms are fully ripe for the transformation to complete social ownership and control. What, then, is it that stands in the way? Nothing but the want of education and organisation on the part of the people themselves. Our work, therefore, is still that of agitation, education and organisation. And surely these reforms which, in themselves, make for the revolution, are part of that work. But the children? Surely the education we mean when we talk of agitation, education and organisation is the education of grown men and women, not of children. But while we are striving to educate and organise the men and women, the children are growing up into men and women. And the men and women have to live, and everything which—in improved housing, shorter hours of labour, a higher standard of living, better conditions for the children—tends to make them better men and women, helps our work of education and organisation. No wise general neglects the commissariat of his army to-day—the provision for the care of sick and wounded, the fitness of men and material, or even the sanitation of the camp—because he expects the decisive battle to be fought to-morrow. In our case, we can scarcely expect so much. We have been agitating, educating, organising for a quarter of a century. Many who are men and women in our ranks to-day were unborn when we began. Twenty-five years is a long time in the life of an individual; it is nothing in the life of humanity. Who shall say, imminent as the revolution may appear, that another

twenty years' work may not be before us, ere that consummation is achieved ?

Nearly twenty-three years ago, at the conference of the S.D.F. in 1884, two ardent and devoted members of the organisation moved a resolution to the effect that " the time for palaver has passed, the time for action has arrived." Well, so it appeared. But that is three and twenty years ago. When one sets out to climb a mountain, it looks so near that it is easy to underrate the task. But miles and miles are traversed and as we tramp towards it the mountain appears to recede, and it is long indeed ere we approach the summit. For long we appear to be making no advance, but when at last we reach the top we understand that every step we took was a step towards our goal, and that the weary tramp through morass and thicket, in which we seemed to be making no progress, was necessary if the goal was to be attained. So with our goal of Social-Democracy. Circumstances, and not we ourselves, determine the course we have to travel, the conditions through which we have to win our way. We cannot say when or how the decisive struggle may be fought, or when the road to the summit shall be cleared of obstacles ; but if we keep our faces ever towards the goal, our ideal ever before us, no step taken will be wasted, no piece of mere sapper's or pioneer's work will be thrown away. We have to do the tasks of to-day ; deal with present obstacles, despising nothing as too mean or petty which helps to pave the way to Social-Democracy, while never losing sight of the end in the means ; making reform the instrument of revolution ; conscious, whatever we may do to ameliorate existing evils or to smooth the road to our goal, that " the Cause alone is worthy till the good days bring the best."

H. Quelch.

# ARISTOCRACY.

## AN HISTORICAL VINDICATION OF THE CLASS WAR

(*Conclusion.*)

Passing rapidly over the period during which the nobility were all but exterminated in the Wars of the Roses, and the remnant were used as the medium through which the Tudors exercised their despotism, we arrive at another crisis in the advancement of the democracy—

### The Revolution of 1642.

The Stuart conception of the Divine Right of Kings, a belief similar to that held by the present German Kaiser, was destined to have an important effect upon the future history of England. Let us hope the situation will change in the Fatherland, so as to render unnecessary the repetition of such events. During the reign of James I. we get a glimpse of the foundation upon which the present aristocracy largely rests. Peerages were created by sheer bargaining, and the high offices of State were placed in the hands of Royal favourites. Robert Cecil was rewarded by the Earldom of Salisbury for his success in procuring the accession of James. Truly an honourable ancestor to have! "A Scotch page named Carr was created Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset, and married,

after her divorce, to Lady Essex." Again, "George Villiers, a handsome young adventurer, was raised rapidly through every rank of the peerage, made Marquis and Duke of Buckingham, and trusted with the appointment to high offices of State. The payment of bribes to him, or marriage with his greedy relatives, became the one road to political preferment. Resistance to his will was inevitably followed by dismissal from office."* The determination of Charles I. to enforce the Royal prerogative met with practically no opposition from the Peers. Their servility and cowardice during the passage of the Petition of Rights (1628), and the speech of the King when dissolving Parliament in the following year, are instances of this. "You that are here of the higher house," he said, "may justly claim from me that protection and favour that a good King oweth to his loyal and faithful nobility."† Finally, when a resort to arms was decided upon and the drums of revolution were sounded, the aristocracy were found on the side of the King, with whom they had common cause. The French historian Guizot sums up the position fairly well when he says, "Soon the nobility on the one hand, and the middle-class and the people on the other, ranged themselves into two masses, the one around the Crown, the other around the Parliament, and sure symptoms already revealed a great social movement in the heart of a great political struggle, and the effervescence of an ascendant democracy, clearing for itself a way through the ranks of a weakened and divided aristocracy."‡

Being precluded from participating in the deliberations of Parliament during the Commonwealth régime by the Commons' resolution of 1649, the nobility devoted their attention to the restoration of the monarchy. Their efforts were largely assisted by the dispute between the Army and Parliament, and more

* Green, p. 487. † "Parliamentary History," Vol II., page 492.
‡ History of the English Revolution." p. 8.

particularly, perhaps, by the succession of Richard Cromwell to the Protectorate (September, 1658). He was a weak and vacillating man, totally unfit to guide the destinies of a people during such a crisis. Worse still, there is good reason to believe he was at heart a Royalist. Under such a man the downfall of the Commonwealth could not be long delayed, and in 1660 the Convention Parliament declared "that according to the ancient and fundamental laws of this Kingdom, the Government is, and ought to be, by King, Lords, and Commons." The restoration of Charles II. saw the creation of additional peers, from causes more repulsive than the buying and selling process of his grandfather. The chief concern of Charles appears to have been the gathering together of an army of profligate women, upon whom, and their illegitimate offspring, he bestowed titles and estates. The noble houses of Grafton, St. Albans and Richmond owe their existence to such a beneficent sovereign!

After the overthrow of the second Stuart tyranny, and throughout the reigns of William of Orange and the four Georges, the power of the aristocracy increased, largely as a result of additions from the middle class of the revolutionary epoch. The House of Commons was packed with its nominees, who successfully checked any attempts at progress. Such an influence did they wield that one of the organisers of the reform movement in the early part of the nineteenth century speaks of the Government as "a perpetual cheat, a fraudulent game at fictitious honours and real emoluments, a continual practice of pompous meanness founded on the absurd reverence the people have long been taught to pay to the aristocracy."* Little wonder, then, that the privileged class felt strong enough to oppose the

REFORM BILLS OF 1831-2,

thereby giving a third illustration of its class feeling.

* "Journal of Francis Place."

The first Bill was defeated in the Commons, and a second measure carried by them was defeated in the Lords. The greatest indignation prevailed throughout the country, and the coming of a revolution was imminent when they threw out a third Bill which had passed the Commons by a majority of two to one. Indeed, it was not until William IV., consented to create sufficient peers to ensure its safe passage that the aristocrats withdrew their opposition, with awful suggestions as to what would happen in the future. There was not, however, much need for their fears, as the Bill did not go far along the road of reform. "The redistribution of seats," we are told, "was equally unsatisfactory, Lord John Russell himself subsequently admitting that it had been so manipulated as to yield a permanent majority for the agricultural interest."* The unsatisfactory nature of the first Reform Bill provided the excuse for further agitation, and the Continental revolution of 1848 influenced the growing unrest of the unfranchised classes. But, it was not until 1866 that a very weak measure was introduced by Mr. Gladstone, which was defeated by a combination of Whigs and Tories, and the Government resigned. The Tories returned to power and introduced

### The Reform Bill of 1867,

a far more sweeping measure, partly owing to the menacing tactics of the people, and partly to "dish" the Liberals. The Bill received the unanimous support of the Commons, and although the Lords concurred, the fact that Lords Cranbourne and Carnarvon resigned office, and the speeches of the last named, with Earl Grey and the Duke of Rutland, show that their lordships were by no means pleased. Of course not, *class interests* were threatened. The speech of Lord Ravensworth on the second reading is typical of

* J. H. Rose, "Rise of Democracy," p. 49.

the ideas held by the aristocracy as a class. He said: "Democracy embodied the spirit of encroachment, and was never satisfied with what it obtained; no doubt, when this Bill was passed there would be demanded a still further extension of those liberties which would be so widely extended by this measure. It was to be hoped that such demands would not be complied with."*

Such a brief review as we have given above should be ample proof of the class antagonism that has existed and continues in this country, which is typical of other States. The progress of time, however, has brought with it the gradual awakening of the enslaved class to a consciousness of class distinction, and the struggle between plebeians and patricians in Rome, our own Peasant revolt in the fourteenth, that of the German peasants in the early sixteenth, and the French peasants in the eighteenth centuries, have all played a part in laying the foundation of the ultimate emancipation and triumph of the democracy, to the time when the solemn warning of Goldsmith,

> "Ill fares the land to hast'ning ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay,"

will be no longer necessary. The earlier attempts to secure freedom failed through lack of organisation and but a faint conception of the issue involved. The democracy of to-day, if it would profit by past experience must educate and organise, so that the struggle of the future shall find its battalions thoroughly prepared and conscious of the part they will be called upon to play.

An aristocratic class is neither necessary for the maintenance of civic order, nor is there the slightest foundation for the distinction it assumes. There is no particular mould for the construction of lords,

* "Parliamentary Debates," August, 1867.

dukes, and the like. They are born neither better nor worse than the poorest of those who work that they should live in idleness. Here and there a member of the aristocracy may be found who recognises the injustice we have been considering, but it is the privilege of Socialists to give force to the struggle of the dominated class in its effort to secure economic freedom. The knowledge that the political and social life of any epoch is determined by the economic foundation upon which it rests should inspire us with renewed vigour and enthusiasm to carry on the great fight, and so bring nearer the time when classes shall be abolished, and democracy enter into its own.

J. G. NEWLOVE.

## THE CITIZEN ARMY.

### Will It come to Barricades?

I'm afraid not. In these days we have become practical. We have a Labour Party in the House of Commons. The Trades Disputes Bill is now the Trades Disputes Act. The Workmen's Compensation Act has been amended and extended. Old Age Pensions are in sight. And all we have to do is to march forward to our emancipation along the path illumined by the shining light of the New Theology. Should the march be tiresome, we may board the first municipal tramcar we meet. It may not be going our way, but modern science has clearly proved that this Earth of ours is round and not flat, and we shall get there—sometime. Besides (and this has a direct bearing on the question) the enfranchisement of propertied women will soon be an accomplished fact, and that being so, what should we want a barricade for?

No; I'm afraid not! You see there are so many other ways. Any schoolboy who has read the preamble to the Constitution of the I.W.W. could tell you, not merely how it can be done, but how it is to be done. You have first to

### Exterminate Every Fakir

in the country. Then, having organised the whole working class, on revolutionary and class-conscious lines, you proceed to take and hold the means of production, distribution, and exchange. Quite recently I heard this plan elaborated, in a short two-hours' speech, from a Labour Party platform in a Northern city, and I must confess it appeared to me then, and does appear to me now, to be simplicity itself. The House of Commons, the speaker argued, and party politics are capitalist institutions; therefore, they should be abolished. This done, the task of social and industrial organisation would fall to be discharged by the local branches of the I.W.W. Where no branch exists, communities would have the option of applying for the services of the Organiser of the Glasgow Clarion Scouts. That's an easier method, I think, than the barricade, and its outstanding feature is, as I have indicated, its simplicity.

Then there is the plan put forward by the Nonconformist section of the British Socialist movement, through the most prominent exponent in this country (and the Colonies), Mr. James Hector Macdonald, in a recent publication, entitled, if my memory serves me right, "The Socialism of Society: By One who has been There." This scheme appears to me to have several good points. In the first place, no one has yet been able to understand what the author means. This, I may say, is no fault of the author's. While in the printer's hands the manuscript got mixed up with a mass of cuttings from the work of an obscure French writer of the Eighteenth Century, entitled (again I trust my memory) "Our Friend the Charlatan"—so inextricably mixed up that the printer, in despair, ran the whole thing off together, with the addition of an explanatory "Foreword," to the effect that the work was a sincere attempt to unite the principles of true Liberalism and the latest discoveries in the field of biological and social science. In the second place, the scheme is peaceful and constitutional. Thirdly, it abolishes the class war. Fourthly, it forbids a social revolution (and therefore, let me point out, makes a barricade unnecessary). Fifthly, it establishes a universal all-things-work-together-for-good law (from which I strongly suspect R. J. Campbell extracted his New Theology), a law which Marx entirely ignored when he manufactured his Theory of Surplus Value, and the enactment of which entitles the author to claim the title of the British Founder of Scientific Socialism. Sixthly, and lastly, it provides for the moralisation of the capitalist class. With all these good points, however, I do not think the plan will ever become popular.

Then there is

### The Socialist View

of the barricade question, a view with which I am in entire agreement. In political, as in military, warfare the question of tactics on both sides depends on the movements of the enemy. The exigencies of time, and place, and circumstance, demand that the Socialist shall be an Opportunist. He should be able to protect the weakest point of his own organisation when that point is attacked, while at the same time he should be able to deliver an attack on the enemy at his most vulnerable point. The Socialist enters the field of politics to defend and to expound a set of definite, scientific, political, and industrial principles. He is an analyst and an advocate. He analyses capitalism and advocates revolution. But he cannot, before the fight begins, decide on a hard and fast policy. To do so would be to court disaster, all the more certain if, before he begins, he acquaints the enemy with his intentions, No wise general would dream of communicating to the leader of the opposing army his whole plan of campaign. In the first place, he could not; in the second place, he would not do so. That is the position of the Socialist, as the representative of working-class

interest, politically and industrially. The barricade is to-day, all will agree, in this country at any rate,

### An Impossible Weapon.

We may study tendencies and make deductions, but we dare not dogmatise on matters of policy. Success is the only justification of any policy. And here, let me say, lest I be misunderstood, that a well-contested defeat is, on occasion, a far greater success than an easily-won victory. But, this granted, armed insurrection on the part of the workers of this country would to-day be the height of folly, and will continue to be so so long as our standing army of hired mercenaries exists. It would be foolish, because it would not succeed. This opens up the whole question of militarism, and the attitude of the Socialist thereto. The Socialists of all countries are the sworn enemies of militarism, and of all its forms and consequences. Standing armies are the instruments of capitalist oppression at home and aggression abroad. But so long as even one great Power maintains the present form of military organisation, so long as war is possible, so long will it be necessary that some form of military organisation exist in all countries. We dare not preach peace when we know there can be no peace. We must have our arm of defence against aggression, until all the great Powers agree on the settlement of international questions by peaceful arbitration. This is why the Socialists of all countries are to-day in favour of an educational policy which will make every citizen fit for military service within the ranks of a citizen army, organised and maintained for purposes of defence only. The advantages of such a force, from the Socialist standpoint, are so obvious that they need hardly be stated. It would be practically an assurance of peace, national and international. It is the only alternative to conscription on a capitalist basis. And, as bearing on the question I have endeavoured to answer, it would at least put the working class in a position to understand what a barricade means and how, if need be, to act in their own defence.

There are, I am well aware, a handful of individual Socialists with us who are against universal military training, and who imagine that they are therefore against militarism. They are really the best friends of military class despotism. They occupy the position of the Nonconformist passive resister. But they are a diminishing quantity, and will in due season find their natural vocation within the ranks of the Liberty and Property Defence League.

Thomas Kennedy,

In "Forward" of May 25.

## THE BOURGEOIS PARTIES AND MILITARISM..

The debate on the military budget which has just taken place in the Reichstag has again proved that militarism has long since passed the boundaries fixed for it by its own object. It used to be an intrinsic part of the criticism passed on militarism by bourgeois Liberalism, to lay stress on the object of home defence, in face of the boundless overgrowth of militarism, which—quite independently of the strictly military undertakings that bourgeois society expects of it—manifests the tendency to develop without reference to the real object of its existence, which characterises every institution that exists and has become independent. In this struggle to expand over the boundaries set for it by its object of home defence, militarism is aided and abetted by the numerous material interests which, for the aristocrats and big capitalists, are connected with its growth.

It is characteristic of the victory of militarism that even the Liberal bourgeoisie have completely given up even this very strictly limited criticism (for it never amounted to more than that in Germany). The standpoint of Eugen Richter, which limited view was shared by the rest of his party is, to-day, completely abandoned, and his successors no longer dare even to question whether or to what extent military expenditure is necessary. They have (as one of their leaders, the Radical deputy Müller-Meiningen, just now solemnly proclaimed in answer to Bebel) given up their own judgment, and depend solely on that of the miltary experts. In other words, the bourgeois deputies have given up independent opinion, and now regard themselves as merely an organ for recording the decisions of military circles.

And so the Social-Democratic Party, in its criticism of militarism, stands alone to-day in the German Parliament. But its isolation will not hinder it for an instant from making keen use of this criticism. On the contrary, as it becomes more and more the only party to oppose militarism, it not only continues to wage its

old war against the principle of militarism in general; against the military organisation, that involuntary tool of the master class; against its domestic as well as its foreign foe; against the constraint of the barracks, the degradation of man by the soulless drill and its too often accompanying tortures; against the military courts of justice, which are felt to be specially dispensing "class justice"; but it begins also to take up the bourgeois criticism at the point where Liberalism has left it. By this the Social-Democratic Party is acting in the interests of other wide circles of the German people besides those of the proletariat.

Just now the inquiries into the extent of the German land forces are more than usually justified. The strength of the present army was based upon the probability of a war on two fronts, against Russia and France. The Russian-Japanese war and the Russian revolution have, however, clearly demonstrated the weakness of the Russian Army, and have placed Russia in such a position that she cannot for many years to come, think of a war. But Russia's defeat and military weakness have made no impression in our military circles. This is easily understood, for they would naturally be the last to desire a diminution of the means of power. But it is less easy to understand why the bourgeois parties do not even dare to point out these results. But it remains for the Social-Democracy alone to demand with all energy the reduction of the land forces. We do not, however, merely represent the interest of the German people in opposing an increase of the military expenditure beyond what is necessary for national defence, but also the important interests of German foreign policy. The diminution of armaments would be the best proof of Germany's love for, and confidence in, peace. It can give this proof, without in the least endangering the security of the country, which (given a reasonable, pacific, and unaggressive policy) was never greater than since the breakdown of the Russian despotism. The irritation which is again flaming up in the press on both sides of the Channel would be deprived of all foundation by so open and courageous a demonstration as a reduction of unnecessary armaments.

We make the same demands in the matter of naval armaments. We have always pointed out the fact that it is economically impossible for Germany to keep up the strongest army, and at the same time a strong navy. The English proposal to put an end to the increase of naval armaments by means of an international agreement (whatever motives may have given rise to it, and whatever its intentions may be) is quite in accordance with the interests of Germany, in so far as these are bound up with a peaceful policy.

But these demands meet with absolutely no sympathy from the political representatives of the German bourgeoisie, although the interest of the whole agrarian, and town-dwelling, middle-class is in this case identical with that of the working class. This is easy to explain. The Parliamentary majority, in which are reckoned also

the Liberal representatives of the bourgeoisie, owes its seats to a great extent to the unbridling of the jingo instinct. It was born in a moment of artificially-inspired national excitement, and those means which brought it into existence will be needed to keep it in power. Hence the complete disappearance of all opposition on the part of the bourgeois parties to so-called national demands, hence the support given by them to a vague, inconstant, vacillating foreign policy, even in opposition to their own better judgment, hence the excitation of prejudice, of the jingo instincts, through the conjuring-up of pictures of danger to the empire and the nation if a discreet policy of peace were pursued. The members of the "national" bloc abandon all criticism, all opposition to the boundless growth of militarism, although resistance and not consent, opposition and not mamelukism, would meet the real need of the nation in the present situation. Therefore, a difficult but welcome task is before the Social-Democrats. They must not permit themselves to be confused and intimidated by the arousing of any mere national sentiment. They must take up the fight just where it is offered them by their opponents. Against the national cry of the latter they must set the interests of the proletariat. They must demonstrate the fact that in the question of militarism and foreign policy the interests of the proletariat are identical with that of the overwhelming majority of the nation, that the interest represented by them is at the same time the true national interest. They must prove that even now the only real guarantee of peace is the existence of a strong Social-Democratic Party, which in all countries—though the tactics may be as varied as possible—is united in the inexorable struggle against the expansionist schemes of the bourgeoisie which contain possibilities of violence and war. To the mutual abuse and incitement of the nations by the more or less responsible, more or less conscious tools of the bourgeoisie, they oppose to-day, louder and more enthusiastically than ever, the avowal of the solidarity of the international proletariat.

But this avowal is no mere demonstration, it is at the same time an obligation which helps to direct our policy. It is this consciousness of solidarity which makes us the inexorable enemies of militarism, as an involuntary and therefore very dangerous tool in the hands of the national bourgeoisie, and which gives the basis to our demand that it should be superseded by the democratic system of the militia, which leaves the decision as to peace or war in the hands of the people. We need never fear this decision if we fulfil our duty, and continue to point out the truth and enlighten the people as to their own interests, as unceasingly and inexorably regarding foreign affairs, as we have always done regarding internal affairs—heedless of the calumnies of our opponents—in the true interest of the German people.

CARL EMIL (From "Die Neue Zeit," April 27, 1907).

## PATRIOTISM AND INTERNATIONALISM.

In order to aid their reactionary policy the rulers of the democratic Republic and middle class take advantage of the Anarchist diatribes, of the exaggerated anti-militarist speeches of certain Socialists, in order to declare war in a more advantageous manner on the united Socialist Party.

The curses against the Fatherland, the bloody idol which is the cause of terrible human holocausts, the barbarous religion which lets loose the dogs of war, its misery and its sad consequences, keeping up the rule of a class, of a rich class over another class, the poor class ; the threats of an insurrection in case of war, of wholesale desertion in the presence of the enemy ; all these being exaggerations of opinions expressed in the press or in meetings which at certain times have troubled public opinion—all this is an answer to the Nationalists who dare to excite to the hatred of nations, to encourage armaments and bellicose sentiments ; it is also an answer to the governing class ; it is a violent protest against war, against the policy of Colonial barbarism, against a standing army, which Socialists rightly consider to be a permanent danger to the Republic and to France.

Evidently we Socialists must not seem to join our adversaries, the enemies of our class, and we cannot condemn Hervé for holding Tolstoyan opinions, and we cannot exclude him from the party, as our party allows freedom of discussion in its midst. We Socialists cannot do this for we confine ourselves to propagate Socialist ideas and to group the workers into a class party in order to obtain political power and to expropriate the capitalist class, and in doing this we seek to organise an International which shall be strong enough and powerful enough to compel the rulers of all civilised countries to remain at peace even in spite of and against their wishes. I will add that liberty of discussion is an essential condition of Socialist unity, and that is why there are in our party evolutionists and revolutionists, that is to say, there

are partisans of the use of legal measures, of taking part in the government of the country, as well as partisans of the General Strike and of insurrection in case of war.

But does that prove anything against the Socialist Party? No, that proves nothing against it, especially as the party rules itself by the decision of its congresses. Every year it reviews its forces, looks again at its prospects; the most eminent of its members, those who have most deserved its confidence, are not responsible for all that is done.

Therefore, in spite of all that our opponents may do to frighten our party and to get it to violate its own constitution by getting it to adopt a drastic measure against Hervé, though the great majority of the Party does not agree with him and does not approve his hasty statements, yet he will not be expelled.

If he were made a victim, our opponents might demand others, and not only would they put us in a difficult position, but they would have made us do a very wicked thing.

Yet the interested clamours of our opponents must not prevent us Socialists engaging in discussion, and while we should respect each other's opinions, it is also quite right that we should explain ourselves as clearly as possible. Now it is evident that it is especially because our class opponents, for a reason which we can easily guess, have made patriotism an electoral and political advertisement; it is because they have wished to make a new religion of the idea of fatherland, that is to say the very worst of religions, because it would be that of war, that Socialists, like Hervé, have advocated anti-patriotism.

Nationalities are not suppressed by a gesture or by a stroke of the pen, curses do not make frontiers disappear or reduce nations to a mere geographical expression.

We should try to bring them closer together, to make them love peace, to make them hate battlefields; we should endeavour to make every nation give up its large army and transform its standing army into a national militia; we should organise the proletariat of the world from the basis of the class struggle into a vast combination of the working classes in order ot prepare better for the coming Socialist confederation of nations.

There are comrades who do not hesitate to call themselves rather anti-patriots than Socialists. They are as ridiculous as those Italian irredentists who, not satisfied with Italian unity as it was formed since 1859, demand the annexation of foreign countries speaking Italian, to Italy.

As to insurrection in time of war, and especially wholesale desertion before the invading army; these are serious resolutions that the Socialist Party must calmly consider in order to weigh the consequences to the fullest extent.

Modern war inevitably brings insurrection with it, in the conquered countries; the Commune of 1871 was the consequence

of the French disasters of 1870. The present revolution in Russia is the necessary consequence of the war between Russia and Japan. The rulers are not ignorant of this, that is what they fear, and that is why, I believe, that war is no longer possible in Europe.

It is useless, therefore, to give rods to our enemies to chastise us with, by greatly exaggerating our internationalist ideas; do not let us, with a light heart, make our propaganda hard, it is sufficient for us to be Socialist revolutionaries.

HENRI GHESQUIÈRE in "Le Socialiste."

Co-operative stores societies in Saxony rose from 1905 to 1906 from 143 societies to 156, of which 153 sent in reports to the Central Union. These societies had enrolled 222,600 members. Of these 74 per cent. were industrial workers, 2 per cent. agricultural workers, 4 per cent. State and municipal officials, 7 per cent. in trade, 1½ per cent. landlords, 11½ per cent. widows. Members increased by 5 per cent., or 10,900 members. The turnover rose from 57,056,400 mks. to 61,804,900 mks.; the profit was 7,013,000 mks. 6,460,200 mks. were paid back to the members. They had in the distributive departments 1,752 male and 955 female workers; in their own production 350 male and 235 female workers; together 2,089 both sexes; as well as 17 men and 25 women in a Tailors' Productive Society at Dresden. The bakeries have an eight hour day, all holidays free, a week's holiday with full pay, bathing facilities, and trade union wages, and in all branches of trade they pay the trade union rates where there are such.

## SOCIALISM FOR INDIA.

Recent years have witnessed the growth in India of a native capitalist class — chiefly Brahmins and Thakurs — who have deliberately set to work to oust foreign imported goods from the Indian market. These capitalists (more or less in the making) have at their command an unlimited supply of cheap labour. Nearly the whole of the vast population being on the border line of starvation, it presents splendid material for exploitation, and Hindus, under the tuition of English artisans, speedily become adept workers. All this is merely a phase of economic evolution. Exactly the same process is taking place in China, Persia, and Afghanistan. Japan is already commercialised. And horrible as the conditions now are for the great mass of the Hindu population they are likely to become worse from the persistent bleeding by little capitalists. That is one of the reasons why we welcome any attempt to introduce Socialism into India. The spread of Socialist thought there would tend to make the Indian proletariat force up their standard of living.

The following extracts are from the "Mysore Standard," from an article entitled "Socialism and Progress." This is the first Indian paper that has given Socialism any consideration from the Indian point of view. Although a little faulty it is not so bad for a beginning.

"It must be easy enough to introduce Socialism to India, for the construction of society here is most favourable to it. The old Hindu patriarchs who framed social laws seem to have been themselves Socialists, i.e., recognising the equal claims of all for the benefits of this world. In spite of the objections raised against Socialism, it has been advancing in Europe and America with remarkable rapidity. That Socialism destroys intellectual development is not correct, though it would probably not allow an intellectual extremism which we sometimes see now. Most objectors to Socialism say that equal treatment to all would not tend to produce any progress in any of the departments of human activity. But Socialists say that Socialism will induce all men to work and thereby economise labour, reducing the huge army of lazy men and unnecessary officials who, under the present conditions, consume much without producing. The late Mr. Charles Bradlaugh once expressed himself against Socialism, and was shocked by the idea that a doctor should be paid at the same rate as a scavenger. In the first place our

conceptions of a scavenger and a doctor are based on false and unjust positions ascribed to them. The one is most shamefully deprived of the facilities of life, and the other's usefulness exaggerated. With a mind so prejudiced, it is not possible to see the bright side of socialistic principles. Every man in society should work according to his capacity and should be guaranteed the necessities of life. To-day in Mysore, the policeman and the schoolmaster are paid alike, and there are instances when the latter position is unfavourable when compared with the former. But does that mean that the respect attached to the schoolmaster and his usefulness are in anyway under-estimated? The scavenger employed in the Bangalore and Mysore municipalities are certainly better paid than some of the Pundits in the Mysore Palace and the Muzarai institutions. And yet if Mr. Charles Bradlaugh had seen that the latter enjoy the highest respect in society, he would certainly have modified his view about Socialism. Mr. John Morley is another gentleman who is unfavourable to Socialism. He is one of those who upholds the existing conditions of society. All those Indians who have studied European poor society are horrified by the low life lived by the poor, the absence of godliness and peace in those in whose position Indians are seen to be most contented and peaceful.

"The false notion that individual ambition will receive a check by Socialism is easily proved in India. In spite of the great merchants, great officials, clever lawyers, doctors, philosophers, and engineers who are paid thousands of rupees by the hour, the day, and the month, has any one produced a monumental work half as colossal and enduring as the buildings of old? Look at the great temples, pilgrim centres, the great forts and ramparts of old, and sigh for the departed glory of the society which fostered, not under the coolie system of progress we have now, but under a socialistic form of life and activity. It is Mr. Madhava Rao who thirsts for increase of wages, not Rangacharlu or Purniah, and if you measure the quality and quantity of work done, you will surely find that the man who had less incentive to earn money devoted greater time and effort for earning fame. Shakespeare would have been impossible in the present days of copyrights. Poets have become extinct to-day in spite of handsome payments paid to them, and the present poet laureate is the crowning glory of the nature of progress and civilisation of the day. It is totally false that Socialism takes away the incentive for putting forth the highest effort of man, and that unless man is attracted by the low ambition of making money he would be dishonest to the best instincts of his life—to develop the virtues and put forth his best effort.

. . . . . .

"The study of Socialism and its principles would help to solve many of the social problems which are undecided at present in India in her struggle between the eastern and western ideals of life and progress."

## THE SALT TAX IN INDIA.

Under the above title, Mr. Joseph Collinson reviewed, in a recent number of the "Asiatic Quarterly," two books on Leprosy, by two eminent medical men—Jonathan Hutchinson and George Brown. He says :—

I don't know whether Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson has proved his point that "the fundamental cause of leprosy is the eating of fish in a state of commencing decomposition," and that "the best prevention and antidote of the disease is salt liberally used when fish is taken as an article of diet"; but one thing, at any rate, is clear enough to the ordinary lay mind, and that is that to put any restrictions on the free use of salt, in face of the facts and opinions he adduces, is positively wicked. There is no other suitable word for it; and as Mr. John Morley is evidently of the same opinion (though hampered by the old fallacy that the salt-tax cannot be dispensed with because it fulfils the purpose of a universal income-tax, levied on millions who never have enough to eat), it may be useful to call attention once more to a very interesting subject, which is indeed a question of life or death to the people and the cattle of India. It is important to add the cattle, because experienced officials like Mr. Thorburn seem to have been more impressed by the evil effects of the salt-tax on the cattle than on the people. "Salt-starved" he said the cattle were, and that is what the people are also, whether they know it or not, or whether they complain or not. His proposal that salt should be made freely accessible to cattle by some process that should make it unpalatable to man, so that human beings should continue to be "salt-starved" for the sake of the revenue, is the ne plus ultra of financial folly, and it is no wonder Mr. Hutchinson indignantly declined to be a party to any such scheme.

Surely any honest man who looks at the question without a preconceived bias in favour of revenue must see that it is not the weight of the tax that is of so much importance, but any restric-

tion on the use of such an indispensable article of diet. "Whether the tax is 1 rupee or 2 rupees a maund makes really very little difference to anyone," though the fact that a reduction in price is invariably followed by increased consumption is most significant. "Whatever the rate may be, no mere coolie will ever spend more than 2 to 4 annas a year on salt; but if there were no tax at all he would consume four or five times as much at least, and the cattle" (for which Mr. Thorburn showed such keen solicitude) would get as much as ever they wanted, whilst their owners would no longer be prosecuted for allowing them to lick the salt rocks on the roadside, or the stone used in the construction of their houses.

Instead of holding this odious indirect income-tax in terrorem over the heads of so many poor people, why not make salt literally as "cheap as dirt," so that it may be used freely in agriculture and various industries now strangled for the want of it? It is infamous to impose any tax at all on the 50 or 60 millions of poor people who admittedly never get even one full meal a day. Such people are no more fit subjects for taxation than the inmates of our workhouses.

I repeat again, and, if Mr. Hutchinson is right, Mr. Thorburn must agree with me, that if the salt-tax is only half as injurious as most people (including the House of Commons) admit that it is, it ought to be got rid of at all costs. Let the people have a chance of making an income before you impose an income-tax on them.

I have probably said enough, but will just add a few extracts from Dr. Brown's most cautiously worded and moderate review. "In 1869 he (Mr. Hutchinson) visited Norway, and there inspected the largest fish market and the largest leper home in the world, and discovered that the peasants preferred decomposed to fresh fish." No one pretends that fresh or even thoroughly salted fish is unwholesome, and no one has a natural taste for decomposed food.

"The author blames the fish factories at Cape Town for producing the disease" (leprosy) "by exporting fish in a bad state to the neighbouring regions."

"The disease is known chiefly in places where the buying and eating of fish is most prevalent, and where salt is not used as a condiment to the extent it ought to be in curing fish." "Only the southern part of China where fish abounds and salt is imported suffers from leprosy, whereas in Pekin the fish supply is scanty and salt is plentiful, and in this, the northern part, leprosy is unknown." "It has been wholly, or almost wholly, absent from Cape Colony, Natal, the Sandwich Islands, and some other places, until factories for the curing (?) of fish were instituted." "Its chief habitat is on the sea coast, or near lakes or rivers." "If in the places mentioned where the disease is still prevalent

a law were made and enforced that all stale or putrid or improperly salted fish was forbidden to be sold or eaten, it might help to lessen the extension of this loathsome disorder."

In India no new law is required, only the repeal of an old bad law for which, unfortunately the English Government is solely responsible.

As Mr. Hutchinson observed in his remarks at the meeting of the East India Association, on June 24, 1904, "In this tax a blow is aimed at the stamina of the whole population, and the risk is encountered of the production wholesale of certain special and most distressing diseases." As to the common official argument that it is the only tax of which no complaint is made by those chiefly affected, he said that "Native medical men had spontaneously come to him and said, 'If you have any sort of influence with the Indian Government, exercise it for the repeal of the salt-tax.'"

Mr. J. W. Fox, again, who has spent his whole life in connection with salt, calls special attention to the fact that "during the Middle Ages and down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, while salt in this country was very dear, impure, and difficult for the poorer classes to obtain, similar diseases were rife here which now exist in India; whereas, with the abolition of all duties, salt became cheap, pure, and abundant, and those diseases have entirely disappeared." The Black Plague is no doubt one of the diseases Mr. Fox had in his mind, and it seems to me that Mr. Gümpel in his encyclopædic work on "Common Salt" (chapter xl.), gives very good reasons for supposing that a lack of salt in the system may be at least one of the predisposing causes of this new and horrible complaint which seems to have taken the place of cholera in its virulence. He also thinks that "a sufficient and systematic supply of sodium chloride to the system is a prophylactic, and imparts to the human body an immunity against cholera and allied disorders."

# THE REVIEWS.

## THROUGH THE AUSTRIAN GENERAL ELECTIONS.

Mr. V. Hussey Walsh writes the following in this month's "Fortnightly Review":—

It is hopeless to get anything like a fair idea of Austrian politics by spending a few weeks in Vienna or in the German provinces of the Empire. Austria includes within its boundaries nine separate nationalities, and special care has been taken to give each one of these a share of the representation in proportion to their wealth and population. Where the two peoples dwell apart in distinct villages or country districts the constituencies have been so parcelled out as to secure to each nationality that district which is theirs by right, and the result is therefore almost a foregone conclusion in so far as the return of a member of that nationality is concerned. Where, however, they are mixed up with one another special precautions have been taken. Either each nationality is given a separate register and poll for a separate set of candidates, or two-member constituencies have been formed, in which each elector is limited to one vote. This may involve several ballots, as the object of the Government is to secure the return, not only of the candidate who secures more than 50 per cent., but of one who can depend upon more than 25 per cent. of the electors.

Vienna is certainly the most interesting of all the German constituencies. Three parties, with three definite programmes, were fighting for the capital, and each party represented a distinct social stratum. The Liberals, whether they call themselves "Freiheitlich," "Fortschrittlich," or, in the country constituencies, "Volkspartei," represent the wealthy bourgeoisie and middlemen; the Christian Socialists, the small shopkeepers and skilled artisans, and the Social-Democrats, those workingmen who are trade unionists and have not been enrolled in Catholic Working

Men's Guilds or Christian Working Men's Associations. The Liberals were making frantic efforts to secure something more than the two seats which the Town Council had, in parcelling out the constituencies, clearly allotted to the party which in the old days monopolished the Government of Vienna. They had secured an exceptionally able candidate in Dr. Max von Tayenthal, one of the secretaries to the Chamber of Commerce, who was standing for the "Parkviertel," or the third division of the city within the "Ring." He summed up his policy in two or three words, "Herman Bielohawsk" or "Dr. Karl Lueger," the names of the Christian Socialist candidate for that constituency and of the Christian Socialist mayor, whom he was fighting. The same strain then ran through his speech as was to be found in the speeches of all those candidates who did not stand as Social-Democrats—a determination to resist to the utmost any further concessions to Hungary, either in the "Ausgleich," which must be arranged before the end of the year, or in that which must come up for settlement ten years hence. "Enough sacrifice had been made to the adoption of the German word of command by the drill sergeant." Hungarians must realise that national separation must follow on economic independence.

This sentiment, which two short years ago was denounced by the Austrian Prime Minister, when he said: "Never let the word 'separation' pass your lips," was cheered to the echo by the audience, so much progress has the idea made in the interval. No policy has, of late, become more popular with men of almost every shade of politics in Austria, and the cry is re-echoed from across the Hungarian frontier. Both parties may simply be indulging in bluff, but the out-look is a serious one for both countries, as words used lightly may develop into serious factors in the political situation. Dr. Von. Tayenthal then concluded an eloquent address by expounding his policy as a Liberal candidate. Agrarianism, Clericalism, and Feudalism, by whatever name they may be known, are hostile to civilisation, and must be fought by the Liberal Party. Children must be brought up in free schools to be good citizens. Convents and monasteries must be placed under inspection. The press must be freed from all burdens. Liberty to divorce where necessary must be given. Finally, restrictions must be placed upon the operation of trusts and cartels; in fact, their motto must be "Vorwaerts." There is no denying it. The Liberal Party have lost ground, not only in Vienna, but throughout the Empire. By becoming the representatives of the wealthy bourgeoisie they have got out of touch with other classes, and they have done nothing to meet new conditions, and especially to conciliate the new voters. No better evidence of this could be afforded than the failure of the great demonstration which was held in the Music Hall, on April 17. . . . .

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The political importance of Vienna in German Austria cannot be exaggerated. The new franchise provides for 233 German deputies. The city of Vienna itself returns 33 members, while 31 more country districts, which take their lead from Vienna, each send a deputy to the Riechsrath. The Christian Socialists, originally the product of the peculiar conditions of affairs prevalent in Vienna, aspire to become the strongest of all the German parties, and ran no less than 175 candidates for these 233 seats, besides supporting 23 Conservative candidates elsewhere. Vienna, it must be added, is the home of the small tradesman and artisan, whose power was grasped by Dr. Karl Lueger, when, some twenty years ago, he started his agitation against the supremacy of the old Liberal Party. The landed gentry and nobility also utilised this movement against the influence of the bourgeoisie a few years later on, and Prince Aloïs Liechtenstein was adopted as one of the leaders of the Christian Socialist Party. Their great force is, on the one hand, the dread these men have of Social-Democracy, and, on the other, the hatred of the middlemen, who have grown rich on their work. Their meetings were not so crowded as those of the Social-Democrats, but they were attended by men who meant business and exhibited none of the lethargy of the Liberal Party. . . . In one respect there was war to the knife between them and the Social-Democrats. The Christian Socialists will only sanction strikes in cases of the most extreme necessity, and they denounce those which the Social-Democrats have organised. . . . It is urged that the Christian Socialists have reached their apogee, and that at this election they showed nothing like the violence or energy which they were wont to exercise in the past. . . .

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The Social-Democrats were, however, a far weaker party before they realised the goal of their ambition, for they only numbered eleven in the Parliament of 1901. They have certainly worked hard in the cause, and have neither shirked fine nor imprisonment over and over again during the course of their agitation. They therefore expect to reap some measure of their ultimate reward, though their leaders are not so confident as the rank and file, for they know well that when men have got a great reform they generally forget to whom it is mainly due. The Christian Socialists certainly helped the movement, but the great Social-Democratic demonstration of November, 1905, when 250,000 working men marched through the streets of Vienna, certainly went a long way towards forcing Baron Gautsch into surrender. Many other factors were also at work, of which the principal was the wish to set the example to Hungary and force the Magyars to give universal suffrage to the Slav and German majority. . . . . What they (the Social-Democrats) want is the socialisation of the means of production. When they have done

with attacking the Christian Socialists, and especially the way in which they have helped churches and religious and charitable orders with the money of the Viennese ratepayers, they proceed to discuss working-men's grievances, such as indirect taxation, military service, the high rating of houses, and the rise in the price of food. Their leader, Dr. Victor Adler, is a man of considerable eloquence. Of middle height, with thick, dark brown, matted hair and moustache, a heavy, deeply-furrowed face and forehead, and dark brown eyes under shaggy eyebrows, he fires up when once fairly started, and pours out sentence after sentence. He is a hard hitter, and his harsh voice strikes home; but his opponents often acknowledge that he is personally a man of great honesty and of earnestness of purpose, really wedded to the cause of the working man. Up to this the party has not produced many men in Parliament, except Dr. Lynaz Daszynski and Dr. Engelbert Pernerstorfer, whilst one of the best speakers is Herr Schumeyer, but several others are coming to the front. Dr. Victor Adler was speaking at Ober Laar to an audience of Czech brickworkers during the election. The public-house and all its approaches were crammed. The chairman delivered his opening address in Czech. Dr. Adler spoke slowly and with great emphasis, as he knew that many of his audience found it difficult to follow German. He asked them to remember how recent was the time when workmen often had to sleep all in one room, and he, himself, remembered the day when their wives were confined in rooms of that kind, where there were no distinctions of either age or sex. He told them that they owed their slow but steady emancipation from this condition of serfdom to the steady and consistent labour of Social-Democracy. They had still many grievances and especially one which he called the tax upon air. Their houses had to pay to the State as much again as they paid in rent. It was true that the brickworkers lived in houses provided by the company; but their wages would be far higher were it not for the crushing burden of this tax, which must be relieved by its transfer to the shoulders of those who were far abler to bear it then they were. He then dealt with their last victory: Universal Suffrage, secured after years and years of agitation, during which he had had to face imprisonment again and again. They must not, however, imagine that the right to mark their voting paper was such a great thing in itself. They must know how to use their new privilege so as to be profitable to themselves, and to transform Austria into a real State, properly governed for and by the people. In the train on his way back to Vienna he was not very optimistic as to the prospects of Social-Democracy at this election. The people were subject to so many forms of direct and indirect pressure, especially in Vienna itself through the town council, and in the country through the Church, that it would be some time before they realised what they had

won. He also discussed the condition of affairs in England, where he admitted that the Conservative Party had in past introduced good measures for the working classes. The Conservatives had also done the same thing in Austria, but that was before manufacturers had entered into the ranks of the party. Their main hope now must be Social-Democracy. . . . .

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Politics in Bohemia were in many respects different from what they were in Austria proper. Constituencies have been so arranged that each nationality is concentrated in the same division as far as practicable. This was not so difficult, as the Germans live on the frontiers of Bavaria, Saxony, and Austria, whilst the Czechs are to be found in the centre of the province. . . . . Social-Democracy is decidedly making steady advance, not only in the industrial, but in the agricultural districts of Bohemia, if one can judge at all by the remarks made by the peasantry to one another, or in the form of interruptions. They are bound, however, to poll more relatively than their real strength at the second ballots, as many a German or Czech will vote for a Social-Democrat of a different nationality, as he believes he is the less national of the two candidates, rather than for the man with whose politics he might be disposed to agree, because his nationality is more accentuated. This shows to what extent nationality predominates over politics.

## THE UNREST IN INDIA—ITS MEANING.

Mr. Ameer Ali, C.I.E. (late Judge of H.M.'s High Court of Judicature in Bengal), has the following to say about the condition of things in India in the current "Nineteenth Century and After."

In talking of the unrest in India we are apt to forget the new conditions which have arisen there within the last 25 years, and which have effected a great change in the sentiments of large bodies of people, and considerably altered the complexion of even ordinary affairs. The facility of travel, facility in the interchange of thought through the medium of a common language among those who have passed through the mill of the Government schools to whatever part of the country they might belong; the disappearance, to a great extent, of those linguistic and racial divisions which formerly kept the inhabitants of the different provinces so widely apart; the community of traditions revived and rehabilitated, if not exclusively by English hands, under English influences; the intensification, in many cases, of religious and racial antipathies, have all conduced to a solidarity among certain sections of the population, and given

birth among many to ambitions and aspirations of which it is dfficult for most outsiders to form an adequate conception.

As yet these feelings have not affected the masses or their natural leaders, to whom the language of modern democracy imported from the West makes no appeal, and who wish to develop India on conservative and indigenous lines. But no one can believe that either the one or the other can remain long untouched by the wave of nationalism which is passing over those classes who are most pervious to English influences and whose education is mostly English. The recent incidents in the Punjab, the outburst of anti-foreign feeling in other parts, are indications of the effect it can produce when sentiment or self-interest are invoked to inflame the passions and prejudices of the ignorant classes.

Remembering these facts, we cannot be surprised that, apart from any active propaganda, the feeling of discontent engendered in one province by an unpoplar measure must re-act on the others. With the influences working unconsciously under the surface, not much engineering is needed to turn a local grievance into a "national" trouble.

The far-sighted labour under no misapprehension as to the objects which many of the more enthusiastic have in view; they recognise the limitations under which for some considerable time the political development of India must proceed; and until now they seem to have kept within bounds the fiery spirits who have made independence from British dominancy the goal of their ambition. But apparently they have lost their hold on the movement which had hitherto been leading towards reform on constitutional lines. They have practically been pushed aside, let us hope only for the moment, by a new party which regards moderation as a sign of weakness.

Nationalism of the extreme type, exclusive, resourceful, and aggressive, is content no longer with the programme of its more thoughtful leaders. Judging from all the circumstances, it is evident, as remarked the other day by a competent authority whose sympathy is well known, that "the extremists have gained the upper hand." They will accept no boon from aliens, and will have nothing to do with foreign domination.

When even a fragmentary part of a great conservative force like Hinduism adopts the disruptive methods of the West to extend its influence and paralyse controlling agencies it becomes an important element for consideration. There is, of course, no unanimity with respect to the means to attain the desired end. . . . . But between passive resistance to Government measures, general boycott of the English and English-made goods, and consequent disorganisation of British administration, and heroic methods of a still more undesirable kind, there is a great gulf. Whatever the means suggested, its advocates do not seem to

perceive the immediate consequences of an agitation conducted on these lines for objects which, under existing conditions, can hardly be regarded as feasible or conducive to the good of the people. And one of the first-fruits of the present excitement has been to stiffen the backs of the African colonists against making any concessions to Indian settlers.

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The apathy with which the Indian Government has so long viewed the situation is difficult to explain. No one who has watched the course of events in Bengal can fail to observe how an agitation which, taken in hand at the right moment, might have been shorn of its most mischievous features, has been allowed to gain in intensity and acquire a bitterness which it is useless to disguise. Its genesis may be involved in doubt, its tendency cannot be mistaken. Warnings there were in plenty that a movement which began in opposition to an alleged unpopular measure was degenerating into a violent antagonistic propaganda against all aliens in race and creed. But they passed unheeded. An optimistic frame of mind views with impatience, tinged with contempt, any suggestion or opinion that does not emanate from approved quarters, or come through accustomed channels.

Until now, the source whence the agitation started gave colour to the official belief that it was ephemeral; that treated with mild doses of sympathy the symptoms would soon disappear. There was never any attempt to diagnose the true cause of the excitement that so suddenly—to the official mind—had sprung up in Bengal. It was never understood, I venture to think, that the Partition, however strongly it may have touched the sentiments or interests of certain classes, would, without other causes working at bottom, have brought about that ebullition of feeling against foreign dominancy which has ever since been the prominent feature of Bengal politics.

The whole movement has been either treated with indifference or regarded as a phase of national development that deserved encouragement. It was forgotten that what was mere effervescence in Bengal, translated to provinces inhabited by more virile races, has a different significance.

In the present condition of the country, and the popular frame of mind, the desire to placate may easily be construed into timidity, whilst spasmodic exhibitions of vigour are likely to create the belief that they are dictated by fear. What is needed is a consistent policy based on a true understanding of the causes of the unrest.

It would be folly to advocate the repression of the legitimate impulses of a nation towards a wider expansion of its capacities; it would be folly to neglect the appearance of a new force which,

although owing its birth to Western influences, is at this moment peculiarly anti-Western. But it would be more than folly to allow constitutional criticism of the measures of the Government, constitutional endeavours for its improvement or reform, to degenerate into seditions, exhortations and incitements to revolt, which might involve numberless innocent people in ruin and misery. No Government worth the name can allow liberty to degrade into licence to be used as an engine of oppression—for landlords to coerce tenants not to buy foreign goods, for irresponsible youths to prevent by force other people from following their legitimate trades and occupations, or the bent of their own tastes. It would be the encouragement of a tyranny of the worst kind.

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How the British Government will lay the Frankenstein it has raised, remains to be seen. But no friend of India can view the present situation or the immediate future without the gravest anxiety.

## OLD AGE PENSIONS IN GERMANY.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., writes on the above subject in this month's "Chambers's Journal." He says:—

. . . . It may interest readers to know that in one country at least a scheme has been in operation since January, 1891, and is carried out in a highly successful manner. From a memorandum of certain details with which I have been provided, I find that the "Imperial Law of Insurance" of German working men and women against permanent ill-health and old age was passed in June, 1889. As I have said, this edict came into force at the beginning of 1891. The inception of this scheme appears to have rested with William I.

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The first characteristic of the German scheme is that of mutual help and aid, whilst, as we shall see, a certain proportion of the required funds comes from the public purse, the individuals who benefit from the scheme have taken part in founding its financial basis. It is estimated that twelve millions of working men and women exist in the German Empire. . . . . If we term this an insurance scheme, we describe it in fairly correct terms. Of each premium a half comes out of the pockets of the workers, the remaining money being contributed by their employers. In so far as the practical carrying out of details is concerned, the expense involved in this system is nil, seeing that the whole business of

national insurance is managed and controlled by the Imperial Post Office.

The German masses have no option in this matter between choosing or refusing to insure. The system is, in other words, of a compulsory nature. We read that every man-servant, every maid-servant and factory worker, both male and female—in a word, the whole working population of Germany—are bound by law to insure on completing the sixteenth year of life. In addition to the working classes, clerks and tradesmen in a small way are eligible for insurance provided their incomes do not exceed one hundred pounds a year. This latter class, however, are known as self-insurers. They pay the whole premium demanded, no employers being forced to contribute to this particular class of insurance. Turning now to the details of this excellent scheme, we find that the premiums are regulated according to the wages of the individual. There are four classes included in the scheme. The first class consists of those who earn eighteen pounds a year, and under that sum (the amounts here are taken roughly without entering into fractional details); the second class includes those earning twenty-eight pounds a year and under—that is, to the eighteen pounds limit; the third class is formed by those whose wages amount to forty-two pounds a year; whilst the fourth class is represented by persons whose incomes, whilst above forty-two pounds per annum, do not exceed a hundred pounds.

The premiums are paid weekly, and are paid, as has been said, by the working classes and their employers in equal proportions. For the first class, the weekly premium amounts in English money to about three farthings; for the second class, the premium is represented by a weekly penny; for the third class, it amounts to a penny farthing; and to the fourth class, three halfpence.

Practically, therefore, for every penny which is paid as a premium for the working man, the servant, and the like, the employer is bound to hand in a like amount.

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Coming now to those details which refer to the manner in which this huge business is carried out, we find, as has been stated, that the Post Office is responsible for its supervision. It must be admitted that the proceedings may be regarded as involving some little trouble; but as the work in question is entirely of a routine description, and as the German nation of all others is accustomed obediently to conform to rules and regulations, it cannot be said that any great difficulty is experienced in working this great trust. The weekly premium is paid into the Post Office, and a stamp or stamps is given in exchange for the money. This stamp is only pasted on a card, which is the property of the person who insures. The card when full is exchanged for another, the

value of the previous card being only added to the new card. Saturday being the chief day for paying the premiums, is an extremely busy one at the post offices of certain district, many hundreds of persons attending in order to receive the value in stamps of the premiums paid. The Germans have nicknamed the insurance the "stick law," in consequence of the large portion of time occupied in sticking stamps on the cards. In two years after the scheme of insurance was started, it is stated that over five million pounds sterling were collected. In 20 years the amount of the accumulated fund, it is estimated, will amount to twenty.five millions, and this latter sum, it is calculated, will double itself in 80 years.

The practical benefits of the scheme thus outlined are that an insured person, if thrown out of employment permanently from any cause of the nature of sickness or accident, can draw a sick-pension. Alternatively, if he or she lives till 70 years of age, an old age pension is paid. In so far as the sick person is concerned it can be claimed in cases where less than one-third of the yearly wage has been earned. If the person recovers sufficiently to earn his or her full wage the pension ceases. The amount of the pension is necessarily not great, but the German authorities appear to have kept in view the idea that the pension should be of such an amount that the sick or aged person, as the case may be, by aid of this money may obtain board and lodging in a family to whose resources the amount of the pension would be a welcome addition.

The conditions on which pensions are paid may be regarded as liberal and generous. We find that a man or woman may draw sick-pension after having paid the premium for five years. If it so happened, however, that a man or woman had been permanently thrown out of employment during the first or second year of the working of the scheme, and if it were proved that he or she had been in receipt of honestly earned wages during the previous five years, the individual would become entitled to the benefits of the scheme. In the case of old persons who have paid in for one year, they can draw the old-age pension provided they have earned their livelihood during the preceding three years. With regard to the sums paid in case of permanent want of employment from sickness or accident, after five years' payment of premiums, the amounts, less fractions are: for class one, £5 14s. a year; the second class receives £6 5s. a year; the third, £6 11s. a year; and the fourth, £7. It is also an interesting fact that the pensions increase proportionately with the years of insurance. Suppose an insured man has paid premiums for 50 years, his pension under class one would amount to £8 a year, increasing respectively for the remaining three classes to £12 10s., £16, and £20 15s. Any person, irrespective of sickness altogether, who has passed his or her seventieth year, and has paid premiums for 30 years, receives an old-age pension. For the four classes the amounts of such pensions respectively are: £5 6s. a

year, £6 15s., £8 3s., and £9 11s. A case is given in the memorandum from which I quote, of a woman aged 37 years. In her twenty-fourth year she lost her right arm. If the present system of insurance had been inaugurated in her time, from her sixteenth year she would have paid her half premium, her employer contributing the other half. In eight years she would have paid about 38s.; but for the last thirteen years she would have been receiving a pension of £6 15s., or over £80 in all; and, what is more to the point, the pension would be paid her as long as she lived.

## STARVING RUSSIA.

The "Review of Reviews" contains an interesting account of an interview with Mr. E. W. Brooks, honorary secretary of the Friends' Russian Famine Relief Fund. The following is a brief extract:—

"What," I asked him, "is the cause of the present famine?"

"Lack of rain, which has prevented the growth of the crops. Listen to this pathetic account, given by a peasant to a foreign relief visitor, of how the crops failed. 'Even when God blesses with harvest,' he said, 'we barely live from one year to the next. Two summers ago our fields gave us almost nothing. We thought last winter would end us—that we should never see the spring. The winter took all that we saved—all! When spring came we put in our seed, though the earth was dry. We thought, "Surely this year God will give us a rich harvest!" But no rain fell. In some places the grain came up, thin, yellow. In most places it came up not at all. We saw ahead another blank year. We prayed for rain to save the little that had sprouted, for that little would help keep us alive. Week after week we prayed, but no rain came. All that fell from Easter to the end of harvest one man could have drunken it! We saw our few sprouts wither. Only here and there did a stalk come into head, and that head was empty. We turned our starving cattle into our best field to get from them what we could, for the rest our fields were black, dusty. They were like the road. From all our land we took nothing—nothing.'"

"And what is the present position in the famine stricken provinces?"

"The peasants are literally starving by the million. The miserable people—men, women, and babies—are subsisting as best they can on black bread, consisting to a great extent of acorns, bird seed, and, in a good many cases, powdered wood. Milk is not to be had. The cattle have been killed, and those that are living are in such a lamentable condition as to be useless

as milk-givers. The harvest comes in July, but for may hundreds of thousands it will bring no relief. For not only have many of the peasants no land, but numbers who have land can expect nothing from it. Thousands have sold not only their year's produce in advance, but also the agricultural implements and cattle."

"Disease has been added to the misery of hunger?"

"Yes. Here is an extract from a letter written from Samara, by Dr. Kennard, which I have just received. He says:—'I have returned from a village tour and have but one idea—these wretched people must be helped, and that immediately. I returned disgusted and sickened at the sights I had seen. Let us take an instance. In a Tartar village about one hundred miles from Samara, containing 1,500 inhabitants, we found hunger at its worst—men, women, and children eating what an English dog would refuse, all craving and ravenous to obtain bread which none outside a Russian village would ever dream of using for human food. Scurvy was there; already fifty cases absolutely pronounced, and many which showed unmistakeable signs that the disease was about to attack them. Here and there, in the broken-down and often roofless cottages, are found father, mother, and children sitting or lying in pain, unable to move owing to the fact (common in cases of scurvy) that the ligaments of the knee had contracted, bending the leg on to the thigh at an acute angle. Wan, wasted, and hungry, with faces depicting the most hopeless despair, they crouched together in the pestilential, overheated atmosphere of the isbas awaiting aid.' . . .

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. . . . "In many villages the inhabitants are subsisting on one meal of soup in every three days. The Government grants to each person under 18 and over 49, forty pounds of flour. The young and old are fed, there is nothing for the adults. But the family divide the rations between its members. A pound of black bread and a small portion of cabbage soup is all that many families have to live on."

## ANNALS WRITTEN IN BLOOD.

Dr. Dillon, writing on "Foreign Affairs" in the current "Contemporary Review" has the following to say on present conditions in Russia:—

Crime has become so rife in Russia to-day that people pay hardly any more attention to murder than did the Florentines to sudden death during the historic plague. . . . . Cities and towns that were wealthy, industrious, and prospering a few months ago are given over to criminals to-day who seem devoid of all humanity.

The industrial city of Lodz is a case in point. The streets there are deserted, the mills silent, the rare pedestrian moves with cautious glance and hesitating step like a conspirator shadowed by spies. The best shops in the best streets are half dark on account of the iron curtains which are down, even in the day time. Patrols pace the streets in goose lines. "I sojourned two days in Lodz," writes a member of the public, "and during that time 14 corpses were picked up in the public thoroughfares and just as many wounded. The Pozansky Hospital is overcrowded. Ordinary patients are no longer admitted, all the beds being reserved for wounded persons."

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Statistics affirm that in the month of March alone there were 625 persons killed and wounded for their political views or acts by the revolutionists. Six hundred and twenty-five *recorded!* How many others there were besides it is impossible to guess, but it is not too much to affirm that there were many others. During the first week of the Russian April there were 133 killed and wounded, 68 killed and 65 wounded.

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But if the Government is powerless to stem the torrent of crime, cannot the Duma do it? The deputies are men of the people who keep in constant touch with the people, and have a considerable degree of influence in the country. True, but they hold that as they are themselves revolutionists it would ill become them to turn against the revolution. They owe not only their places in the Duma but the Duma itself to the movement which they are now asked to anathematise. Of course they refuse. The Constitutional Democrats have also refused hitherto, now on one pretext, now on another.

Yet in spite of it all the optimism of the Cabinet is unshaken. Something will surely turn up. So far as one can see the Government has no rounded programme, no route leading to the goal, no grounded hopes. But it has at least a mood, and that mood is superlatively optimistic. For the rest, the Ministers would seem to be watching and waiting for something to happen. In other words it is dependent upon unforeseen events.

## FRENCH STRIKES AND ALARMS.

Mr. Laurence Jerrold has the following to say in this month s "Contemporary Review" on the above:—

The neat and prosperous elderly gentleman, with the rosette of the Legion of Honour in his button-hole, reading peacefully at a café "terrace" the latest and most furious article on "Social War" of M. Gustave Hervé, the bloodthirsty opponent of all wars save

civil war; two fierce-looking policemen standing by to protect the café against any anæmic and weakly waiter on strike who might attempt picketing all by himself; dragoons riding up and down every half-hour looking for invisible rebels; papa, on Sunday afternoon, between his dame and their demoiselle, standing to read in a vermilion bill on a hoarding of the Avenue de l'Opéra that the Government has prostituted the Republic under the foul yoke of a bloody despotism; the plump little major in uniform, learning over his absinthe from the café's "Figaro" that France will next week, at latest, be eaten up by the dragon of anarchy, unless a Perseus of a Dictator come before to save her; the dreadful Bousquet of the Confédération Général du Travail (afterwards arrested) marshalling his men imperiously at the word of command and destroying M. Lépine's occupation by keeping a martinet's order among the strikers while the Prefect and his police stood feverishly by, fidgeting to re-establish it by "dislocating" demonstrations; Delalé, the boot-making orator of the C.G.T., refusing to go with the police when the warrant was brought to him, as well as to Bousquet and Lévy (also of the C.G.T.), until he had finished to his liking a pair of boots for a customer, doubtless a bourgeois; all these give us characteristic pictures of France seething with revolution. The next elderly gentleman will tell you so if you ask him. He points out, to begin with, that under the state of things which the present Government has brought about, partly through criminal complicity, and partly through abject cowardice, he, a citizen of repute, cannot take his appetiser in peace at his customary café unless shielded by a strong force of police and military. Look at the mounted Republican Guard riding past; they are there because were they not heaven knows what might not happen to him, an honest citizen of some substance sitting at his café. . . . . He is a moderate and liberal man; but when it comes to unbridled anarchy terrorising society, and red rampant revolutionism tyrannising over honest folk, then he draws the line, then he protests, and calls for ruthless repression. . . . .

Contradiction is impossible; it is useless to observe that the strikes are over for the present, and it is really dangerous to suggest that the country is not going to the dogs; you would be hounded out of the room yourself instantly. Comfortable elderly ladies, old men and young, charming ladies dressed marvellously, all are violently certain after a perfect dinner that the country is doomed. Hearth and home, family and property, religion, morality and money, have fled. We dined, it seems, in terror of the revolution knocking at the door, pike in hand; we are taking liqueurs while we may, for who knows what to-morrow will bring? The nation is honey-combed with anarchy, and the C.G.T. rules a cowed Government. A dictator might save France if he came instantly and were ruthless enough. No pity, no quarter, no "sickly sentiment" for criminals sapping order to blow up honest folk. A

year of good, wholesome martial law applied at once might save the country. Have you heard Salomé? and in little screams of the ladies' delight over the shudders and wails of the orchestra while John the Baptist's head is being cut off down below in the pit, the plight of France is forgotten. But in another part of the room one "who knows" tells how Fallières has filled his pockets with the spoils from the altars and sacred treasures. . . . .

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A manifesto of the Unified Socialist Party said, on May 8: "Paris is in a state of seige, under the heel of an audacious and cynical police," and the party of law and order cries in the "Figaro": "The moral and material crisis which we are passing through reveals to the least clear-sighted eyes the abysm which our country is daily nearing," describes the law allowing associations as having been transformed into a "blackmailing and terrorising law," and calls for "the mysterious tamer who already haunts the dreams or the nightmares of millions of anxious minds," and the "strong man who will bring us back authority"; the C.G.T. "pursues as its object the destruction of the régime bourgeois and the advent of communism," whereas every good Frenchman, according to a Corsican Buonapartist gentleman, M. Leandri, must join his "League of Social Defence," formed on account of the apparent signs of "the supreme and imminent catastrophes," to take arms against the "rising tide of anarchy," to "recreate the mentality of the country," to establish in Paris and the provinces "centres of resistance and combat," and "counter-revolutionary sections in every Paris ward," to "answer violence with violence, war with war," and lastly to prove that "at the hour of the supreme mêlée . . . . the hostages who will be stood to the wall and shot down will not be those you think they will be." Congratulations to M. Leandri. This is as good stuff of its kind as the metaphoric buttonholes in bourgeois bellies of the C.G.T. It is all blood and thunder on both sides. The amazing thing is how gently and peacefully the country goes on living all the same.

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Never did such a pother on the surface disturb so little the still waters beneath; never have strikes and alarms made so much noise in a nation and so little ruffled the real national life. One watches with amazement smart Paris amusing itself furiously, hard-working Paris working hard and apparently always finding work, the middle classes at their business with perpetual thrift and care, the peasantry clinging as closely and as tightly as ever to their beloved soil, in the midst of all this storm of speeches and writings from a fiery Revolutionism and a savage Reaction. Yet it seems impossible that the storm should remain for ever superficial. Politicians on one side calling for a despot to behead Socialism, and on the other for a Revolution to rip up the bourgeoisie, cannot for

ever rant in a wilderness. They must get a hearing some day; it does not appear that the rulers of the country are going the right way about to discredit them. The proposal to break up forcibly the C.G.T., which no one can deny to be a perfectly legal organisation, was one of the strangest errors of statesmanship, fortunately renounced just in time by M. Clemenceau, under pressure from MM. Viviani and Briand, his Socialist colleagues, whom the Unified Socialist Party is busy cursing. But the prosecutions of the C.G.T. leaders for seditious utterances at private meetings may end as disastrously as prosecutions against vague and obscure plotters on the charge of conspiracy against the safety of the State. The State in France, more strongly armed than most others, is perpetually anxious, or feigning to be anxious, for its safety. The timid middle classes are unfortunately inclined to the same anxiety for the safety of the State. . . . . Combination has always been opposed for State reasons, openly or secretly. The result has been the C.G.T. The C.G.T. is undoubtedly a nuisance, but whose the original sin? What party in France has ever favoured rational and business-like organisation among the workers? The propertied classes opposed it strenuously, gave the right grudgingly, and resent it being used. Governments long looked upon all associations as revolutionary, and cannot make up their minds not to keep either a grandmotherly or a stepmotherly eye upon all common action of citizens. The Socialist Party in Parliament has always played a double game with trade unionism in France, and is still at it. The party ignored the trade unions, its juniors, until it could not help recognising them, and then tried to patronise them. . . . . On the other hand, a break with the C.G.T. may, for all the Parliamentary Socialist Party knows, mean a break with trade unionism altogether, and then the party may find itself between two stools at the next elections. The dilemma is a pretty one, but awkward. The fatal mistake has been to ignore trade unionism, which may result in "syndicalism" ignoring all else. For there were, and there are, admirable materials even in the C.G.T. It has organised itself with spirit, with enterprise, and with intelligence. It talks too much, but that is a safety-valve —for the present. On the marvellously solid foundation of French society combination could, and can, be grounded with fine results. Take the spirit, even the purple eloquence, of the C.G.T., mix it judiciously with the individual intelligence, the strong social instinct, and the solidity of the French artisan, and the compound will be worth having. But if France continues talking of violent remedies, they will at last be wanted. . . . . There is the making of great things in French "syndicalism," but also possibly of dire things.

# INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

## SOCIALIST DESPAIR OF PEACE.

There is one political party in Germany whose members are much inclined to take a practical and patriotic interest in the maintenance of peace in Europe, and especially in the Fatherland. These are the Social-Democrats, who represent Michel, the over-taxed peasant, and the Labour organisations, with their aggregate of 1,344,803 enrolled members. In the "Neue Gesellschaft," the brilliant little Berlin weekly so ably conducted by Dr. Heinrich Braun and Lily Braun, we are told that these classes are now and have always been peace-loving. Nevertheless, we are assured, they do not regard the Conference at The Hague as likely in any way to make for peace. Quite the contrary. England's proposal for disarmament as a means of peace is called a hypocritical bluff, intended merely to embarrass other governments and especially the allies, Austria and Germany. The most sanguine can only hope the Conference will try to do something to soften the horrors and outrageous injustice of war. The humbler classes of Germany, however, take no interest in its sittings, especially when they consider the character of the Sovereign and the Government that convened it. The "Neue Gesellschaft" speaks as follows on this point:—

"The second Peace Conference at The Hague has aroused even less interest among the German proletariat than the first Conference did. Ten years ago the ringing words of the Czar's manifesto might have roused some hopes in certain unsophisticated minds. Meanwhile Nicholas II.'s reputation as a lover of peace has vanished in the smoke of guns upon the battlefields of Manchuria, and while the delegates in Holland are aiming at the promotion of humanity in war, his governors are in full swing, racking and murdering his people at drumhead courts-martial. Such is the type and character of the man who summoned the Peace

Conference that the first thing the delegates should be called upon to suggest is that these Government assassins had better begin by abating the civil bloodshed that drenches their land. Moreover, England's disarmament proposal may well be discredited. During the last 15 years no country has so eagerly added armament to armament, no country has spent such vast sums in extending the empire, no country has been so successful in conquest, as the Government of the British Empire. Is it possible that such Gracchi as these should suddenly cease from their aggressive agitation? The proposal to diminish armaments is merely the talk of popular demagogues, a worn-out party cry, which the Liberal Party dare not oppose so long as it appears to promise the embarrassment of other European Governments. It was made only that it might be thrown out, and thrown out by the Conference it most certainly will be."

The writer proceeds to say that the international situation is not changed or to be changed by such a conference. The real hope of peace lies in destroying the predominance of England, and the safest course for Germany to take is to unite stedfastly with Austria until either the United States or Japan has developed its fighting power so as to outweigh Great Britain. To quote:—

"The international situations created by the intensified antagonisms and closer alliances of the Powers is much what it has always been, with one exception. National interests are now no more confined to the limits of an individual State, but three or four world Powers are so scheming for an all-embracing world policy that we are approaching the condition of unrest which prevailed in the eighteenth century, with its struggle for the hegemony of the sea and of the world. We have quite advanced beyond the narrow Continental and European politics of the Bismarckian era. In this wrestling of world Powers the prerogative of maintaining peace rests with Middle Europe. Only let Vienna and Berlin maintain a good understanding, only let Berlin make up its mind to wait a little longer—at least so long as it will take the Powers over the sea to attain such development as will check the free hand of England. . . . . Such conferences as that at the Hague do less than nothing to secure peace . . . . and end in exhibitions of political sleight of hand and hypocrisy."

Even the mitigations of the horrors of war through such deliberations are only apparent and not real, adds this writer bitterly. In his own words:—

"Of course, some minor problems may be fairly handled by the Conference, such as the promotion of humanity on the battlefield, the regulation of such a practice as laying sea torpedoes, and the right of search and confiscation of non-contraband property at sea. But the lesson of the Japanese war teaches us very clearly that in

the heat of conflict, in the fury of a successful sea-fight, such regulations are readily disregarded and even forgotten."—Translations made for the "Literary Digest."

## A TRAP FOR THE DUMA RADICALS.

Having failed to force the dissolution of the Duma by other means, the members of the Right, as reported in the Russian press, are now trying to draw those of the Left into expressing sympathy with the terrorists, so that the Premier can make this an excuse for dissolution. In one of the violent debates the Social Revolutionists and the Group of Toil were maliciously asked by the Right whether they had any bombs on their persons. The Rightist leader said that only on the prisoners' bench in the criminal court should there be room in Russia for avowed Social Revolutionists and Social-Democrats, and that such "parties" should never have been allowed to enter the Duma. The Constitutional Democrats are taunted and assailed by the Rightists for their alleged secret sympathy with revolutionary methods and aims. And in order to "test" the Duma majority on the question, and to show the Government that the Duma is disloyal, treasonable, terrorist at heart, the Right has introduced a sweeping resolution condemning all terrorist activity and all violence in the cause of Russian reform. The resolution has been compared to a "bomb in the Duma," and it has created much uneasineas among the Centre. In the press the question is fiercely debated, the "Rossia," the organ of Premier Stolypin, having intimated that the defeat of the resolution would certainly justify, if not imperatively call for, immediate dismissal of the Duma as a "hopelessly" red and revolutionary assembly from which no benefits, no reconstruction, could be expected. The "Slavo," the organ of Count Witte, also sees in the failure to condemn assassination a ground for dissolution, while the "Novoye Vremya" speaks as follows;—

"The extreme Rightists have put forth this question in the firm belief that the second Duma will repeat the mistake of the first, refuse to condemn violence, and thus furnish cause for dissolution. Is it possible that the constitutionalists will walk into this trap? Is not the situation sufficiently clear yet, and is it not plain that the way out lies in union of the constitutional forces, the first constitutional act of such union being a repudiation of violence from either extreme, Right or Left? Would not such an act amount to a great appeal for order and internal peace?"

The St. Petersburg "Viedomosti" also declares that the Duma can, without inconsistency or impropriety, pass an anti-terror resolution.

But the Leftist organs take the opposite view. They say that the Duma has no occasion to pass "moral" resolutions about violence. It is a legislative body and should do its own work, according to them; and if anything is to be condemned, it is the régime, the policy, to which terror is due. One can have nothing but pity for the victims of the old order and only regret for the methods that they may have found necessary. It is the old system that is discredited, not the terror, which is merely a fight for life.

Great interest centres in the position of the Constitutional Democrats on this burning question. They are not revolutionists, and they have in every way promoted moderation and restraint in the Duma. Their organ, the "Retch," is with the Left on this occasion. It opposes the anti-terror resolution. It says that the resolution is dishonest and hypocritical, that the object of the Right is avowedly hostile to the existence of the Duma and constitutionalism, and that the question of condemning all violence is not likely to arise. It continues:—

"How, we are asked, can the Constitutional Democratic Party weaken itself by voting for and passing the Rightest resolution? We answer that it will weaken itself by adopting the view of its enemies. . . . The Cadets are not going to allow either the Right or the Left to put them in a false light and resort to sophistry and pharisaism.

"The question may become acute at any moment, and the fate of the Duma may depend on it."—Translations made for the "Literary Digest."

## THE GREAT GULF BETWEEN NATIVES AND EUROPEANS IN INDIA.

At the time the famous controversy was raging between Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, and Lord Kitchener, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, there were many accusations brought against the latter. According to the "Friend of India" (Calcutta), which claims to be "the oldest and largest circulated weekly paper in India," it is said of Lord Kitchener that he "has converted the loyalty of the native army into disaffection; that he has alienated the Indian officer by his disregard for the customary courtesies, and the soldier by imposing upon him irksome and unfamiliar tasks." In fact, it is not long since a demand was made for his recall, "on the ground that his arrogance and lack of familiarity with the peculiar conditions of Indian life were endangering the safety of the Indian Empire." The Indian Army, we are told, is an extremely complicated and even delicate machine. It includes a European army of 74,568 men, and a native army of 147,826 men.

In addition to these forces a kind of militia is furnished by the Feudatory States, 23 self-governing provinces. A vast body of cavalry is found in this militia, including two camel corps of 153 and 485 fighting men, besides the 129 camels used for transport service. European officers train and command the Indian forces, who are armed, both infantry and cavalry, with the most recent weapons of precision. Lord Kitchener's command, according to "The Friend of India," whatever disaffection it has created among the other natives, has roused no race hatred among these troops, and "the sepoy, far from being alienated, has been gratified by an increase of pay and additional kit allowances."

On the other hand, to judge from the native Indian press, there is a profound feeling of alienation cherished by the best and most cultivated native civilians. We are told, for instance, that so bitter is this feeling that "the permanency of England's vast Indian Empire is quite insecure." Such are the words of Prithrifal Singh, a cultivated Indian, who yet sometimes betrays a foreign streak in his English style. Writing in "The Hindustan Review" (Allahabad), the main organ of the native opinion in the North-West Provinces, Mr. Singh tells of the haughty attitude, brutal discourtesy, and utter want of sympathy and discernment which characterise the behaviour of the Britisher toward his brown brother. He says that "the frowning gulf of social intercourse that lies between the two communities" is "uncommonly boisterous, unfathomably deep, and immeasurably wide." He speaks of "the bitter feelings already existing between the rulers and the ruled in India." He says it is curious for the Indian traveller "to find an Englishman, agreeably polite and courteous on the west of Suez, becoming the very opposite the moment the steamer is east of it." Such men pass the civil-service examinations, but are quite ignorant of India, and "they lose their heads and quite forget their position" when they get there.

The British civil service servants, "raw civilians," as Mr. Singh calls them, have their heads crammed with many subjects, yet they know nothing of "Indian legends, history, romance, or poetry." They "very easily imbibe the narrow-minded and absolutely mistaken notions of such mischievous authors as Rudyard Kipling," and "the bands of retired Anglo-Indians poison their minds." The young official feels "his political superiority to the Indians"; he "belongs to the ruling race and therefore must be superior to the ruled." When, as a subordinate official, the writer visits his superior in the department, a white official, he is treated with discourtesy or a burst of bad temper.

"I do not know of even a single instance when a European official has voluntarily made a social call on an Indian gentleman (official visits and the visits paid by junior civilians to senior Indians in the service, etc., and the return visits paid to the Indian ruling

princes excluded), though there are a few solitary instances when an official had thought it worth his while to condescend to either return an Indian's repeated calls formally or to respond to the latter's invitation after a good deal of hesitation. But such instances are quite rare and cannot be cited as prevalent custom. The poor Indian has to think of many things before venturing to pay his respects to his European superior."

One of these things is whether Saheb Bahadur is likely to be in a good temper or not, for his fits of anger are unrestrainedly exhibited when a native visitor calls, and Mr. Singh adds bitterly that if the Britisher "had even once got into any such fit with any European society he would have undoubtedly been declared unfit as an administrator and forced to retire long ago."

The Indian railroads have "Jim-Crow" cars, marked "For Indians Only," and others with the inscription "For Europeans Only"; but while the English can use the Indian cars, this rule does not work both ways. The Indian is excluded from "English balls, dinners, dances, picnics, and government house parties," and from all but disreputable European clubs. This writer talks of "the sullen discontent created in our regiments" of sepoys by the "outrageous arrogance" of their white officers, and concludes that "the real danger to the safety of the Empire comes in from the men whom our King-Emperor pays for maintaining the safety."—"Literary Digest."

## MATTEO FALCONE.

One day in autumn, Matteo went out early in the morning with his wife to go and see one of his flocks in a clearing of the wood. The young Fortunate, his son, wished to accompany him, but the clearing was too far away. Besides, someone must stay at home to look after the house, so the father refused. It will be seen whether he acted wisely.

He had been gone for several hours, and young Fortunate was quietly stretched out in the sun, looking at the blue mountains, when his meditations were suddenly interrupted by some shots from a gun. He rose and looked towards the plain from whence the noise came. Other gun shots were heard at regular intervals, and they came nearer and nearer. At last, in the path which led from the plain to the house of Matteo, there appeared a man, having on a pointed cap, like the men in the mountains wore ; he was hairy, clothed in rags, and he could hardly walk, leaning on his gun. He had just received a wound in his thigh.

This man was a brigand, who had set out at night to buy powder in the town, and had fallen into an ambuscade of Corsican riflemen. After a vigorous defence he had managed to retreat, being violently pursued, and firing from every rock. But the soldiers were close behind him, and his wound did not allow him to get into the wood. He came near to Fortunate, and said to him, "Are you the son of Matteo Falcone?" "Yes." "I am Gianetti Sampiero ; the men with the yellow collars are after me ; hide me, for I cannot get any further." "And what will my father say if I hide you without his permission?" "He will say that you have done right." "Who knows?" "Hide me quickly ; they are coming." "Wait till my father comes back." "How can I wait ; they will be here in five minutes. Come, hide me, or I will kill you."

Fortunate answered him quite quietly, "Your gun is not loaded, and you have no more cartridges." "I have my stiletto." "But could you run as quickly as I can." He jumped out of his

way. "You are not the son of Matteo Falcone; will you let me be caught in front of your house?" The boy seemed touched at this. "What will you give me if I hide you," he said, coming near to him. The man opened a purse which he carried in his belt, and he took from it a five-franc piece, which no doubt he had kept to buy powder with.

Fortunate smiled on seeing the silver coin; he seized it, and said to Gianetti, "Fear nothing." At once he made a big hole in a heap of hay which was near the house. Gianetti crouched down in it, and the boy covered him over so that he could breathe a little, but yet no one could have thought that a man was hidden in that hay. He very ingeniously went and found a cat and her kittens, and put them on the hay, so that people might believe that it had not been moved for some time. Then, seeing some blood on the path near the house, he covered it carefully over with dust, and having done that, he went and sat in the sun in the coolest manner possible.

A few minutes afterwards six men, in a brown uniform, with yellow collars, commanded by a sergeant, were before Matteo's door. This sergeant was distantly related to Matteo; his name was Theodoro Gamba. He was a very sharp man, much feared by the brigands, of whom he had arrested several. "Good morning, cousin," he said, coming up to Fortunate. "How you have grown! Did you see a man pass here a little while ago?" "Oh, I am not as tall as you, cousin," answered the boy in a silly way. "That will come. But did you see a man pass? Tell me." "I see a man?" "Yes, a man with a pointed cap, a coat embroidered with red and yellow? Now answer quickly, and do not repeat my questions." "This morning the priest went by our door on his horse Piero, and he asked me how my father was, and I answered him." "Ah! you little wretch; you try to be clever. Tell me quickly where Gianetti went by, for we are looking for him, and I am sure that he took this path." "Who knows?" "Who knows? I do, for I am sure that you saw him." "How could I see anyone passing by when I was asleep?" "You were not asleep, you rascal; the gun shots woke you up." "You think, then, cousin, that your guns make a noise; my father's gun makes much more noise." "The devil take you, you little liar. I am sure that you have seen Gianetti Perhaps you hid him." "Come, comrades, go into the house, and see if the man is not there; he only went on one leg, and the rascal is too clever to think that he could get to the wood as he limped. Besides the trail of blood stops here." "And what will father say?" asked Fortunate, laughing; "what will he say if he knows that you went into his house when he was out?" "You rascal," said the sergeant, taking hold of him by his ear. "Do you know that I could make you sing another tune? Perhaps if I gave you twenty blows with the back of my sword you would speak then." And Fortunate still went on laughing.

"My father is Matteo Falcone," he said with emphasis. "Do you know, you young vagabond, that I can take you to Corte or to Bastia? I will make you sleep in a cell, on straw, with irons on your feet, and I will have your head cut off if you do not tell me where Gianetti is." The boy burst out laughing at that ridiculous threat, and merely said, "My father is Matteo Falcone." "Sergeant," said one of the men in a low voice, "do not let us quarrel with Matteo."

Gamba certainly appeared embarrassed. He spoke in a low voice to his men, who had already been all over the house. This did not take long, for the cabin of a Corsican only consists of one square room. The furniture is made up of a table, which serves as a bed, of benches, of boxes, and of kitchen utensils. Meanwhile young Fortunate was fondling his cat, and seemed to enjoy the confusion of the riflemen.

A soldier went near the heaped-up hay. He saw the cat, and struck the hay with his bayonet in a careless way, shrugging his shoulders as if he were taking a useless precaution. Nothing moved, and the boy's face did not betray the slightest emotion. The sergeant and his men did not know what to do; already they were thinking of going back to the plain, when the sergeant, being convinced that threats would have no effect on the son of Falcone, wished to try a last effort, and see what he could do by offering presents and being friendly. "My young cousin," he said, "you seem to be very wide-awake. You will go far, but you are playing a nasty game with me, and if I did not fear that I would pain my cousin Matteo, the devil take me if I would not make you come with me." "Bah!" "But when my cousin comes back, I will tell him all about it, and to punish you for having told a lie; he will give you a thorough whipping." "That depends." "You will see; but, come, be a good boy, and I will give you something——" "I, cousin, will give you some good advice: if you delay longer, Gianetti will be in the wood, and then it will take you all your time to catch him." The sergeant pulled a silver watch out of his pocket, which was quite worth a pound, and noticing that the eyes of young Fortunate shone when he looked at it, he said to him, holding the watch up by its steel chain, "You rascal, you would like to have a watch like this; you would walk in the streets of Porto Vecchio as proud as a peacock, and people would ask you, 'What time is it?' and you could answer, 'Look at my watch.'"

The boy was tempted, and pointed to the hay. Gianetti was unable to make any resistance, and was safely secured, though he told the sergeant he would have to carry him to the town. Just at that moment, the sergeant saw Matteo coming back, holding his gun, and followed by his wife. Wondering what the Corsican would do, the sergeant determined to walk up towards Matteo, and to tell him the whole story. Addressing him as if he were an old acquaintance, he said, "Ah! my old comrade, how are you get-

ting on. It is I, Gamba, your cousin." Matteo, without saying a word, had stopped, and while the other spoke, he raised up gently his gun so that it pointed towards the sky when the sergeant came up to him.

"Good morning, brother," said the sergeant, holding out his hand; "I had not seen you for a very long time. I had come to say good morning to you and to your wife. We have made a long journey to-day, but we must not complain of being tired, for we have made a big haul. We have just caught Gianetti Sampiero." "Heaven be praised," cried Giuseppa. "He stole one of our goats last week." These words made Gamba rejoice. "Poor devil!" said Matteo, "he must have been hungry." "The fellow fought like a lion," said the sergeant, a little hurt. "He killed one of my men; and not satisfied with that he broke the arm of Corporal Chardon; but that does not matter much, as he was a Frenchman. Then he was so well hid that the devil himself would not have found him. If it had not been for my little cousin, Fortunate, I should never have found him." "Fortunate!" cried Matteo. "Yes; Gianetti was hid under that heap of hay over there, but my young cousin showed me the place——" "Damnation!" said Matteo in a low voice. They had rejoined the detachment. Gianetti was on a litter, and was just going to be carried away. When he saw Matteo in the company of Gamba, he smiled in a strange way, then, turning towards the door of the house, he spat on the threshold, saying, "The house of a traitor."

Only a man ready to die could have used the word traitor concerning Falcone. A good blow with a stiletto, which would not want repeating, would promptly have avenged the insult. But Matteo made no gesture, he only put his hand to his forehead like a man who is overwhelmed with grief. Fortunate had gone into the house on seeing his father in the road. He soon came back with a bowl of milk, which he presented to Gianetti, keeping his eyes on the ground. "Get out of my sight," cried the man in a loud voice, but he asked one of the soldiers for a drink.

The prisoner and his escort went away. For ten minutes Matteo did not open his lips. The child looked anxiously at his mother and at his father, who, resting on his gun, was eyeing him with an expression of concentrated anger. "You begin well," said Matteo, at last, in a calm voice, but full of fear for those who knew the man. "Father," cried the child, with tears in his eyes, coming towards him as if he were going to throw himself at his knees. But Mattei cried out, "Get out of my sight." The child stopped and sobbed silently a few steps from his father. Giuseppa approached; she had seen the watch-chain hanging in Fortunate's shirt. "Who has given you that watch," she asked in a severe tone. "My cousin, the sergeant." Falcone seized the watch, and throwing it roughly on the ground, it broke in a thousand pieces. Then he struck the ground with the butt

of his gun, and putting it back on his shoulder he went towards the wood, calling out to Fortunate to follow him. The child obeyed.

Giuseppa ran after Matteo, and seized his arm. "It is your son," she said in a trembling voice, looking into her husband's eyes with her black eyes, as if she wanted to read what was going on in his soul. "Leave me," said Matteo. "I am his father." Giuseppa kissed her son, and, crying, went back into the house. She threw herself on her knees before an image of the Virgin, and engaged in fervent prayer. Meanwhile Falcone had gone on for about 200 steps in the path, and stopped near a little ravine, into which he entered. He hit the ground with the butt end of his gun, and found it soft and easy to dig. The place seemed a fit one for his plan. "Fortunate, go near to that big stone." The child did as he was told. and knelt down. "Say your prayers." "Father, father! do not kill me." "Say your prayers," repeated Matteo in a terrible voice. The child, stammering and sobbing, said the Lord's Prayer and the Creed. The father in a firm tone of voice replied "Amen" at the end of each prayer. "Are those all the prayers you know?" "Father, I know the Hail Mary and the Litany, which my aunt taught me." "It is a very long one, but never mind." The child finished saying the Litany in a low voice. "Have you finished?" "Oh! father, have pity on me. Forgive me! I will not do it again." He went on speaking. Matteo cocked his gun and said, "May God forgive you!" The child made a desperate effort to rise and kiss the knees of his father, but he had not time. Matteo fired, and Fortunate fell back dead.

When Matteo went back home, his wife asked him what he had done. "Justice," he replied. "The boy died like a Christian. I will have a mass said for him."

PROSPER MERIMEE.

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**Where *are* the Radicals?**—The Labour Party are to be congratulated on their amendment to the Premier's farcical resolution on the House of Lords. Not that the House of Lords—its maintenance or abolition—need be the special concern of the Labour Party just now. They will find all their work cut out in fighting capitalist interests in the House of Commons. That is, of course, always assuming that they wish to fight those interests, as to which there is often considerable reason for doubt. The alacrity, too, with which some members of the Party accepted the invitation to the King's garden party suggests a doubt as to the sincerity of their hostility to the hereditary principle in the Government. However that may be, their amendment was useful and timely, if only for the complete exposure it afforded of the hollowness of the Radical campaign against the Lords.

For years we have had the Radicals vehemently denouncing the House of Lords; declaring their intention to "mend or end" it, preferably the latter, as soon as they were in power. Now we have a Liberal Government in office. Here is the opportunity of the sturdy Radicals. The Prime Minister introduces a resolution to neither mend nor end the Peers. The Labour Party move an amendment boldly demanding their abolition, and—only a hundred members of the House of Commons can be found to vote for it! Where *are* the Radicals?

**The Russian Coup d'Etat.**—The dissolution of the second Duma and the promulgation of a new electoral law will have surprised nobody who has watched the course of events in Russia. All that the Czar and his bureaucrats desire is a mere mock Parliament, which will simply register the decrees of the autocracy. When the first Duma was found unsatisfactory in this respect it was dissolved, and the second one was called together under conditions which it was hoped would ensure the election of a pliable instrument. The second assembly, however, proved not more, but less, satisfactory than the first. Therefore it had to go. All sorts of trickery were resorted to, stories of plots were invented, the abrogation of the liberty of the deputies was demanded, in order to furnish excuses for the second dissolution. Now a third Duma is to be elected under conditions which it is hoped will ensure the exclusion of the anti-autocratic elements. If, however, these hopes should be disappointed, the third Duma will go the way of its predecessors. So the farce will go on, so long as the autocracy is permitted to rule. It is impossible for popular liberty and autocracy to co-exist. One or the other must be suppressed. We have no doubt which it will be eventually in Russia, but the end of the struggle is not yet.

**A New Slave System.**—Now that the Transvaal Government has decided that the Chinese are to go, various methods are being devised to fill their places with some other kind of cheap labour. The latest "interesting experiment" in this direction is being undertaken by the Anglo-French Exploration Company. Under the ægis of the Government this company is providing land for settling in the Transvaal a small tribe of Herero Damaraland refugees. The land is to be held communally, subject to the customary taxes, and to the yearly performance by the male settlers of from four to six months' labour in the company's mines under the current conditions of pay. Thus for the chattel slavery of the Chinese Ordinance is to be substituted a system of corvée with Damaraland natives for victims. It is a distinction with no very material difference. But the important result will have been achieved, that Chinese slavery will be got rid of while the Rand capitalists will still have a plentiful supply of cheap labour. And so everybody will be satisfied.

**The Garibaldi Centenary.**—To those who remember the successful struggle for Italian unity in the early sixties, after so many unsuccessful efforts, it is difficult to realise that a hundred years have passed since the birth of the lion-hearted fighter in Italia's cause—Garibaldi. Of the three men who were foremost in that great movement against Austrian and Bourbon despotism—Cavour, the statesman, Mazzini, the idealist, poet and prophet, and Garibaldi, the soldier, the last-named probably filled the largest place in the popular mind. Simple, modest, unassuming, and disinterested, Garibaldi, the organiser of victory for Italian nationalism, was the hero of the whole democracy of Europe. And what a reception he had when, forty-three years ago, he visited London! And how

frightened were our cowardly Whig Ministers at the outburst of popular enthusiasm! With what haste did they hustle him out of the country! And now we are celebrating a Garibaldi centenary and United Italy has been an accomplished fact for forty years! Italy is now one of the Great Powers of Europe, with the Eternal City, held by French bayonets for the Pope against the Italian people, for a time, her capital. And how little, of all that Mazzini dreamed and Garibaldi fought for, do the people of Italy yet enjoy! How true it is that mere political forms matter very little while the great body of the people are economically enslaved.

**A Great Sin.**—Speaking recently in the City of London, Lord Curzon said that he was convinced that the English people would never commit the great sin of abandoning their work in India. We are bound to suppose Lord Curzon to be sincere, and that he really believes that British rule is good for the people of India, and that it would really be a sin to abolish that rule. No doubt it is good for the ruling class of this country, who are squeezing over thirty millions sterling every year out of the starving people of India, and they would unquestionably regard it as a "great sin" if a stop were put to their plunder. It is just possible that the leech conceives the idea that he is conferring a favour on the victim whose blood he is draining away; but the victim is probably of a different opinion. For our part we hold that the great sin is in maintaining British rule, not in withdrawing from it. It is more than likely, however, that Lord Curzon is right, and that the people of this country will not readily relinquish their "Empire in the East." But there are signs that the people of India will not be content for ever to remain subject to the foreign rule which is draining the life-blood out of the country. The people of India are slowly realising that their only hope is in

themselves. Once they fully realise that, and become conscious of the tremendous power of their own numbers, the British Raj will have to go, the "great sin" which Lord Curzon speaks of will be committed, and the sins for which the British people are now responsible in India will be ended.

**The Bogus Bonus System.**—The strike at Messrs. Vickers, Maxim and Co., at Erith, is the most emphatic pronouncement that has been made by a body of workmen against the bonus system since the strike at the South Metropolitan Gasworks some 17 years ago. And there is this difference, that the Gas-workers' Union, more far-seeing than some of the unions in the skilled trades, recognised at once the mischievous nature of the bonus system and fought against it as a body. At Erith, on the other hand, the strike may be said to have been due entirely to the initiative of the men directly concerned, who had experienced the effects of the bonus system and had found them intolerable. In their case, it would seem, the unions have practically accepted the system of bonuses; some of the leaders, in fact, going so far as to extol the system as one calculated to be of advantage to the workman and to develop all that is best in him! They ought to know that it is warranted to get all the best out of him and to throw him on the scrap-heap in the shortest time possible and at the cheapest possible rate. As one of the strikers remarked to a newspaper reporter: "It amounts to this, that the quicker a man can do his work the less he will earn. I know a smart man who used to earn £2 a week, and he gets only 30s. under the bonus system." And this is called "profit-sharing," and has earned the blessing of philanthropists, co-operators and "labour leaders" who see in it the future co-operation of capital and labour and the extinction of all industrial conflicts!

**The Belfast Strike.**—The philanthropists and advocates of "profit-sharing" should go now and preach their nostrum to the Erith strikers. They might also pay some attention to the Belfast dockers, and show them how wrong it is to strike, and how identical are the interests of capital and labour. Our Liberal Government, at any rate, are prepared to enforce that lesson, even at the point of the bayonet. If there is one thing which specially distinguishes a Liberal Government, it is the alacrity with which armed force is brought into industrial disputes. It was a Liberal Government—with Asquith as its instrument—which had the miners shot down at Featherstone, and sent gunboats to intimidate the dockers at Hull. It is a Liberal Government which sends troops to ride down the white miners of the Rand, in the interests of the international gang of gold-grabbers who are masters there; and it is the same Liberal Government which, without the slightest occasion for doing so, sends troops to Belfast, armed with ball cartridge, to shoot down unarmed workmen on the slightest provocation. It is precisely what might be expected from professional peace-mongers, who prate about "militarism" and international disarmament. With no conception of the provocative effect of a display of military force in an industrial dispute, they are stricken with panic, and order out the soldiers on the least sign of a "row."

## SOCIAL-DEMOCRACY, NATIONALISM, AND IMPERIALISM.

In the minds of most Social-Democrats there is a healthy abhorrence of all bourgeois principles, theories, and ideas. This is a perfectly worthy and necessary sentiment. As a general rule, for anything to be bourgeois is prima facie evidence that it merits Socialist condemnation. It is possible, however, for the sentiment to be carried too far. There are exceptions to every rule, and there may be principles and theories which, although bourgeois in character, may well be adopted and championed by Social-Democrats. Such, for instance, is the principle of Free Trade. Without in any way subscribing to the whole body of bourgeois economic doctrine of which Free Trade is an expression, and without elevating Free Trade into a sacrosanct fetish, every Social-Democrat believes in freedom of exchange, and is opposed to Protective tariffs on both political and economic grounds. Another principle which Social-Democrats endorse is that of national rights and national autonomy. In such matters we Social-Democrats may be said to inherit and carry on the best traditions of Liberalism, even after Liberals themselves have abandoned them. We Social-Democrats stand for the right of every nation to manage its

own affairs, and to work out its own salvation, just as we stand for the liberty of the individual in all purely self-regarding matters. Social-Democracy does not mean the suppression of the individual and individuality. It means the creation of such social conditions as will ensure the fullest possible liberty and individuality for each. So, too, with nationalities. Social-Democracy is international, not anti-national. We have always championed the rights of nationalities, and it is no sound argument against that championship to object that nationality is a mere bourgeois idea.

The class struggle is the supreme issue for us Social-Democrats, but it is constantly being complicated with other questions; and much as we might desire to do so we cannot reduce every issue to terms of the class war. For instance, we find constant efforts being made, in view of the international movement among the working class of Europe and America, to create a new proletariat out of some of the so-called "subject races," and thus to reinforce the present class domination by a race antagonism in which white men of all classes will be on the side of the ruling class simply because the ruling class is of their race, against the new proletariat of a subject race. This creation of a new proletariat, which would complicate the class-struggle with race antagonisms, is already being carried out to some extent in South Africa, Australia, and elsewhere, and if successful, there is no reason, except the organised opposition of the working-class, why it should not be extended to all parts of the world.

If for no other reason than this, then, of the menace to the modern working-class movement presented by the introduction of subject races as competitors in the field of production, it would be the duty of Social-Democrats to resist with all their might imperialist expansion and the subjection of other races. Yet there are Socialists who fail to recognise these facts.

Here, for instance is a correspondent of the "Montana Herald" writing:—

> I see that trouble in India has come to the front. That is part of the play of the Hindoo that visited us here last fall. That also is a foolish move. I have been looking for it to come for ten years now. It is a racial movement, not a proletarian. It is about the same as the Irish home rule business, a change of masters. The Socialist papers are making lots of this India trouble, but they are entirely off. London "Justice" is off on the subject—too prejudiced against the British Empire. Hyndman is very friendly with some of the East Indian scholars, and having been invited to speak in India, is partial to them, and he has always been a crank against English capitalists exploiting India, so much so that he is unbalanced on the subject. It is a bourgeois movement, and interests us not. A change from a white to a black capitalist will not help the Indian workers.

No Social-Democrat would suggest for a single moment that a mere change from a white to a black capitalist would help the Indian workers. But that is by no means all that would be involved by relieving the people of India from the British Raj. The maintenance of British rule in India means that the working people of Great Britain are engaged in helping their masters—the class which robs them—to plunder the unfortunate people of India of over thirty millions sterling every year. That is to say that to the normal evils of capitalism is added the blood-sucking of absenteeism, whereby some two hundred and fifty millions of people—some of the most frugal, sober, industrious, thrifty and capable of the whole human race—are reduced to unspeakable misery and want. And all this is a matter which this correspondent—calling himself a Socialist!—loftily assures us should be regarded with supreme indifference by the people directly responsible! He has evidently not yet grasped the elementary fact that no native capitalist exploitation could produce such impoverishment of the whole country as is brought about by the constant drain of a foreign tribute.

But this is not all. We desire to see the people of

India, as of every other country, not only possessed of national independence and political rights, but of social and economic liberty and equality. Nevertheless, if the people of India choose to remain subject to the capitalists of their own race and nation, that, after all, is their affair. That in no way justifies us in forcing the rule of *our* capitalist class upon them. It will be time enough for us to rebuke the Hindoos for remaining subject to the rule of the capitalist when we ourselves have thrown off his yoke. We have no justification for withholding from them the means for emancipating themselves which we already possess and are too stupid or too cowardly to use.

With some few exceptions, however, it is generally recognised that Social-Democracy stands for national liberty and autonomy in all matters essentially national, and that Social-Democrats are the champions of national rights and liberties, and especially of those of the smaller nationalities. The Social-Democratic Federation, therefore, has not only always championed the rights of the people of India, it has from its foundation stood for the legislative independence of Ireland, and was for many years the only political party in England outside the Irish Party that did so.

This, as I say, has always been understood by the general body of the Socialist movement; and although, here and there, individual Socialists—carried away by the idea that capitalist expansion and capitalist development were the same thing; and that the imperialist absorption of nationalities was identical with internationalism—have supported imperialism and aggression, the Social-Democratic Party, as a party, has everywhere strenuously resisted imperialism with all its brigandage and aggression. Thus the whole international Social-Democracy has been, and is, opposed to colonial expansion and the subjection of primitive races; and thus it came about that the Social-Democrats of Great Britain—without having any

illusions as to the Boer Republic—vigorously opposed the Boer war, just as they have opposed, and would oppose, any similar piratical capitalist enterprise.

But this jealous regard for the rights of other nationalities involves, or should involve, equal regard for our own. "Thou shalt not be stolen from" is as sound ethics as "Thou shalt not steal," and if we resist imperialism and aggression when directed against other peoples we should be equally prepared to resist it when directed against ourselves. Imperialism is bad in itself. British imperialism is an evil which we have conceived it to be our duty to resist with all our might; but it is not, intrinsically, any worse than German, or Russian, or French imperialism. It would be foolish, then, to resist British imperialism if by so doing we were simply helping imperialism of another brand. It is sometimes said of us Social-Democrats, on account of our internationalism, that we are the friends of all countries but our own. It would be much more true to say that we are the friends of all other countries because we are the friends of our own. We assert the right of the Indian people to manage their own affairs, and ardently desire the destruction of British rule there. But our opposition to British domination in India or elsewhere presupposes our strenuous opposition to any foreign domination here at home. But that supposes a willingness to join in the national defence and to be equipped and ready to do so. And that means that every man capable of bearing arms should be a trained and capable unit in the national army. It is only by such means that the national defence can be efficiently organised democratically and in opposition to imperialism. Without universal military training any modern nation is not only at the mercy of the domestic despot, but offers a temptation to the foreign aggressor and is a constant provocation to a breach of the world's peace. Our watchword should be: Every available man trained and equipped

for the national defence, but not a man or a farthing for filibustering expeditions abroad. Thus universal military training is seen to be not only anti-imperialist and the only assurance of domestic freedom; it is also the best guarantee of international peace.

It may be, and indeed often is, said, that, after all, this country is not ours. It is the country of our masters. It belongs to them, and therefore its defence may very well be left to them. All that is perfectly true; and if we had no other interest in the matter, and were content that the country always should be theirs, we might be satisfied to leave its defence entirely in their hands. There is no doubt that, so long as they are prepared to pay for it, the ruling class can equip and maintain a sufficient force, not only to defend *their* country against any foreign aggressor, but also to hold it against the general body of the people, and also to fit out any aggressive expedition they may think proper. Our determination never to arm or fight would not weaken them at all in that respect. It would only make them all the more powerful. We may have the vote, and may vote our masters out of their possessions; but whoever is master of the armed force of the country will be master of everything else. The armed nation, therefore—every man a soldier and a citizen—with no standing army, no military caste, no professional soldiery—is at once the surest defence against foreign aggression and Imperialist piracy, and the only military organisation compatible with popular liberty and democratic progress.

H. QUELCH.

# THE SOCIALIST ATTITUDE TOWARDS ANTI-SEMITISM.

The economic tendencies of the time are rapidly forcing to the front the attitude of English Social-Democrats towards the question of anti-Semitism.

The marked peculiarity which is common to all European countries where anti-Semitism is a powerful political force is the prominence which Jews assume in the Socialist movement.

Indeed, it is a curious commentary on the peculiarly Jewish outlook on life that in countries where capitalist development is in the most advanced state, the Jewish people should give to the political arena the most reactionary capitalists and the most uncompromising Socialists. For instance, in Germany, you have Herren Singer and Bernstein as against Herren Ballin and Bleichröder, and in Austria, Victor Adler as against the Viennese Rothschilds.

If there are no examples of this curious temperamental phenomena in England, Italy or France, it is for the obvious reason that the Jewish populations in these countries are comparatively small. In so far as Russia is concerned it is a matter which cannot be treated in the same manner as in Austria or Germany. Russia being an autocracy whose spleen has always found vent in depriving the Jews of every civil and

administrative right, has been denied the privilege of giving to the international movement any personality among the Jews of more than passing prominence.

The fact that capitalist production, and consequently political freedom, are two generations slower in their evolution in Russia than in other European countries, makes it impossible to recognise the same specifically Jewish phenomena which is such a prominent feature of other European countries.

The conventional definition of anti-Semitism as a modern word, implying that Jews are opposed on the ground of their racial characteristics, such as greed, a special aptitude for making money, or a lack of patriotism, can have no support at the hands of Social-Democrats.

Social-Democrats, reading into history a somewhat different interpretation from that given us by historians either of the middle or modern ages, cannot but be struck with the use that the governing classes have made of the Jews, either to thwart the people's demands or to distract their attention from religious evils. Social-Democrats, studying the question of anti-Semitism, must clearly recognise the fact that the root causes of Anti-Jewish feeling are :—

(*a*) Religious.
(*b*) Economic plus religious.
(*c*) Economic.

A cursory historical survey, with special attention to our own country, clearly demonstrates that in the feudalism of the middle ages, the violence of the populace was the outcome of inflamed religious intolerance.

Looking back upon the pre-expulsion period, dating from William the Conqueror till the year 1290, we are made to realise how essentialiy anti-Semitism was the outcome of religious bigotry. When Europe, inflamed with a passion for destroying the non-Christian populations of the Orient, called upon Richard the First to

follow the Crusaders, a wave of race hatred, based purely on religious antipathy, swept over England. The massacres at York, Thetford, and Bury St. Edmunds, following on the massacre of Jews at the Coronation of Richard the First, 1189, testify not to any economic discontent on the part of the populace so much as to inflamed religious passion nurtured largely by the barons, and supported by the villeins and cottars of the period. All the ordinances of the Church, the repressive measures of Simon de Montfort, together with the conversionist zeal of John of Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury, are a fitting climax to the classical epoch in English history when anti-Semitism was the outcome of religious hatred.

The period in English history where religious animosity was a mere adjunct to economic hostility arises upon the re-entry of Jews into England towards the middle of the seventeenth century.

Virtually from this date we can trace the sub-conscious growth of England as a great maritime and commercial nation.

The enormous power of Spain gave rise to a desire, on the part of many adventurous souls in England, to roam the oceans, not so much in search of unknown lands as to loot the Spanish ships of treasure.

Incidentally, many colonies were annexed by adventurous seamen, which automatically became the property of the English Government. Contemporaneously with this, the Catholic Church in Spain and Portugal was relentlessly enforcing the Inquisition. This iniquitous persecution, whilst denuding Spain of her merchant class, gave to England what England had hitherto largely lacked.

Spanish Jews, tacitly, though not actually with the approval of Oliver Cromwell, once more settled in England, and, with a keen sense of opportunity, exploited the rising industries of the country in their interchange with Colonial and foreign produce.

As is natural with a capitalist class, the Jews—who at this time were mostly prosperous merchants—showed the Government particular loyalty on the occasion of the Jacobite Insurrection, 1745, and in return for their support, were promised naturalisation.

But even so early in the struggle of the English middle classes for political power, the landed aristocracy were smitten with the fear that naturalisation meant economic prestige, and the inhabitants of the towns, still largely craftsmen, although realising little enough the power of the Jew as capitalist, allowed themselves to be used by the rapidly-decaying aristocracy for the purpose of supporting a bogus agitation against granting the Jews the privilege of naturalisation. As a matter of fact, naturalisation and class political emancipation for the Jews came only after a long and bitter fight, extending over a period of more than 60 years. During the whole of this period political emancipation was opposed on economic plus religious grounds. Anti-Semitism took the form not of violence and race hatred. It took a more subtle and still more dangerous form. The form of denying to the Jew the privilege of citizenship on the ground of his alien extraction and lack of patriotism.

To the powerful bourgeois mind this objection on the ground of alien extraction which argued a lack of patriotism was designed to afford them the opportunity of denying to the Jews the virtues of English middle-class citizenship. In reality, the capitalist class, envious of the power which their economic position had achieved for them, sought to prevent anybody beyond themselves entrenching their position by securing political power. Why this should have been so, so far as the Jews were concerned, is difficult to discover. If the Jews at this period had been members of the rapidly-created proletariat, the excuse would have been valid. As a matter of fact, the Jews at the time they received political emancipation were almost wholly members of the capitalist class.

We now come to deal with modern anti-Semitism.

But before regarding the relation of the present-day Social-Democrat towards the anti-Semitism universally prevalent, let us briefly relate its growth during the last generation.

Of all the European countries entitled to the unenviable reputation of being regarded as the classical ground of anti-Jewish feeling, Germany stands first. Here perhaps, one may find a reason why the two Jews, Herren Singer and Bernstein, are such prominent Social-Democrats.

Following on the political unification of Germany, the Social-Democrats, under Herren Bebel and Liebknecht, increased their power by leaps and bounds. Bismarck, sore put to it to oppose their triumphant capture of the Democracy, and already seeing the commencement of the end of the Liberal Party, which he had exploited in order to obtain a united Germany, sanctioned the formation of an anti-Semitic Party. It is not necessary, with a view to showing the purely economic reasons for latter-day anti-Semitism, to enter into a detailed account of the actions of Herren Stöcker and Forster in their connection with the anti-Semitic so-called Christian Socialist Party. All we are concerned with is to show the false economic position they assumed. Suffice it to say that, whilst the Social-Democratic Party has, anyway until the last election, won the support of the German workers, the anti-Semitic Christian Socialist Party, which is another way of saying the Clericals, has never been able to increase its representation in the Reichstag beyond a round dozen.

Still, since this anti-Semitic Party has existed for over 37 years, it is important to explain its raison d'être.

Briefly speaking, it owes its existence to the following factors:—

(*a*) Displacement of labour, owing to constant change in production.

(*b*) Conscription.
(*c*) Socialism as an expression of discontent.
All of these are economic factors.

To follow in detail the same conditions which affected Germany in the industrial world towards the end of the 19th century and immediately succeeding the war of 1870, is traversing ground which every Social-Democrat has evidence of in the condition of Russian industry after the cessation of Russo-Japanese hostilities.

To show that conscription tends to impoverish a country by shifting the responsibility for production from the shoulder of the conscript to that of the non-conscript, thus not only increasing the violent tension in modern production by reason of having a large idle proletariat, but depriving the country of such economic prosperity as it would enjoy under capitalism if all the proletariat were engaged in productive labour, is again treating of what is obvious to every Social-Democrat.

But what we have not concerned ourselves with so much is to find out how it comes that Socialism is the only force capable of stemming the tide of anti-Semitism. Curious as it may seem, Socialism is the necessary corollary to anti-Semitism. It is the one force that has made possible a measure of success to anti-Semitism, just as it is the one force capable of stemming that success.

The existence of the theory of Socialism, and its appeal to the working classes, argues a lively discontent with our present system of society. Hence the efforts of some of the governing classes to point out that economic discontent arises not from private property in land and materials of wealth but from the existence in our midst of an alien population added to an already over-abundant and prolific people.

Many instances can be given illustrating the puerile methods of the anti-Semites. At the height of their successes in Germany, the notorious Herr Alhwardt charged the firm of Lowe and Co. with supplying guns

to the army, and with having been bribed by the "Israelite Alliance" to substitute inferior food when supplying the Commissariat Department in order to defeat France in her next war.

This was an obvious move to discredit the Jew as capitalist.

All who are acquainted with French journalism must have a melancholy recollection of a journal termed "L' Anti-Juif." The policy of this journal was to draw attention to the ever-widening gulf between rich and poor. After inflaming working-class opinion against the rich, a delightfully simple method of adjusting the scales was offered. You merely had to deprive the Jews of all their property, hound them out of the country and lo! the millenium would arrive. As if there were no non-Jews who were rich and equally capable of exploiting the workers!

The extraordinary propaganda of M. Drumont is too recent in the public memory to need attention.

We now come to treat of the last phase of this question and perhaps, for we Englishmen, the most important one. There is no doubt that the capitalist class of our "own country" feel the effects of our ceaseless labours. They dimly recognise that the pot already simmering over with the passion of our past reproaches requires a competent hand to ward off the crisis.

And, with the same lack of foresight they display in the productive and administrative world, they straightway proceed to appoint an incompetent chef to serve up a dainty and appetising entrée to our working classes.

Our working classes, eager to swallow any nostrum likely to assuage their hunger, are in danger of allowing themselves to be deceived by this abominable concoction.

On the grounds that aliens seriously demoralise the labour market, displace British labour and intro-

duce sweating, men like Sir William Evans-Gordon and Mr. Arnold White countenance an anti-alien agitation. The objections of course are the usual conventional arguments of the perpetuators of capitalism.

Capitalism, already having created an unemployed class, finds it even temporarily impossible to absorb them. Menaced with the fear of what consequences might ensue at any period of an industrial crisis by reason of an alien population living amongst the workers, they immediately set to work to prevent a further influx. But mark you, not before they have realised their own ideal. The ideal of a plentiful unemployed market which will keep wages at the lowest ebb, compatible with sufficient energy to reproduce labour-power. The truth in this matter as in every other matter, that the master-class attempts to settle is to legislate in any possible direction so long as it does not hurt their material interests.

The duty of the British Socialist in this increasing anti-Semitic agitation is, beside preventing the people from being side-tracked, to point out that if the alien worker is to be kept out of the country, so should the alien capitalist. If the alien worker is an economic scourge, what shall be said of the alien capitalist to whom his English confrère, all unconscious of the inevitable part he must play with his money and his manufactory in hastening economic development, offers the hand of good fellowship? Astute the rich may be, far-seeing they are not, else why should they encourage the alien with money and bar out the alien without money?

Their obstinacy in refusing to recognise economic development and their belief in the fallacious argument that the more capitalists they attract, the more prosperous the workers will be, is the sole reason for their differentiation between rich and poor.

If the verdict of industrial evolution is accepted it

means that England requires no longer the capitalist, alien or otherwise.

On the other hand, if the capitalist class deny the verdict of historical evolution then they must accept the responsibility of dealing with this unpleasantly ever-present problem. If among themselves they cannot agree to giving a people without a land, a land without a people, then it seems to me that Social-Democrats should see to it that the peoples of Europe prevent anti-Semitism from being used as the hand-maiden of capitalism in order to sheer off the coming of the social revolution.

H. ALEXANDER.

## RELIGION AND COURAGE.

What is the relation between religion and courage?

There are two kinds of courage, physical courage and moral courage. The man who has both is the man who is completely courageous.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has said that in his observation men who do not have religion do not have courage. There is a certain sense in which this is true. Religion tends to make men deep. The shallow man, the man who, like a looking-glass, merely reflects the ideas of others, does not make a good fighter.

The Rev. Mr. Campbell recently said that what is wanted to-day is a Cromwell to make the social movement a religious movement. When we read the columns of drivel which the newspapers are launching against Mr. Campbell, we feel that what is wanted is less men of the looking-glass variety and more men like Mr. Campbell who have the courage to think things out for themselves.

There were days long ago when men trembled before the anathemas of Popes and cowered before the might of kingship. When men could not agree as to a royal succession the block and the gibbet were called in to settle the matter.

To-day few people heed anathemas or care who succeeds to a crown.

Yet it takes as much moral courage to-day for a man to say what he really believes as it ever took in the history of the world. If he speaks a truth which

cuts down some established interest, the established interest will defend itself with the cold look and the sting of the scorpion.

When Montesquieu visited England in the days of Horace Walpole he said that he found everybody laughing at religion. Those who were laughing loudest at religion were the fox-hunting parsons and the bishops who boasted that they never visited their dioceses. A Prime Minister was in the habit of appearing at the play with his mistress. Horace Walpole is said to have revolved in an orbit of drunkenness and foul talk. Mobs burned, sacked, and pillaged at their will. A woman's virtue was a thing of no consideration in the code of honour of a well-educated gentleman. In the streets of London the gin-shops invited every passer-by to get drunk for a penny, or dead drunk for twopence. Everybody was laughing at religion.

We like to think—such is the vanity of man—that we are better and braver than people were in those days. Are we? A hundred years from now history will judge, and we can rest assured that history will tell the truth.

When we come to the question of physical courage, the courage that fights with desperate disregard of life, there are no braver people than the Sikhs of Northern India, who carry religion to the point of fanaticism.

The writer of this article knows a young Hindoo in America who takes no pains to learn English. "What is the use," he says, simply, "I am born to die." He means that he is born to die fighting. He does not spend a penny of the money he earns upon himself, but sends it home to support the cause for which he believes that some day he is to die, fighting. He is the most simple, the most religious of men.

The Japanese conquered a power hugely greater than themselves. The idea that to die for the Emperor was to win eternal paradise was carried to such an extent that in battle it became a positive thirst for death.

The history of the Lollards, of the Pilgrim Fathers, of Washington's troops, of the men who fought under William the Silent for the Dutch Republic, all illustrate the power of religion to enable men to accomplish by sustained courage what weak men would never attempt.

In the Roman Empire there were no people who fought with such stubborn courage against the Roman bondage as the Jews. When all other nations had bowed their necks to the yoke the Jews remained rebellious and indomitable. Their very life-breath was religion.

Let us take this question of courage and religion as illustrated in the case of Jesus Christ. Let us take Jesus out of his theological wrappings and packings in which he has been carefully laid away, and look at him as a man.

Josephus tells us that he was put to death as a common criminal by order of the Roman procurator, Pontius Pilate.

Luke tells that he was accused of sedition, of stirring up the people, and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar. The exact truth is all lost in oblivion, but we know this, that the spirit of Jesus was the spirit of his race, and the spirit of his race was a religion which made them scorn death.

Rome crucified Christ and burned Jerusalem, but it never broke the proud spirit of the Jew.

There are times when religion calls us to love and forgiveness. There are other times when religion breathes the spirit of war. Religion never asked a man to submit to evil when submission was cowardice.

Let us be careful how we use religion, for it may be used either for good or for evil. Let us be heedful that we do not take its name in vain, for if we take its name in vain it will crush us as it has crushed others who have trifled with its sacred power.

E. H. J.

## CHRISTIAN MORALITY.

"Hundreds of thousands of the best women in this Christian country to-day are homeless, leading a life of shame."

In the sensual glamour of night,
Lies the weariless heart of the square;
Where the demi-mondaine seeks the light,
To reflect its false glitter and glare.
When the passionate fire of wounded desire,
Is flashed from her eyes and her hair.

To the guarded, or tenderly loved,
Who might tremble in tears at her name;
(Assured by a Priest—he had proved,
The sister who "fell" was to blame),
None spoke of the brother, that loved such another,
Full-blooded, and wrapt in her shame.

Dear slave in a prodigal land;
Sweet woman withal; thou has carried
Thy burden at virtue's command—
Paid toll for the rich, snugly married—
Thou Christian Divine's Black Seal on the Wine!
Good Saints! And for this have you tarried?

Yet, to love and be loved thou wert born;
What is evil was brought unto thee;
Loving woman outcast and forlorn,
Outlaw'd by religious decree!
But in its beginning, Heav'n judged not her sinning,
For to "sin" she has only been free!

Where the throb of the city's grim life,
Meets the pulse of its river of stress;
In the eddying whirl of its strife,
In the midst of its rank bitterness,
She sends back a ray to the heart of her prey,
Illum'd by her secret caress.

A. S. V.

## THE GUERNSEY MARKET SCHEME.

### ITS PRACTICAL VALUE.

Nearly 80 years ago, as many of our readers will be aware, the States of Guernsey had a meat market built: and they paid the contractor with 4,000 specially prepared £1 notes. Which notes then circulated in the island as money until redeemed by means of the meat market rents.

I believe it to be quite feasible for such a scheme to be carried out under present economic conditions here in Victoria, and I will give you my reasons.

Owing to the valueless composition of paper money, the sound issue of it has very definite limits; as is the case with that of token money. The limits of paper are defined by what amount of real money would, in the paper's absence, be constantly employed locally; and the amount of paper which may be safely issued must be small enough to keep clear of these necessary limits.

"The law of paper money is that the issue of paper money must not exceed the amount of gold that would circulate if there were no paper money" ("The Student's Marx" p. 28). The Guernsey scheme was a perfect success because, for one reason, it did not break the law of paper money, and the total paper money in circulation did not exceed the amount of real money which, in the absence of the paper money, would naturally have been circulating.

Now, leaving out of consideration both the rapidity of circulation and varying values, what could determine the amount of gold which would have been otherwise naturally circulating? Only one thing: the quantity of work ready and waiting to be done by it. What work? Exchange work; that work which always needs an exchange medium; the work of direct and indirect exchanging. Exchanging what? Exchanging commodities; exchanging things which people possess but effectively wish to part with, in indirect exchange for some other things actually useful to them, or in direct exchange for

the realisation of exchange value. If the people have a certain quantity of wealth which they thus wish to exchange, that amount of money necessary to effect such exchange is the amount which would naturally function.

Suppose, now, this amount to be, at one time, £50,000. Such a sum would be the total amount of necessary media; but it does not follow that £50,000 worth of paper could be successfully issued, because the necessary media of one time will be more than enough at another time, and because the acceptance of paper money is limited to the one community—much more narrowly even than is the case with representative money, such as our silver and copper.

The quantity of exchange work to do may, and does, vary; and the necessary media for one day or month may be, and is, too much for another day or month. The quantity of work being variable, the amount of currency is itself elastic; for the variation naturally causes the occasional withdrawal of some exchange medium from the local market, to function as a commodity or, perhaps, to go to foreign markets. But the only medium which can be withdrawn in these ways is that medium with real value embodied in it, viz., gold. It is only real money, or gold, which can be withdrawn from local circulation and transferred into other usefulness.

Gold may be used either as exchange medium or as material in manufacture. Not so with paper, of course; this is of no intrinsic value—it could not be turned into commodities, nor could it function extraneously as international money.

The possible degree, then, to which paper money may be safely issued for any period depends upon the possible degree to which real money might otherwise be constantly employed locally in that period. And this degree, in turn, depends upon the quantity of exchanges effectively demanded—in other words, upon the constant effective supply and demand of commodities on the market. Failing the presence of exchangeable commodities, exchange medium is necessarily superfluous, and, as such medium, absolutely useless. Necessarily and always, commodities actually on the market are exactly what call into use all media of exchange.

The Guernsey scheme was a success because, for one reason, the amount of circulating paper, including that which the scheme occasioned, did not exceed the amount required by the quantity of exchangeable wealth actually and continually on the local market.

But there is another consideration. The repayment of the loan (which the scheme really was, and which the paper issue vouched for) was amply guaranteed by the public assets of the island (precisely as the repayment of a regular loan would have been guaranteed). Which assets, I may mention, were about 1,000 times as much as the loan.

The Guernsey authorities actually borrowed all the tools and materials and all the cost of the labour power which were used in

the contract, together with all the incidental profits, from the people who furnished these things. And, of course, they borrowed them without incurring any interest charges. They were able to do this borrowing because, with their notes, the lenders could themselves freely borrow (in their apparent buying) on account of the general confidence in the repayment. It would have been a very different thing, however, if, instead of £4,000, the loan had been £5,000,000—i.e., a million more than the security.

If a medium of exchange be needed at any time, there is no difficulty in obtaining it; the trouble of markets can only be about the existence of something exchangeable. As with any other body, if a public body have wealth to exchange, of course it may exchange this wealth if only it can also meet with the necessary counter exchanges on the market. Again, if it have no wealth which it wishes to exchange but yet it have wealth which it may and will compromise, then, as a sort of mortgagee, of course it may enter the market.

This is exactly what was done by the Guernsey authorities, with the difference that they did not pay any interest on the mortgage.

Since such a paper issue as the Guernsey market notes is only secured in the same way as are all sound loans, there is no sound reason why a public body should not borrow from the people by means of such notes, without interest, in preference to borrowing elsewhere, at interest.

If we regard public authorities as representatives of the people (and such representation ought not to be impossible), then such an arrangement as the Guernsey scheme simply means that the people as a body borrow from the people as individuals—in a sense, the people really borrow, through these representatives, from themselves. And this is the true explanation of why in such cases there is no interest to pay.

If, on one hand, some public work be needed, and, on the other hand, individuals have the necessary tools and materials, and the necessary labour, maintenance, etc., to sell, these two facts will mean a scope for the use of money. And if the authorities control some real wealth upon which they may guarantee the discharge or repayment of paper money, then such paper money may be issued, within the commercial limits I have mentioned, with perfect safety.

The due regard of these conditions was what made the Guernsey scheme an unqualified success. And the mere safeguarding of these conditions will ensure success to any similar schemes elsewhere.—W. H. Emmett in the "Socialist" (Melbourne).

## PATRIOTISM, MILITARISM AND SOCIAL-DEMOCRACY.

As a result of some recent speeches in the Reichstag, part of the Socialist press is again occupying itself a great deal with the question of patriotism and militarism. The declaration, given in the Reichstag, that against a foreign enemy who frivolously drew Germany into war, or sought to seize German territory, the Social-Democrats, as well as others, would be ready to fight, is alluded to as an awkward compromise with the way that foreign policy is at present managed; and the repudiation by the Socialist fraction in the Reichstag of the responsibility for comrade Karl Liebknecht's anti-militarist pamphlet has been blamed as unjustifiable, as siding against the necessary sharp opposition to militarism. It is said to be an offence against the international obligations of Social-Democracy. Especially the first-mentioned declaration is considered as calculated to increase the difficulty for Socialists of other lands to fight against their militarist opponents. As it is easy for a sly diplomacy to represent itself as the provoked party, this action actually gives the Governments a free hand to all sorts of warlike intrigues, thereby increasing the menace to peace.

It will be useful to take up our stand, in these columns also, towards these questions, the importance of which nobody can doubt. First of all, it must be pointed out that it is not the first time that questionable declarations have been given in the Reichstag. It is extremely unjust, if not worse, to pick out, as has been done in one quarter, the speech of the deputy Noske as containing greater concessions to militarism and nationalism than are to be found in the speeches of other representatives of the party in the Reichstag. Neither concerning militarism in general, nor in the question of home defence in particular, did Noske express any opinion that had not already been expressed by the first leaders of the party in a very decided manner. But the fact of these declarations not being new does not on that account place them beyond all criticism, and especially not beyond any re-examination. They were, indeed, formerly not quite unquestioned. Already in a

resolution presented by the Berlin branch of the party to the Wyden Congress in 1880, to pass a vote of want of confidence in the Reichstag-fraction, one of the reasons given for it was "Bebel's appeal to the patriotism of the members of the party, and his *expectation* that they too would certainly "drive the *enemies* out of the country." It is true that this resolution, which was unanimously rejected, originated with the supporters of Hasselmann, who tried to form a new group, splitting the party. But all the same the resolution found the support of comrades in Berlin who would have nothing to do with that attempt, and were only expressing their honest opinion.

It must also be admitted that at a time when Social-Democrats were subjected to an exceptional law which placed them under a ban, and which was enforced with the most uncompromising severity, it needed a very strong over-ruling of the first natural feeling to be able to reach the point of view on the war question which Bebel had expressed during the session of 1879-1880 in the Reichstag. Patriotism is, in modern States, not an inborn feeling as was the feeling of solidarity of the members of a tribe at an earlier stage of development. It is true that at all periods a certain feeling of belonging together has developed itself among troops—whether they consist of hirelings or even of soldiers who are forced to field service—which gives them moral unity and gives rise to many examples of self-sacrificing solidarity. But this feeling of solidarity is esprit de corps and not patriotism. Quite as little is the desire to protect hearth and home, town or district, against any intruder, to be compared to the patriotism which is expected in the modern States or empires. As these States have not developed organically, by means of natural growth, out of a tribe, but have been brought about by, or at least with the help of, force, sale, marriage, etc., as they had during many generations or even centuries, very little of the unity of an evolved organism, but only developed some of this later and very gradually, under the influence of economic changes, therefore, also among the mass of the people there could, for a long time, be no question of a national State-sentiment, which forms such a considerable element in modern patriotism. What is to-day, retrospectively, taken for it, was in reality, apart from ebullitions of local-patriotism, for the most part only that esprit de corps of serfs, or a reflected feeling resembling this in its nature. Up till a time which does not lie very far behind us the great mass of the governed people knew nothing of a State-national patriotism, or, at any rate, only through the medium of a thin upper strata of privileged classes, whose patriotism was often such as could easly be dissolved. Examples of this are to be found in the history of all countries, but in none in more abundance than in that of Germany.

Even in the eighteenth century Germany's great dramatic poet

Schiller felt this so strongly that in "The Maid of Orleans" he assigns the words:—

> "Unworthy is the nation who doth not
> Joyfully stake its all for its honour"

to Count Dunois, that is to a warrior who belonged to the high nobility, and on the other hand puts in the mouth of the peasant Thibaut the words:—

> "Let us in calm obedience wait
> Who war shall give us now to be our king,
> For what is battle's fortune but God's judgment?
> And he shall be our Lord who doth receive
> The holy olling and the crown at Reims."

That was the logic of an epoch in which whole countries were sold or given away as marriage dowries, and where the great mass of the people was without any voice in politics. And, indeed, the German people at the end of the eighteenth century knew as yet only an ethnological, but no State-national feeling, and, therefore, also no political-national patriotism. This did not come until the time of the reaction against the Napoleonic rule, when it seized wide circles of the population, and long continued to exist as basis of a political ideal compared to which the national State which was realised in 1870 to 1871 showed up very unfavourably. And if the man who allowed himself to be honoured as the creator of this national State could, already in the seventh year of its existence, place a considerable portion of the German people under the ban of an exceptional law, it proves to what extent he himself regarded this creation as a mechanical one, and not as a form which embraced the united organism of the whole German people. It was, therefore, no unnatural phenomenon, if, among the outlawed party, that feeling arose which, in the Old Testament, the representatives of the ten tribes rebelling against Rehoboam clothe in the words: "What portion have we in David? and we have none inheritance in the son of Jesse; every man to your tents, O Israel."

And yet Bebel was right and those who attacked him were in the wrong.

The fact of the modern national States or empires not having originated organically does not prevent their being organs of that great entity which we call civilised humanity, and which is much too extensive to be included in any single State. And, indeed, these organs are at present necessary and of great importance for human development. On this point Socialists can scarcely differ now. And it is not even to be regretted, from the Socialist point of view, that they are not characterised purely by their common descent. The purely ethnological national principle is reactionary in its results. Whatever else one may think about the race-problem, it is certain that the thought of a national division of man-

kind according to race is anything rather than a human ideal. The national quality is developing on the contrary more and more into a *sociological* function. But understood as such it is a *progressive* principle, and in this sense Socialism *can* and *must* be national. This is no contradiction of the cosmopolitan consciousness, but only its necessary completion. The world-citizenship, this glorious attainment of civilisation, would, if the relationship to national tasks and national duties were missing, become a flabby characterless parasitism. Even when we sing "Ubi bene, ibi patria,"* we still acknowledge a "patria," and, therefore, in accordance with the motto, "No rights without duties"; also duties towards her.

Now, one of the first duties towards a community is to stand up for its independence and inviolability. If this duty is not to be founded simply upon external force, it requires in return certain rights, the most elemental of which is Universal Suffrage. Where this does not exist in modern society, no true national feeling can develop or continue among the people, especially among the working class. Without universal† suffrage, the Social-Democracy in Germany would, as the workers' party, take up quite a different stand towards the State to that which, in fact and by general agreement, it does at present. When, in the year 1874, Julius Motteler, in a speech on the military budget, let fall the words: "We are not opponents of the Empire‡ as a national whole, uniting the different parts, but opponents of the Empire in so far as it represents certain institutions which oppress us," he was attacked sharply in an organ of the "Eisenacher" fraction of the Social-Democracy, the Dresden "Volksbote," for even this qualified acknowledgment of the Empire, and was excused by the official organ of the party, the "Volksstaat," in very much the same way that Noske is being excused by some of our papers to-day, when they write about his having made a mere oratorical slip.

The way the "Volksstaat" defended Motteler against misinterpretation of his speech was, in fact, equivalent to disapproval of the above words. To-day, on the contrary, the Social-Democracy is, and that unanimously, the most decided Imperial‡ party that Germany knows. No other party is so keen to make over more and more legislative authority to the Empire, and to widen its competence, as the Social-Democracy. Compared with it, even that once most energetic representative of the Imperial idea, the National-Liberal party, is particularistic. And if the Social-Democracy, as opposition party, now as ever refuses to vote for the

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* "Where it goes well with me, there is my country."

† Why does Bernstein say "universal," when he means "manhood"?

‡ "Reich" (empire) here used in contradistinction to the governments of the various German States.

complete budget, still it goes much further in the way of voting certain portions of it than in those days.

How has this happened? Well, this development gives an interesting example of Ignaz Auer's phrase, "Such a thing one does not *say*, such a thing one does not *decide*, such a thing one *does*." It has not been decided, it has not been proclaimed, but under the pressure of facts, in consequence of universal suffrage, it has moved step by step of itself. And because the Social-Democracy puts ever more forcible demands to the empire, because it helps to build out its legislation, to heighten its attainments, to increase the number of its officials, it is only logical if our representatives also declare their readiness to defend in case of need its independence and integrity against foreign force.

Austria shows the same picture. The Austrian Social-Democrats were at one time enemies of the empire to a much greater degree than their German comrades. In Germany the enmity towards the empire was for the most part only enmity towards the Government and some of the State imperial institutions. But in Austria it was a longing to get away from Austria altogether, out of the confusion of that patch-work State. This had changed even at the time of the former suffrage reform. The strength of the Social-Democracy to oppose a counter-weight to the centrifugal tendencies in the Hapsburg Empire, to neutralise them, became apparent. The "Arbeiterzeitung" was read in the Hoffburg, bourgeois Radicals scoffed at the party as "imperial Austrian Social-Democracy," and indeed in the "Arbeiterzeitung" the State-strengthening power of the working classes in Austria was strongly emphasised. This was still more the case in the struggle for the latest suffrage-reform which has now brought in universal suffrage, the first fruit of which has been a splendid victory for Social-Democracy and a crushing defeat for the anti-Austrian Pan-Germans. And it strikes one as rather strange when K. Kautsky writes in the "Leipziger Volkszeitung" of May 6 that the bourgeoisie, for fear of the revolution, allows "such antediluvian States as Austria and Turkey" to continue. If it be a historic crime to keep up Austria as a State, then the Austrian Social-Democracy has been guilty for years, and in a high degree, of this crime. But one can look at the thing in a different way.

In all countries where the working class has become influential it develops a new patriotism of its own. This patriotism cannot be that which seeks the ruling of nationalities by other nationalities, it can only be that of the equal democratic right of the nationalities. In so far as its realisation succeeds the so-called racial or, as I prefer to call it, ethnological nationalism—the tendency to erect new national States on the basis of language and descent—loses weight as against the sociological national idea. We have seen it in several old States of Western Europe, and see it again to-day

in Eastern Europe. But it is a phenomenon which we need not regret. For it promises to solve a series of problems which are ever becoming more threatening, not by altering the boundaries on the map of Europe, which under present circumstances could only be accomplished by means of bloody wars, but by altering the constitutions of those States which have become historical. It enables the working class to combine with its patriotism the most effectual peace policy that the world has ever known.

Are not these last remarks a contradiction of Bebel's and Noske's declarations? Not in the least. The opinion that the latter might increase the danger of war, rests on an erroneous idea of the weight of those factors which to-day play a part in the war question. One is apt to forget what an important factor in the calculations of the Cabinets, and especially of the military parties, is formed by the disposition of the populations with whom, in case of war, they would have to deal. The idea that in the country in question there exists a powerful party which is only waiting for war in order to make difficulties for its own Government, to set on foot a military strike and such-like, this idea may become the greatest menace to peace, by being a spur to adventurous politicians to work towards a war with that country. Our late comrade William Liebknecht, as well as the present writer, and other comrades, made their own observations on this point during the years of the anti-Socialist law, and became convinced of the necessity to destroy any illusions of the military politicians abroad regarding a possible furthering of their aims on the part of the Social-Democracy. To open the eyes of the foreign countries should be the first concern of an effectual peace policy. But the home Government knows very well that the declaration that the Social-Democrats would, in case of need, give their lives for the independence of Germany against a foreign power, is by no means a free pass for them to take war easily. No syllable in the speeches of Bebel or Noske points towards the Social-Democracy departing an inch from the duty of watching sharply over the home Government's foreign policy.

The anti-militaristic propaganda is quite another matter. It is just this that may, as is to be seen from the above, easily increase instead of diminishing the danger that it wishes to do away with. It is true, not every kind of anti-militarist propaganda is to be dispensed with. Militarism is a very ambiguous idea. If it means being ruled by the military or the formation of an army separated from the rest of the people by a specially dependant position, then the Social-Democracy has opposed it as long as it has existed and will continue to oppose it. It will oppose it and all that hangs together with it, as, for instance, those military institutions which date from feudal times, and the reflection of these institutions and their spirit in the public life of the

nation.* But if it means training the people to the use of arms and keeping the nation in the position for efficient self-defence, which, of course, includes the capability, in case of need, not only to drive the enemy out of the country, but to *keep* him out, then these are things whose necessity the Social-Democracy never questions, which, indeed, it advocates. A position which does not hamper the Social-Democracy in the fulfilment of international duties, but on the contrary, now, when the mutual dependence of the nations on every plane of social life is already to such a great degree a reality, and is developing to an ever greater extent—when an ever tightening net of economic relations of all kinds is being spread over the civilised world, and jurisprudence, science, art, social-policy are ever becoming more international—puts it in a position to be able to fulfil the international duties of a workers' party and a peace party with all the more energy. The more decidedly we determine to keep off trouble from our own country the more powerfully shall we be able to stand up also for the rights of others.

EDWARD BERNSTEIN,
In the "Sozialistische Monatshefte."

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* According to Karl Liebknecht I said in the Paris "Vie Socialiste" of June 5, 1905, that the present-day military institutions are "only an inheritance from the more or less feudal monarchy." I no longer have the journal, but think it impossible that I can have expressed myself in this way. As far as I remember I did indeed speak of military institutions which are only an inheritance, etc., but certainly did not assert that *all* military institutions are nothing but such an inheritance.

## ENGLAND AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

The following letter from Maxim Gorky appeared in "The Nation":—

SIR,—You ask for my opinion concerning the intended entente cordiale with Russia, and the desire of the Russian Government to borrow money in England; you also wish to know what I consider would be the effect of such an entente on civilisation in Russia.

I should like you to consider these questions from the point of view of men who are convinced that human reason will finally triumph over animal instinct, still far too powerful in contemporary European society. That point of view cannot surely be foreign and incomprehensible to England, a nation of an ancient civilisation, and to Englishmen so proud of their love of justice.

Conceive the following situation: You have a neighbour, the controller of a great undertaking and the head of a large family; but he is a degenerate, as egotistic as an animal, and equally ignorant of the very principles of justice. He is incapable of work, and is guided solely by the instinct of self-preservation. Apart from this instinct, he has neiher aim nor idea of duty. And, behold, his business is in disorder and on the verge of bankruptcy; every day he seems to be approaching nearer and nearer to ruin. He is a tyrant in his home, a cruel and sensually diseased man, hated by and repugnant to all. But a crowd of people spiritually alive and eager to adorn life with their creative work stands around him, and yet he is hindering them from living, and crushing their lawful desires by his blind despotism. Incapable of high aims, lost to all human feeling, he is still physically strong. The knowledge of his approaching annihilation is no secret to him; on the contrary, it arms him with the courage of despair. He has no scruples, and fights like a wild beast. He already shows, however, signs of weariness, and the end, which he has so well deserved, is drawing near.

And, lo! in this crisis, the man turns to you with a cry for

help. He hopes, with your aid, to bring a little order into his affairs, and to postpone the hour of his final destruction. He asks you for money, and offers any interest you demand, well knowing that it is not he who will be called upon to pay the debt.

Will you help such an odious individual, a man who sows cruelty and crime on earth; who oppresses all with his brutality, whose only desire is to prolong an irresponsible and infamous existence?

I cannot imagine any circumstance which would allow you to support a diseased tyrant in order that he may have further opportunities for oppressing the hundreds who depend upon him. The best thing that you could do for such a man would be to assist him to Bedlam, and the sooner the better. To preserve society from the madness of its abnormal members—this, I take it, is your duty.

The Russian Czars, from Paul onward, have, I think, been greater fanatics for power than any other individuals who have been destined by the "grace of God" to guide the fates of nations.

I would have you note, too, that the confidence of the Czars in their right to the throne has been shaken. As you know, Paul I., the ancestor of the present rulers of Russia, who was murdered by the nobles of his Court, was the son of an unknown father. That thought tormented him all his life, and finally drove him to madness. Alexander I. also suffered from the same doubt—whether he was entitled to his throne or not. In Nicholas I. that uncertainty found expression in the cruelty with which he crushed every movement against autocracy. These children of a father murdered by his nobles, could not but dread conspiracies, and that fear could not but be reflected in their mental attitude. The vacillation of Alexander II. between Liberalism and autocracy, I explain by that same doubt whether he were the Czar by right—by that same fear of losing his crown which dogged his father's footsteps. Alexander II. weakened his power by introducing village and municipal self-government; but he had hardly taken this step before he began to strengthen it again, so terrified was he at his own act.

Alexander III. was a limited being, but in his own way an intelligent degenerate who understood the task before him. During the whole of his reign he strengthened the autocratic power, but he failed to grasp the fact that this form of government had had its day, and that such a form was a hindrance to progress and hurtful to the Russian people. What are the years of his rule but the acts of a maniac for power against right and law and everything which we call civilisation?

And Nicholas II., who slavishly follows the hard, foolish, and pernicious policy of his father, is an individual with the evident marks of cruelty. This is patent from his declarations

concerning the numerous murders during his reign. Hysterical and feeble, his reign began with the catastrophe on the Chodinsky field; it continued with the incidents of January 9, with the Insurrection of Moscow, with the Field Courts-martial, and with numberless other acts contrary to civilisation, which have degraded society and destroyed thousands of Russians.

I am drawing your particular attention to the personal psychology of the last Romanoffs because, in my opinion, it plays a very prominent part in Russian history. The cruel obstinacy of Nicholas II and his struggle for power can only be explained in this way. And the contest is for ever driving him back into retrograde conservatism, in spite of the evident necessity for political freedom, for popular education on a broad and intelligent basis, so all-important for the spiritual and economic progress of Russia.

The position in Russia to-day is as follows: Your future ally, oh! you English, you who are so proud of your ancient civilisation. is drenched from head to foot in the blood of the Russian people, He is struggling with all his might, and without discrimination, to attain complete autocratic power, and to uphold a form of government which has clearly grown old. Spiritual and economic progress are at a standstill in the land. The autocratic form of government is only useful and convenient to the Czar, because it gives him unlimited power, and to the bureaucracy, because it enables them to rob without limit and without control.

The people have very little education, but they begin to understand the value of knowledge, and are greedy for it. The people are struggling for freedom to learn; the Czar for freedom to rule, and the bureaucracy for freedom to steal. The worn-out, the old, and the sick are contending with the young, who promise to invest their all in the peaceful treasury of mind and spirit. The struggle is of general European importance. If the Government temporarily conquers, a hearth will exist at your doors round which all sorts of catastrophes will gather, the moral influence of which will undoubtedly be hurtful to the development of civilisation in Europe.

Britons! you have a choice to make. Will you support the tyrant with his satellites and their anti-civilising plans, or will you support the growing young democracy, capable of life and rich in the strength of its spirit?

The struggle will undoubtedly last long, and will end either in the formation of a great Russian democracy, or in the complete ruin of Russia as a political entity. I am, of course, aware that the cause of the people will not be espoused; such a thing, it seems, has not yet occurred in history, and is not likely to occur. Indeed, Governments help each other to keep the people in subjection.

Has not even France, who has but lately emerged from her gigantic fight against autocracy, in the person of her bankers—her masters—stretched out her hand to aid the Russian Czar; and does she not thereby foster barbarism rather than civilisation? This is one of those acts which history will most assuredly condemn. And very probably you Englishmen will also contribute money to accommodate the Czar, and so uphold the hand of tyranny.

But right will triumph in the end. I myself believe in the victory of justice; I believe in the power of the Russian people; and Russia will, I think, either become the best democracy in Europe, or she will crumble and break in pieces, like unhappy Poland.

But I hear you exclaim: "You have your Duma; you have a constitution, and it is now surely possible to attain your ends by legitimate means."

It seems to me hardly worth while to talk seriously about this. In the first place, the Duma is crippled, impotent, and powerless, and will undoubtedly be soon dissolved. When the Emperor a few weeks ago received a deputation of the Black Hundred, he said to one of the delegates who had earned an unenviable reputation for himself on account of his indiscreet behaviour in the Duma: "I wish all the deputies in the Duma were like you."

And, again, no sooner had the Government, compelled by persistent demands of the more intelligent part of the population, decided to summon the Duma, than they immediately organised the less intelligent (those whom we call hooligans), and established the "Union of the Russian People," an organisation designed to fight against any limitation being set to the rights of the Czar.

Of the activity of the "Union of the Russian People" you have already heard through the murders of Herzenstein and others; and you will hear of other murders.

These facts give every unprejudiced man the right to accuse the Russian Government of artificially stirring up anarchy in order to defend its own position.

The psychological influence of these pogroms, planned as they have been by the Government, must react on the sensitive spirit of contemporary Europe, and must tend to degrade mankind. You have heard that not long ago five priests, members of the Duma, were ordered either to resign their position or to leave the party to which they belonged.

This fact demonstrates the views of the Government on the liberty of the individual. It is impossible to talk in the same breath of a constitution and of courts-martial, of special laws, of torture, and of the other numerous violations of law committed by the Government itself. How can all these things be reconciled?

No! do not let us talk about a Russian constitution. In this respect, even Persia seems to have anticipated Russia.

I would ask those Englishmen who are in favour of this alliance: With whom do you wish to make an alliance? There are two Russias. The one, the Emperor Nicholas, the bureaucracy, and the "Union of the Russian People"—some ten thousand of the lowest classes, led by evil and ruthless people; the other, about a hundred million Slavs, and about fifty millions belonging to the other nationalities which compose the Russian Empire. All this mass with one accord hates the Czar, and all those who are with him and those who are for him.

Which Russia do you consider to be the real Russia, capable of life, of work, and of that civilisation which you so love and cherish?

MAXIM GORKY.

May 30, 1907.

# THE REVIEWS.

## THE DISSOLUTION OF THE DUMA.

The "Fortnightly Review" has the following to say under the heading, "Foreign Affairs":—

In the course of Russian affairs since the Treaty of Portsmouth the unexpected has consistently happened, with an effect like the monotony of cheap epigram. We have been told by onlookers in St. Petersburg that many of the vehement orations which read as though they have been declaimed with furious voice and gesture, have been delivered in almost indifferent tones, with an air of physical lethargy. In the present phase of development it is the moment of inertia that may be relied upon to triumph in the long run. It is perhaps the most omnipotent as well as the most passive of all human influences, acting more and more upon the side of the autocracy. This explains, perhaps, the mood of obstinate impotence in which the first phase of the constitutional movement seems to have collapsed. In other countries revolutions and counter-revolutions in their critical moments are at least apt to be exciting. The dissolution of the second Duma was ignominiously dull, and for that very reason the anti-climax was as instructive in its opposite way as the fall of the Bastille. . . . . The intellectuals, who prided themselves with measureless self-confidence at the outset upon their superiority in mind and character, have been outwitted and outstayed at every point by the despised bureaucrats. . . . . The Constitutional Democrats, as the present writer has always held, committed a fatal mistake when they refused to join Count Witte at the outset in support of the Crown. That combination, if formed at the end of 1905, might have been strong enough to hold its own against reaction and revolution alike. With Count Witte's fall, amid Liberal rejoicings, the hopes of Liberalism disappeared. . . . . The first Duma

was dissolved, and in the face of this daring and almost sacrilegious stroke, as it was regarded by the ill-informed majority of Western sentimentalists, the world waited spellbound. The Constitutional Democrats instantly endeavoured to commit treason. By the Viborg Manifesto they urged the Russian people to furnish not a kopeck to the Treasury, nor a recruit to the army. Nothing happened. It was predicted that there would be an eruption of revolutionary strikes. Nothing happened. It was predicted, and even by the most expert observers, that when the harvest was gathered in there would at least be universal jacquerie, giving the signal for "red ruin and the breaking up of laws." Nothing happened. The army remained loyal. The coup d'état proved to be entirely successful. The despotism re-established was irritated, not tempered by murder. The vast bubble of pretensions blown by the rhetoricians had been burst by a pin-prick.

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La Duma est morte: Vive la Duma! The Prime Minister's phrase was an unnecessary epitaph and a luckless benediction. The first Duma had lasted about two months; the second has existed little more than three. The recent Assembly was expected to be more moderate and useful. It was at once more extreme, more hesitating, and, if anything, more impotent. Among about 500 members there appeared, indeed, a party which had not previously existed—a solid, reactionary block of 70 Royalists. Of the rest, half were revolutionary Socialists and members of the Group of Toil, parties, for all practical purposes, anti-monarchical. The Cadets and the Octobrists were a diminished Centre who proved to have forgotten nothing and to have learned little. They were doomed to destruction by their inability to adopt a decisive attitude, either for or against the Crown, and they have persisted in tactics which can only be described as irresolutely obstructive. Upon the Cadets the last hopes of the Parliamentary movement still rested. Unlike the German National Liberals of a generation ago, they would not recognise that speeches are not power. While wholly destitute of the solid backing in the country which could alone have enabled them to impose upon the Government a constructive policy of their own, they refused to provide M. Stolypin with a working majority. The second Duma was necessarily regarded at Peterhof with dislike and contempt from the outset, when the vast majority of the deputies, including the Constitutional Democrats, refused to rise in honour of the Czar. The session dragged on amid the increasing indifference of Russian public opinion and the growing hostility of the Court. The Centre became alarmed, consenting, after the plot against the Czar, to a nonimal condemnation of revolutionary crime, and occasionally extending to M. Stolypin a weak support. The country continued to seethe with outrage; the Budget was delayed; there was a dead-

lock on the supreme question of agrarian reforms. The unity of Russian administration was destroyed. While the Duma debated and impeded the autocracy found itself gradually, and almost insensibly, restored to the effective exercise of its old prerogative. There was a division of purpose, a certain divison of control, as between the Crown and the Chamber, but no real division of power. It was impossible that a situation of this kind could long continue. For weeks the deputies were amused while their fate was already sealed, and even the end of the existing electoral system had been finally determined at Peterhof. On Sunday, June 16, the second Duma was dissolved, not at the point of the bayonet, but by a notice in the newspapers. The dissolution was accompanied by a proclamation announcing the restoration of pure depotism.

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The pretext for the coup d'état was adroitly chosen. Proofs were discovered that some at least of the Socialist representatives were tampering with the allegiance of the army. M. Stolypin demanded that the whole Social-Democratic Party should be expelled from the House, and that permission should be given to arrest 16 of them. This request was made on Friday, June 14, and was clearly the equivalent of Charles the First's attempt to seize the five members. The unhappy Constitutional Democrats attempted, as usual, to evade responsibility by referring the matter to a committee. Their leader, Professor Miliukoff, declares that the report would have been ready on Monday, that it would have excluded the Socialist Party as a whole, and surrendered some of the deputies specially accused of treason. This course would have asserted the theory and sacrificed the substance of Parliamentary independence. The delay, however, gave the Czar and his trusted advisers the opportunity for which they manœuvered with consummate skill. Within a few hours the Duma had ceased to exist, the accused Socialist deputies were in the hands of the police, and throughout Russia there was not the faintest sign of political excitement. The army remains a stolid, and apparently willing instrument. A peasant rising is again prophesied by a people who, with far greater confidence, predicted a jacquerie last year. They point upon this occasion to the recent example of Roumania, and ignore two remarkable facts: first, that Parliamentary government at Bucharest has not solved the agrarian question; second, that the Roumanian jacquerie was swiftly suppressed.

The Imperial proclamation might have been summed up in a sentence: "The Czar hath given; the Czar hath taken away; blessed is the name of the Czar." The Government denounced the Duma as having been "an insurmountable obstacle" to fruitful labour, and continued in a passage which is worth quoting in full, as it undoubtedly represents the point of view at Peterhof, with which Russia has now chiefly to reckon: "The Duma either did

not discuss at all the important measures drawn up by our Government, or delayed the discussion, or else rejected them, not recoiling even from the rejection of laws which punished the open support of crimes, and particularly the dissemination of trouble in the army. Having evaded the condemnation of assassins and acts of violence, the Duma did not lend its moral support to the Government in the restoration of order, and Russia continues to suffer the shame of an epoch of crimes and disasters." Having justified the dissolution, in these calculated, but not insincere words, the proclamation went on to declare in effect that the autocracy resumes once more the full and sole responsibility for the Government of the State. Though another Duma may meet upon another basis, it will be tolerated only if it advises the Czar as the Czar wishes to be advised. "It is only to the power which gave the first electoral law—the historic power of the Emperor of Russia, that the right belongs of abrogating that law and replacing it by a new one."

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The Czar proceeds to sweep away every constitutional guarantee conceded by the October manifesto, and to deal with the deputies and constituencies as Peter the Great himself might have dealt with tchinoviks and their offices. Under the new electoral law the total number of seats is reduced from 524 to 442. Four-fifths of these constituencies are thrown, under the narrow franchise, into the absolute control of the landowners. "In other words," says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Times," "130,000 privileged electors, the majority of whom are retrograde, will return about 400 out of 442 members of the third Duma," which is summoned to meet on November 14. This alone would insure an immense Loyalist and Conservative majority. Many of the cities lose their separate representation and are merged in the rural divisions. Under this system the Cadets and Octobrists, who have so fatally misused their opportunities, will be wiped out. The intelligenzia will be fortunate if a forlorn half-score of them are returned by the larger cities. The Social-Democrats are, of course, annihilated, and their existence is henceforth illegal. The Group of Toil is swept away by an ingenious device. Not only is the franchise restricted, but peasant voters are not allowed to elect peasant deputies. No mujik will be returned to the next Duma unless chosen by the landlords. Finally, there is a more significant change still. In the last Duma, the Poles, forming a compact body of nearly fifty members, more adroitly led than any other section of the House, repeatedly held the balance of power. The Czar's proclamation expressly condemns that condition of things, and decrees that the unorthodox races shall henceforth be under-represented or non-represented. "The Duma, summoned to strengthen the Russian State, ought to be Russian in spirit. The

other nationalities forming part of our Empire ought to have representatives in the Duma, but they ought not to appear, and shall not appear, in numbers which make it possible for them to be the arbiters on questions which are purely Russian."

## DISCONTENT IN INDIA.

Mr. S. M. Mitra writes on the above in this month's "Nineteenth Century and After." He begins with the following lines from Sadi:—

> The people are the roots, the king the tree,
> As are the roots, so strong the tree will be."

He then goes on to say:—

It must be acknowledged that there is unrest in India. Perhaps the British public would like to know the views of a Hindu, a British subject, who has spent the best part of his life in a native State in India, upon the present discontent. My views are those of an Indian who is acquainted with the administration both of British India and native India. From the Indian point of view, therefore, I propose (1) to examine the causes of the present unrest, (2) to point out some mistakes in the past, (3) to offer some suggestions for the future.

I am afraid that there is no denying the fact that, in spite of the last 150 years of British administration, there is still a great gulf between the East and the West: I should not like to call this by the hard name of racial animosity, but the manners and customs of the two races being so different, the Indian finds it difficult to accommodate himself to English ways; he may admire the excellent work done by Englishmen, but he does not like the way in which it is done; he appreciates the "pax Britannica" and has no substitute to offer for it. The Indians are a sensitive people, and they take offence at things which were never meant to offend them; executive measures of the Government are, through the methods of their application, felt to be irksome; there is a general wish that more attention were paid to Oriental prejudices.

"The Indian is essentially the caste man, the Saxon is characteristically the no-caste man, and it is difficult to produce a mutual understanding. Just as in England the people are too democratic for the Government, in India the Government is too democratic for the people." (Sir Charles Dilke, in "Greater Britain," vol. ii., p. 16.) The English have been in India over three centuries. The keen observer may always notice that anything like permanent influence has been exercised by India on Englishmen and not by Englishmen on India. Notwithstanding Christian missionary enterprise, England has so far failed in

removing the aloofness of the Indian mind. Even to-day, not only the masses in India, but the educated classes, are separated by a gulf of thought aud aspiration. Even the Indian convert to Christianity remains an Indian at heart, though he may himself be unconscious of the fact. Bengal's greatest poet, Michael M. Dutt, though a Christian, with an English wife, breathed Hinduism in every line of his works. . . . . The Hindu and the Mohammedan may occasionally have differences among themselves, but against the English they are generally drawn together by—call it Asiatic comity or anti-English feeling.

M. Darmesteter was, perhaps, the keenest observer among foreign writers on India. He wrote that the English in India are unable "to enter into the heart of these vast multitudes, so gentle, so weak, so ready to open and to give themselves if only one could speak with them." Without true sympathy inferiority cannot pardon the superior strength of "silent, haughty, but conscientious masters." Sir John Strachey admits that "the ordinary Englishman is too rough, and vigorous, and straightforward to be a very agreeable person to a majority of the natives in India." To the Oriental mind roughness counteracts the good effect produced by straightforwardness. The main point is that there is a sort of racial dislike, or whatever it may be called, always ready for the agitator to work upon. The Indian National Congress, though it has failed to attract the Mohammedan, has worked upon this feeling with some success. . . . .

The Government of India's recent resolution empowering the various Provincial Governments to institute prosecutions in all cases of wilful infringement of press laws raises an important question. The majority of the offenders, no doubt, are, and will be, the publishers of vernacular papers, as was the case in the press prosecutions that followed the murders of Lieutenant Ayerst and Mr. Rand ten years ago. Who will pay the expenses of these prosecutions? The Government, of course. In other words, the taxpayers of the country, the majority of them—the masses—being quite illiterate, who derive no direct or indirect benefit from any newspapers, will have to pay the cost. Owing to the disturbances created by the preaching of the vernacular press, the Government have been put to the expense of employing extra police, and the military authorities may be perfectly justified in asking for extra regiments to keep the peace of the vast continent of India. Who again pays the cost? Surely the dumb millions.

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From the Oriental point of view, the English seldom know when and how to yield, or when and how to enforce. In Bengal, when the rabid extremists were openly preaching "bahiskaran" —(expulsion of the English)—the laws were despoiled of all their respected and salutary terrors. The inaction of the Government was a subject of ridicule in the bazaars of Upper India.

Mr. B. G. Telak, a Congress leader, said the other day: "We shall not give the Government assistance to collect revenue or keep peace. . . . . We shall not assist them in carrying on the administration of justice. We shall have our own courts, and if the time comes, we shall not pay any taxes."

What effect will such utterances have upon the native army, which is recruited from among the most ignorant masses of India?

## MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP IN PARIS.

John Joseph Conway, M.A., contributes a very instructive article to the current "World's Work" dealing with "Municipal Ownership in Paris." He says:—

The idea of limiting private power and the excessive accumulation of capital by substituting the community for the individual takes on some curious phases as it progresses throughout Europe. In many places it is mingled with the business sense—that is, the community takes over the public services because it can make money out of them. In Paris it is illuminated—some will say clogged—by a kind of humanitarianism.

### The Spoke in the Wheel.

The struggle is acute now, because Paris, as a dear-bought fruitage of the Commune, is not free to manage its own affairs; the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate must needs interfere. The Prefect of the Department of the Seine, of which Paris is by far the largest part, has also much to say in municipal matters, and as direct representative of the Minister of the Interior his jurisdiction is supreme within certain limits. Convention, custom, and the modern conservatism of the French people also help to block the way to change.

The Empire was all for the private ownership of public utilities, and for this reason it tied up all the services of Paris with long-termed franchises favourable to the companies. But the Empire is dead these 36 years, and the franchises it granted are expiring upon its forgotten grave. Hence the present struggle over their renewal or their transfer to the municipality. The city of Paris would end it if it could, but the Senate, like the Upper House in all countries, is hostile to innovations. Yet plans have been matured, and are being worked out, that will not only reproduce in Paris the municipal trading enterprise of the London County Council, but will go somewhat beyond them.

The 2,714,000 people of Paris are governed, when the national legislation keeps its hands off, by a Municipal Council of 80 members, four from each of the 20 wards, or arrondissements, of

the city. There is no "Lord Mayor of Paris," as of London, but a mayor for each ward. A clear majority of the Council is committed to carry out, as far as possible, a vast programme of municipal works, among the most important departments being the care of the unemployed; the development of Assistance Publique; the building of cheap and healthy dwellings for the poor; the feeding and clothing of poor children for school; the municipal ownership and operation of all the gas and electric light supplies, street cars, omnibuses, motor-lines, steamers on the Seine, and of the system of the metropolitan or underground ruilways; the building of public baths, and of instructive museums of hygiene.

The members of the Council are divided into the following groups:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Socialists ... ... ... ... ... | 19 |
| Radical-Socialists ... ... ... ... | 26 |
| Nationalists and Conservatives ... ... | 25 |

As for all practical purposes the Socialists and Radical-Socialists go together, what is called the Republican Party has a good working majority.

### Caring for the Sick.

. . . . There are some 21 hospitals in Paris, the chief being the Hotel Dieu, founded by Clovis II. in 660; La Pitie, near the Jardin des Plantes; the Charity Hospital, in the Rue Jacob; and the military hospital of Val de Grace. The Hotel Dieu is the oldest hospital and the Salpêtrière is the largest asylum in the world.

The city employs an army of 6,000 workers in the hospitals, insane asylums, poor-houses, homes for the aged, and kindred institutions for the sick and poor. These employees are given life positions, and receive old age pensions.

In 1904 a loan of 45,000,000 francs was issued for the purpose of extending, repairing, and rebuilding 29 of these establishments.

Besides the help given in hospitals and asylums, the poor and needy and sick are aided by the Assistance Publique in their homes. Thus, for example, medicine is furnished free. This item alone amounts annually to from 300,000 to 350,000 francs.

One can form an idea of the beneficence of the Assistance Publique from the fact that every year it provides 15,000 free beds in hospitals and 15,000 more in asylums. Its great maternity hospitals care for both mothers and children, asks no questions, pries into no unfortunate secrets, but merely helps and gives the sisterly hand.

It also hires experienced midwives for poor women in their homes, pays for the bringing up of thousands of children, an

expends 15,000,000 francs a year in outdoor relief. It is part of the Municipal Council's plan to extend the operations of the Assistance Publique, and incidentally to those odd little societies that exist in many arrondissements to help poor girls to get their wedding trousseaux, and to help poor mothers after childbirth.

### Employers' Liability.

The Assistance Publique has a rule enabling it to exact from employers 5 francs a day for each victim of labour—that is, for every labourer who meets with a serious accident, either employer or an accident insurance society being held responsible for this amount.

The poor tax, raised on amusement receipts, e.g., theatres, concerts, exhibitions, races, etc., reaches an annual figure of 4,000,000 francs, while the total yearly cost of the whole service of the Assistance Publique amounts to 50,000,000 francs.

The City Council does much towards developing this admirable institution, which, I believe, has no parrallel in the world.

### Housing the Poor.

The movement for providing cheap and healthy dwellings for the poor, though hampered by officialism, is making noteworthy progress. Cheap and hygienic houses, which must be approved by the Minister of Labour, are built by building societies, and money for the purpose can be borrowed from the State savings banks at 3 per cent. The annual rental in Paris must not exceed 550 francs, while in remote hamlets it sinks as low as 140 francs. Needless to say, the societies, of which there are about 40 in Paris and its environs, are under State control. . . . .

### Education.

The Municipal Council has done a great deal for schools, and the Ecoles Maternelles are known all the world over. They are especially designed for the poorer quarters, and young mothers obliged to go out to work leave their children—aged two to six—in these schools during the day.

There is also a system of free public night schools, under which books and stationery are furnished free. The city gives a luncheon to all day-scholars; this consists of soup, meat, and vegetables, cooked in school kitchens. Children who can easily afford it pay; the poor pay nothing; but the system of checks used renders it impossible to differentiate between the two classes. The city also provides shoes and clothing for those children whose parents are unable to buy them, and gives excursions to poor children during

the summer vacation. They are taken to the seaside, to the country, and even to Switzerland. The outing varies from a few days to a month, according to individual requirements.

### A Comparison.

No child in Paris need stay away from school for lack of food or clothing. When studying this subject I read in a London paper of a widow with nine children who had been brought before the magistrate, charged with allowing two of the children to make only 54 out of a possible 68 day-school attendances. The widow explained that she was very poor, and that the children had been absent from school trying to earn money for food. The magistrate fined the poor woman nine shillings! She groaned aloud, and said she could not pay that sum. The School Board officer who brought the summons told his Worship it would be useless to issue an execution against the widow's property, because he had visited the one room in which she lived, and there was not nine shillings' worth in it.

The learned magistrate gave her *one week* in which to find the money, in default of which she would go to prison. What the nine children would do in the meantime no one explained.

. . . . .

### Electrification of Paris.

Like the gas, the electric light service of the city will also be exploited by a company under a lease contract. . . . .

### Cheap Travel.

The six trunk lines of the Métropolitan, or Paris undeground Electric Railways, have been, or are being, constructed by the city. This refers particularly to the tunnels, etc. The superstructures and outside stations have been built by the General Electric Traction Company, to which the city has granted the right of working the underground. The concession or franchise is for 35 years, at the expiration of which the city becomes sole owner without payment.

. . .

Though two private companies are now building two lines, one from the historic Montmartre to the Montparnasse, the city's paternal control is notable. The company building the Montparnasse line does so at an expense of 30,000,000 francs. In return it will pay the city 1 centime on every ticket sold for the first 30,000,000, and a little more for tickets in excess of this amount. The operation of all lines is controlled by the city, and all lines,

whether constructed by the city or the franchise holders, with the whole plant, revert to the city at the expiration of the contracts.

### Trams and Omnibuses.

The street car lines will be captured without much trouble. The Empire gave 70 years' franchises to the companies, The Republic cut the term down to 30 years, but both will soon expire, and the Senate, for an excellent reason, will have nothing to say in the matter. The franchises explicitly provide for turning over the lines to the city as soon as the terms of the grants shall lapse. Not only the lines, but all the immoveable possessions of the companies—plants, power-houses, stationary engines, installations, poles, wires, office-buildings, stations and waiting-rooms, become city property without legislation and without expense.

The same conditions affect the franchises of the omnibus lines, which expire in six years. A sore point with the Parisians is that the omnibus companies have not in 27 years paid a penny to the city treasury. The wise statesmen of the Empire put into the franchise an arrangement that the companies should divide with the city all their annual profits exceeding 75 francs a share of 500 francs. The companies have not made 75 francs per share in any year since 1878, and the city has had nothing. The ordinary omnibus fare (outside) is 15 centimes. When the city acquires the lines it will reduce the fare.

### On the Seine.

The Seine boats will be municipalised about the same time. The steamboat fares are now 10 centimes. If the Paris Council can reduce these trifling rates and avoid a loss on the boats, it will be the world's wonder among municipal managers. The London County Council has been unable to make the Thames steamers pay at a fare, generally speaking, twice as high.

### Other Activities.

The municipalisation of the undertaker's business, a suggestion at first sight grotesque and incongruous, would probably be a boon to the poor people of Paris, who must now pay exorbitant prices for the solemn ceremonials of a French funeral. The Council has this under consideration.

It has also assumed the strict inspection and regulation of all slaughter-houses. The inspection of all food offered for sale in the city is now, under the Council's direction, carried out in fact and not merely in theory.

To help the world's war against tuberculosis, the Council has established special free dispensaries for consumptive patients. It

has made a special study of all the unfortunate classes in Paris, with a view to ameliorating their condition, including, with a noble generosity, even the lowest and most sadly fallen.

### Raising of Wages.

It is also concerning itself about the low wages of many classes of workers in Paris. Here are some typical instances of the wages paid:—

| | Francs. |
|---|---|
| Chambermaid, per month ... ... ... | 20 to 25 |
| Coachmen, in the city (living out), per month | 200 „ 250 |
| Coachmen, in the country parts (living in), per month ... ... ... ... ... | 35 „ 40 |
| Dairymaid, with board, per month ... ... | 28 „ 25 |
| Newspaper compositors, per week ... ... | 50 „ 60 |
| Job printers, per week ... ... ... ... | 35 „ 40 |
| Pressmen, „ „ ... ... ... ... | 35 „ 40 |
| Helpers, „ „ ... ... ... ... | 18 „ 20 |
| Bookbinders, „ „ ... ... ... ... | 39 „ 40 |
| Workers in breweries— | |
| Men, per week of 60 hours ... ... | 32 „ 35 |
| Women, „ „ „ ... ... | 22 „ 25 |
| Factory spinners, per week of 72 hours ... | 32 „ 35 |
| Women wool-carders, per week of 72 hours | 15 „ 17 |
| Children, per week of 72 hours ... ... | 7 „ 10 |
| Weavers, „ „ „ ... ... | 27 „ 30 |
| Mechanics, carpenters and railway engineers (not Government), per week of 72 hours | 30 „ 40 |
| Engineers and conductors (Government), per month ... ... ... ... ... | — 125 |
| Firemen (Government), per month ... ... | — 110 |
| Brakemen, baggage-masters and porters, per month ... ... ... ... ... | — 100 |

So far the Council's only remedy for low wages has been to encourage benevolent societies among the workers.

### The Personnel of the Movement.

The leaders of the public ownership movement are nearly all well-known Socialists. I mention M. Millerand first, not because he is the most active, but because he was the first Socialist to accept office, and is a man of great ability and of little noise. He accepted the portfolio of Minister of Commerce in the Waldeck-Rousseau or coalition Ministry, which supervised the Dreyfus trial at Rennes. Jean Jaurès is probably the best-known advocate of public ownership in the world. He is the leader of the independent Socialists in the Chamber of Deputies, and the most eloquent

man in the House. Then there is M. Vaillant, the leader of the revolutionary Socialists, as contradistinguished from the evolutionary Socialists. . . . . They use the word citizen when addressing one another, and are opposed to charity, patriotism and armies. . . . . M. Guesde is a powerful advocate of Socialism, does not always agree with Jaurès, and is leader of the Parti Ouvrier Français. M. Allemand is likewise a strong man, being the head of the Parti Ouvrier Socialiste Revolutionnaire. Then there is M. Brousse, the leader of the Federation of Socialist Workmen.

"He listened to the workmen's footfalls. The solitary sound and steady motion of their feet were eloquent of early morning in a city, not less than the changes of light in heaven above the roofs. With the golden light came numbers, workmen still. Their tread on the stones roused some of his working thoughts, like an old tune in his head, and he watched the scattered files passing on, disciplined by their daily necessities, easily manageable if their necessities are but justly considered. These numbers are the brute force of earth, which must have the earth in time, as they had it in the dawn of our world, and then they entered into bondage for not knowing how to use it. They will have it again: they have it partially, at times, in the despot, who is only the reflex of their brute force, and can give them only a shadow of their claim. They will have it all, when they have illumination to see and trust to the leadership of a greater force than they—in force of brain, in the spiritual force of ideas; ideas founded on justice; and not the justice of these days of the governing few whose wits are bent to steady our column of civilised humanity by a combination of props and jugglers' arts, but a justice coming of the recognised needs of majorities, which will base the column on a broad plinth for safety —broad as the base of yonder mountain's towering white immensity—and will be the guarantee for the solid uplifting of our civilisation at last."—GEORGE MEREDITH in the "Tragic Comedians."

# INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

## A NEW SORT OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The Socialists have inaugurated a new series of lessons, in which hymns are sung and maxims inculcated which have no reference to anything excepting the blessings and liberties of the present life. This barren positivism is particularly chilling and repulsive to Christian teachers of all denominations, and yet the initiation of young minds into the mysteries of transcendentalism remains a problem of the deepest importance. Many people will revolt from any revolutionary action in this matter. The old Christian Sunday-school remains, and will remain, the religious seminary of this country. It is, however, only fair to hear what other people who are opposed to Christian Sunday-schools have to say on the other side.

The mind of the child has been more thoroughly explored by physiologists and psychologists during the last two decades than ever before in the history of human education. The results arrived at must be looked upon not only as scientific, but as of high importance at this time, when the religious education of children is being taken out of the hands of Christian teachers in such a country as France, for instance, and an Education Bill has just convulsed the political and religious circles of Great Britain, and has been dropped because inadequate to the solution of the religious problem. We find in current literature and in the newspaper press and the great monthly reviews a tendency to minimise the necessity of religious teaching for children. Instruction that is so rigorous and severe as to make the Bible and the catechism distasteful has caused a reaction that has driven some minds to an opposite extreme. One remarkable article by Mr. Havelock Ellis, published

in the "Nineteenth Century and After" (London), not only contains arguments against the religious instruction of children, but proposes a programme of teaching to replace religion. Mr. Ellis thinks that all children on reaching adolescence reject the mental pabulum of early years, just as they abandon a milk diet. They are apt therefore to turn with distaste from the religious doctrines which have been forced upon their immature minds. In fact, he thinks, religion has been made a dreary task to most children, and they prefer any lesson to the religious lesson.

Children are, after all, he goes on to say, merely savages as regards the rudimentary character of their mental processes and conceptions. It is therefore proper to give them only such teaching with regard to supernatural and transcendental things as primitive mankind evolved and fed upon. Fairy-tale and myth form the best foundation for the religious superstructure which only adult minds are capable of rearing. "The child's restless, inquisitive, imaginative brain" is not, however, "to be left without food during all these early years." He is to be taught on the principle that "the savage sees the world almost exactly as the civilised child sees it." Hence the mind of childhood is best nourished on "the myths and legends of primitive peoples" and on fairy-tales. To quote Mr. Ellis's own words:

"Fairy-tales are but the final and transformed versions of primitive myths, creative legends, stories of old gods. In purer and less transformed versions the myths and legends of primitive peoples are often scarcely less adapted to the child's mind. Julia Gayley argues that the legends of early Greek civilisation, the most perfect of all dreams, should above all be revealed to children. The early traditions of the East and of America yield material that is scarcely less fitted for the child's imaginative uses. Portions of the Bible, specially of Genesis, are in the strict sense fairy-tales; that is legends of early gods and their deeds which have become stories. In the opinion of many, these portions of the Bible may suitably be given to children."

A Bible for childhood would comprise a collection of these ancient stories, "a collection of books as various in origin and nature as are the books of the Hebraic-Christian Bible." This would supplant the "thin and frothy literature" at present provided for children—and would be a work "which, however fantastic and extravagant it might often be, would yet have sprung from the deepest instincts of the primitive soul, and furnish answers to the most insistent demands of primitive hearts. Such a book, even when finally dropt from the youth's or girl's hands, would still leave its vague perfume behind."

This teaching would properly be supplemented, remarks Mr. Ellis, by a knowledge "of flowers, plants, and, to some extent, of animals, objects which to the savage also are of absorbing interest."

The child should also be taught" the meaning and value of truth and honesty, of justice and pity, of kindness and courtesy."—"Literary Digest" (New York).

## FAILURE OF FEMINISM IN FRANCE.

There are no suffragettes in France, and Frenchwomen are not worrying about the right to vote. This is acknowledged by French as well as by German writers. An example of German opinion on this matter appears in an article in "Der Continent" (Berlin), which discusses the question of woman's right to vote, or even to be voted for, in a parliamentary election, and the progress of feminism in France and Germany. The author is Kaethe Schirmacher, an eminent scholar and writer of Danzig, one of the founders of the German National Union for Female Suffrage. One principal obstacle in the way of woman's rights in France, she declares, is the traditional policy of the Church. Frenchwomen are themselves indifferent and will not join the International League for Female Suffrage. Among the bourgeois class especially there is much lukewarmness in the matter, and in some quarters profound aversion toward the idea of women casting a vote or accepting Parliamentary candidature. She thus summarises the results attained by the International League so far:—

"The political emancipation of woman is an accomplished fact in New Zealand and five out of the six Australian States, in four States of the American Union and in Finland. In Holland, in Hungary, and in Russia, where an extension of the suffrage is imminent, there is every reason to suppose that women will obtain electoral privileges; while in Switzerland, Norway, Germany, and Canada women who pay taxes have a vote in the municipal elections. In all the countries I have mentioned there exists a national union, and all these unions are branches of the International League, over which an American lady, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, presides."

This political feminism does not flourish in France, although there are some sporadic efforts in its favour. Clerical influence casts a damper over such efforts. Miss Schirmacher remarks:

"French feminists have not yet advanced so far as to join the International League. The League, indeed, admits none but national societies, and there is no national feminist society in France. It would seem likely that such a body will soon be constituted, for there already exist several local feminist unions in the French

provinces. But the fact cannot be disguised that the feminist political movement has so far made but poor progress in France. Neither the Republicans nor the Socialists are particularly anxious to give the rights of the electorate to women, for fear that they will exercise them under Clerical influence."

Yet the majority of the press of France are not averse to giving women equal political rights with men, although the most influential journals and the Government organs are opposed to this development of feminism. To quote further :—

"The French press, especially that of the capital, is generally favourable to the political emancipation of women. The 'Libre Parole' stands in the front rank as a champion of Catholic feminism. The 'Eclair,' the 'Matin,' and others stand for republican feminism. But the 'Temps' and the 'Débats' have not yet been converted to this cause. In general, the bourgeois capitalist is indifferent or even hostile to the idea of female suffrage, while Socialists of all ranks and the labouring class are in favour of it."

The matter has been brought very much to the front by the Separation. Protestant Churches accepted the Act for associations of public worship, and in their national synod pronounced in favour of female suffrage. Women can now vote for representatives to the associations and to this synod ; women, that is, who contribute to the funds of the Church. "The Catholic Church," concludes Dr. Schirmacher, "rejects the associations of public worship, and does not even discuss the question of the feminine vote. Catholics in any case would certainly decide against it, in accordance with their immemorial tradition."—Translation made for the "Literary Digest" (New York).

## THE PIG IN GERMAN POLITICS.

A goose saved the Capitol of Rome, and the pig has been put forward by the German Chancellor and his adherents as likely to save the dwindling prosperity of the German peasant. Thus the pig is to play the same rôle in the Empire of the Kaiser as he is said once to have played in Ireland, where he was "the gintleman that paid the rint." Our interest in this is evident from the fact that we sell over $20,000,000 worth of lard, hams, bacon, and pork to Germany every year. The argument of the German Government is that by excluding foreign pork from Germany the price of that commodity will rise, and every peasant who keeps a pig will reap the benefit. Bebel and the Socialist workingmen who eat the pork and pay any advance in price naturally oppose

the Government's plan and would rather abolish the tariff that excludes foreign ham and bacon. The Conservatives advocate the Government's scheme of strictest protection, and have captured in the recent election the vote of the small landowner, the cottager, and agricultural labourer of the country. Such is the contention of Herman Linde, writing in "Die Neue Zeit," the Socialist weekly of Stuttgart. He declares:—

"The national pig, whose praises have been enthusiastically sung by the Imperial Chancellor and his friends, played an important part, during the last Reichstag elections, in support of the Liberal and Conservative bloc which was the mainstay of the Government. This is illustrated by the fact that a large number of agricultural labourers, cottage-holders, and small farmers believed they would derive great advantages from a rise in the price of pork and were strongly in favour of excluding the foreign product, of taxing foreign cattle imports, and all other measures which seemed likely to prevent a fall in the price of domestic pork. During the election canvass in the country electoral districts of the eastern provinces of the Empire the ears of Socialistic agitators were often assailed by the cry: 'You cursed Reds are trying to lower the price of pork, and thus ruin us country people. See that the price is kept up, or there will be trouble for you!' We may here declare without fear of contradiction that if we Social-Democrats, in our speeches and pamphlets, had promised the country people a rise in the price of pork, these rustic voters would have had their eyes open to the colonial swindle of the Government, and would have condoned the terrible hostility to religion so often charged to the Social-Democracy."

But this is what happened, says this writer. Every poor man kept a pig, which he fed with difficulty, and was often forced to sell before it was full-grown or fat, because he had no means of buying the increasing quantity of provender required to keep the animal in condition. The fall in price was profitable to the large landed proprietor who bought half-grown pigs by the hundred and was able to support them on the products of his property. Thus:

"The great landed proprietors and big farmers suffered nothing from the fall in prices. They could take their time and wait for a market, without selling their young and half-fattened swine for next to nothing. Feed did not cost them what it cost the small owner, who if his crops turned out insufficient had to buy his feed at a high price."

Even when prices were lowest, and pork had a fall of 30 per cent., the peasantry still relied upon the Government promises. To quote further:—

"The oversupply of half-reared pigs and the low price obtainable for them reached a climax just at the time of the elections in

December and January last, although pork was selling in the city at a high price which had never been reached before. But the small farmers were nevertheless unable to understand that low prices on their farms and high prices in the city were quite reconcilable phenomena under the circumstances. The city prices did them no good, and they were actually being ruined by the prices at which they were forced to sell their stock. And so it came to pass that the national pig still held its political place in swaying the votes at the Reichstag elections."

The Conservatives among the landed proprietors encouraged their labourers to keep pigs, and aided them in so doing. But they generally dictated the casting of their votes, besides buying up cheap their unripened pork. Mr. Linde concludes by remarking:—

"It was in this way that the national pig did the work imposed upon him by the ruling classes in influencing the ten thousand members of the country proletariat. He served, among other purposes, to mislead their reason and stultify their common sense. As an example of this we may note that in the Prussian Government settlements, where the population raise pigs and live in the most wretched destitution, almost every vote of the Reichstag elections was cast for the Conservatives, while the Social-Democrat canvassers could not appear there without peril of their life. The pig, who was so much belauded before the elections, has since then left his admirers in the lurch. The price of pork has sunk to an extraordinary degree and does not appear yet to have struck rock bottom, in spite of the fact that unnumbered Conservative votes were cast in the hope that prices would rise. It lies with the Social-Democrats now to make the best use of the present conditions of things to win adherence to their programme."—Translation made for the "Literary Digest" (New York).

# NOTRE DAME DE PARIS.

## Book I.—Chapter I.

Three hundred and forty eight years, six months, and nineteen days ago the Parisians were awakened by all the bells ringing in the city, the university, and the town.

History does not, however, record this date, January 6, 1482. There was nothing remarkable in the event which was thus exciting in the early morning the bells and the citizens of Paris. It was neither an assault of Picards or Burgundians, nor a relic carried in a solemn procession, nor a revolt of students, nor an entry of our Sovereign Lord the King, nor even a fine hanging of male and female thieves before the Court of Justice. Nor was it the arrival, so frequent in the fifteenth century, of some ornate and picturesque embassy. It was only about two days before that the last cavalcade of that kind, that of the Flemish Ambassadors who were negotiating the marriage between the Dauphin and Marguerite of Flanders, had made its entry into Paris, much to the annoyance of my Lord the Cardinal of Bourbon, who, in order to please the King, had had to receive well those rustic Flemish burgomasters, and entertain them in his mansion by having performed a fine morality play, while a drenching rain was spoiling the magnificent tapestry hung at his doors.

But on January 6 the populace of Paris, to use the words of the chronicler John of Troyes, was "full of emotion" on account of the double solemnity which from time immemorial was being celebrated, namely, the Epiphany and the feast of fools.

On that day there was to be a bonfire in the Place de Greve, the may-tree was to be planted before the Chapel of Braque, and there was to be a mystery play at the Palace of Justice. This had been announced by sound of trumpet at every street corner, by the men of the Provost, dressed in fine violet velvet coats with great white crosses on their breasts.

The crowd of citizens and their wives was flocking towards eac of the places mentioned, all the houses and shops having bee

shut. Some had decided to go to the bonfire, while others were going to see the may-tree or the mystery. It must be said that most of the loiterers were either going towards the bonfire, whose warmth would be grateful in the cold weather, or to the mystery, which was to be played in the large hall of the Palace, which was well covered in and shut, and that few ventured to go and look at the poor may-tree, shivering under a January sky in the cemetery of the Braque Chapel.

Some of the students were sitting on the window sills, but the hall was packed with men and women patiently waiting for the performance to begin.

"On my soul, it is your Joannes Frollo de Molendino," cried one of the students to a kind of young fair devil, with a pretty, malicious face. "You are well named John of the Mill, for your two arms and your two legs look like the four sails which are floating in the air. How long have you been here?"

"By the grace of the devil," replied Joannes Frollo, "quite four hours, and I hope that I shall get credit for them in purgatory. I have heard the eight chaplains of the King of Sicily intone the first verse at high mass this morning in the Sainte Chapelle."

"They are fine chaplains," replied the other, "and their voices are sharper than their caps. Before saying a mass in honour of my Lord St. John, the King ought to have found out if this saint likes to hear Latin pronounced with a provincial accent."

"It was to give some work to those cursed chaplains of the King of Sicily that he did this," cried out bitterly an old woman in the crowd at the foot of the window. "Just think of it, a thousand livres for a mass, and to be paid by those who sell fish from the sea at the market of Paris."

"Hold your tongue," said a fat and serious man, who was turning his nose away from the fishwife. "A mass had to be said. Would you have the King ill again?"

"Well said, Sir Gilles Lecorner, Master Furrier to the King," the scholar called out.

A burst of laughter from the students hailed the name of the master furrier.

"Lecorner! Gilles Lecorner!" some said.

"Cornutus et hirsutus," said the others.

"Well," said the student, "What are you laughing at? Gilles Lecorner is an honourable man. He is the brother of Master Jehan Lecorner, Provost of the King's Mansion, son of Master Mahlit Lecorner, First Porter in the Wood of Vincennes, and they are all citizens of Paris, and all married, from father to son."

They grew more lively. The fat master furrier did not say a word, and tried to hide himself from those looking at him from all sides; but he sweated and snorted in vain.

At last a short, fat man, as venerable as himself, came to help him.

"What a shame, students speaking like that to a burgher! In my time they would have been but worth a faggot, which would then have been used to burn them."

All the set burst out laughing.

"Who is making that noise? Who is that bird of ill omen?"

"I recognise him," said one, "it is Master Andry Musnier."

"Because he is one of the four sworn booksellers of the University," said the other.

"All goes by four in that shop," cried a third, "the four nations, the four faculties, the four festivals, the four prosecutors, the four electors, the four booksellers."

"Well," said Jehan Frollo, "we must make as much noise as four devils."

"Musnier, we will burn your books."

"Musnier, we will beat your servant."

"Musnier, we will tumble your wife."

"The nice, fat Mistress Oudarde."

"Who is as fresh and as lively as if she were a widow."

"The devil take you," muttered Andry Musnier.

"Master Andry," said Jehan, "hold your tongue, or I will fall on your head."

Master Andry looked up and kept quiet.

Jehan, master of the field, went on triumphantly:—

"I would do it, though my brother is an archdeacon."

"Our University men are a nice lot, and cannot even have our privileges respected on a day like this. There is a may-tree and a bonfire in the town, a mystery, pope of fools and Flemish ambassadors in the city, but nothing in the University."

"Yet the Place Maubert is big enough," said one of the clerks.

"Down with the rector, the electors, and the prosecutors," cried Joannes.

"We ought to make a bonfire this evening in the Champ Gaillard," said another, "with the books of Master Andry."

"And with the desks of the copyists," said his neighbour.

"And with the staves of the beadles!"

"And with the spittoons of the deans!"

"And with the cupboards of the prosecutors!"

"And with the bookcases of the electors!"

"And with the footstools of the rector!"

"Down," said little Jehan, in a strong voice, "down with Master Andry, the beadles and the copyists; down with the theologians, the doctors and the canonists; down with the prosecutors, the electors, and the rector!"

"It must be the end of the world," murmured Master Andry, stuffing his ears.

"By the way, there is the rector crossing the street," said one from the window.

All looked towards the window.

"Is it really our venerable rector, Master Thibaut?" said Jehan Frollo de Moulin, who could not see into the street.

"Yes, yes," answered the other, "it is he. Master Thibaut, the rector."

It was really the rector, and all the authorities of the University, who were solemnly going to meet the embassy, and were at that moment passing by the Palace. The students crowded to the window and greeted them sarcastically with ironical cheers as they went by. The rector, who was at the head of the procession, had a bad time of it.

"Good day, Monsieur Rector, good day."

"How does the old gambler manage to be here? He has left the dice box."

"How he trots on his mule. Her ears are not so long as his."

"Hola, hé, good day, Monsieur the Rector Thibaut! You old fool! You old gambler!"

"God keep you. Have you thrown six often in the night?"

"Look at his pale face, showing how he loves play and dice!"

"Where are you going, Thibaut, turning your back on the University and trotting to the town?"

"No doubt he is going to seek a lodging in Thibautodé Street," cried Jehan de Moulin.

All the band repeated the joke in a voice of thunder, with much clapping of hands.

"You are going to find a lodging in Thibautodé Street, are you not, sir, you old partner of the devil?"

Then the other dignitaries were assailed.

"Down with the beadles! Down with the macers!"

"Tell me, Robin Poussepain, who is that one?"

"It is Gilbert de Suilly—Gilbertus de Soliace—the chancellor of the college of Autun."

"See, here is my shoe, you have a better place than I have, throw it into his face."

"Here, Gilbertus, here is a nut for you."

"Down with the six theologians in their white surplices."

"Are those theologians? I thought they were the six white geese offered by the church of the Genevieve as its due for the fief of Roogny."

"Down with the doctors!"

"Down with the Chancellor of Sainte Genevieve, who is not fair. He gave my place to young Ascanio Fa'zaspada, because he is an Italian."

"Down with the chaplains of Sainte Genevieve!"

The bookseller of the university, Master Andry Musnier, was whispering to Master Gilles Lecorner, the King's furrier: "I tell you, Sir, this is the end of the world, the students are getting quite

out of hand; it is the cursed inventions of the century which spoil everything. Artillery, mortars, and especially printing, that other German pest. No more manuscripts, no more books, printing is killing the book trade. The end of the world is coming."

"I notice it, too, now, that velvet stuffs are so popular," said the furrier.

Just then twelve o'clock struck.

"Ah!" said the crowd, with one voice.

The students were silent. Then there was a great noise, a stamping of feet, a general discharge of coughs, everyone settled down, stood up and looked round. Then there was silence, all the necks were stretched, all the mouths were open, all eyes looked to the stage, but nothing appeared. Everyone looked towards the place reserved for the Flemish envoys. The door remained shut, the place was empty. The crowd had been waiting since the morning for three things—noon, the Flemish Embassy, the mystery, but only twelve o'clock had come.

It was really too bad.

They waited one, two, three, five minutes, a quarter of an hour, but nothing came. The stage was empty. Angry words were uttered in a low tone—the mystery! The mystery, they muttered. Heads were getting warm, and a tempest which was brewing was floating on the surface of that crowd. It was Jehan du Moulin who began:

"The mystery and the devil may take the Flemings," he cried.

The crowd cheered.

"We must have the mystery," he said, "and I propose that we should hang the officer in charge of the palace, if we cannot have the play."

"That is right," cried the crowd, "and let us begin by hanging the four constables."

The four constables who were keeping the stage-door clear began to feel very uncomfortable, and the situation was very critical.

Suddenly, however, the tapestry at the back of the hall was raised and a man appeared. Silence at once prevailed, and as soon as he could speak the man came forward and said:

"We hope to have the honour of representing before His Eminence my Lord the Cardinal, a very fine morality play called 'The Good Judgment of the Lady Virgin Mary.' I take the part of Jupiter, but just now His Eminence is with the Embassy, which is listening to the speech of the rector of the university. But we will begin as soon as His Eminence comes."

VICTOR HUGO.

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

*(To be continued.)*

THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**The Events of the Month.**—*The* events of the month for Socialists have been the bye-elections at Jarrow and Colne Valley, and last, but by no means least, the acquittal of Haywood. The election of Curran, although its significance was obscured by his standing as a "Labour candidate," was undoubtedly a victory for Socialism, as, however much any of his friends may have wished to hide the fact, his enemies took care that there should be no doubt in the minds of the electors that in voting for Curran they were voting for a Socialist. In the case of the Colne Valley election, however, there was nothing whatever to cast any doubt upon the issue, and the result was an unqualified victory for Socialism, which has caused a tremendous flutter in the camp of our enemies. The acquittal of Haywood in the Idaho murder trial is a veritable triumph for the working classes of America, and for the whole international Socialist movement.

**Capitalist Lies.**—The Colne Valley result has aroused the dirty gutter press and caused it to send forth wail after wail about the "menace of Socialism." Socialism certainly is a menace to such malignant collections of fiction as the "Daily Express"—and such like. The lies printed in that paper concerning Socialism are very stale, and those that are not stale are ridiculous. "Socialism is antagonistic to what the world respects as morality and religion," it says. Let us repeat that Socialism opposes immorality; that it desires to overthrow a condition of things that sends hundreds of thousands of women on the streets to sell their bodies in order that they might obtain the means of existence; that it would do away with the possibility of employers making seduction a condition of employment; that it would not sweat girls to such an extent that they are forced to make up their wages by prostitution. Let us repeat that Socialists say that religion should be left to the individual—that a man has a perfect right to think what he likes concerning an after life. "Socialism puts a premium on laziness," we are told. Let us repeat that Socialism would put a stop to laziness; and that it would force all able-bodied men and women to do their proper share of work. Socialism would make those work who live in idleness and luxury on the spoils wrung from the workers. "Socialism stands for disruption, for loot, for the elimination of individual enterprise," the "Express" goes on. These are pure lies. Socialism stands for organisation and order as opposed to the present state of disorganisation and disorder. Socialism does not stand for loot—Socialism would put a stop to loot. It would put a stop to the robbery of the workers by the capitalist class. It would do away for ever with that small, brutal, callous, lazy and cowardly class that lives by wringing away from the working-class seven-eighths of its earnings. Socialism would see that all the potentialities contained in the individual were developed and brought to light for the benefit of the whole com-

munity. It would encourage individual enterprise—not individual robbery. As a matter of fact we are pleased to see these attacks. As we have said before, our cause thrives on opposition.

**The Belfast Revolt.**—Disputes in the capital of the North of Ireland, whether religious or political, have always been conducted in such a vigorous manner that the conduct of the present strike seems somewhat tame in comparison. But the weapon on which the Government have always been able to rely in the past — the Royal Irish Constabulary, a semi-military force —has on this occasion proved extremely unreliable for the purpose of achieving that which the Government desired should be done—namely, to cow the trade unions and their pickets, and to help out their capitalist masters and the blacklegs with armed protection. Constable Barrett refuses to ride by the side of a blackleg carter and to blackleg against the workers, greatly to the astonishment of Dublin Castle, who have always been able to get the R.I.C. to blackleg against their own class and nation, and his example begins to be infectious. Whereupon from all parts of Ireland drafts of infantry with machine guns are with all haste despatched to Belfast, hussars are likewise sent, and a naval squadron appears in Lough Swilly.

**Liberal Repression and Labour Impotence.**—Two things are noteworthy about this. The Liberals here as at Hull and Featherstone—lovers of peace, passivity and above all liberty—think of force, armed force, as their first remedy. The worker revolts against his master, and in order to ensure fairplay the Liberal Government, armed to the teeth, lays the worker by the heels. In such appeals to arms they are ever far more ready than our English Tories; but whether hasty or deliberate, they always take care to

come down heavily on the side of the employers—of course, in the interests of peace and law and order! Meanwhile, what are the Labour Party doing? His Majesty Ramsay MacDonald and his lieutenant Shackleton graciously permit the newly-elected member for Jarrow to ask questions about the matter. To give him his due, Mr. Curran wants to go further, and consults the Speaker about moving the adjournment of the House; whereupon Mr. Lowther tells him it is against the rules of the House. And Mr. Curran goes *outside* and says, "Damn the rules!" The objurgation would have been more in place *in* the House. The same obsequious attitude towards the Liberal Government over Belfast is being adopted by the present Labour Party that was taken by the 1893 Labour Party over Featherstone, and no doubt some of the members of the present party would be pleased to say ditto to that which John Burns said then.

**Accomplices after the Fact.**—So the treaty with Russia is now an accomplished fact, and whether they like it or no the people of this country have been made, by a Liberal Government, the allies of the Muscovite despotism. It should be very gratifying to the boastful, freedom-loving Briton to know that by the act and deed of this most Liberal Government he has been made the accomplice, "after the fact," of the "black hundreds," the "pogroms," the wholesale slaughter of men, women, and children, the tortures of Riga, and all the other horrors perpetrated under the direct instigation and authority of the Government of the Czar. For that is what a treaty with Russia means at the present time. In reply to questions, Sir Edward Grey has maintained that in concluding this treaty with Russia it was impossible to have any regard to the internal affairs of that country. That is an unheard-of proposition, and one which he would hesitate to apply in the case, say, of Turkey. Yet the so-

much-talked-of Turkish atrocities have generally only been reprisals for armed violence, and pale into insignificance in comparison with the torture and massacre of unarmed people perpetrated by the Czar's Government. Moreover, Sir Edward Grey knows perfectly well that the advantage to Russia of the bargain which has just been struck lies in the financial support which, by virtue of the understanding with this country, she will now be able to get from Western Europe. A treaty with Russia means that the people of Western Europe are to supply arms and ammunition to the Russian despotism with which to massacre the hapless workmen and peasants of that country who to-day are struggling to be free.

**Where do *we* Come in?**—The advantage of the treaty to Russia is substantial and obvious. What we are to gain by it is by no means so clear. That it cannot be of the slightest benefit to the people of this country needs no showing; but that it is full of mischievous possibilities is beyond question. Sir Edward Grey and his colleagues pretend that the understanding has been arrived at in the interests of peace, especially in Asia. But what have we to fear from a crippled and bankrupt power like Russia, crushed by a foreign war and passing through a domestic revolution, unless she is aided and strengthened by foreign loans? Russia could not injure British interests in Asia, if the British Government would only deal justly by the people of India, and would refuse to help the Muscovite to that financial assistance which is indispensable to the maintenance of his power. The strongest bulwark against Russian aggression in India would be a contented people. And why should we do anything to assist Russian influence in Persia? On the other hand, as we have pointed out before, a treaty with Russia is calculated to create serious complications in Europe. We have no more interest in assisting

in a combination against Germany, than we had in joining in Bismarck's mischievous policy for the isolation of France. Looked at from any point of view, the alliance is for Russia a case of "heads I win, tails you lose."

**The Impossibility of Liberalism.**—Who can help feeling some pity for our unhappy Liberal Government? They have certainly fallen upon evil days—a bullying and cowardly foreign policy; an alliance with the unspeakable Muscovite organiser of pogroms and torturer of women and children; martial law in Belfast; Russian methods of lifelong exile and imprisonment without trial in India; and, to crown all, the suppression of the right to discuss any of these questions in the House of Commons. Foreign policy is taboo. As the "Daily News" has remarked, the doings of the British Foreign Office are more secret than those of any other Foreign Office in Europe. The treaty with Russia is taboo—for reasons of State its terms may not be disclosed. The arbitrary and illegal arrest and imprisonment of our fellow-subjects in India is also taboo—for the same reasons. And now it is not permitted—also for reasons of State—to discuss the use of the national forces in support of capitalist interests in Belfast. Again, we ask, who can help feeling pity for these unhappy Liberals, thus compelled to swallow every principle they have professed? And they cannot help themselves except by giving up office. They are engaged in demonstrating the utter impossibility of Liberalism under present circumstances. The suppression of the right of Parliamentary discussion of grievances; secret treaties with foreign despotisms; arbitrary arrest and imprisonment without trial; the use of military force against the civil population—all this is contrary to the avowed principles of Liberalism; which only shows that those principles are incompatible with the class domination

which it is the business of the Liberal Government to administer. Mr. John Morley, for instance, finds it necessary to swallow all his political creed or abandon the attempt to govern India in the interests of the British governing class. It would be unreasonable to expect him to adopt the latter alternative.

**The Duty of a Government.**—It is not only in England that this impossibility of Liberalism manifests itself. M. Clemenceau finds himself in precisely the same difficulty in making his practice square with his professions. He very wisely opposed the French oocupation of Egypt, yet now finds himself committed to at least as nefarious an enterprise in Morocco. The use of the military against the miners at Courrières is followed by military intervention in the revolt of the wine-growers in the South of France, although in the latter case the results were less grave in proportion as the struggle partook less of a class character. In every case we see the Government, professedly Liberal, forced to abandon Liberal principles, to support the interests of the dominant class, and, while denying the class struggle in principle, to give effect to it in practice. How true it is that all Governments are essentially conservative, and whatever may be the professed principles of the persons composing the Government, their first duty is to conserve the existing condition of things, whatever that may be. That they must do at all costs. That is reason the more why no man with a conscientious regard for public equity, least of all a Socialist, ought to become a Minister in a capitalist Government.

## SOCIALISM AND SEX RELATIONS.

The election in the Colne Valley, which resulted in the return of a Socialist who avowed his Socialism and stood independent of the Labour Party, as well as of all others, has created quite a flutter of excited apprehension in the ranks of the enemy. "The Menace of Socialism" is now a standing headline in several of the yellow journals, which are frantically appealing to the men of all bourgeois parties to abandon their sham fight with each other, sink all their petty and superficial differences, and stand solidly together to fight this terrible enemy of society —Socialism!

Nothing could suit us Socialists better. That is precisely what we desire—to get all our enemies in front. Nothing has done more to confuse people's minds and to hinder recruits from coming to our ranks than the apparent differences and antagonisms between our enemies. These differences are entirely superficial, the antagonisms mere show and make-believe, but they have served to divide and mislead many who otherwise would be on our side. As Arthur Balfour said not so long ago: Between the two great parties in the State there are no fundamental revolutionary differences. Their differences are entirely superficial. That is true. But between us and them there is a fundamental revolutionary difference. "As against

these Socialists," said the saintly Jabez Balfour, "we are all Conservatives." And, although he carried his Conservative principles to a length not permitted by the law, the principles themselves are generally held by the members of the two parties, and the statement quoted above is perfectly accurate. As against us Socialists, men of all other parties are Conservative. They stand for the maintenance of the existing order of society, based upon the class ownership of the means of production, and the consequent enslavement of the majority of the people. We aim at a complete revolution which will establish society on the basis of the common ownership of the means of production, with free co-operation for the satisfaction of all social requirements. The sooner, therefore, these facts are recognised, the superficial differences between our enemies eliminated, and the real battle is joined, the better will it be for Socialism and the sooner will our complete victory be achieved.

This our enemies know full well, and, therefore, while they are keen on eliminating the petty differences between themselves so as to oppose a solid resistance to Socialism, they are by no means desirous of relinquishing all means and methods of misleading the people, and misrepresentation and prejudice are still the chief weapons in their armoury. They know that the principles of Socialism are economically sound and ethically just; that it is impossible to gainsay the proposition that the gifts of nature and the products of society should be the property of society, and not of individuals or classes; that the moral justice of our claim, that the workers should enjoy what the workers alone produce, is indisputable, and that a free and unprejudiced inquiry into the principles of Socialism will almost invariably lead to the conversion of the inquirer. But they know also that there is nothing so strong and unreasoning as prejudice, and that, therefore, the best way to prevent anyone

from impartially examining Socialism is to assure him that it is primarily an attack upon his dearest prejudices, his most idolised institutions, and most cherished beliefs. Therefore, at the first appearance of the "Menace of Socialism," good, orthodox people are warned off with the cry that Socialists are Atheists and advocates of "Free Love," and that the victory of Socialism means the dethronement of God and the abolition of the institution of marriage.

Of course neither of these questions has anything to do with the fundamental economic theories upon which Socialism is based. No Socialist party demands of any recruit that he should abandon "the faith of his fathers," deny his God, break up his family, or share his wife with his fellow Socialists. And none of those who most virulently attack Socialism on these grounds believe anything of the kind. Not any of them, for the matter of that, as a general rule, are exceptionally devout, or particularly chaste. As a Socialist speaker said in reply to the charge made by an opponent in the Colne Valley contest, that Socialism meant the community of wives—"if that were Socialism many of our opponents would have been Socialists long ago." No. They know perfectly well that Atheism and Free Love are not essentials of Socialism; that the international Social-Democratic Party has declared religion to be a private matter and in no shape or way interferes with the religious beliefs of its adherents; that, as Socialism tends to improve the moral fibre of men and women, Socialists are almost invariably good husbands, good fathers, good wives and good mothers, and that in matters of marital relations, domestic felicity or conjugal fidelity Socialists will compare favourably with the members of any other party. They know all this; but that does not prevent them from twisting words from their meaning in order to create prejudice; not to refute Socialism, but to misrepresent it. Thus, because Victor Grayson,

advocating political, economic and social equality between men and women, spoke of the abolition of "sex ties"—meaning thereby such political and economic disabilities as are imposed upon woman by reason of her sex—the yellow press immediately seized upon the expression to represent Mr. Grayson as a champion of "Free Love." In the same way the fact that many Socialists—recognising that economics are the chief factor in determining the conditions of society—claim that a repudiation of all forms of superstition is the logical consequence of Socialism, is taken advantage of to prejudice religious people against Socialism by asserting that acceptance of Atheism is a condition precedent to becoming a Socialist. It is true that many Socialists are Atheists. It is equally true that there are many Socialists who are not. It is also true that the majority of atheists are not Socialists, and before appealing to religious prejudice or exciting the odium theologicum against Socialism it would be well, perhaps, for our opponents to initiate an inquiry into the religious beliefs of some of the leading lights of the orthodox political parties—the Balfours, Chamberlains, Haldanes, Morleys, Burnses, etc.—to say nothing of some of the dignitaries of the Established Church. I will not suggest that any inquiry should be instituted into the sexual morality of the ruling classes, before any accusation is made on this score against the teachings of Socialism. The facts are too notorious to need any inquiry.

But just a word as to the standpoint of the Social-Democratic movement towards the question of marriage and the sex-relation generally. The modern institution of monogamic marriage (so-called) is regarded by the orthodox, as—like all other institutions of modern society—eternal, unalterable, the perfection of human wisdom and the crown of divine law. Hitherto, as Marx says in another connection, there has been history, but there is to be history no more.

We have reached finality. With the orthodox the present monogamic form of marriage is at once a sacrament, a divine ordinance and a civil contract. Very well. Socialists, as Socialists, do not condemn monogamy, they do not advocate polygamy or promiscuity, they do not object to two persons of opposite sex entering into a civil contract with each other for sexual intercourse, nor do they object to such a contract being regarded as sacred and inviolable. Under Socialism, moreover, such contracts would be treated by society with far greater respect than they are in modern society where, in spite of the fulminations of the orthodox against the immorality of "Free Love," marriage too often serves merely as a cloak to profligacy, and prostitution is looked upon as an essential concomitant of marriage, and the only safeguard for the chastity of "respectable" women.

Socialists, however, do maintain that the marriage relation, as all other social relations, is subject to change and modification with a change of economic conditions; and in support of this they point to the fact that it has in the past assumed various forms, and does even to-day assume various forms, under different systems of human society. The fact that human society has changed in the past, is good ground for assuming that it will change in the future; and the fact that with these changes have come certain modifications in human relations is equally good ground for assuming that with further changes there will be further modifications.

The "Catechism of Socialism," by E. Belfort Bax and the present writer, is universally admitted to be an authoritative and simple exposition of the general principles of Socialism. Basing themselves on the irrefutable theory of Marx, that "In every historical epoch, the prevailing mode of economic production and exchange, and the social organisation necessarily following from it, form the basis upon which is built up, and from which alone can be explained, the poli-

tical and intellectual history of that epoch," the authors say, "The existing marriage relation is determined, as such relations have always been determined, throughout human development, by the general economic institutions of the existing society. The existing monogamic relation is simply the outcome of the institution of private or individual property. When private property ceases to be the fulcrum around which the relations between the sexes turn, any attempt at coercion, moral or material, in these relations (such as is implied in laws mechanically and compulsorily prescribing their conditions, as do the marriage laws of to-day), since it would have no reason for its existence, must necessarily become repugnant to the moral sense of the community."

It is scarcely credible, yet that passage has been made the ground of innumerable attacks on Socialism as being utterly immoral and subversive of any moral sex-relation. And yet what does it convey beyond a statement of self-evident facts? Who will deny that under present conditions private property is the fulcrum around which the relations of the sexes turn? Or that when that fulcrum is removed sex relations which involve both material and moral coercion will inevitably change?

How completely that relation between man and woman which can have no ethical sanction except that of pure affection has been subverted to a mere material question of property; and how long ideas continue to dominate the mind even after the conditions from which they have been evolved have disappeared, is demonstrated by the objection raised to Socialism by our opponents, that communism necessarily involves the community of wives! Because women have been chattels in the past, so they must always be chattels—always property—either of the individual, or of the community. But in all civilised countries woman has long since emerged from the chattel stage. She is no longer property. She is a human being as free as, and the social equal of, man. The social revolu-

tion which makes all the means of production common property, will not thrust woman back into the position of a chattel. It will abolish the last vestige of sex subjection or sex privilege on one side as well as the other, and will make men and women equal and free, economically, socially and politically.

This, above all, must be quite clear, that when all men and women are economically free and socially equal, prostitution will be impossible, and whatever relations may be entered into between men and women will and can have no other basis than mutual affection. There will be none of the material or "moral" coercion which to-day condemns thousands of women to a life of shame and infamy, and others, more envied by society, though scarcely more fortunate, to lifelong prostitution under the guise of marriage, and with the sanctification of the Church. The material considerations, the social conventions, which coerce an innocent girl to sell herself as the "wife" of a senile but wealthy debauché, as well as the horrible poverty which forces her humbler sister to the streets and the brothel, will have no place in a society in which all men and women are free and equal, where there will be plenty for all, and where neither man nor woman will need to sell honour or body, or soul, for bread. For Socialism *does* mean Free Love, but only in the sense that men and women being free, there will be no coercion to force either man or woman into relations which are repulsive, or to unwillingly suffer the embraces of another. Socialism does not mean, nor do Socialists suggest, that in the future—as in Heaven—there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage; nor that there shall be sexual promiscuity or community of wives. All that is implied is that marriage contracts based upon property, supplemented by debauchery and buttressed by prostitution, will no longer be, because the social conditions which compel women to sell themselves either in the street or at the altar will have been abolished. Neither man nor woman will

be the slave of another, either of his lust or his greed. That is a very different ideal, not only from that which our enemies misrepresent as Socialism, but from existing conditions, in which family life for the many is impossible; morality is a mere hypocritical figure of speech, and prostitution in one form or another is the basis of most social relations. Socialism, recognising the importance of the material conditions, seeks to socialise these in order that they shall be dominated by, and no longer dominate, all the higher life of humanity. To quote once more from the "Catechism," "Material conditions form the fundamental basis of human existence. When these become common property, free to all, and abundant for all, they will cease to have that importance they now possess, the sordid struggle for mere material things will disappear, free play will be given to man's higher faculties, and the struggle, competition, or emulation between man and man will be for the realisation of his highest conceivable aspirations. With his mind freed from the dreary cares now imposed by the perpetual struggle for daily bread, man will bend his thoughts on nobler things. Absolute master of the material circumstances of his life, his will must dominate and be no longer dominated by them, and such opportunities of existence, such scope of mental and moral gratification, such ideals and aspirations will open up before him as are at present inconceivable."

H. QUELCH.

## "UNE IMPRIMERIE PHALANSTÈRE."

The name is perhaps alarming, but the deed itself is of rare initiative, charm and importance! In a deserted "villa" standing in a rambling, neglected garden at Créteil, a river suburb of Paris, a group of young artists, writers, poets have established themselves in communal life and aspiration; and are working out their ideal of a blending of manual and intellectual activities; in the belief that the consecration of six hours or so of their daily life to printing and lithographic work will set free their intellects to dream, write and paint—not what commerce and the bourgeois demands, but what the Muse and the moment, and "the mystery and power enshrined in them" compels. Their experiment, it must be admitted, is delicately difficult in an age when the lash of hunger drives so many of those who have not yet "arrived" to sell their talent for daily bread; offering as the only alternative starvation in an obscure garret. By this communal deed of revolt against the present economic enslavement of art and of literature they hope, therefore, to free themselves, and point the way towards freedom for others.

As is well known, Fourier was the originator of the Phalanstère idea, and in his "Traite de l'Association Agricole Domestique," published in 1822, he elaborated his theory of a renewal of the ideals of society through

organised communal life, and named his proposed communities "Phalanstères." Our own writer and reformer, Robert Owen, was thinking much along the same lines, and as a result of this atmosphere of thought various communal associations have been from time to time founded; but their success has not been remarkable. This association of artists is, however, on different and more modern lines; and they are not merely dreamers, but have already proved themselves men of resource and of practical ability.

It was on a Sunday of this most coy and unsummerly June that I was invited with some Russian friends to visit the "Abbye" (as the group have named their artist settlement) and make the acquaintance of the rest of the "Abbots." One can reach the Abbye by taking a bateau mouche to Charenton, from whence a tram, stopping at the parish Church of Créteil, puts one down within five minutes' walk of the Phalanstère's iron-barred and almost monastic doors.

But once inside the garden all ascetic ideals vanish in the sunshine; and the full luxurious revelry of midsummer smites on the senses: while one realises how the young artist-abbots had said to one another, "Let us make here an habitation, for it is good to be here!" Arched alleys of dwarfed, trained limes, delicately drooping pink-flowered acacia trees, blazing copper beeches, a half-acre of vines full in the eye of the sun, an orchard where wild strawberries redden underfoot, and mauve and scarlet double poppies flaunt in the grass. A neglected, sloping lawn, flanked by a vista of many-coloured, artfully-blended foliage, above which peeps the cupola of a garden temple, is destined by the abbots as the site of an outdoor theatre, in which are to be interpreted the plays of "les jeunes." The "Villa" itself, after having stood eight years deserted and empty, has been repaired and made habitable by the work of the abbots. The long, low "common room," extending the whole length of the front of the house, leads into

the printing and lithographic workshop, through the wide open windows of which pours the summer sunshine, tempered by flickering green shadows. Directing the work there is one lithographic workman by profession; but he also forms one of the Brotherhood, and shares its ideals. The click and rattle of the machine goes on while we inspect the artistic bill-heads and posters that lie scattered around, or take down from the shelves the specimen books that have been printed by these communal workers. My Abbot friend, who had invited us over for the day, flits back and forth in a loose Russian blouse, now attending to some household detail, now pointing out to his guests the work accomplished, or explaining what has yet to be undertaken. In the stables and outbuildings the landscape painter has taken up his abode, and on an easel in his studio stand an impressionist sketch of the already vanished spring glories of the Abbye garden. In the rooms over the stable a married Abbot with wife and children is to establish his quarters before summer is over; whilst already in the "villa" two women comrades work with and share the ideals of their husbands.

It had been arranged that our visit was to take the form of a picnic, and each of us brought something to add to the simple feast that was to be spread and eaten on the grass. Our Entente-Artiste consisted of French, Russians and English. We drank in French white wine, and later on in sweet champagne to the health of the Abbots, and to the success of the Abbye; then we drank tea à la Russe, and smoked cigarettes as good comrades smoke them all the world over. We discussed gravely "une société renouvelée," and more lightly the Utopias of Anatole France and of H. G. Wells. One of the Abbots, the Secretary of Viviani, spoke some English, others understood, or could read it. I recited to them, as a form of dedication suitable to their vital and protesting deed, the lines with which John Davidson prefaces his "Theatrocrat": "To the generation knocking at the door." The intense burning

thought caught their fancy, and I was begged to write out the lines that they might be translated and kept among the muniments of the Abbye. Later on, letters signed by John Davidson were produced, acknowledging receipt of books sent by fellow-craftsmen, and recognising kinship of inspiration. Then as the day drew on we returned to the "Villa," inspected the "cells" of the various Abbots, peeped in at the kitchen, kept with scrupulous order, and rested in the cool spaciousness of the office, where the correspondence and business in connection with the typographic and printing enterprise are carried on. Here I was presented with copies of the works of some of the young writers with whom we had spent such a never-to-be-forgotten summer's day, among them the poems of Charles Vldrac, the opening one of which tells of his dream of "L'Abbye Hospitalière":—

A tous épris d'art plus ou moins crottés
Parce que plus ou moins déshérités. . . .

"Les gens de là et d'ailleurs" of Alexandre Mercereau and "Le Tragédie des Espaces" of Réné Arcos are both specimens of the "Edition de l'Abbye," as is also (in its second edition) "La Tragédie Terrestre" of Henri Martin.

Returning home along that highway of the Seine, with its swirl of memories and its passionate artistry, I seemed to realise that, though the words I had heard to-day were the words of French artists, seeking self-realisation through their art away from conventions and economic trammels, yet the voice was the voice of William Morris, "artist, craftsman, and poet."

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

# THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC LABOUR PARTY OF RUSSIA AND ITS RECENT CONGRESS.

Apart from a general interest, the fifth congress of the Russian Social-Democratic Labour Party, held in London, has yet a special significance. It proved beyond possibility of doubt the fact, already known before, that the Russian proletariat, in its stupendous struggle against autocracy, has no friends in Europe outside the camp of the international proletariat, and that the Governments of Europe, whether it be Radical France or Imperialist Germany, are ready, as far as it is in their power, to support the band of butchers, arch-pogromists, and common thieves,* known as the Russian Government, who surround the throne of the rabid maniac, Nicholas II., the Christian copy of Abdul-Hamid, the Turk.

For nearly two weeks our Russian comrades were tossed about from country to country, always in danger of being delivered into the hands of the Russian Government. And on the whole Continent they could not find a resting-place where they would be suffered to hold their congress in peace and safety.

* The case of Gurkho, the Cabinet Minister who pocketed millions of money, is only an illustration. It is by mere accident that this scandalous affair was disclosed, but there are many more Gurkhos, of whose deeds the world will, perhaps, never learn the truth.

At last, worn out from sleepless nights and hardships of travel, the "wandering congress" reached the shores of "free" England. And here—what a difference between the reception accorded to Italian revolutionists some forty years ago and the Russian revolutionaries to-day. Then, enthusiastic ovations: now, dead coldness, calumny in the capitalist press, and last, but not least, the compiling of a list of the congressists by Scotland Yard for the guidance of the Russian police.

Ay,—

**Neue Zeiten, neue Vögel,**
**Neue Vögel, neue Lieder.**

—says Heine. Then, the liberation of Italy and the fall of despotism in Europe could only benefit the capitalist classes of Great Britain, in that it would advance commerce and trade, open up new markets for British goods, and widen the field of the old ones. England was the arbiter of the world's trade then; their enthusiasm for the revolutionary movement is therefore quite explicable. But matters are quite different now. Amid the tones in varying keys of the raging Russian revolution the bourgeoisie can discern the bugle call of the social revolution, and in the fall of autocracy it divines the fall of its own rule. And their bourgeois instinct does not deceive them. The international importance of the Russian revolution is really great and far-reaching; it is not Czardom alone that is tottering, it is the whole edifice of capitalism going to pieces. Already now the Russian upheaval is deeply felt in every corner of Europe. The remarkable democratisation of the Government machinery in Austria, which turned from an absolute monarchy into a democratic state of a most advanced type, is the direct result of the developments in Russia. From Europe the movement is rolling to the East. Here it has set in motion peoples of vast countries, like India, Persia, and China. The triumph of the revolution in Russia will bring yet greater

changes in Europe and elsewhere; it may mean the beginning of the end of capitalism in the civilised world. Is it surprising, then, to find the Liberal Government in this country adopt a friendly attitude to the criminal Government of the Czar, whose hands are bespattered with the blood of thousands of *innocent* men, women and children, to say nothing of the wholesale murders of revolutionists, the devilish tortures perpetrated on politicals in the prisons of Russia, and many other deeds that make one's blood freeze in his veins? Why, Sir Edward Grey and Co. are only the agents of the capitalist classes, the true interpreters of their feelings, the guardians of their interests. And when the interests of Messrs. Money-Bags are in danger, what matters human flesh and blood—is there anything base, vile, and criminal before which they would stop?

The Congress was opened by our veteran comrade G. Plechanoff on May 17, and lasted three weeks—an extraordinarily long time for a congress to sit. Normally the agenda should not have taken more than a week to go through. But the R.S.D.L.P. is seriously ill; it is being rent asunder by internal strife and disunion. Nominally one, the party is practically divided into two separately organised sections, each with its own leaders and party organs, fighting one another for supremacy in the central institutions of the party. The sections were nicknamed the "Bolshevik" and "Menshevik," literally the majority and minority. Originally the names expressed the relative strength of the sections but in time they lost all significance as to numbers and now they are merely congealed terms denoting two different policies struggling within the party. With the relations between the two wings so highly strained it was to be expected that the discussion at the Congress would partake of a stormy, passionate character. The atmosphere at the Congress was, indeed, heavy, and at times it seemed that a split was inevitable. The mistrust on both sides

was so deep that in every proposal coming from one quarter the other would see a deeply-laid plot, and would concentrate all its artillery to burst the imaginary mine. Hence endless debates and heated discussion on innocent proposals concerning rules of procedure, and even the question of whether this or that point should be taken first on the agenda, occupied a good deal of the Congress's time. Still, the danger of a split was happily avoided; and, although no improvement in the internal state of the party has been achieved, the party remains intact, *one* and indivisible, which means great hope for real unity in the future.

I must here remark that the antagonism so deeply dividing our Russian comrades does not spring from what is known as "Revisionism" or "Bernsteinism." Both wings of the party are of the "orthodox" Marxian school, both revolutionary, both basing their tactics on the class struggle. The key to their differences is to be found in the singular position of the Russian proletariat in the present revolution. The bulk of the proletariat in Russia has come to understand that nothing short of the Socialist Republic could put a stop to their state of slavery in modern society. But while they are ready for the *social* revolution, the material *conditions* of the country are only ripe for a *bourgeois* revolution. Industrialism, ever on the increase, has taken deep root in the country; but, nevertheless, Russia is still a peasant country in the main. And it is hopeless to think that the proletariat, mustering as it does, not more than one-fourteenth of the entire population, could settle autocracy *and* capitalism at one blow. Unless indeed, under the impulse of affairs in Russia, the proletarian revolution breaks out in Western Europe, and reacting on Russia offers the proletariat there the opportunity of conquering the political power and shaping the destinies of Russia on the lines of a co-operative commonwealth. Even as it is the Russian proletariat may yet find itself the master of the situation, but the economic conditions not being

ripe for the dictatorship of the proletariat, the political power is bound in the long run to slip from its hands into the hands of the bourgeoisie. The immediate aims of the Russian proletariat cannot, therefore, go further than the establishment of a democratic republic. In the October days of 1905, when the revolutionary proletariat swept the country from one end to the other, when the Council of Labour Deputies, led by Social-Democrats, reigned supreme at St. Petersburg, dictating terms to Witte, then, intoxicated with the display of its own power, the proletariat was inclined to think that it could achieve its object by the force of *its own* arm. But the counter-revolution which followed proved this mistake. Alone the power of the proletariat was not sufficient to break down autocracy once and for all. To render the revolution thorough and complete it was necessary that the proletariat should have some temporary allies. Both the Bolshevik and Menshevik are agreed on that. The question is only where is it to look for them? Which of all the classes of modern Russia or which of all the parties voicing the interests of these classes could and would be prepared to go the whole length of the revolution neck and neck with the proletariat, the revolutionary class par excellence? There are the Cadets representing the Liberal bourgeoisie, the Group of Toil voicing the interests of the peasantry, the pseudo-Socialist parties (Socialists, Revolutionists and Populists) with a following among the peasants and among the backward elements of the workers who have not freed themselves from the petty bourgeois influences of the village. Now, should there be an alliance with all of them or with only some of them; and, again—the rôle of Social-Democracy in such an alliance—should it be that of a *leading* or rather of a *driving* force? Here we are close to the parting of the ways between the Menshevik and the Bolshevik. We shall soon see how these problems are solved by the one and the other.

The main battle raged round the question of what should be the attitude of Social-Democracy towards the non-proletarian parties. In view of the great importance attached to this question I shall give here the essential parts of the two resolutions put to the Congress.

EXTRACTS FROM THE RESOLUTION OF THE BOLSHEVIK.*

Considering,—

That it is the duty of Social-Democracy, whilst fully maintaining the independence of its position, to do all in its power to secure for the proletariat the *leadership* in this bourgeois-democratic revolution:

The Congress finds,—

1. That the reactionary and "black-gang" parties (Union of Russian People, Monarchists, Council of the United Nobility, etc.) are acting with ever-increasing determination as the organisations of the would-be serf drivers, the village landowning class; and that by setting one nation against the other and organising pogroms they strive to drown the revolution in civil war; that such parties as the Octobrists, Mercantile-Industrial Party, partly the Peaceful Regeneration Party, etc., supported as they are by a part of the landowners and the more backward elements of the bourgeoisie, are already on the side of the counter-revolution and openly support the Government—Social-Democracy must fight them.

2. That the parties of the Liberal-Monarchic bourgeoisie, chiefly the Cadets, *have already turned their back on the revolution, seeking to stop it by coming to terms with the counter-revolution*, it is the duty of Social-Democracy to politically educate the masses of the people, explaining to them the actions of these parties, exposing the constitutional illusions they are spreading, and in the face of their hypocritical democratic phraseology unfold the out-and-out democracy of the proletariat, and mercilessly fight them in order to gain the hegemony over the democratic petty bourgeoisie.

3. That the toil parties (Socialist-Populists, Group of Toil, Social-Revolutionists), vacillating between the policy of the Liberals and a determined fight against the pomieshtzicks (the landowning nobility) and a semi-feudal State, do more or less correctly express the interests and the views of the bulk of the petty bourgeoisie in country and town; that these parties array their practically bourgeois-democratic problems in a more or less hazy socialistic ideology; Social-Democracy must expose their pseudo-Socialistic nature, and fight their tendency to confuse the class distinction between

* The italics in the resolutions are mine.—E. L.

the proletariat and the small master—but on the other hand it must spare no efforts in getting them out of the influence and guidance of the Liberals, compelling them to make their choice between the policy of the Cadets, and that of the revolutionary proletariat, thus forcing them to take their stand in the fight for the completing of the revolution on the side of Social-Democracy *against the Black Hundreds and the Liberals.*

4. The common actions which follow from that preclude all possibility of desisting from the Social-Democratic programme and tactics, and only serve the object of a common attack on reaction *and the treacherous policy of the Liberal bourgeoisie.*

EXTRACT FROM THE RESOLUTION OF THE MENSHEVIK.

Considering,—

That the proletariat is the main *moving* force of the Russian Revolution;

That on one hand the Revolution has not established yet the fundamental political conditions necessary for the development of a bourgeois society, and, therefore, it has not satisfied yet the middle and lower sections of the bourgeoisie of town and country;

And that on the other hand the social-economic conditions and the historic configuration under which the revolution proceeds, are impeding the development of the bourgeois-democratic movement, producing at one pole indecision and illusions of a peaceful constitutional liquidation of the old régime, and at the other pole, illusions of petty bourgeois revolutionism and agrarian utopias;

That at the present temporary lull these negative tendencies obtain with special force, hindering the development of the revolution, paralysing the oppositionary energy of the Liberal and Radical parties and forcing them on the path of reconciliation to the present régime; making at the same time the conditions especially favourable for the proletariat being impressed by the utopias of the "Toilists";

Considering all this, Social-Democracy aims at the following,—

1. To *influence* by its independent policy *the Liberal and* democratic parties, resolutely fighting against the conciliatory tendencies displayed by the Cadets and against the agrarian utopias and the superficial revolutionism of the Toil Parties; *but at the same time supporting them in their fight with the present régime.*

2. Guided by the requirements of our attack on autocracy, Social-Democracy should in special, definite cases come to terms with these parties in the interests of broadening the revolution and bringing about of the Democratic Republic which is offering the best conditions for a fight for Socialism.

ELIA LEVIN.

(*To be continued.*)

# SPAIN AND EDUCATION.

## I.—Actual State of Lethargy.

A biting wit once said, when talking of Spain, that Africa began beyond the Pyrenees. However exaggerated this may seem, it is unfortunately not altogether devoid of truth. Spain is, in many respects, several centuries behind other nations. The tourist who crosses the Pyrenees is struck with the shocking contrast that meets his eyes in the land of the "blue sky." The slowness and dirtiness of the trains, the meanness of the miserable stations, the bad condition of the roads, all give him the impression that he is wandering in some remote region of the dark continent.

Throughout the country the systems of irrigation are still those practised by the Moors; the main road of a village is often nothing but the bed of a torrent.

From these signs, and from many others, one understands, one feels that one has been entering a decrepit country, depressed, with neither energy nor definite desires, sinking under the too-heavy weight of a fatalism against which it does not attempt to struggle.

The causes of Spain's wretched conditions are many, but the greatest is ignorance, the shameful ignorance, which like a plague drains the life out of that rich but mismanaged country.

Here, where there might be plenty and contentment, the most horrible misery reigns supreme.

Mining riches remain unexploited, agriculture is backward, communications are defective, openings uncertain, industries primitive and incapable of meeting foreign competition, education nil, such is the state of the Spanish peninsula.

One is amazed to learn that even to-day, in the twentieth century, 80 per cent. of Spain's inhabitant can neither read nor write.

Education is not compulsory, and moreover, the Government schools, especially the primary schools, are deplorable as well from the point of view of hygiene as from that of education. In a few narrow rooms, insufficiently ventilated, children are herded together like sheep.

The matter taught is very restricted, the curriculum including no other teaching than reading, writing, arithmetic and religion ; the latter subject is that to which most attention is devoted, probably because it is the least useful.

As for history and geography, natural history, physics or chemistry or even hygiene, it is of no use to talk about them ; maybe in a few large centres like Barcelona and Madrid, these subjects are on the programme, but as to being taught, that is another question. They are there only to make a show.

In such a situation, Spain, which once was the most powerful, may be considered as a dead nation, without credit and without prestige, perhaps called upon to disappear one day, unless by the influence of some unforeseen event, she comes out of this lethargy and seeks by a new activity to attain once more a rank to which she has the duty to aspire.

## II.—The Dawn of New Education.

Francisco Ferrer, a native of Catalonia, and a sound and logical thinker, had long since been moved by the

morbid state which is paralysing his country and is bringing it to a fatal destitution.

At the age of illusions, when youth dreams of infinite love, when one's heart leaps at the contact of a white hand, or, when, dismayed, one throws oneself on the track of an undulating skirt, when one is intoxicated with a smile, or becomes frantic the next moment because of a disdainful gesture, he secluded himself in his study and lost himself in his appointed work. All his actions were dominated by one thought. All his endeavours were directed towards the same goal: the transformation of Spain; its regeneration.

Convinced of the truth of the axiom that "*after bread, education is the primary need of a people*," he thought of nothing but of putting it into practice.

But the kind of education Ferrer wanted differed sensibly from that which is usually understood. In fact, education as it is given to-day—even in those establishments reputed to be the best—does not meet our modern needs. It will not permit harmonious development, of real intellectual emancipation, for most often it represents but the triumph of ready-made conclusions and dogmatic folly over the original personality, the luminous intelligence, the noble independence of mind and character. All the qualities of the individual; ardour, generosity, enthusiasm, bold conception, are destroyed by stupid measures, oppressing rules, out-of-date methods.

What would be said of one who wanted to mould all statutes in the same mould and of the deplorable uniformity that would be the result? One would talk of madness, one would be indignant and rightly so. Yet they seem to pursue the same aim when educating children; they seek to make them all alike—automatons, submitting to the same discipline, conforming blindly to the same precepts, instead of letting their natural dispositions grow without constraint and allowing their real aptitudes free play.

For, if we think it over, the brains of those little beings do not belong to us ; we are only the ephemeral guides of them, and for that reason we should act prudently with them.

Educationists should be enlightened guides, impartial demonstrators, intelligent friends, nothing more.

Facts being explained, they should leave it to the child to form his own conclusions, without biasing him, without compelling him to adopt convictions which were not his own.

Under those conditions the child would learn to observe for himself, and later to verify assertions before accepting them as facts ; to experiment with all that is experimental ; and to control certain phenomena that are sometimes surprising. He would then develop a strong personality, well formed by a succession of trials and graduated studies.

That is what rational education offers us.

### III.—The Modern School at Barcelona.

Convinced of these principles, imbued with these conceptions, Ferrer founded at Barcelona the Modern School.

After the inauguration, at which the principal local press was represented, the opening took place on September 9, 1901.

The enrolments reached the number of 30, 12 girls and 18 boys, for Ferrer at the same time introduced co-education out there.

The enterprise was somewhat daring in a country entirely subservient to Catholicism, where this system finds no more furious enemy.

Many families at the beginning hesitated before confiding children to the Modern School, influenced as they were by their surroundings. However, they watched the enterprise closely until the day came when, convinced of the good results of mixed education, they became the most ardent supporters of it.

The school was fitted up with all desirable comfort. One of the best firms in Paris provided the furniture.

The walls, brightly papered in water green, were illustrated with maps, cards relating to zoology, botany, mineralogy, etc., and were equipped with windowed cupboards containing the necessary instruments for experiments in physics and chemistry; the small engine for generating electricity, the retorts and tubes used for the transformation of water into oxygen and hydrogen—an operation which was performed by the pupils themselves—the model locomotive for demonstrating the use of steam, etc.; then, the very varied collection of insects, especially gathered for the use of the school.

Other cupboards contained all elements pertaining to "object lessons," which the children could handle and look at as they like.

The Modern School was not a boarding-school. School time comprises three hours in the morning and three hours in the afternoon. No lesson lasted more than three-quarters of an hour, after which the pupils enjoyed a rest of 15 minutes.

For the very small ones half an hour was sufficient, experience having shown that their attention cannot be held beyond that limit, and even then the teacher has to exert himself to the utmost to sustain their interest all that time.

The books used were considered rather as reading books; the pupils had not to learn the texts by heart, but only read them attentively several times, then the teacher enlarged upon the theme.

This would be followed by a kind of curious and animated conversation between pupils and master, which sometimes led to controversies full of momentary interest, and in which confidence and mutual esteem were dominant, such a conversation was as profitable to the teacher as to the pupil, for if the former was educating himself, the latter was studying the character

confided to his care and from his observations he drew useful conclusions.

Every week a trip to the country was undertaken under the guidance of the teachers, who took advantage of it to draw the attention of their young friends to the configuration of the soil, the movements of the stars, the variations of temperature, etc.; moreover, from time to time scientific excursions were organised with the help of distinguished professors, either to go a-sampling in the mountain, to study practical geology or to assist at the drainings or soundings which are periodically carried on on the Mediterranean coasts. In this way the pupils were able to visit successively Montserrat, where there is one of the most curious of geological phenomena; Castelldefell, where the flora exhibits remarkable varieties; Banyuls, in France, where a celebrated laboratory is to be found; Majorca Island, an excursion as instructive as charming, etc.

On Sunday mornings lectures—to which all those who desired to educate themselves were admitted—were given in the school itself either by an eminent physician, D. André Martinez Vergas, or by D. Odou de Buen, professor at the University of Barcelona.

The Director had suppressed as useless and anti-fraternal the distribution of prizes. This function was replaced at the end of the scholastic year by an out-door festivity. First there is a visit to some works, then comes a lunch on the grass, followed by a chat in which were condensed the remarks made during the visit in the morning, and after that dances and singing succeeded one another until the evening.

Punishments as well as rewards of any kind had never taken place at the Modern School.

When a pupil proved lazy or undisciplined, an appeal was made to his good sentiments. It was pointed out to him that he was setting his comrades a bad example. He was shown how horrible ignorance is and how desirable liberty, on condition that it did not interfere with that of others.

An encouragement, a word of goodwill from the teacher, largely rewards a good scholar for his zeal and application.

The written examinations were not taken, as is usually done in colleges, as the basis upon which to assign the pupil the place he would occupy according to the result of his work; pupils took their seats where they liked, making arrangements amongst themselves to change when that was convenient or agreeable to them. Rivalries and jealousies raised by individuals intellectually more favoured were thus avoided.

The school, which started with 30 pupils, could muster 130 of them at the time of its closing. These children belonged to all classes of society, from the son of the modest workman to that of the professor, the physician, the trader, and the factory-owner. All were happy to find themselves together, to fraternise under the benevolent eye of the devoted teachers.

## IV.—Clerical Opposition.

Why was the success of the "Modern School" so considerable? Because that establishment supplied a need, a very great need.

The shortcomings of Government education grieved parents and discouraged them; they turned, therefore, towards that which brought them salvation, where there was real "teaching" without barbarous procedure, without unjust punishments, and where study was made attractive to the scholars; where these were recreated by being instructed in those subjects for which they were best fitted, where they were brought to express thoughts which would have remained unspoken. Parents wondered and were amazed at the progress made and at the intense desire shown by the little scholars to learn for themselves.

The great and blessed work the new school was doing, got so well understood that immediately similar ones were opened, inspired with its principles and methods.

Not only at Barcelona but throughout Spain, from east to west, from north to south, new schools sprang up.

The library, whose works were specially written for the "Modern School" and published by it, was a powerful instrument in propagating the new education. It was being enriched every moment with new volumes.

In addition, the school published a monthly bulletin with the object of expounding new works in pedagogy. It was of great use to teachers who were desirous of keeping themselves informed of the modern trend of thought and of the proper means to favour its propagation.

The "Modern School," while it progressed, was at the same time accomplishing a grand work, and that this has been recognised is shown by the fact that a decree of the Minister of Public Instruction, published in the official journal, has directed that it should be re-opened at once.

One may wonder, and rightly so, that this happy event has not yet taken place, but astonishment soon ceases when one realises that the entire Catholic Party is opposed to the re-opening. Catholicism, which is ruining Spain by holding her down in the quagmire of ignorance of which I have spoken above, saw the "Modern School" opening and prospering with dislike. At first it did not believe in the success of that enterprise, then it looked upon it with a wondering and astonished eye, after which it got alarmed. It then sought by the means at its disposal, intimidation, persuasion, etc., to annoy it, but without appreciable result, until the eventful day, May 31, 1906, when Morral attempted to assassinate the King of Spain. Then it became raving! The opportunity was too good to be missed. Like a vulture pouncing down on its long-watched prey, the Catholic Party fell upon Ferrer.

The story of the Ferrer affair being too well-known now for me to recall it here, I will content myself by

considering the effect it will have had upon the cause of rational education.

The director of the Modern School being at liberty again, it seems as if he could once more set to work so that its sane and moralising task might go forward without hurt or interruption. But will not his work have suffered after such a dislocation ?

Alas, yes ; for the pupils of the school are dispersed ; it will, undoubtedly, take many months to re-organise the school, and then, it is perhaps no idle fear, Ferrer is likely to find himself in a constant war with those who had hoped to see his life taken or finished at the " bagne " and whose hatred is the greater because he has escaped from their clutches.

Surely they will try to find other pretexts for closing his centre of education, and if they prove successful, Spain, which once had a spark of hope, a chance of getting out of the deep darkness in which Catholicism buries it, will have to fall back into the depths once more and definitely lose the hope of seeing light again.

## V.—What Could be Done.

Can Socialists remain calm and indifferent in the face of such a situation ? I do not think so.

Socialism is not simply a theory to be applied to one nation, but its full application only becomes possible if all nations follow. Anything that may, in other nations, either accelerate or retard its universal movement—the world's evolution—must receive the careful consideration of all Socialists. It is our duty to ntervene, tendering a helping hand to the feebler, and striving to copy the example of the bolder and more advanced.

The Liberal Ministry, with Count de Romanones as Minister of Education, ordered the opening of 5,000 schools in Spain. These figures speak for themselves, and one can easily understand how great must be the

insufficiency of scholastic establishments when a Minister bluntly comes to such a decision.

However, we should be deluding ourselves were we to imagine for one moment that the Spanish Government ever had the slightest intention of realising such a project any more than the Liberals of this country have the least intention of abolishing the House of Lords. And besides, from what source would the money come? The chief object of this tremendous announcement was the appeasing of the Republicans who were angry with the Ministry, because, on this question of education especially, their country is the object of reprobation and contempt.

It is a year ago, now, since the order was given; do you think any of these schools have opened? Not one. Nobody thinks of starting, nobody has ever thought of it.

The people—the good old flock—were contented with a promise which their leaders never thought of keeping, and things are—as they were before. In the dark, behind, Catholicism is rubbing its hands, for, as yet, it has held its ground, and so far remains absolute master of the situation.

Why should not we Socialists intervene in this primordial question?

There is such a thing in this country as the "Spanish and Portuguese Church Aid Society" whose object it is to propagate the Christian Protestant Religion throughout the peninsula and whose leaders recently came to London to attend the congress of the International Evangelical Alliance. One of them, Senor Tornos, spoke in glowing terms of the hopes of the Evangelicals, who were endeavouring to put *a new spirit into the life of the Spanish people, and prophesied that the coming generation would witness the regeneration of Spain.*

I have a great admiration for this enthusiastic evangelist, but I very much doubt whether the preaching of his religion to the Spanish people will regenerate

their country. The same religion has been preached and followed in this country for several centuries and yet the race is degenerating and has never been so much in want of a new spirit as now.

Whatever good the Spanish-Portuguese Church Aid Society may do in Spain—it possesses twenty schools with two thousand scholars out there; one medical mission and a training college—why should not Socialists and Freethought educationists carry *their* gospels to lands of obscurantism, and help the spread of education by founding schools which would not belong to any religious denomination? Would not Socialism by this means make a great step forward? It being recognised that the development of one nation entails the development of others and vice versa.

Perhaps it would be better first to found a college where the training could be carried out by serious minded teachers, chosen for their capability of assimilating the necessary knowledge and of successfully fulfilling the mission assigned to them. Indeed, what is most needed in Spain is *real* teachers.

By such an opportune intervention English Socialists would deserve well of humanity.

GUY BOWMAN.

## THE SOCIALIST PARTY AND TRADE UNIONISM.

We take the following article from the "Revue Socialiste":—

During the recent Parliamentary debates on the anti-trade unionist policy of Clemenceau's Government several Socialist deputies have made speeches on trade unionism and its relations with the Socialist Party. Citizens Vaillant, Wilm, and especially Jaurès, have spoken on this complicated and delicate subject. But the circumstances demanded that they should speak rather as lawyers than as members of a political party. Instead of examining completely and in detail the good or bad consequences for Socialism of the increasing influence of trade unionism in working-class circles, they had to appear to agree that the question was solved and that trade unionism was the best method of social action.

Their speeches may, however, have given comrades inexact impressions and ideas as to the real relations between the Socialist Party and trade unionism. It is, therefore, not altogether useless to first examine certain statements of the Socialist speakers, and then to try and state what trade unionist direction the Socialist Party should take if it is to remain in agreement with the general principles of its action. Vaillant was expressing the general opinion of most French Socialists in trade unionist action when he said:—

"The C.G.T.* really represents the trade union movement, the conscious movement of the organisation of the proletariat for the trade union struggle, just as the Socialist Party represents its political party working for its emancipation. That is why we defend the right of trade unionist organisation just as we should defend the Socialist Party itself."

And also:

"There is not really any struggle between two organisations, which in their absolute independence, and in their different

* Confederation Générale du Travail—the French central association of trade unions.

corporate and political parts, are complementary organisations of the working class for its complete action, and they will, by the nature of things, become more and more co-ordinated—the one representing the corporate unity, the other the political unity, of the proletariat."

He was giving the Socialist definition of the trade union when he said:

"The trade union is the creative element which in a changed society will become the association of the producers, and this trade union is now by its free federation the organisation which realises the corporate force of the proletariat struggling for its political force along with the Socialist Party for its development and for its emancipation."

Throughout his speech Vaillant was continually joining the words trade unionism and Socialism as representing two conceptions, closely connected with each other in his mind, of solidarity.

But that is a theory of trade unionism which does not at all agree with that of revolutionary trade unionists. The federal committee is indeed far from considering political action as "completing" the action of trade unionism. They would say that the latter is an end in itself and contains all the elements necessary for the emancipation of the proletariat. Speaking as he did, Vaillant was really opposing the revolutionary trade unionists. Why did he not say this? Is there not some danger in allowing it to be understood that the Socialist Party is united to the trade unionist movement when it is known that the trade unionist workers wish as soon as possible to get rid of the influence of political Socialism?

Vaillant, however, made matters still more confused; he said that there was perfect agreement between the C.G.T. and the Socialist Party.

"In a previous discussion M. Clemenceau wished to contrast the speeches of some trade unionists with the opinions held by the Socialist Party. This is not an important question. There may have been in the beginning some friction between the C.G.T. and the Socialist Party, but if this did take place and if in some districts this state of things still exists, that is only of secondary consideration and is no longer important. We ardently desired the establishment of the C.G.T., and we have no longer anything to say politically in trade unions. There are really no longer any divisions, any causes of conflict, after the congress of the C.G.T. at Amiens and the Socialist Congress at Limoges."

Really this is very inexact. Vaillant writes history in accordance with his retrospective desires.

The birth of the C.G.T. was neither ardently desired nor helped by the Socialist Party; it was after a violent discussion between the partisans of the General Strike and the Socialists of the P.O.F., which took place at the Trades Union Congress (at Nantes 1894)—

a split from whence came the C.G.T., which was animated by a most fierce spirit in favour of a General Strike, while the Socialists who followed Guesde wished to reconstitute a rival trade union organisation. And as far as political influence in trade unions goes, one has only to re-read the debates at the Congress at Amiens to see what a great deal of propaganda in favour of Anarchism has taken place there in recent years.

As to saying "that there are no longer any differences of opinion," I do not really know where Vaillant has seen that any partisan of revolutionary trade unionism has declared his agreement with the Socialist Party. No doubt the violent accusations and the perfidious insinuations of which the Socialists have been the object on the part of the trade unions, have ceased for the moment. Revolutionary trade unionists prosecuted in spite of all justice and of every democratic and republican sentiment by the Clemenceau Government, feel the value of such disinterested support of the Socialists, and they have not attacked them in the last few months; but not one has disarmed—they keep to their ideal, to their theories, and to their tactics. The Socialists alone tell us that there is a perfect agreement.

I must call attention to another inexact statement of Vaillant, which was, besides, repeated by Wilm in a speech full of excellent passages and of courageous words; it relates to the direction of the C.G.T. Vaillant speaks of "these very intelligent men who are secretaries of the Confederation, or secretaries of trade unions, and are not at all directing the movement." And Wilm adds, "It is all the working-class associations which decide the policy of the C.G.T. and its action; the motive power does not come from above, it comes from the trade unions, just as in the Socialist Party the life of the party is not in the head, as you often think; it is in the whole of the party."

This parallel between the Socialist Party and the C.G.T. as to their action is quite wrong. A working-class organisation which voluntarily excludes proportional representation in order to leave the direction of affairs to the minority—and this is loudly proclaimed by the officials of the C.G.T.—follows a method the direct opposite of that of the Socialist Party. It is not "the mass of working-class organisations which rules the C.G.T." but the minority which has retained the upper hand in the congresses owing to an effete mode of voting. The Socialist Party, on the contrary, frankly in favour of proportional representation, seeks to show by a sincere democratic effort the exact expression of the will of the majority by a system which is a combination of federal groups. The two methods of representation are diametrically opposed to each other.

On the very day when Vaillant spoke in the Chamber, Jules Guesde spoke and condemned the present fondness of the Socialist Party for revolutionary trade unionism. The official report of his

speech has not yet been published, but here is the report of his remarks as given in the "Reveil du Nord":—

"Direct action, strikes, knocking soldiers about, hanging masters, seizing the factory, these would be fine victories! You would only have changed masters, property would still remain private. That is the Anarchist theory, the old music that we know, and though the instrument has been changed it is still the same old song. And if the workers with their ballot papers are unable to send men of their class into power, they are still less capable of getting shot in order to get to the goal by a longer way. The middle classes fear neither extreme trade unionism nor a fantastic anti-militarism. That is bad literature, a disastrous activity which hampers our progress, paralyses our cause, and that is why I speak angrily and indignantly of these attempts at deviation which affect revolutionary tactics, and really cause us to lose the efforts of years of propaganda.

"Direct action and anti-militarism as understood by some people are diseases of which the party will get cured as it has done of others in the past."

This did not prevent Jaurès on May 11 from making a speech in the Chamber in which he seemed to treat "this bad literature" quite seriously.

The tone of the polemics changes with him. We find again in his speech that lofty idealism, that width of disinterested views, which have given him in international Socialism such a high moral standing. He does not brutally reject, like Guesde, a phenomenon so important as that of trade unionism, which it is not sufficient to despise or to deny in order to crush it, but he avoids the excessive declarations of Vaillant, who seemed to show the same love for Socialism as for trade unionism.

But he pleads a cause before a Court which he knows is not favourable to it, and he naturally seeks only to bring out the points favourable to those whom he defends, extenuating all that might be used against them. Doubtless, he is bound to admit the presence of Anarchists in the C.G.T., "but," he adds, "have they really the preponderating influence which you ascribe to them?" And without examining the question in more detail he is content in showing that the Anarchist trade unionists have "abandoned the old Anarchist metaphysics relating to law," and that these more sensible men, "instead of relying on opposition to the law in a metaphysical negation, accept it as a fact, and use it as such for the progress of the working class; and as long as the Anarchists recognise laws as facts which must be made use of for the progress of the proletariat, then the consequence—*if not acknowleged, at all events necessary*—is that the proletariat must obtain as many laws as possible for guarantees, for emancipation, and for organisation."

Jaurès here makes the Anarchists acknowledge too much. In order to defend the working-class organisation which they

have captured, he attributes to them ideas which they have never formulated : that method of defence is not without danger for the Socialist Party. Is it in accordance with its interests to let the proletariat believe that Anarchists have become the partisans of legal action and that they are really almost in agreement with us ?

In that speech, I repeat that Jaurès has interpreted facts and words in the most favourable manner for those whom he was defending. But it is quite evident that it is not in this way that the question should be stated and discussed between Socialists. After having given proof of a remarkable freedom of ideas in defending before the Chamber a handful of Anarchists who were wrongly prosecuted by the Government of the Republic, the Socialist Party has not only the right, but it is its duty to examine closely the possible consequences of its more and more intimate relations with these politicians who have done nothing to deserve its confidence.

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That which helps, perhaps more than the diplomatic inexactitude of parliamentary speeches, to give to the Socialist public the impression of unity of thought and action between the revolutionary trade unionists and the Socialist Party, is the attitude of " l'Humanité " for many months past.

We see to-day the authorised friends of Guesde—Lafargue and Bracke—writing in "l'Humanité" side by side with Griffuelhes and Pouget, though they do not criticise the extreme trade unionism or anti-parliamentary methods. In the same way Jaurès and the old members of the Socialist Party do not argue with the revolutionary trade unionists, so that a reader who does not know might think that the statements of an Anarchist like Pouget or Griffuelhes express the general thought of French Socialism on trade union questions.

Besides, the organ of the party is not neutral, it is really trade unionist. Most of the writers dealing with trade union questions in their articles or reviews are evidently in favour of revolutionary trade unionism, and pay no attention to most of the doings of trade unionists who are in favour of reforms. Without giving a series of quotations which would appear wearisome, I wish, however, to call attention to the following cases :—

It is with reference to the Congress of Railway Workers held in April, 1907. At the first meeting a comrade complained that the Council had not carried on a sufficiently active propaganda in favour of the eight hours day. To this Guerard, the secretary of the union, replied that the branches which are independent had said several times that they were not strong enough to obtain the eight hours day. "Nine years ago," said he, "we decided in favour of a general strike to obtain the eight hours day. It was a complete failure, and you know what were the consequences. The branches were hard hit, and some disappeared. We have had to

work for nine years to heal the wounds, to reconstitute the branches, to become a force again, and to win over doubtful members to the trade union cause." Are you able to decide that you will only work eight hours a day? "No, no!" replied a large number of delegates. "Then," continued Guerard, "we must acknowledge facts, and carry on our propaganda in a methodical manner."

There was a rather important exchange of ideas, and the matter was important enough to be mentioned in the "Humanité."

This is how the facts were summarised: "A discussion took place on the eight hours day, and the members of the congress expressed their firm determination to carry on an incessant propaganda in favour of this reform, which they will be able to carry when the organisation is strong enough."

Do you really think that the reader of the "Humanité" has a correct idea of the discussion at that congress on the eight hours day?

This, you will say, is only a detail. Certainly. But it has some value for many; such details passed over in silence are sufficient to prevent the reader from seeing what really took place at a congress or at a meeting. That which distinguishes reforming from revolutionary trade unionists is a matter of opinion and particular tactics.

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What are the causes of this new attitude?

First, the increasing prestige of the working-class movement, and the reaction against politics exclusively limited to electoral and Parliamentary action. The repeated faults of some Socialist politicians (Millerand, Briand, Viviani) have thrown a certain amount of discredit on Parliamentary Socialism. From repeated unfortunate experiences it has been concluded that the participation of Socialists in the Government and as a consequence purely Parliamentary action was to be condemned. These repeated failings, in addition to the anti-Parliamentary speeches of trade unionists, have powerfully contributed to increase the prestige of the trade union movement in the eyes of the organised proletariat.

Second, besides the well-defined hostility between the members of the Parti Ouvrier Français and those of the C.G.T., and the indifference to trade union questions shown for a long time by the Parti Socialiste Français, occupied for several years by Parliamentary struggles, by the affair Dreyfus and the defence of the Republic, had made them lose the confidence of trade union organisations and had helped the Anarchists to capture the C.G.T. Thus Socialists had lost all influence in trade union circles.

I remember hearing de Pressensé, in the beginning of the last Parliament, regret very much this paradoxical division.

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The Socialists, uneasy at the progress of revolutionary Anarchist trade unionism, and not wishing all this organisation to work against them, decided recently—about 18 months or two years ago—to negotiate with the C.G.T. The beginnings were rather curious and difficult. Jaurès, violently attacked by Pouget and Griffuelhes, yet advised that an amiable and conciliatory attitude should be adopted towards those who had insulted him.

Little by little things grew easier, the Socialists made repeated concessions, the trade unionists affected to be defiantly austere, yet they accepted the offer to write in the "Humanité." It was a platform from which they could speak to the workers amongst whom were some who might adhere to their noisy trade unionism. When they took their place on the staff of the hospitable newspaper they made it known that they kept their complete independence; humbly their host agreed, and said that these new writers on the paper were free to say what they liked on their own responsibility. The promise was kept by both parties.

Is it not surprising to see with what facility the Socialist Party undertook, without any previous discussion, with the assent of all, or, at all events, without any protests, to enter on a path which may lead them a long way? The history of the Socialist Party, and of its different fractions, is made up of secessions or of alliances on questions of tactics or of theory. The right to enter the Ministry, the General Strike, the taking part in the Bloc, have been the subject of long and violent discussions. To-day, as it is not a matter concerning the common action of two Socialist factions or of two parliamentary groups, but of the alliance of the Socialist Party with revolutionary trade unionism which upholds a policy declared by the Socialist Party to be dangerous and bad, yet hardly any one in the party protests. I know very well that the Socialist Party and revolutionary trade unionism (whether Anarchist or not) have more than one point in common; their object, first, of changing the form of society, and then their field of action, which is the proletariat. But the action and the propaganda on the part of these two political groups have shown too well all that separates them in the philosophical conception of social evolution, as in the details of present practice, for an alliance between them to be either natural or desirable.

Certain active members of trade unions at the congress held at Amiens by the C.G.T. have seemed to consider as solidly established the alliance between revolutionary Socialists and trade unionists. But it is precisely to that point that the whole attention of the Socialist Party should be directed. The revolutionary trade unionists have every interest to allow a belief in this union to become established, and to try and seek a refuge in our party, for when the storm has blown over and the Socialist Party wishes to resume its autonomous life, they will be there to hinder

it in its forward march and to raise a thousand difficulties in its parliamentary action.

The Anarchists and the trade unionists must be and will remain opponents of Socialism, for they recommend to the working classes on most questions of the day a method of action by the proletariat of which the Socialists have shown the dangers for a long time. That is what we wrongly forget.

But there is a point of the revolutionary trade unionist propaganda about which the neutral attitude of the Socialist Party appears to me to be particularly dangerous; that is anti-Parliamentarianism.

The members of the Committee of the C.G.T. never let an occasion pass of stating their opinion on that point. Need I remind my readers that Griffuelhes, the secretary of the C.G.T., was a candidate in a district of Paris at the Parliamentary election of 1906 in order to make use of the facilities given to candidates of holding public meetings in the playgrounds of schools and to be able to post bills without paying duty, on which were anti-Parliamentary addresses? Need I recall the numerous articles of Pouget in which he again and again proclaims the uselessness of Parliamentary action as compared with the efficacy of trade unionist action? Men not so well known do not lose sight of this point of view when they are carrying on their daily propaganda in favour of the trade unionist programme. Need I remind you that in a large number of offices of trade unions you can see on the walls one or more Anarchist bills with sensational titles, such as "Do not vote," or else "To the electoral cattle," in which citizens are earnestly requested not to take any part in the elections?

This propaganda is also carried on individually by word of mouth. A few months ago I was present in one of the offices at the Labour Bureau (Bourse du Travail). A working-man came in and joined the union; the secretary filled up the usual forms, gave him his card, received his subscription, addressed to the new unionist some encouraging words, and when he was going out called him back to give him some few anti-Parliamentary and anti-patriotic small bills, which he was to stick up in the street or in the workshop.

I am far from being scandalised at this; everyone is free to think as he pleases and to try and spread his ideas among those who come into contact with him. I do not doubt the sincerity of those who carry out this simple propaganda. But the questions I ask myself, and I suppose many Socialists are doing the same thing, are the following: Is the Socialist Party right or wrong from the point of view of propaganda among the mass of the people, to appear to approve this propaganda? Is it in agreement with the interests of the Socialist Party that the electors should think that there exists an "entente cordiale," not to say an alliance, between

anti-Parliamentary Anarchists, trade unionists, and Socialists who are by definition in favour of parliamentary action?

It must also be stated that the actual state of political affairs is peculiarly favourable to anti-Parliamentary propaganda, and this is not the least of the reproaches that we are justified in addressing to Clemenceau, to Briand, and to Viviani. They have, by their anti-democratic attitude, seriously injured, if not ruined, all respect for republican ideas in the minds of many working men, and they have facilitated the progress of Anarchist theories, which recommend the entire abolition of useless parliaments, and they have made the task of their former friends very difficult.

I know very well that it is difficult, in these conditions, for the Socialist Party to declare war against the anti-Parliamentarians, and to appear to defend a Government so undemocratic as the republic of Clemenceau; but I know, too, like many Socialists, that it is dangerous to allow Anarchist ideas to acquire every day a greater prestige among organised working men.

If the follies of Clemenceau's Ministry compel us for the moment to make peace for a time with the Anarchists, we must resign ourselves to this necessity, but we must keep a greater independence for the propaganda of the ideas which we consider to be just. And we must always recall to the proletariat the idea that it is stronger and more lasting than the men who pretend to serve it by misrepresenting it. We must tell it that if Clemenceau, Briand, and Viviani have blunted the arm of progress, i.e., the Republic, others after them will know how to give it back its real efficacy. We must tell them that it is sufficient for that that the number of Socialist votes should grow every day, and that the number of representatives of the conscious proletariat should attain the importance that it ought nominally to have if all those who are exploited, all those who are the victims of the present social régime, would vote for their natural defenders.

It is precisely in periods of crisis like the one we are going through that working class groups feel themselves threatened in the few liberties which they think they have gained, and should unite to resist better the middle class Government; it is just then that it is well to recall to the Socialist groups the principles of our party, which the sincere or interested diatribes of neighbouring groups might make them somewhat lose sight of. That is what ought to have been done by the organ of the Socialist Party; it should have recommended combined action, but not the confusion of parties. Now, the "Humanité" has especially tried for months to show the contradictions of certain political personalities, and that was not difficult. It has thus developed among its readers a distrust for these men, but it has not tried to strengthen in them the belief in ideas and in institutions.

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On the three principal points of the trade unionist revolutionary

programme: the General Strike, Direct Action, anti-Patriotism, the Socialist Party must take action.

On the first and on the last points we already know the opinion of the majority of the party; the General Strike is more a conception of theory than true tactics which can be be at once applied. The revolutionary Socialists themselves consider it as a special form of the Social Revolution, and do not pretend that it can be practised at once. The very different opinions of the different groups, and of individual Socialists, do not really make a general strike very probable. It may be considered as a theoretical conception, useful as a means of propaganda because, owing to its simplicity, it strikes the minds of workers and gives them, in a way easily understood by all, a real sentiment of the power which a combined action would have. But it does not appear at all probable that the experiment will soon be made in France.

The Socialists are anti-militarist in so far as they are absolutely opposed to the intervention of the national army in the conflicts between capital and labour; on that point they are unanimous. But the Socialist Party has refused up till now to adopt the anti-patriotic theories of Hervé and his small group, which is mainly composed of Anarchists.

On the other hand, the party has not yet come to any decision on the principle of direct action, and it would be very desirable that this situation of expectancy should cease as soon as possible, for it may offer real dangers for the development of Socialist ideas among many comrades.

It is really a very tempting theory: each category of citizens must look after its own interests by all possible means. Reforms will no longer be hung up, and will not depend on the goodwill of the Government. Those who are interested will rise up, and by legal or extra-legal action will make their social adversaries or the nation itself carry out their will. The strike, which is a lawful action, meetings, etc., are examples of direct action. They have a great social value, both for propaganda and for obtaining certain advantages. The Socialist Party is in principle very favourable to them.

But who does not see that the generalisation of direct action would lead to the negation of the actual form of a representative republican government? It would be in opposition even with the general tendency of the history of civilisation, in which political progress has always consisted in making all citizens subject to the law, that is to say, to conventions agreed upon between different classes of citizens and the community. To proclaim that direct action is the typical method of social progress is to proclaim that the method followed till now by history is absolutely erroneous, and that we must go back to the distant times when each clan, each tribe, each family, tried to seize power, or, at all events, to obtain the greatest

number of advantages and benefits, without thinking of the condition of others; it would be going back to "each for himself." No doubt the origin of this tendency in a large number of wage-earners is due to the Republic, which having promised a great deal of equality and of liberty, has given very little of each, and that the selfishness of politicians, forming a truly privileged class, has abandoned in a deplorable way all social and economic democratic reforms. The workers wish to fight this unfair policy by all possible means, and that is economically justifiable. But they lose sight of the fact that if all classes of citizens tried to impress their will collectively, there would no longer be any stability in social life. Now all the systems conceived by French or German Socialists have, till now considered the social order, that is to say, the obedience due to an accepted convention which is respected by all citizens, as absolutely indispensable. Thus the Anarchist character, in the etymological sense of the word, of the direct action is distinctly affirmed.

The Socialist Party, which follows a Parliamentary policy, and which pretends not to act outside lawful means, but in a legal way which it tries to transform legally, cannot accept direct action in all its manifestations; it must distinguish between the normal reasoned direct action—strike, manifestations of opinion, and of propaganda; and accidental, unreflecting direct action. And each time that there is an opportunity it should have the courage to say whether it approves or not these attempts at direct action.

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From a trade union point of view, properly so called, the Socialist Party should decide on the principal tactical points which divide the different schools of trade unionism. It must indicate, in a general plan, the line of conduct which it recommends to its adherents; the trade union Socialist action must tend to the same object as Parliamentary action, and for that it is indispensable that all the Socialists in their respective trade unions should follow the same tactics, so as to direct in the same way the trade union movement of all these bodies. The Socialist Party must, therefore, indicate to its adherents the attitude which appears to be most in conformity with the interests which it defends relating to the principal points which are the object of very lively discussions in the midst of trade unions between revolutionaries and reformers.

For example, the questions which refer to the political neutrality of the union, those which relate to its numercial importance, to its financial power, to the institutions of solidarity and of forethought which grow up around it, those also which relate to the way in which a strike should be sought or avoided, to its revolutionary or economic character, and finally those which refer to the action and direction of the C.G.T. At each moment of their trade union life the Socialists find themselves face to face with different questions

of detail; very different solutions are proposed to them, from which there is a difficulty to choose.

Evidently the Socialist Party can only give general directions of principle to its adherents, who must make use of them in the daily struggle.

This is not the place to draw up a complete plan of the trade union tactics of the Socialist Party. Yet I should like, by an example, to indicate the general spirit which, it appears to me, should direct the action of Socialists in trade unions and in the C.G.T.

Should we try to constitute numerous powerful trade unions with various institutions of forethought and of solidarity, funds for giving help in case of out-of-work, illness, strike, etc., like the English and German trade unions; or else a few trade unions, but very united, very independent, principally for action in strikes and revolutions, and which should be as revolutionary trainers of the unorganised mass of the workers.

From the point of view of the trade unionist action properly so called, the Socialist Party must be a partisan of powerful, numerous trade unions, which should include the greatest possible proportion of the workers at the same trade.

From the trade unionist point of view, a large trade union will only represent in an important way the dispositions and the general point of view of a trade. Alone it will be able to decide questions which will probably agree fairly well with the thought of the majority, and which, therefore, may really be put in practice by the union. In that way it will be possible to avoid the vain attempts at striking which discourage workers and encourage employers of labour. Every movement of propaganda or of strike undertaken with the assent of the majority in a body which is strongly organised has naturally more chances of success than in a body of which the organised majority does not follow or hardly follows the trade unionist minority.

Besides, a numerous trade union organisation gives to those who form part of the union an exact idea of their real power, so that small trade unions, never knowing on whom they can rely, run the risk of being followed or not by non-unionist workers.

The large important trade union becomes the very school of social life. For in a general way it should be noticed that the more a trade union becomes powerful, the more its policy departs from that of spontaneous and idle movements and becomes governed by reason. The trade unionists become conscious gradually of the exact value of their movement, and they understand better the difficulties which have to be overcome. Is not this the best school of the "conscious" proletariat?

A powerful trade union is not only important from the point of view of the regular action of trade unionism, but it has always along

with it attached institutions which make it penetrate closer in the daily life of the unionists.

The revolutionary trade unionists are guilty of a strange contradiction on this point. The unionis for them the very heart of proletarian life, the essential organ. But they are unwilling that this organ should fill the regular functions in daily life. For nearly all condemn the social institutions which in England and in Germany, as well as in some French unions, have grown up as the union becomes more powerful: Funds for out-of-work, for sickness, for strike; all these institutions are despised by them as belonging to friendly societies, and they hold that they are quite contrary to their revolutionary principles. But if you take these social adjuncts from the union, how will you connect them with the workers' life? What! It is thought that the workers will be more heartily attached to a union where they will find no help when out of work or ill, no funds in a strike, than to one where they would find some of these advantages? The revolutionary abstract aspiration, the theoretical conception of the preponderating part which the union should play during a strike or a revolution, have they really more influence on ordinary workers in getting them to uphold their opinions and the desire for emancipation, than the material advantages offered by the different institutions organised in the midst of a powerful and large trade union?

Really, this is arguing from a theoretical type of a modern working man, which has nothing in common with the living reality. It is quite absurd and does not bear examination. The large, powerful rich union, supported by large funds available for out-of-work, sick and strike-pay, is the one that will attract most working men; it is the one which will hold the biggest place in their life, the one to which they will feel attached by sentiment and by interest, and which they will defend with energy and conviction.

Is it right to say that such a union is necessarily conservative and reactionary, and that it must fatally follow the same evolution as the trade unions despised by the French revolutionary Socialists? Before deciding this question, you ought to take into account the difference of race, and not to forget that the English worker has not behind him a past made up of the same revolutionary efforts as the French working man. Besides, why should we not succeed by propaganda in keeping alive the spirit of emancipation in large unions? The revolutionaries who fear that they will become middle-class need only act as revolutionary trainers, and, if they take care, they may be certain that their efforts will not be in vain.

Really, you must have a very limited confidence in the trade union and Socialist opinions of French workers, or you must think that their aspirations are very superficial towards material and moral well-being, in order to believe that the small advantages due to some institutions of forethought and of solidarity would enervate in them all desire for emancipation.

For these reasons the Socialist Party must be strongly in avour of powerful trade unions.

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This is only an example of the manner in which, in my opinion, the Socialist Party should examine trade union questions, and give its opinion on each one of them. It cannot be too often repeated that Socialists in unions must have common tactics; they must have the same general conception of trade unionism; they must give it the real importance which it demands—but they must not let it absorb all their political horizon. Now, many Socialists, dominated by trade unionist propaganda, are prone to attribute an exaggerated value to trade unionism. It is therefore highly necessary that the Socialist Party, by the mouthpiece of its counsellors, should examine without delay this important question, and should trace as soon as possible its trade union programme.

ETIENNE BUISSON.
(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

"OF the great religious struggle not a trace was to be seen The Church is disestablished in France, but no change whatever can be noticed by the eye. The temples are open as usual; mass and vespers are said as usual; nothing apparently is changed; except that the worshippers are more scanty than ever, both in cities and villages. I entered the churches and attended services at all hours both in Paris and in the country, and was almost always alone. In one large city, the streets and market-place of which were thronged, I visited a fine old Norman church I had known and loved as a boy in 1845. Since the days of the Crusaders, who had prayed in its walls before they set forth, it has never been so empty. In the Chapel of our Lady a priest was muttering his rite without a single worshipper in sight. In the fine old church of Compiègne, where Jeanne D'Arc took the sacrament when she sallied forth, to her last fight before the town, I made a pilgrimage to the memory of the purest saint in the Calender of Comte—though she is not in the calender of Rome. The town was en fête, and five thousand patriotic clubmen were parading before the statue of the saviour of France. But in her favourite church I was left to my meditations in solitude."—Frederick Harrison in his article on "Paris" in the "Nineteenth Century and After."

## "FOR THE SYNDICATE."

The day was exceedingly hot. The road was parched and dusty. The corn was shrivelling in the glaring sunshine.

A cloud cast a shadow on the distant hillside, and crept steadily towards us as a token of promise. The corn rustled as if whispering of the inevitable falling of refreshing raindrops. And so men also whisper among each other of the coming of a something which will make life worth living; which will help them on their way; which will lead them to higher and brighter thoughts of their fellowmen, and of life.

I lingered under the walnut trees to rest; the walnut trees where I played when a child; where I hulled their nuts and stained my fingers green; where I stopped to rest on my way to school.

Ten years had elapsed since I last saw the spot—not that I cared particularly for the spot—for the spot I really wished to see was the old farm and farmhouse. I wished to once more roam through the orchard. I wish to once more drink in the beauty of the garden. I wished to once more draw a cool drink from the well with the old-fashioned windlass.

I was thus meditating when a faint breeze bore to my ears the creaking of a cultivator. I looked around. A man and team were steadily approaching up one of the long corn-rows. The team was wet with sweat; and water could have been wrung from the man's clothing—what little he had on. He turned the team half round where what breath of air there was might cool their heads.

I spoke to the man when he looked in my direction.

His response was inarticulate, owing to his parching thirst.

He stepped to one of the trees and lifted a jug to his lips; it was water.

"Have a smile, stranger?" he asked kindly.

"Don't care if I do," I answered only too gladly.

I lifted the jug to my lips. The water was almost boiling.

And then I thought—thought that the pleasures of life are sometimes drank—the same becoming distasteful, unbearable in their increasing hotness.

"Rather tough working out here in the heat," I said by way of remark.

"Gotter stand it," he answered. "That's what we vote fur."

"Don't you own the farm you're on?" I asked.

"No," he replied, bitterly.

"Who does?" I asked.

"Syndicate."

"Who owns the farm adjoining?"

"Syndicate."

"And the next?" I inquired eagerly; for it was my old home.

"Syndicate," he answered promptly.

"Any one working it?" I asked.

"Renter."

"Does he live there?"

"No—lives next place—runs two places."

"Must make a barrel of money?"

"Does—for the syndicate."

There was a brief silence.

"Well, got to keep up mi lick—won't get mi rent paid," he said as he took up the lines. "Hope you'll think over this syndicate business, stranger." And, with a meaning glance, he bid me good-day.

As I approached my old home—the home where my brothers and sisters were born, and since cast out upon the struggling sea of life; where my father and mother died—I was overtaken by indescribable wretchedness.

The weather-beaten house stood conscience-haunting in its conspicuous barrenness. Tall weeds grew close around as if trying to hide from mortal eye the memories of the old home—the happiness of the long ago.

I dared not enter. I was haunted by an awful misery.

The corn grew close by the house, only leaving room for the teams to turn. Several tall weeds that had grown by the house were lying prostrate—they who had tried to drown or hide the memory.

The dear old well was covered with boards, whereon were piled stones—a grave of the gift of the immortal.

The orchard was gone, save two old trees that had fallen into one another's arms, their limbs embracing one another in their sorrow.

A portion of the garden fence remained, whereon, and covering it, were matted vines of the morning-glory. I lifted up a portion of the vines. What remained of the fence was decayed and rotten. And then I thought and thought—thought that the old fence was as humanity—a thing lost amid splendour, covered, refused the

light by beauty; a thing lost in the darkness caused by one of the flower-bearing vines of the world's ornaments. They are the vines of materialism.

Looking down over the cornfield I could see where the old stable formerly stood. 'Twas where the corn grew tallest. It seemed to flourish over the spot—the ruins of part of our old home. And so man flourishes over the ruin caused by sad misfortune born of the monster of man's creation.

Oh, how sad it all was. How sad were the thoughts of living in such a world and trying to make the best of it.

Standing there with the thoughts of a lost life, of all that has been and will continue to be, unless people arouse to social and political action, I pitied humanity, I cursed greed and the profit system.

I thought of an enslaved people. I thought of liberty—no the liberty our forefathers fought for, but industrial freedom. I thought of once more making a defence for rights, for a mighty and just cause, though not with life-taking explosives, but with more practical warfare—the ballot-box.

And then I went my way realising my environment had made me a Socialist—or was it my friend of the plough?—and that, a Socialist, I could help reconstruct environment.

FRANK ROSAMOND,
In the "Vanguard," Milwaukee.

# THE REVIEWS.

## WORKING GIRLS' CLUBS IN ITALY.

The Hon. Maude Stanley has the following to say about working girls' clubs in Italy in the current "Nineteenth Century and After":—

Signorina Cesarina Astesana had the idea, in 1902, to bring together the working girls of Turin into one large society of mutual help. She went first to the Minister of the Interior, setting before him her ideas, and asking his help. At first he gave her but little encouragement, but in consequence of her persevering demands she was at last able to start what we should call a "provident club," to which the working girls should contribute 25 centimes (2½d.) a month, and should in return receive when ill, after six months' membership, 50 centimes (5d.) a day. This was to last during eight weeks of illness in one year. This lady's proposal was warmly taken up by the factory hands and other girls working in the town. The ladies who work in this society are called "Patronates," a name which accords well to Italian ideas, as they have always spoken of their institutions as being under the patronage of different saints. These ladies have been influenced by a strong benevolent and loving feeling towards the working girls; they have become acquainted with the sorrows and real miseries of the poor, and they have worked hard to bring support and happiness into their lives.

The Benefit Society helps the girls in their difficult times of sickness; the doctors voluntarily give their services on Sunday afternoons to see the girls who are ailing, and prescribe for them. One chemist at Milan gives all the iron needed for anæmic patients. The classes for education which are held on Sundays enable them to improve the working conditions; the dancing and little plays acted by themselves, the walks and picnics taken with the ladies

on the Sunday, all give them one bright and happy day in the week. The health-giving country holiday, called in Italy "villegiatura," gives fresh energy when they return to their work. . . . .

In many cases the working girls have desired some improvement in the conditions of their work. These were reasonable demands, and for which formerly they would have gone on strike. Now the Patronate have gone to the employers and explained what was desired. In many cases the requests have been granted, the employers saying: "We have done this for you ladies, which we would not have done if the girls had gone on strike." In this way many improvements have been made in the conditions of the working women. Another great benefit of this society is that the ladies are often asked by employers for workgirls. These they are most glad to provide, as they have on their registers the names and addresses and trades of all the girls who belong to them. At the beginning of the society they had in the first year found work for 570 girls, and in the years 1903 and 1904 more than 900 had again been placed out in service and factories. This must be a a great advantage to the employers, who thus get the girls recommended by those who know them, and the girls themselves would be much more likely to make good workwomen when they feel that behind them are their kind friends who take an interest in their welfare. The Signorina Astesana has long worked for girls in Turin, and the idea of the society was the result, as is so often the case, of an intimate acquaintance of ladies with the working classes. A young workgirl of 20 years old, in talking to the Signorina, was lamenting one day with much bitterness the condition of her younger sister of 15 years old, who was employed in a dressmaking workshop. "What a sad life was theirs," she said, "and also to the larger part of the work girls in Turin, 15 hours a day! Often shut up in one room, ten, twelve, or twenty around one single table!" Arduous and fatiguing work, under the eye of a hard master or mistress, beginning in the morning with a sense of weary listlessness, after insufficient sleep, continuing to work till a short half-hour of repose at mid-day, when a cold dinner had to be eaten; often too scanty and in no way nutritious, and always ill-digested, and for this toilsome work they would get five francs a week, returning in the evening with such a fatigued body and soul that they often had not the strength to eat the soup the mother had prepared for them.

Now times are altered, and laws were passed in 1902 reducing the hours of labour, and appointing inspectors for the workrooms. This society of mutual help was formed in 1902, and by December the associates numbered 554, and by December 31, 1903, there were 1,900 inscribed, and they reached 2,489 in 1904, and there are now over 3,700 members, with 400 lady helpers in 25 towns in Italy. From Turin the society spread to Cuneo and

Varallo. They call each new branch a "sede," or seat. In 1904 a branch was started in Rome nnder the most capable and energetic presidency of the Marchesa Maddalina Patrizi Montoro. The new branch counted 700 associates at the end of the first year, and, with the same advantages as in Turin, they have now reached the number of 3,000 members. At Florence the society began in January, 1904, and is under the presidency of the Marchesa Gondi. In Venice the branch was opened in July, 1906, and already 1,500 members are enrolled under the presidency of the Comtesse Cecilia Soranzo.

## SCHOOL HYGIENE.

Mr. T. Cartwright has an article in "World's Work" dealing with the work of the International Congress on School Hygiene. He says:—

Is it no small matter that thousands of children are allowed to grow up with bad teeth, with weak sight, with impaired hearing, and with consumptive tendencies? Are their ill-fed bodies and their distracted minds no concern of the community? Surely no expenditure of time, energy, or money can possibly be too great when it is a question of checking degeneracy, for a degenerate is a standing danger, not only to himself, but to the world at large. Incapable of taking his part in the world's work, he does not content himself with merely standing aside as an onlooker whilst others shoulder his burden. Inactive for good usually means mischieviously active for evil, and the cult of degeneracy, however unconscious it may be, is a standing menace to the peace and even to the existence of the community.

Hence it is that the questions to be discussed at this Second International Congress on Hygiene should be burning questions to all citizens.

### Taking Stock.

If our crowded class-rooms and ill-ventilated schools make for degeneracy, they should immediately be improved at all costs. If our curricula breed tadpole men and women they cry aloud for instant revision. If ill and faulty feeding are sapping the vitality of even a small proportion of our youth, great will be the service done to the State by those who lay bare the disease and, above all, point to a remedy.

. . . . . .

How does England stand in these matters? We do not know. We have not yet taken the initial step of having our children systematically and periodically examined by doctors appointed for

that useful purpose. In London there are about a dozen of such School Medical Officers. There should be a hundred and fifty. In the rest of the country there are practically none at all. If, as is likely, one result of the Congress is a steady increase in the number of these Medical School Officers, we shall have good cause to bless the happy chance that sent the Congress to our shores. For we are woefully behind Germany and other Continental nations in this particular, and Sir John Gorst, who told us the other day that he was "afraid that in the next generation Germany would be far ahead of us in having a race of people stronger, more virtuous, and better educated than those in this country," may be, for aught we know for certain to the contrary, either an alarmist or a staid enunciator of sober, unwelcome truths.

## THE EBBING TIDE OF LIBERALISM.

"Calchas" has the following to say in the August "Fortnightly" concerning the above. He writes:—

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman came into power with three-fourths of the House of Commons behind him. His nominal following consisted of three definitely-separated groups, forming a far more miscellaneous alliance than any of the coalitions, which England has never loved. There was the Irish Party, whose case is understood. They were compelled to promise their constituents the certainty of concessions which they knew they were not to receive. They had to compromise their allies in England in order to preserve their own existence in Ireland. Mr. Redmond and his friends hoped to hold the Government in the hollow of their hand, and counted upon forcing it further than it was inclined to proceed. Liberals, upon the other hand, had committed themselves upon the fatal question before they realised that their majority would be independent and overwhelming. Unionist Free Traders were promised that no Home Rule would be granted. . . . . Neither of the promises in these cases can be entirely fulfilled or altogether evaded without embarrassment and discredit, and the dexterous opportunist who has spoken with two voices for the sake of gaining office finds himself caught between two fires when he gets there. . . . .

Parallel to the Nationalist group, however, was the Labour representative group. The appearance of this body was hailed with extravagant rejoicings and adulation by the Liberal spokesmen and the Ministerial press. But nothing could disguise the fact that this section had its own leader, its own Whips, its own treasury, its own programme, and its own purposes. The main object of the Labour Party was to grow at the expense of the other two. . . . . The Irish and the Socialist parties may be anything

you please, but they are not Liberal. Their very existence must be a cause of uncertainty, anxiety, and weakness to any Liberal Ministry.

. . . . .

The period of transfusion, when the old sharpness of distinction between Liberal and Tory disappeared, has passed. There are again two equally definite and comprehensive creeds, which are living and opposed. One of these is Labour-Socialism. Its programme means government of "the people" in the widest sense by the people in the most direct sense for the people in the narrowest sense. Upon the other hand there is the new Imperialism. It stands above all for that power and union of Greater Britain upon which the safety and prosperity of the island will ultimately depend, and it is in favour of every social reform which makes unmistakably for national efficiency in physique, character, intellect, in trade and arms. Tariff Reformers stand for the ideal of a great people in a strong State. Their foreign policy simply aims at enabling us to hold what we have; their fiscal policy simply seeks to develop our moral and material resources to the utmost of our capacity within our own frontiers. Mr. Chamberlain's supporters, like the Socialists, have at least their creed. These schools of thought and the social forces they represent are bound to stand over against each other. There is no main principle in Liberalism that can hope to compete with either of them. The Liberal Imperialists in the end will have to sacrifice their Imperialism to Collectivism, or their fiscal laissez faire to the empire. It is not possible to imagine that the rise of the Labour Party can lead to any other result than the capitulation of a large portion of the Liberal Party, and the secession of the rest. The latter are bound to think revenue raised upon tariff reform principles to be a sounder and fairer system of finance than the direct taxation of the minority for the purposes of the majority. Are these speculations to be regarded, after all, merely as long views? It is not so sure. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is the Francis Joseph of domestic politics, and his influence alone keeps down some disintegrating forces even now. The campaign against the House of Lords is leading straight to a trial of strength which seems tolerably certain to reduce the numbers of the Liberal Party; to place it in a position of dependence upon Irish Nationalism or Labour-Socialism, even if it remains in office; and to increase the tension between its sections. Old age pensions in the nearer, not in the remoter future will raise the question of national finance in its full gravity. Between resolute Imperialism and anti-Imperialism, between economic efficiency and blind anti-capitalism, between tariff revenue and Socialist taxation there will be found no half-way house. The Liberal Party as it exists can move decisively in neither direction, and its disintegrating elements are bound to seek at opposite poles their elective affinities.

## NOTRE DAME DE PARIS.

### Chapter II.

The people were anxious for the play and great cries greeted the end of his speech. Poor Jupiter did not know what to do, when a man, still young though wrinkled, wearing an old suit of clothes, told the player to begin at once. This was Pierre Gringoire, the author. But just as the actors began the usher announced the Lord Cardinal of Bourbon. His Eminence came and took his seat, followed by a very brilliant suite, and at once all eyes were fixed on him and but little attention was paid to the acting; the audience were intent on gazing on the grandees, and the poor author was very miserable at his play passing quite unnoticed. Indeed, as the different members of the company were announced it was impossible to pay attention to the course of the play and to hear at the same time the names of those who were present. At last one of the audience, who was in the Cardinal's suite, proposed in a loud voice that instead of listening to the play which no one could hear or understand, they should do as they did at Ghent—where he came from, namely, that each one should come on the stage and make a grimace; he who, in the opinion of all, made the ugliest one should be elected Pope of the Fools. This was agreed to.

All hastened to agree, and the Cardinal and the bulk of his suite retired. The new arrangement seemed to satisfy everybody except the actors and the unfortunate author P. Gringoire. So there was a fine time and many ugly faces were made. At last one man came on the stage; he had a hideous nose, only one eye, very few teeth and he was a dwarf. This was Quasimodo, and the prize was unanimously awarded to him. He was told that he was to be Pope of the Fools, but he did not seem to understand, for he was deaf.

"Ah! I remember him," said Jehan, who had come to have a

good look at him. "It is Quasimodo, the bell-ringer of my brother the Archdeadon. Good morning, Quasimodo!"

But the crowd found a cardboard tiara and the mock vestments of the Pope of the Fools. Then they made him sit down on a litter, and it was carried on men's shoulders according to an ancient custom all round the City of Paris.

Everyone was delighted except poor P. Gringoire, who left the hall swearing and cursing at the great want of taste shown by the public.

## BOOK II.

### Chapter I.

Poor Gringoire did not dare go home because he had no money, and he was in debt to his landlord. He had reckoned on receiving a handsome donation from the Cardinal and possibly from other of the guests, but he had not even a brass coin. He wandered about disconsolate in the streets of Paris, feeling his misery the more because there were everywhere signs of rejoicing. When he came near to the river Seine, he said "I would willingly drown myself, only the water is so cold." Then he thought he would go to the Place de Greve, where there would be a bonfire, and he would at all events be able to warm himself. But when he got there there was quite a crowd round the fire. "Those wretched Prussians," said he to himself (for Gringoire as a true dramatic poet was much given to monologues)," there they are, keeping me from the fire. Yet I do want a little warmth."

But when he came closer he noticed that there was a large circle, and that the crowd was not only looking at the fire, but that near it there was a young girl dancing. When he looked at her he could not make up his mind whether it was a fairy or an angel. She was not tall but she appeared to be so as she was so well proportioned. She was dark, her feet were small, and she was dancing on an old Persian carpet. Each time that she came near you her big black eyes gave you a look which was like a flash of lightning. While she danced she waved a tambourine. Gringoire could not make out whether it was a nymph or a goddess.

Among the crowd there was a man who was intently gazing at the dancing girl. He had a calm, dark, austere face, he only appeared to be a man of about 35 years of age, but he was bald, and in his eyes there shone an extraordinary youth, an ardent life, a deep passion. From time to time he smiled, but his smile was sadder than a sigh.

The young girl stopped as she was out of breath, and called out "Djali."

Then Gringoire saw a pretty little white goat appear. Its horns were gilt, as well as its hoofs, and it had a gilt collar.

"Djali," said the dancer, "it is now your turn."

Sitting down, she showed the goat her tambourine.

"Djali," she said, "what month of the year are we in?"

The goat lifted up its front hoof and struck the tambourine once. It was January, and the crowd applauded.

"Djali," she went on, turning her tambourine round, "what is the day of the month?"

The goat struck the tambourine six times with its gilt hoof.

Some people murmured that there was witchcraft in this, but most of them cheered, and she made a collection, getting a good round sum. Poor Gringoire would have liked to have given her something, but he had no money.

"Won't you go away, you Egyptian locust?" cried a woman's voice. The young girl shuddered.

"It is the old woman of Roland's Tower," cried some children, and most of the crowd dispersed.

Poor Gringoire was almost left alone, and he now realised that he would have to go to bed without any supper. This melancholy thought made him feel very dejected, when he heard a woman's voice singing. It was the gipsy, and her song, in an unknown language, was as bewitching as her dancing.

But again the woman's voice broke out. "Won't you keep quiet, you cricket from hell?" and the girl stopped her song.

Just then the procession carrying Quasimodo appeared. Suddenly the man with the bald head rushed forward, and it could then be seen that he was a priest. He seized the wooden cross that was being carried in front of the procession and broke it. "What!" said Gringoire, who recognised him, "it is Claude Frollo, the archdeacon. What is he going to do? I hope he will not be hurt."

But Quasimodo jumped down and fell on his knees. He muttered some excuses and humbly followed the priest in silence. Some of the crowd did not like their fun being spoilt and were likely to hurt the priest, but Quasimodo kept them at bay.

"Well, that is wonderful," said Gringoire, "but where the devil shall I get any supper."

## Chapter II.

Anyhow, Gringoire thought he would follow the gipsy and her goat, and he did so. He noticed that she was going through very miserable streets, but he still followed her and the goat. Suddenly he lost sight of her as she had gone down a side turning, but he almost immediately heard her scream; he rushed forward and saw her struggling with two men, and the poor goat bleating; he went for them, but when he saw that one of them was Quasimodo he stood still. He called out for help, while Quasimodo was running away carrying the girl under his arm.

"Stop, you wretches, and let the girl go!" cried a man on horseback, coming near. It was a captain of the City Guard who was making his rounds with his men. He pulled the gipsy from the arms of Quasimodo and put her across his saddle. Just as Quasimodo was rushing at him fifteen or sixteen archers seized him, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in mastering him. His companion disappeared in the struggle.

The gipsy stood up in his saddle and looked intently at the officer.

"What is you name, gracious Sir," she said.

"Captain Phœbus de Chatlanpus, at your service, my beauty," he answered.

"Thank you," she said.

And while Captain Phœbus was twirling his moustache she slipped off the horse and fled.

"By the Pope's navel!" said the Captain, ordering Quasimodo to be carefully guarded, "I would rather have kept the gipsy."

"Well," said one of the archers, "the lark has flown, the bat has stayed."

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## Chapter III.

Gringoire stood still for a little and then went on, but he soon found that he was quite lost; after wandering about for some time he found himself in the thieves' quarter, and then seeing his danger he tried to retreat, but it was too late and he was brought before tbe King of the Beggars. That worthy gravely informed him that he must be hung unless he would agree to belong to their company. Gringoire agreed, but was told that before doing this he must show his capacity by picking a pocket of a dummy which was hanging from the roof and had several bells attached to it, yet the deed must be done without one bell tinkling. Gringoire lamentably failed, and just as he was going to be hung he was told that he might be reprieved if some woman of the party would marry him. All refused, and the rope was round his neck when the gipsy Esmeralda, whom he had seen, appeared. She agreed to take him. The rope was taken off his neck and an earthenware jug was brought. Esmeralda gave it to Gringoire. "Throw it on the ground," she said. The jug broke in four pieces. "Brother," said the King, "she is thy wife. Sister, he is thy husband. For four years go."

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## Chapter IV.

Gringoire then found himself in a room with the girl. But she paid not the slightest attention to him, and was talking to her

goat. He came close to her and looked at her. She said in a frightened voice, "What do you want?"

"Need you ask, adorable Esmeralda," replied Gringoire in a passionate voice. "Am I not your husband," and he put his arm round her waist.

She slipped through his hands, and stood facing him holding a dagger in her hand; and the goat stood ready to butt at him.

"Why, then," said Gringoire, "did you marry me?"

"Ought I to have let you be hung?"

The answer seemed a sensible one to Gringoire, who, after thinking for some time, said:

"Well, I will not quarrel with you, and I promise you that I will not come near you without your permission; but please give me some supper."

She laughed, made a sign to her goat, and gave him some bread, some bacon, and some apples, and while he was eating it she disappeared.

"Well," said he, "this is a strange wedding-night. Has she left me a bed?" He looked round, and he found at last a very hard box, on which he stretched himself. "Well," he said, "I suppose I must make the best of it. But it is a pity; there was something strange in that broken jug wedding which interested me very much."

VICTOR HUGO.

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

*(To be continued.*

# THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**The Kirkdale Contest.**—It is greatly to be regretted that the Labour candidate for Kirkdale did not stand manfully to his guns as a Socialist, and defend the whole Socialist programme. We understand that Mr. Hill claims to be a Socialist and is a member of the Independent Labour Party. One could scarcely gather that from his election address, and his vehement protest against the statement that he was in favour of Secular Education was quite pathetic. There is no doubt that Mr. Hill's allegiance to the Labour Party made it necessary for him to trim; which is only another argument against the alliance with non-Socialists by which Socialists are bound to keep their Socialism in the background. But even the Labour Party is pledged to the principle of Secular Education, although some of its members prefer to ignore that fact. The Tories are boasting about a great victory over Socialism. Really they have nothing to brag

about. By the most strenuous efforts; by lavish expenditure, the grossest mendacity and misrepresentation, and by raising questions which were never at issue in the contest, they have succeeded in holding what they had before and what has long been regarded as a safe Tory seat. But they have not defeated Socialism, and they must be in a terrible fright when they rejoice so loudly over having simply beaten off the attack. Socialism has not been defeated at Kirkdale; in so far as he represented Socialism at all Mr. Hill was fighting with his hands tied.

**A Very Fishy Transaction.**—The "Westminster Gazette," which applauds the infamous treaty with Russia, represents Sir Edward Grey—having landed a big fish representing the Russian deal—as saying "Well, some people may object to my fishing at all in these waters, but at any rate this fish is worth landing." It is certainly very appropriate to represent the agreement as a fishy affair, but its value to Great Britain is inappreciable. The fish already stinks in the nostrils of all lovers of freedom. Everybody has heard of the Frenchman who, on being remonstrated with for becoming a naturalised British subject, pleaded as excuse that he had thereby gained the Battle of Waterloo. But there is not even a sentimental advantage of that kind gained for Great Britain in this bargain with Russia. What Russia gains is quite clear. She not only gets a free hand guaranteed to her to work her sweet will in the most valuable provinces of Persia, but she gets, by the mere fact of the agreement, the support and assistance of the British Government in raising those loans without which the continuance of the Russian autocracy would be impossible. What is worst of all, from a moral standpoint, we are made, by this treaty, partners and accomplices in the hideous

crimes by which the infamous Government which is our "faithful ally" has suppressed the efforts of the Russian people to obtain political liberty. Morally and materially we are the losers. All we have gained is a small share in the plunder of Persia and the gracious permission of Russia to retain, if we can, what we have won in India and Afghanistan. How flattering to the pride of British jingoes that we only hold "our empire in the East" by the kind permission of a ruthless, bloodstained despotism, and one which is already weakened by a disastrous foreign war, and threatened with destruction by internal revolution!

**Honour among Thieves.**—This agreement with Russia is simply a thieves' compact, an arrangement between two piratical Powers as to the share each shall have in the plunder of a weaker nation, in this case Persia. But in this compact the two contracting parties are disregarding that honour which proverbially—and it may be only proverbially—exists among thieves; and this ignoring of the claims of other Powers may be productive of much mischief. We, assuredly, have no love for the militarist German Empire, and no desire to see it predominant in Europe; but for that very reason we should naturally oppose every policy which has for its object the isolation of Germany, or which is likely to provoke or give any justification for the hostility towards this country which is undoubtedly growing in the German Empire. Any such policy must naturally strengthen the Kaiser and his reactionary followers, and enable them to get support for their aggressive policy which otherwise would not be forthcoming. The accuracy of this view may easily be seen by the tone adopted by the German press towards the Anglo-Russian alliance. It may be asked what an agreement between England and Russia for the partition of Persia has to do with

Germany. It may have nothing to do with that Power directly; but it is undoubtedly regarded as part of an anti-German policy. That might not concern us if the agreement with Russia were in other respects desirable. As it is, however, it only further shows how little we have to gain and how much to lose by this unholy alliance.

**Trade Unionists and Unemployment.**—The resolution on unemployment passed at the Bath Trades Union Congress shows that the trade unionists are falling into line with Social-Democrats on this question, and that they are beginning to see that trade unionism alone is no solution for this evil. After referring to the failure of the Unemployed Workmen Act, and the niggardly manner of doling out the grant of £200,000, the resolution goes on to say that "this Congress, recognising that unemployment is now permanent in character in busy as in slack seasons, in summer and in winter, and is common to all trades and industries; also that this is due to industry being unorganised and carried on for private profit, and is bound to continue, and, indeed, become more accentuated as the development of machinery and other wage-saving methods proceeds, calls the attention of the Government to its neglect of the interests of the people in not grappling with this social evil, and urges it to at once embark upon work of public utility with the object of—(*a*) Absorbing the present unemployed labour; (*b*) Laying the foundation for a permanent re-organisation of industry upon a co-operative basis." Here the Socialist position is fairly stated, and it is no small thing for our propaganda to have achieved when the delegates and leaders of the great army of organised labour accept practically unanimously the purely Socialist solution of this the most terrible disease affecting the industrial life of the nation.

**Action Now Wanted.**—But we sincerely hope the matter will not rest with the mere passing of the resolution, as is too often the case at these Congresses. We are justified in that hope by the fact that many unions and branches are arriving at the same conclusion as the Congress, and also that the true remedy is being pointed out in various trade union reports issued monthly, quarterly, and annually. The resolution, indeed, went on to "instruct the Parliamentary Committee to at once promote legislation with the object of securing the operation of the principle of this resolution, believing that this is the most vital and urgent question affecting the interest of the wage workers of the United Kingdom." And we at least must keep them up to their duty. We do not lose sight of the fact that it is one thing for a Congress to pass a resolution, and quite another for the million and a half workers represented thereat to be heartily and emphatically in favour of it. More especially is it another thing for the great mass of organised trade unionists to actively work on the lines indicated in the resolution passed. Still, when all allowances are made, it is a great factor on our side, and we have the strongest grounds for calling upon the unions to back us in our unemployed agitation during the coming winter. Great masses move slowly, but when they move they are irresistible, and it is an encouraging sign that the leaven is working, working, working.

**Motteler and Mainwaring.**—Two recent deaths serve to remind us of the increasing age of our movement, of its growth and international character, and of stirring days through which it has passed—the deaths of Julius Motteler and Samuel Mainwaring. How far apart were the two men, and how different their careers! Motteler, after a life of untiring and invaluable work for the international Social-Demo-

cracy, and especially for our German comrades, passes away to his eternal rest honoured and mourned by his comrades in every land. Mainwaring, no less a fighter, who died almost at the same time as Motteler —died, too, actually in harness—was quite forgotten but by a few. One of the few workers who left the S.D.F. when the Socialist League was formed, Mainwaring did not, as did others, come back to the Social-Democratic movement, but followed the development of anti-Parliamentarism to its logical conclusion and frittered away his energies in the propaganda of a hopeless and sterile Anarchism. There are many who work untiringly in the Socialist movement whose work is little known and appreciated and who go down to their graves almost unknown. Their life-work is none the less useful on that account. But Mainwaring was not of these. He was not unknown, and he could have been of signal service to the movement. That his life was sacrificed to Anarchism was our loss without being his gain. We who knew him in the past will always think kindly of him, and while regretting his early loss we shall not forget that he was no self-seeker.

**Sweating and Home Work.**—Mr. Arthur Henderson, in a survey of the work of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Home Work, written for the "Women's Trade Union Review," says that the revelations made before the Committee "outrival for notoriety anything recorded by the Dunraven Committee." The evidence, he says, shows that "socially and economically the status of the home worker has fallen just as regularly and methodically as the numbers of the victims have increased in each trade." There is nothing whatever to be surprised at in this. Sweating, like many another evil, grows by what it feeds on, and is inevitable in one form or another

while capitalism lasts. Its worst features, however, may be mitigated by legislation; but in order for this to be effective the most immediate causes of sweating must be understood. It is useless to appeal to the moral sense of the well-to-do purchasers. They cannot, by paying high prices, or in any other way, ensure that the commodities they purchase shall not have been sweated. The institution of a minimum wage may be useful, but that also will be ineffective unless home-work is suppressed. So long as home-work is permitted, sweating of the worst kind—minimum wage or no minimum wage—will thrive; and the worst victims of sweating are among its most active agents. This was pointed out at the Anti-Sweating Conference at the Guildhall, but to no effect. It is to be hoped that the result of the Select Committee will be more effective.

# SOCIALISM AND SOLDIERING.

The growth of Hervéism in France, the development of anti-militarism in all Continental countries, the activities of the National Service League in this country, with the recent visit of Labour members of Parliament and others to investigate the Swiss militia system, as well as the passing of Mr. Haldane's Territorial Forces Act, combine to make it important to consider the Social-Democratic position on the question of military organisation.

Briefly, the Socialist proposal, as formulated and re-affirmed from time to time at its International Congresses, is the abolition of all standing armies, all professional soldiery, and the military organisation of all the citizens on the basis of the Swiss militia system, with, of course, such modifications in a democratic sense as may be necesssry. This means that military training should be obligatory on all citizens capable of bearing arms. That there should be no term of military *service* and no military law; that there should be no special punishment or course of procedure for military offences; that is to say, that the military training should not abrogate the civil law or deprive a man of his civil rights, and that the officers should not be drawn from any special social class, but should, subject to necessary qualification,

be appointed by the men themselves. These, we maintain, are the only conditions of military organisation compatible with popular liberty and democracy.

To the adoption and advocacy of this system, however, a number of objections are brought forward. There are those who hold that we Socialists should have nothing whatever to do with military organisation in any shape or form. We should ignore militarism altogether and let our enemies work their own sweet will with it. That, of course, is not possible. We can no more let militarism alone than we can let capitalism alone, by which militarism is engendered and of which it is the active instrument. We are living in the capitalist system, and have to conform to, while working to transform, its conditions. We cannot get outside the capitalist system, with all its results and influences; we have to deal with things as they are, not as we would like them to be; and, however much we may desire to let militarism alone, it will not let us alone. There are the worthy people who advocate universal peace and brotherly love. A desirable ideal, and one to which we Social-Democrats look forward with hope in its speedy realisation, but one absolutely unattainable in the midst of the innumerable antagonisms of the capitalist system. In the capitalist system some form of military organisation is inevitable; to destroy militarism we must destroy capitalism; but in order to destroy capitalism we have to act now, in and with the actual existing circumstances and means of to-day, and we have to consider how best those existing means and circumstances can be turned to our purpose. Admitting this, therefore, and the inevitability of militarism, and some form of military organisation under capitalism, we have to consider what form of military organisation is most serviceable to capitalism—to the dominant class, and what form would be least innocuous to the working-class, and most likely to serve the interests of the democracy. Obviously that form of military organis-

ation, represented by a standing army of professional soldiers, decivilised, an exclusive caste, subject to exceptional laws and special privileges, cut off from all relations with civil life, and having interests and ambitions apart from, and hostile to, the general body of the people, officered by the dominant class, and looking to that class for its rewards and punishments; clearly such a military organisation as that is the most effective instrument in the hands of the dominant class, the greatest menace to democracy and popular liberty, and the most effective barrier to revolutionary change that could possibly be devised. And surely, too, the antithesis to that is the Armed Nation—every citizen a soldier and every soldier a citizen.

There are, of course, the Tolstoyans, who object to the use of force under any circumstances, who adopt non-resistance as their principle of action—or inaction—and take the precept "Resist not evil" as their motto. But Social-Democrats are not Tolstoyans; they believe in resisting evil. When admonished that war is a curse and force an evil thing, they agree; but like the Frenchman who objected to the abolition of capital punishment, they say, "que messieurs les assassins commencent." Wesley, when remonstrated with for using popular secular airs for his hymns, said that he didn't see why the devil should have all the best tunes. In the same way we Social-Democrats admit that rifles, bayonets, and machine guns are nasty, disagreeable things, and that it is vile to use them at all. But, nasty as they may be, vile as may be their use, they are good enough for our masters to use against us; and if they—our good, superior, refined and highly moral masters—are not above using these things in their interest, we surely ought not to be above learning to use them in our own. For the rest, the capitalist class would be perfectly delighted that all the rest of the people outside themselves and their mercenaries should be peaceful, unarmed, non-resisters. Nothing could suit them better.

But, it is objected, admitting all this, the Swiss system, or any modification of it, is not applicable to this country for various reasons. It might be pointed out, by the way, that, this objection notwithstanding, the Swiss system was originally borrowed from this country. That notwithstanding, we are assured by a leading Liberal organ that "The Swiss analogy, in short, is the last which can have any application whatever to our conditions. The Swiss have to face the danger of an invasion in mass, against which their mountains and their militia would be their only defence. We have the sea, and to meet the bare possibility of an isolated raid or a temporarily successful landing we now have Mr. Haldane's territorial army organised on an intelligent basis to meet this special risk."

We indeed have Mr. Haldane's territorial army —on paper; and a more reactionary, militarist (in the worst sense) and anti-democratic system than that to which the present War Minister has had the effrontery to apply our term of the "armed nation," could scarcely be devised.

It is objected that with the sea as our chief defence we do not need the large number of men that the Swiss system would provide us with. That difficulty would easily be met by a more rapid transference to the Reserve. It would not be found that the numbers of young men eligible each year would be too numerous. On the other hand the cost of the Swiss system is infinitesimal compared with our own; and in the interests of democracy and popular liberty it is essential that all should be as well-trained in this respect as in others. We are told sometimes that soldiers for the national defence are necessary only in the same way as police are necessary for the maintenance of order, and that there is no more reason for all to be soldiers than for all to be policemen. But surely no Social-Democrat regards the present police system as a satisfactory one, or a professional police as

other than a dubious expedient. Moreover, a militarised police, under the control of the central government, like the Royal Irish Constabulary, is universally regarded as one of the worst instruments of despotism. The argument from the police is certainly not a happy one for the opponents of a citizen soldiery.

Then we are told that Great Britain needs no army at all here; all she requires is men for over-sea service. The Liberal organ already quoted says: "To a Continental Socialist the militia is an alternative to a standing army, which is burdensome, costly, and potentially oppressive. To us it could not be an alternative; it would be an addition. For it is our Imperial ambitions and our possessions over seas which compel us to maintain a professional army. Neither a militia or even conscription would enable us to dispense with our professional army. We could not send conscripts or militiamen to India." Certainly we could not send conscripts or militiamen to India—unless they volunteered for service there. We Social-Democrats are not keen on sending soldiers to India at all; we want to see India self-governing and self-protected. Unfortunately, however, even with the Armed Nation, under capitalism there is scarcely likely to be much trouble in getting volunteers for India or elsewhere. But it is not true that for that purpose it would be necessary to keep a standing army here, or that the citizen soldiery would be an addition, not an alternative. It would be an alternative to the standing army at home, and would be no more of an addition than that is to the army in India at the present time.

It is, further, objected that a citizen soldiery could be just as readily used in strikes as a professional soldiery, and is so used at the present time in Switzerland. As we have already pointed out, our proposal is that no citizen should be deprived of his civil rights by reason of receiving a military training; he would not be placed under military law, he could

not be used, *as a soldier*, against strikers, and would be under no greater obligation than falls upon any citizen at the present time to assist the police. That is the position of the Volunteers now, they are not under military law and cannot be called out as soldiers to shoot down workmen at the bidding of the capitalists. That would be the position of the citizen soldier according to our proposal. Mr. Haldane's scheme, however, destroys the civilian character of the Volunteers and converts them into professional soldiers.

Of course, in a society divided into a ruling class and a subject class the former will always be in a position to bribe a number of the latter to be used against their fellow-workers. They would be far less able to do this effectively, however, in an armed nation; whereas a professional soldiery relieves them of the necessity to bribe anybody, it is there to their hand, ready and waiting to be used. We have been told of the readiness with which the Swiss Militia have donned their uniforms and seized their rifles when called upon to act against strikers. For this there are several reasons and it proves absolutely nothing against the military organisation in itself. The majority of the Swiss are peasants, many of them small proprietors, and between them and the industrial population there is no love lost, the more so as many of the latter are "aliens." This is a class antagonism embittered by race hostility, and forms no argument against a citizen soldiery, unless those who advance it are prepared to suggest that a professional army, composed entirely of peasants, would be less likely to be used against strikers than are the citizen soldiers.

Then it is said that a system of universal military training would tend to promote militarism by cultivating a spirit of jingoism. Those who talk in this way do not really understand what jingoism means. Jingoism is an inverted patriotism manifesting itself in a desire to grab other people's territory, in those who

are not likely themselves to be called upon to do the dirty work of grabbing. The soldier is seldom a jingo. When he is, it is simply the result of professional ambition, and the only soldier who is fired with this kind of jingoism is the professional soldier. When our comrade Thorne, at the Trades Union Congress, suggested that the man who had to do the fighting was seldom a jingo, Mr. John Ward jeered at the idea. He did not seem to understand that while a professional soldier, with no civil ties, no citizenship, and no interests outside of soldiering might sigh for active service, as a relief from the piping times of peace, it is entirely different with the ordinary citizen whom active service would drag from home and friends and kindred, and from all the interests, rights and duties of civil life. Universal military training, with the liability to be called upon to serve in the event of hostilities, coupled with popular control of the issues of peace or war, would be the greatest guarantee of peace we could possibly have under existing circumstances. Monarchs and statesmen have made wars in the past and they will continue to do so while they have a professional soldiery lying idle to their hand. It would be a different matter if they could not act without the co-operation of peaceful citizens to whom war would mean nothing but personal risk and discomfort as well as material loss.

We are sometimes told that from a revolutionary point of view the idea of the Armed Nation is a mistaken one. Revolutions, it is said, can no longer be accomplished by force, but only by peaceful means—the vote, Parliamentary action, and legislation. It may be so, but it will be unprecedented if the present ruling class surrender without a struggle. And if they had the armed force of the nation at their command they would struggle successfully no matter what the legislature may have done. The ruling class will not be made to submit to law and order which is not their law and order, except by overwhelmingly superior

force. Nobody supposes that in such a contest the people could win against the ruling class unless they had been able first to win over the army. With a professional "voluntary" army, well paid and well-affected to its paymasters, such winning over would be practically impossible. But with the Armed Nation there would be no winning over required. An armed nation—whatever it may do or submit to—is essentially a free nation, and whatever such a nation determines upon, that it can do and have, in spite of any ruling class.

H. QUELCH.

## SOCIALISM BY THE SWORD.

"By peaceful means if possible, by forcible if necessary" is the reply of the Socialist lecturer to the frequent interrogatory "How do you purpose attaining your object?" But to judge from the report submitted to the Stuttgart Congress by the Armenian Socialist Revolutionary Party, Daschnaktzoutioun, familiarly styled the Droschakist Party,* there is one corner of the globe in which our comrades have no effective weapon of warfare other than the sword. Until the latter half of the nineteenth century the greater part of Armenian Turkey was subject to the rule of feudal lords, its subjection to the Sultans being merely nominal; but about that period the central Government broke the power of these feudal Kurds and enforced its own sovereignity. The hostility between the Sultan and the Kurdish chiefs was, however, of brief duration, for after the Russo-Turkish war of 1878 the Government at Constantinople adopted a conciliatory policy in order to secure the allegiance of the Kurds. It endowed their chiefs with privileges, sanctioning semi-independence, and organised this warlike race into armed bodies analogous to Cossacks. The peasant population was thus subjected to a double tyranny, that of officials who taxed them heavily, and of feudal Kurds who asserted privileges dating from the Middle-Ages.

* From the name of its central organ, "The Droschak."

In this atmosphere of arbitrary rule, of primitive habits, of nameless violences and atrocities, the Armenian people uttered its first cry of protest. The Droschakist Party was organised in 1890 to give expression thereto, and in 1892 it convened a general assembly, which established an Armenian Revolutionary Federation whose political programme was limited to the demand for democratic political freedom and equality without distinction of race or religion of all the peoples dwelling in the six Armenian vilayets, but the programme affirmed furthermore the great principles of international Socialism, as evidenced by the following extract:—

"The conquest of autonomy and of political rights is but one part of our task. These rights alone will not protect the worker in the enjoyment of the fruit of his labour. We seek to spread the principle of collectivism so as to prepare ourselves for the social organisation which sooner or later will establish itself in advanced countries by revolt of the proletariat."

The party resolved to realise its political programme by armed revolt against an unbridled despotism which crushed both rich and poor, stifled all individual initiative, destroyed all the sources of national wealth, giving unbridled license to the organised brigandage of officialism. This war has been waged by the party for 37 years, and if we cannot here narrate its history we may cite some incidents of the sanguinary struggle that are registered in the report:

1. The attack upon the Ottoman Bank in 1896 by a handful of militants, who threw diplomats into a state of panic by seizing one of the fortresses of international finance.

2. The skirmish of Samatia, in which, concurrently with the attack on the bank, our forces engaged in another quarter of the capital.

3. The battle of Van of 1896 and a series of engagements during the great massacres of 1895 when the

skirmishers of the Revolutionary Federation saved a great number of Armenian villagers from complete extermination.

4. The fight at Khanassor in 1897, in which a troop of no more than 250 of our cavalry and light infantry defeated the tribe of the bloodthirsty Kurdish chief, Scharaf, who one year earlier massacred by order of the Sultan a thousand Armenians.

5. The heroic struggle carried on for six years in the mountains of Sassoun and at Akhlat by a valiant band led by Serob against the Turkish troops.

6. The insurrection of 1904 in Sassoun led by four of our comrades, who for two months held in check the Sultan's army of 15,000 men and Kurdish bands numbering 20,000.

But the courage and devotion of these heroes availed nought against the Machiavellian intrigues of European diplomacy, which, in support of conflicting bourgeois interests, paralysed the efforts of the Armenian people and left them in the clutches of Abdul-Hamid the Damnèd. Insurrection was stifled in a sea of blood. Two hundred thousand people were massacred and Armenia was converted into a huge cemetery, while Europe gazed with indifference on the immense tragedy.

Despair invaded the hearts of the people and the Droschakist Party alone refused to succumb to that feeling. It closed up its ranks and, still preaching resistance, succeeded in certain regions in overthrowing Kurdish dominion. It assumed control of some essential administrative and juridic functions. During the life of Serob, and for a long time after his death (1899), the people of Sassoun enjoyed almost complete independence, paying tribute neither to the Kurdish lords nor to the central Government.

Enlightened in its revolutionary struggle by democratic and Socialist principles, the Droschakist Party sought to extend the sphere of its activity. From its

inception it preached the solidarity of all races in the Ottoman Empire, and allied itself with the revolutionary and reformist parties of different nationalities. It entered into offensive alliance with the Macedonian revolutionary party in view of joint action in European Turkey, an alliance which was baptised on the field of battle near Adrianople in 1900, and on the gallows raised soon after within that town by the Turkish Government to chastise the authors of the Armeno-Macedonia plot. Since 1894 the party has endeavoured to establish friendly relations with that of "Young Turkey," and though, in the earlier and ante-revolutionary days of this movement, these efforts seemed futile, Armeno-Mussulman co-operation has now been realised. In the engagements at Khanassor and in Sassoun some Turks and a few Kurds fought on our side, and if at that time they were but individuals detached from the great conservative and reactionary Mohammedan population, a new era has dawned—already the revolutionary party has dug an abyss between the people and the bureaucracy, and the time is not remote when the despotism of the Sultan will be overthrown by assault of an awakened democracy.

During the thirteen years 1890-1903 the Federation concentrated its efforts in Turkish Armenia. The Transcaucasian, Persian, and other committees, were auxiliary organisations supplying money, men, and arms. The Armenians in Transcaucasia were then in a relatively tolerable position under Russian dominion. At any rate they enjoyed the right to live though they were slain morally, for their rulers endeavoured to blot out their language, their literature and all national culture. In 1897 the Armenian schools to the number of 520 were closed and thousands of children deprived of elementary education.

Although bound by its original programme to work for the emancipation of Turkish Armenia the party could not remain indifferent to this violent Russification which inflicted much suffering upon the working

classes of Russian Armenia. After the closing of the schools the Droschakist Party took in hand the task of education, and in town and country established secret schools and provided teachers who gave instructions in the mother tongue. Action did not stop at this point. Since 1902 the party in Transcaucasia has been openly and clearly a revolutionary one. In certain provinces we seized one of the reins of Government—that of jurisdiction. The party established courts, and for some time it exercised the function of supreme arbiter; it settled all sorts of differences between the peasants; the judges were often elected by constituencies, but they acted under control of the party. Our Mohammedan neighbours themselves—Turkish peasants, Kurds or Tartars—often appealed to the justice dispensed in our courts to settle their legal disputes, and we had many Mohammedan adherents who did not neglect to contribute to the funds of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

The outbreak in July, 1903, when the Armenian populace was goaded into fury by the ukase of the Czar ordering the confiscation of the property of the Armenian church, and the repression of that outbreak by the infamous Plehve; the devilish cunning of Russian autocracy in exciting division and strife between Tartars and Armenians in order to "divide and rule," and the way the people were incited to slaughter one another, are matters of recent history. After the carnage at Baku in February, 1905, after the party had exhausted every effort to put a stop to the fratricidal conflict, it decided to combat the red folly of the counter-revolution. The Armenian people were without arms—the Government had disarmed them while at the same time it was providing the Tartars with arms. The party succeeded, in spite of a thousand obstacles, in arming a considerable number of Armenians, and it organised bands of volunteers, who fought under the leadership of its most experienced officers. To its profound regret the Federation had to

carry on this disastrous war for more than a year, but while repulsing attacks it never ceased preaching reconciliation and peace, and its appeals were at length successful. To-day the Armenian and the Tartar live in neighbourly relation, and joint action is being taken, at least within the economic domain, for they have made common cause in strikes against capitalist exploitation. The party has now succeeded in organising 110 trade unions, and though the total membership is not more than 10,990 it has established unions of peasants with an additional membership of 67,000, evidencing that it is quite prepared to return the sword to its scabbard and to take up the task of organisation and education when the path of peaceful development is re-opened.

J. HUNTER WATTS.

# ADULT SUFFRAGE.

A Paper Read at the Social-Democratic Conference at Carlisle, 1907.

Whatever we as individual members of the S.D.F. may think of the advisability of the extension of the franchise at the present time, we must all be compelled to admit that the Suffrage agitation has been forced to the front, and whether we like it or no, it is our duty as thinking men and women to impartially consider facts and to make up our minds definitely as to what action we, the advance guard in the cause of progress, are going to take in this matter. Less than a year ago my own position on the question was that of a very considerable number of Social-Democrats at the present day. "Mere franchise reforms," they say, "seem of little or no use. The proletariat voters are already in the majority. The workers are not yet educated up to the use of the vote—why try to increase their power? On the contrary, try to make the best of the material that is now lying ready to your hand. Concentrate your efforts on education. Working-class women are ignorant and reactionary; of what use to put a weapon into their hands which may be turned against the cause of progress, against Socialism. Educate, educate, and again educate, and let the vote take care of itself."

Recent developments have led me to take a broader view of the matter.

In the first place, the agitation for "Votes for Women" is not dying down. The somewhat violently emotional agitation of the W.S.P.U. is perhaps growing less, but this agitation has given a galvanic shock to the older societies for the promotion of Woman Suffrage, largely composed of well-to-do women of the upper and middle classes who have been able to find funds for their propaganda work, and the result has been an awakening of women of all classes and grades of society, and an inclination, for the time being, at least, to sink class distinctions and political differences in united action on the part of Woman (with a capital W) against the tyrant and oppressor, Man. The result, on the whole, is bound to be beneficial. Woman, the emotional, has been in a state of unrest many years now. Things are not what she would wish them to be. There is a general unfairness all round. The professional woman feels it, the working-class woman feels it. The women who are forced into the industrial field feel it more than the parasitic creatures who are being kept and supported by man-earned money, who are simply consumers, without even the pretext of being producers. Largely owing to a defective education, consisting chiefly of "Shakespeare and the musical glasses"—more musical glasses than Shakespeare (Shakespeare, even now-a-days, being considered inimical to the morals of the young person; though, in this respect, some of us may consider him a bad second to the Bible, to which divinely-inspired work our youngest child may have free and direct access), largely owing to an education in which music and poetry take a prominent part, the reasoning faculties in woman are subordinated to her emotions, and the study of economics does not appeal to her. She does not understand that her long years of repression and servitude are simply the result of her economic dependence upon man. She casts about for a remedy for her vague unrest. She knows she has no political power,

and is convinced that the vote is the panacea for all her woes, and, therefore, begins to clamour loudly for it.

I am particularly anxious that women may be allowed to exercise the right of the vote, so that it may show them of what very little use, comparatively speaking, political power can be. I can quite understand this violent agitation for the partial enfranchisement of women, and can make all allowances for the supreme disregard for consequences the agitators show in their insistence upon this falsely termed "removal of sex-disability." The majority of women have grown mentally short-sighted owing to the extremely limited range of the mental vision that has been allowed them. But it is beyond my comprehension how any man or woman who has once grasped the fundamental truths of Socialism can be so curiously, so crassly, blind to consequences as to throw themselves into this agitation for the extension of a franchise based on the claims of privilege and property. It is because I am awake to the excessive danger of this agitation that I am anxious to put this danger forcibly before the conference, hoping that by doing this it may be possible to awaken my comrades to the need for the settlement of the franchise question once and for all by the granting of simple, universal Adult Suffrage; and so induce them during their summer campaign to give prominence to the question, to waken the country up to the necessity for the settlement of the question, and by means of organised deputations from Labour bodies force the present Liberal Government to accede this measure of political reform.

I am quite aware of the ordinary S.D.F. attitude on this question. Although Adult Suffrage has been from the beginning the first plank in our political platform, the industrial and economic side of our propaganda is of higher importance. I am not for a moment suggesting that our economic propaganda should be put on one side, or that S.D.F. energy should be exclusively devoted to any franchise agita-

tion. We all admit that under present circumstances there are other especial questions: State Maintenance of Children, Unemployment, Old Age Pensions, and Housing of the People, which appeal to us more strongly. Without neglecting these, we may still take advantage of every opportunity offered by the discussion of this franchise question to vigorously press forward its adult side, and strenuously oppose any limited and propertied measure. Sooner or later women are bound to obtain the franchise. If they get it on the lines of the present limited agitation, it will mean a large extension of political power to the propertied classes. It would therefore be wise for Social-Democrats to use every effort to defeat this by working for Adult Suffrage, and at the same time to point out, especially to working women, that although political power cannot bring about their real economic emancipation, yet that it is one method by which they may bring themselves into line with that revolutionary Socialism which is their only hope.

We hear it so often said that by the simple expedient of keeping a roof over his head for twelve months any man can be enfranchised nowadays. This simple expedient of keeping a roof over his head for twelve months is not quite so simple as it seems, and very often, owing to removals taking place at different times of the year, the twelve months becomes twenty-four. Besides, our most useful men, our most prominent Social-Democrats, because they have the courage of their opinions and express them openly, losing no opportunity of unfurling the Red Flag, are the very men who are the most likely to be thrown out of employment, and thus forced into a change of residence; and the employers are wide-awake enough to time these dismissals so as to coincide with the time of a General Election.

We hear on all sides that this question of the suffrage is a woman's question rather than a man's. I am absolutely unable to agree with this statement,

We cannot get away from the fact that "the woman's cause is man's." Woman is one half of humanity, man the other, and it is only when both halves have rounded and perfected themselves morally and physically that we can hope to attain the perfect whole. The fact remains, however, that to-day, owing to her imperfect education and stultifying environment for generations, woman is, on the whole—there are, of course, exceptions—mentally and physically inferior to man; and this mental and physical inferiority is inimical to the proper growth and development of the race as a whole. I am perfectly aware that the granting of political power to women is a very small step in the direction of their economic and sexual emancipation, but it is a step, nevertheless, and it is of supreme importance as an educational factor. Give women votes, they will soon begin to inquire into the best way of using them. The very prospect of obtaining them has caused a wonderful awakening among the more intelligent of our women workers. They are inclined to exaggerate the importance and power of the vote, largely through the broad, vague, general statements that have been made by the promoters of the agitation, and which are exceedingly difficult to refute, especially when you are dealing with emotional beings whose reasoning faculties have not been trained. Indeed, the only possible way to refute these economic fallacies is to bestow the vote and let the women learn by experience. I should like my men comrades to remember that it is only by experience we learn. All the advice and warning given to us by others is of no use, we never take any notice of it. Our own experience has to be bought, has to be obtained at our own expense. All men's warnings as to the futility of political power will not convince women until they have tried for themselves, and found the political power is of little use, under the present circumstances. The possession of political power will, I am convinced, make clear to them the absolute necessity for industrial

organisation. It will give them more confidence in themselves, it will help to create in them a sense of comradeship, an understanding of what is meant by the solidarity of labour. It will make them realise what is meant by the class war. I believe firmly that much of our propaganda amongst women falls upon barren ground because they know that they are not able to put their convictions into action.

Women will be reactionary—admit it, bravely—at first, but not for long. Even if they are—is it not better to give them the franchise at this juncture? Have we as Socialists advanced so far that a small set-back can be so detrimental to us? Let us have the reaction, if reaction there must be, before we have more to lose—but again let me sound a note of warning. Reaction will be infinitely greater should any partial measure of enfranchisement be passed. A prominent Liberal woman said the other day: "If this limited Bill passes, there will be 50 years of reaction and then a revolution." I do not want to wait 50 years for a revolution, and I do not want the sort of revolution that will be brought about by 50 years of reaction—not that I have any terror of revolution, even in the ordinarily accepted sense of the word—a physical force revolution. "Death is better than life that draws pain in as it draws in breath," but I want to have a proletariat better fed, better developed mentally and bodily, a proletariat that could organise a revolution and bring it through successfully. Could our unemployed do that to-day, even with the whole force of the S.D.F. behind them? We want blood, bone, muscle and brains to carry a revolution through. We want to achieve political power for the workers merely as a means to their economic emancipation, and the women must help. How foolish this alarmist cry about "a majority of women." The majority is always a majority of the proletariat, and, in spite of all endeavours to sharpen and perpetuate a sex antagonism, that sex antagonism

must necessarily die down before the antagonism of class. It was well pointed out in "Justice" a few weeks ago: Given a factory, given a strike at that factory, the factory hands, men and women alike, suffer during the strike. The owner of the factory, his wife, his sons, his daughters, do not suffer. An industrial crisis comes, the factory owner becomes bankrupt. His wife, sons and daughters share in that bankruptcy.

It is not a case of the factory owner, his sons and male employees suffering together, while his wife and female employees are left untouched, or vice-versa. The workers, male and female, suffer together. The owners, male and female, suffer together, but not so often!

Always the class war, always and for ever till Socialism comes to sweep aside all these false distinctions, and the passing of this limited measure of enfranchisement will but serve to accentuate these distinctions.

Comrades, do not let us stand aside, with an air of conscious superiority, refusing to take advantage of the circumstances of the hour. Let us seize on this franchise agitation and force it into the proper channels —men and women together. I want my men comrades to put out their hands and help their women—all women. The power is in your hands; the chains of economic dependence were forged by you, your hand must be the hand to strike them from us, and let us come forth free and untrammelled to stretch our limbs which have been cramped so long, to exercise our mental faculties, which have grown rusty through disuse. Help us to throw aside the dolls which we have played with for so many generations. Let us recognise that they *are* but dolls, stuffed with sawdust, the sawdust of conventionality and ancient worn-out prejudices. Take us by the hand and let us look straight into each other's eyes as friends and comrades, so that together we may realise our common humanity;

and though we ourselves may never see the realisation of our dreams, the generations as yet unborn may hold our memories dear for having brought about this first step—though it may be only a political step, it is a necessary one—towards the emancipation of woman, and through her the emancipation of the entire human race.

KATHLEEN B. KOUGH.

The International Socialist Congress, at Stuttgart, in August, 1907, passed, by a overwhelming majority, a resolution declaring that it is the duty of Socialist parties of all countries to agitate most energetically for the introduction of Universal Womanhood Suffrage, and further that when a Suffrage campaign is commenced it should proceed on the general Social-Democratic lines of Adult Suffrage and nothing less. With this mandate behind us we Social-Democrats would be failing conspicuously in our duty if we did not make a determined effort to rouse the proletariat of England to definite agitation for Universal Adult Suffrage.

K. B. K.

## SOCIALIST UNITY AND OUR DIFFERENCES WITH THE I.L.P.

Socialist Unity and a Socialist Party is in the air. Colne Valley and dissatisfaction with the Labour Party have brought it to the front, and now it is a burning question.

It is widely felt in Socialist circles that the relations between the S.D.F. and the I.L.P. are far from being normal, and everyone is convinced that a change must come.

Unity! What a fine, grand word it is. But if it is to be more than a fine, grand word, if it is to be a reality, then we must take stock of our differences and see whether we can square them. Our differences squared—unity follows as a matter of course. I dismiss without any further comment the foolish idea entertained by many members of the S.D.F. and I.L.P. that the personal attitude of the leaders is at the bottom of the trouble. Those who attended the meetings of the British section at Stuttgart could see plainly that our differences are real; we were divided on nearly every question of importance. But there is only one cardinal point, and that is the Labour Party; this is the stumbling-block, and as soon as we get over it the question of unity will become a reality.

The position is this: The proletariat of these islands had years of political wandering and groping in

the dark. It took the bait of "no politics" at one time, was tossed about like a football from Liberal to Tory and Tory to Liberal at another, always gulled and kept in leading-strings by the politicians and the press of the capitalist classes. And they kept it in leading-strings for a long, long time. But even the cleverest capitalist class proved powerless before the mighty current of events. Taff Vale gave a rude awakening to the proletariat ; it cut the strings and it broke loose from both Tweedledum and Tweedledee ; it formed its own party—the Labour Party—in opposition to both Liberal and Tory. The Labour Party is linked with the trade unions; the political side of the movement is thus bound up with the economic side, an asset of the greatest value, as it will save in the future the frictions now so common on the Continent between the Socialist Parties and the trade unions. The Labour Party is not a Socialist Party yet, but those who possess an ear for the great changes now taking place in the depths of the nation will understand that the Labour Party is going to be a Socialist Party one day.

There is before us a great mass of organised labour moving slowly on a winding road at the end of which there is Socialism ; but the people do not see it, they are not aware of it; they are knocking about aimlessly, stopping here and there more than is necessary—but still they press forward.

Now what are we Socialists to do ?

Should we mix in with this slow-moving crowd, trudging along, abating our pace, in order to keep company with the rest, stopping and halting wherever they choose ? Or should we rather dash forward, place ourselves in front and explain to the crowd the meaning and significance of this road, the aim of the journey, and in general act as guides ?

These are the two policies suggesting themselves; the first means being led by elementary forces, the second means leading and guiding them.

The I.L.P. adopted the first, we of the S.D.F. the second.

We have been told by the I.L.P. times out of number that we have to wait, wait and wait till the masses become ripe for Socialism; it is no use trying to impose Socialism on the Labour Party, we must wait till it adopts Socialism on its own. And Socialism they will and must adopt in the long run.

It is good argument as far as it goes. But what of the *national* duties of a Socialist Party as a party? I am emphasising the word national because our friend Jowett does not seem to be aware of the difference between *national* and *local* manifestations of a party. He contends in the "Clarion" (September 6) that Grayson's appeal to the electors of Colne Valley was not more definitely Socialist than that of many a candidate run under the L.R.C. Now that is where it is: Jowett at Bradford, Curran at Jarrow, and many other good stalwarts elsewhere may talk Socialism till they get hoarse, but so long as they run under the flag of Labourism only, the Socialism of their speeches will evaporate in the hall where they are made, and will go no further than the locality in question. It can only have a local interest, and no national importance will be attached to them. The nation at large does not hear these Socialist speeches made in some hall in some constituency, but it sees clearly that there is only a *Labourist* flag waving over Jarrow and Bradford. But *one* Victor Grayson, by hoisting the Red Flag of Socialism over Colne Valley, has made it a *national* issue. That is why the Socialist appeals to the electors by Curran, Jowett and the rest were comparatively insignificant, whilst the effect of Colne Valley was tremendous; it has stirred the country from one end to the other, and the impulse given to the Socialist movement is simply enormous. One who does not see this difference will never see anything.

To resume the thread of argument. The national

duties of a Socialist Party are those of a midwife, an accoucheur to the working-class movement; it must mature the instinctive proletarian tendencies of the workers, making them class-conscious, it must help the natural progress of the workers towards Socialism, and in general quicken the process of development. But if we are only to wait, and leave everything to nature, what reason is there for the existence of a Socialist Party? No reason whatever; it is simply dissolved in the elements of the natural forces. And that is exactly what the tactics of the I.L.P. as regards the Labour Party amount to. It is the drowning of Socialism in Labourism. The I.L.P. have done nothing to bring the Labour Party nearer to Socialism. More than that, in their "coming-down" to the Labour Party they have put their Socialism in the Procrustean bed of Labourism, with the result that their Socialism had to give up its soul to the latter. In the House of Commons the I.L.P. members never dared to attack the foundations of capitalist society, they were afraid of mentioning Socialism. And when the Labour Party comes to Socialism, most assuredly it will not be because of the I.L.P., but in spite of, or at best, regardless of the I.L.P.

Now, we of the S.D.F. have always been trying to bring the Labour Party nearer to Socialism. Unfortunately our efforts were not crowned with success. Partly our failure is due to the opposition of the I.L.P. When the S.D.F., at the first Conference of the L.R.C., proposed a Socialist programme it was the I.L.P. who defeated it. The argument of the I.L.P. was, and is, that at the present state of the Labour Party, programmes and resolutions, if pious, will remain on paper, and if meant in earnest will lead to the disruption of the party. There is good argument in that, I admit. But it was generally felt by the S.D.F. that if it is impossible, at the present juncture, to move the Labour Party to adopt Socialism, it is also impossible to permit our Socialist wings to be clipped, and it was

thought that the best policy would be to leave the Labour Party for the time being.

To sum up, the situation is this: there is the S.D.F. with the truths of proletarian Socialism but without the proletariat; and there is the I.L.P. with the proletariat, but without Socialism.

Now, if Jowett is right that "a Socialist Party which does not carry with it the working-class population is doomed to failure," then it is no less true that a Socialist Party lagging behind the not-yet-Socialist element of the working class is a greater failure still.

While it is absolutely necessary to work with the Labour Party if we wish to keep in touch with the proletariat, it is just as much, if not more, necessary to maintain our Socialist position. The situation, I admit, is extremely delicate; it is really a dilemma. If we join the Labour Party, it is proved that we shall have to forego our Socialism: our candidates could not stand as Socialist, they will have to be stamped Labour; at the House of Commons our Socialist members will have to take non-Socialist orders from Whips and leaders who will either be non-Socialists or Socialists who leave their Socialism behind each time they cross the threshold of St. Stephen's; in the House our Socialist M.P.'s are sure to feel as uncomfortable as a stalwart of two-and-twenty in a ten-year-old boy's clothes; at the slightest movement the seams may give way. Although they are nominally free to speak whatever they like, they cannot speak Socialism without being morally guilty of exceeding their powers; they have no right to voice opinions for which they had no mandate, and which are not shared by the Labour Party of which they are members.

But, on the other hand, if we keep outside the Labour Party we are left out in the cold, condemned to the unenviable position of a missionary society.

Where is the way out of this dilemma?

To me it seems that the only possible solution of the problem is—*a Socialist-Labour bloc.*

The Labour Party as at present constituted binds us hand and foot, robs us of our independence and freedom of action. A Socialist-Labour bloc which implies a loose connection between the contracting parties, would do away with the present intolerable position whilst retaining all the advantages of the Socialist and Labour alliance.

Independence of both the Liberal and Tory Parties would serve as the lowest common factor—it would form the basis of such a bloc. The Socialist Party would be responsible for its candidates, bearing the costs of electoral campaigns and maintaining their own members. They would have their own Whips and leaders in the House. The Socialist Party would bind itself to support the Labour Party and the Labour Party in return should assist the Socialist Party. A representative Board could arrange all the technicalities, as for instance, how the seats to be contested are to be distributed between the contracting parties.

The effect of such a bloc would be a double one. First of all, it would remove the only real obstacle I can see to Socialist unity, and last, but not least, it would promote good feelings between the Socialist and Labour section of the movement, and it would go a long way to bring the Labour movement nearer to Socialism.

As to the other differences between the S.D.F. and I.L.P., we could fight them out inside the Socialist Party.

ELIA LEVIN.

## SOCIALISM AND MILITARISM.

The following article appeared in the "United Service Gazette":—

The agitation in favour of compulsory universal training is proving a trump card for the Socialists, and forms the basis on which they are formulating demands for the disbandment of the Regular Army, and the substitution in its place of the army of Socialism. That the question of military service should have been raised at all at the Trades Union Congress is in itself something wonderful, and affords even a slight glimmering of hope that the duties and responsibilities of citizenship are at last beginning to make themselves felt, even though the manifestations are taking a form not calculated to work either for the good of the Army or for the Nation. In the utterances of several of the speakers at the Congress, there lay an undoubted substratum of patriotism, but such healthy signs were quickly overwhelmed by the flood of virulent anti-militarism that pervaded the majority of those present. The Socialists made it quite clear that their undoubted sympathies were on the side of a citizen army, in contradistinction to a Regular standing army, but a Labour M.P. denounced the Socialist demand, and eulogised our present military system as "the envy of all Continental workers."

"Standing armies are," the Socialist speaker contended, "a menace to the liberty of all working people in all parts of the civilised world. It is all very well to say you have a voluntary military system. But is that so? No; it is entirely untrue. Ninety per cent. of the young men who join the Army are compelled to join from economic circumstances. As soon as you settle the unemployed problem, where are you going to get any young men for the Army? I am in favour of the abolition of a standing army and the formation of a citizen force. I would place all responsibility and all expenditure in respect of military and naval forces on the idle rich, and then you would never hear them talk about war. I want to see everybody armed—everybody a soldier—everybody a

citizen. When you have every man in the country properly trained and armed you will not find the employers so anxious to have a conflict with you as they are now."

There is an ugly significance about this last sentence that threatens revolution by bullet or sword—of a Socialist demand for an Army to be utilised, when occasion requires, against the ruling classes of this country. It contains a scarcely veiled threat against the forces of law and order—a covert intention to destroy everything as it at present exists, for it conveys no other meaning than this, that if the Regular Army and Navy were abolished, and the Socialists were permitted to set up an army and navy on their own lines, they would use them to exercise a forcible impression on those who refused to come round to their way of thinking by the ordinary means of persuasion. The Englishman's boasted liberty would vanish, and a reign of terror be imposed on the nation. Liberty and equality, with perhaps fraternity thrown in, would become their watchwords, as they were those of the French Revolution, while the same conditions of existence would be established, every man going about in dread of his neighbour. This is, in truth, what the Socialist demand for citizen service amounts to, and were it conceded the country would quickly be filled with horrors.

The whole purpose of the Socialist demand is to sweep away the Army and Navy, and to destroy the only system that maintains the integrity of the British Empire. All our national advantages are to be thrown aside, and our great military power weakened before the world. As surely as bad money will drive out good, if the purchasing power is the same, so surely will a bad military system drive out the good if the illogical demand for it is tolerated. But it is hardly necessary for us to point out here that a conscript army, even when built up with Socialistic support, cannot provide us with the means of carrying out our obligations overseas, while as far as home defence is concerned it is wholly unnecessary. And what does this Socialistic support really amount to? The farcical position of denouncing militarism while at the same time demanding arms for defensive purposes, a demand which, if conceded in the spirit in which it is made, would quickly entail results such as those which involved the destruction of monarchy in France, and filled that country with the outrage and horror that shocked the whole civilised world. Such is the ultima thule of the Socialist clamour for establishing citizen service at the expense of the Army we at present possess.

But the Socialists lack coherency in their arguments. Their thoughts run on certain lines with many branches. They are preaching against militarism, in which term they appear even to include the maintenance of a Volunteer Force such as the new Territorial Army, the while they make pretence of favouring a universal system of citizen service. They even denounce the

training of the youth of the country in the use of the rifle, as taking them "at a period when they form the most precious asset of the nation, and branding them with the devil's curse of militarism," that militarism which they assail as "one of the greatest curses of civilisation." Yet these are the people who now pose as the advocates of citizen service, and are at present studying its principles at close quarters in Switzerland! They forget that the duty of military service is the purest democracy, and that although the custom has become fashionable of denouncing all forms of military training as militarism, there can never be "militarism" in the accepted sense, as long as the spirit of voluntarism is fostered in our Regular Army, and a system of Volunteering is cherished in the country.

Our system of voluntary recruiting, both for the Army and the Auxiliary Forces, offers one of the surest safeguards that a country ever possessed against so-called "militarism." Not even the most captious critic could quarrel with the militarism that obtains with us, for as we know it, it is part of a scheme of perfect democracy in that it encourages men to hold together for purposes of national defence, just as they band themselves together to advance their social and material welfare. The bearing of arms to-day is no less ennobling, no less honourable and inspiring, than was the bearing of arms in the days of the Crusaders or of the Round Table. The pomp of armoured knight and the passion of the hand-to-hand conflict have given place to dull khaki and the music of invisible death; but the inspiration, the honour, and the nobleness of the soldier's calling remain, and there is nothing in which they are better exemplified than in the desire of young men to fit themselves for the defence of their country. To us it appears that there is no more democratic idea than that which inspires a man with the conviction that he owes a military duty to his country. We do not make it an obligation. We only leave it to the honour of the nation's manhood to discharge this duty, to accept it or refuse it.

The Socialists argue that "militarism," as they choose to term our present military system, is a danger and a menace to the country, but that the kind of "militarism" they are so fond of harping upon exists or has ever existed in Great Britain is as far removed from the actual truth as the east is removed from the west. The real truth lies in the fact that this country is not to-day sufficiently strong in military forces to defend itself in case of attack. If we have not the arms or the trained men to handle such arms efficiently, ready to take the field in the country's defence at a moment's notice, then we live in peace by sufferance. If this is so, and unfortunately it is, what grounds have we for self-respect? If we have not even self-respect, then why do we boast of our strength and glory as a nation? Surely it is time for serious and thoughtful men to stop and consider ways and

means. The prudent householder does not grudge paying for police protection, and surely national protection is not less important or less necessary? We cannot go on hoping that those who are to-day looking upon Great Britain with envious eyes, will content themselves with merely looking on for ever. When our military forces become so numerous and so strong that they develop aggressiveness and clamour for conquest, then, and then only, will the word "militarism" have any use or meaning in this country.

On the whole, Frenchmen, as well as Germans, bear cheerfully the enormous burden which their huge military systems lay upon their respective nations. Each country is convinced that security can be had at no lower price. But in England among that section of the working classes which seems most disposed to go in dalliance with Socialism—the Trade Union section—anti-militarism has become a craze, amounting almost to a creed. Again has the Trades Union Congress been busy denouncing militarism, including in its denunciations even such harmless and salutary encouragements to the military and patriotic spirit, as the military training of boys. They have worked themselves up to such a frothy pitch that they regard as rampant militarism even the mere discussion of the duty of bearing arms for one's country, and particularly when such ideas are permitted to encroach on the sphere of education. To them it would be a moral disaster if the susceptibilities of innocent childhood should be corrupted by contact with the apparatus of war, or by too intimate an acquaintance with types of military heroism, but we can yet find comfort in the thought that such obvious determination to find infamy behind every impulse of patriotic forethought and every instinct of self-preservation, merits nothing but our heartiest contempt and loathing.

To explain how this wretched bigotry of anti-militarism comes to possess so large a section of the people of this country, we have but to remember that patriotism is becoming atrophied in the absence of telling demands upon it. But few men ever feel a real pang for the safety of the nation, and the theory that dangers do not actually exist is exercising its paralysing influence on all sides. A few devoted men, numbering among them Lord Roberts and Lord Rosebery, are sedulously labouring to counteract this misguided obsession, but the fact remains that the Englishman has never yet had to put his back to the wall to preserve his national independence, and it is much to be feared that nothing short of imminent disaster will rouse him to a right sense of the perniciousness of Socialistic ideas on the subject of national defence. The lessons of history should not, however, be lost on Socialism, for they teach the incontrovertible truth that when a community is untrue to itself it has small chance of conversion to the cause of right, except from such a warning as may come too late to remedy that which it reveals.

## MAXIM GORKY ON RELIGION AND SOCIALISM.

At a time when the orthodox religions are rapidly nearing their final and decisive crisis, and numerous pigmies of philosophic thought are making feeble efforts to stem the swelling tide of the new social and moral philosophy, that will come with the new social order, by such hypocritical religious concoctions as, for instance, the so-called "Cowper-Templeism," "Birreligion" and the stale "New Religion" of Mr. Campbell, at such a time it is interesting and, indeed, refreshing to learn the "religious" views of one of the most original and subtle minds of our day.

A French review, "Mercure de France," initiated lately an enquête on the question of religion, and in its last issue there appeared letters from some of the foremost men in the worlds of science, literature and art. Some of the answers are interesting, some of them are simply nonsensical, although they emanate from distinguished persons, such as, for instance, the celebrated poet François Coppée, who writes: "I have said this morning, and shall say to-night, in my usual prayer, 'Credo in sanctam Ecclesiam catholicam.' That is my only credo and answer."

M. Jules Lemaitre, the well-known writer and critic, candidly confesses that he knows nothing about the subject. But by far the most interesting answer comes from the famous Russian writer, our comrade Maxim Gorky, who writes as follows:—

"Religious feeling, as I understand it, is a joyous and proud feeling of harmonious unity existing between man and the universe. It is created by that inherent tendency towards synthesis, which is common to all men. It is developed by experience and first manifests itself in man's consciousness of his place and rôle in the universe and life; then, evoking in him a joyous sensation of intrinsic freedom, it evolves into a feeling of pathos. Pathos is necessarily religious. The infinite variety of the phenomena of life, the beauty of man's endeavours to understand and solve its mysteries; the creative power of his yearnings for freedom, truth

and justice; the slow but sure and ever-accelerating march of humanity towards perfection—those are the sources from which mankind draws its pathos.

"The essence of humanity—let people with sluggish livers say what they will—is its onward march towards spiritual perfection, and the consciousness of that progress must evoke in every psychically sound man a religious feeling, a complete and creative feeling of faith and trust in his power, a feeling of hope for victory, of love of life, of rapture before the wonderful and wise harmony existing between his spirit and the spirit of all life.

"I think that we are now witnessing the beginning of the process leading to the development of a new psychological type—I see in the future a human being all of whose faculties will develop harmoniously, without interfering with, or contradicting, each other. This being I shall call perfect.

"But for his development it is necessary to have a vast and free intercourse between men placed on a footing of complete equality—a condition which can be guaranteed only by Socialism.

"Such intercourse would give to each and all equality of experience, equality in principle, if not in practice. It will enable all men to understand one another; it will set up amongst them new relationships, free of hatred, jealousy and greed; it will allow everyone to take full advantage of the experience of others, and all to be benefited by the experience of each.

"By experience I mean the totality of our knowledge of the fruits of our creative activity to the spheres of science and arts—those highest spheres of our intellectual activity.

"Such experience if possessed by the masses would enrich humanity and evoke in man a sense of dignity and self-respect, a proud desire to compete in creative activity with the generations of the past, and aspire to set up a higher standard for the generations to come.

"Then human life would become a process of creating, then man would not only feel his connections with the past, but also clearly conceive the influence of his spirit on the future. This fact should not be forgotten, our consciousness is capable of infinite expansion.

"And so, religious feeling, as I understand it, must exist, and develop, and ultimately make man perfect."

Unfortunately, since he became an active member of the Russian Social-Democratic Party, Maxim Gorky has not been a very prolific writer, so fully and whole-heartedly did he identify himself with the precarious fortunes of the party. But when the Russian revolution gives way to systematic and steady evolution in the direction of Socialism, we may look forward to some great works from the pen of that original and clever writer, works that will considerably enrich Socialist literature, as well as that of the world in general.

S. N. Preeve.

## THE GERMAN SOCIALIST CONGRESS AND ALCOHOLISM.

The following very wise and very precise resolution was adopted unanimously by the Social-Democratic Party at its national Congress at Essen, on the motion of Emmanuel Wurm.

The Congress also decided that the report of Wurm should be printed as a pamphlet.

It will be noticed that far from keeping to the nonsense of middle-class anti-alcoholism our German comrades seek the causes of alcoholism in the capitalist system, refuse to turn aside for a vain struggle against alcoholism from the platform of the class struggle, and give to the workers the necessary indications for the defence of their interests as fighters in order to arrive at freedom in the question of alcoholism as well as in that of others :

" The dangers of alcoholism are for the workers closely allied to the development of the method of capitalist production.

" The same causes which make for their being poor, in general have also stimulated them to consume too much alcohol and have thus increased the harm ; these are—excessive overtime, the smallness of wages and the unhealthiness of the houses of the workers and of their workshops.

" In consequence of the bad economic and social conditions and of the drinking habit, which is a necessary result of this state of things, the workers are prone to drink too much. When, perhaps, the first economic cause of the excessive use of alcohol has disappeared, it is very often impossible to get rid of the habit.

" The middle-class opponents of alcohol generally say that alcoholism is a cause of the misery for which the masses are responsible, and thus they, not unsuccessfully often, divert the attention of the public from its original economic and social causes, whilst, on the other hand, they wish by means of legislation to put a stop to the so-called bad habits of the drinker, so that he has to

pay a double penalty for faults which are really due to the prevailing social circumstances.

"Capitalism and the State, which represents the interests of the former, are only interested in the suppression of alcoholism in so far as they are under disabilities owing to the evils which are evils for its victims and which prevent work being done.

"The Congress declares:

"That the evil consequences of alcoholism can neither be reduced nor, above all, suppressed by penal laws nor by financial laws. Laws on drunkenness, which enumerate penalties for drunkards, are only class laws against the poor, for the rich can easily avoid the penalties. The habitual drunkard should not be brought before the magistrate, but should be treated as a man who is ill and requires medical attention. There should be hospitals maintained at the cost of the public for habitual drunkards.

"The closing of drink shops and the prohibition to sell spirits will only add to the evils of drinking in private.

"The taxes on drinks containing little alcohol (such as beer, wine, etc.) only lead to more spirits being drunk.

"The more brandy is taxed, the more the poor are exploited, and very little less alcohol is drunk.

"In order to wage war against the dangers of alcohol, the Congress demands:

"The reduction of the hours of labour to an eight-hours day.

"The prohibition of night-work, or, if this is impossible in certain industries, a system of night-shifts.

"Sufficient intervals of rest during work.

"Prohibition to employers and to their representatives to sell on credit or for cash, or to their workers any alcoholic drink instead of wages in coin.

"Prohibition to erect drinking shops in streets in which the workers live.

"Well thought-out measures for the health of workshops and for the methods of work.

"Protection of children, of young persons, and of women.

"Sufficient wages.

"Suppression of all indirect taxation which increases the cost of ood as well as all usury on land and houses.

"Improvement of public education by changing and extending schools in accordance with the resolutions passed by the Mannheim Congress on popular education.

"Thorough reform of houses and places of public amusement. Building of libraries and meeting-places for workers.

"The working-class organisations are invited to suppress in their meetings all compulsion to consume alcoholic liquors, to put a stop to its sale in schools, in registry offices, and in places where collections are made for strikers, to inform children and young men by word of mouth and by the press, of the danger of alcohol and to watch over drinking habits which lead to the abuse of alcohol.

"Children should not be given intoxicating liquors.

"The political and trade union organisations of the conscious working-class will take part in this struggle, the only efficacious one against the danger of alcohol, by improving the economic situation of the workers, by teaching them instead of seeking happiness and forgetfulness in the abuse of alcohol, to fight against capitalism in order to become free from misery and oppression and thus to obtain satisfaction, joy and happiness."

## A TALE OF ELEPHANTS.

We were reading aloud news from Rūssia. All eyes were full of tears, and hearts were wrung by the burning and indignant grief of a powerless anger. The Russians were weeping, and we others were weeping in sympathy.

My old friend, an Englishman, John Malten, sat in a corner of the room. He preserved a gloomy silence, and seemed to have concentrated all his attention upon an immense engraving, the only one which decorated our drawing-room. The engraving is a splendid one. It represents the act of heroism of Arnold Winckelried: the moment when the Swiss hero, in order to break through the invincible square of the imperial lancers, clasped a whole sheaf of their lances and thrust them into his own breast—and through his heroism a multitude like an avalanche overthrew the armed mass, a living stronghold, gaining with their valour that proud freedom which reigns, undiminished, in the Swiss mountains.

When I remained alone with Malten he said to me: "Look at this engraving, my friend. What seems to you to be the most striking thing in this beautiful, iron Winckelried?"

"Why, certainly, the heroism of his self-sacrifice, the noble fanaticism of freedom, the readiness to sacrifice his soul for his friends."

"Yes, yes." Malten shook his head. "But for me, I confess to you, there is something more fascinating, astonishing and enchanting than the heroic action of Winckelried: that is, his faith."

"Faith?"

"Yes. Faith in mankind, in his people, in his friends. Strong faith, that, if he kills himself in such a fearful way, his action will not be in vain, he will not remain the only one—that his personal heroism will grow out to the heroism of the whole mass, which will follow him through the gates he opened, and will either fall or be triumphant—be victorious, beautifully and sublime, brightly and everlasting! Yes! There are many heroic actions, self-sacrificing

people, fearless heroes, there are many noble fanatics in history, but this Winckelried has always highly surprised me by the practical wholesomeness of his self-sacrifice. This heroic action is one of a few which honours equally the hero and the people for whom the hero sacrifices himself. Arnold Winckelried, the happiest man; he believes in his people, and his people justified his faith! It is well, knowing himself in such an atmosphere of unity . . . . then, indeed, it should not be terrible to die!"

After a pause, he continued: "I am always grieved and moved to tears by sacrifices made by those who are aware that they are in vain."

"Sacrifices foredoomed to failure," I thought sorrowfully.

"Sacrifices made in uncertainty; martyrs who suffer from the state of their century and its unripeness; victims of redemption! Hero-idealists, beguiled by their weak century which is not ripe enough for their noble deeds and thoughts. I feel depressed and tortured by those heroic explosions which do not find an heroic echo—only death—with the best hopes for the future, but with the heaviest disappointment for the day."

"What is there to be done?" I sighed; "there is no time when it would not have been so; there are no people who would not have survived and suffered this for a thousand times."

"Yes, certainly," said Malten. "Anything new seldom happens under the sun. But the old is bad, and it is a moral affliction! But there existed—evidently there always existed——. If you desire, I will relate to you an Indian tale on the same theme."

"Oh, please!"

"Are you fond of Indian tales?"

"If I did not like them I should be the most ungrateful creature in the world. During the last few years we Russian political writers have often talked with our readers by means of Indian, Chinese, Persian, or other tales. How could I not be fond of Indian tales? Please tell it!"

. . . . .

"Once upon a time there lived a herd of wild elephants. And it happened that the elephants had eaten up all the food at the foot of a mountain, and removed to new places. Having eaten up all the food there, too, they removed farther. And so they went going higher and higher to the north until they found themselves in a wide valley surrounded by mountains. Between these mountains there was only one narrow, dangerous pass, and that was at once occupied and fortified by men. They had long noticed the big herd of elephants and resolved to make it work for themselves. But to attack them suddenly with open force they did not venture, because there were a great number of elephants and they were satiated and very strong.

"When the elephants noticed that the food in the valley was diminishing they thought it best to remove, as usual, farther to the north, where there were no mountains, but this way was blocked by a forest of thorny plants equipped with strong spines that would pierce even the thick skins of the elephants. This horrible thorny forest stopped the elephants.

"'Before we sacrifice our own skins,' said the leader, 'let us see and be convinced if there is, indeed, no other outlet from the valley besides that which is occupied by men who want to make us work for them.'

"They sought in vain. Days were passing. Food became scarcer day after day. The men in the mountain-pass understood very well the need of the elephants. They brought immense hayricks, very enticing, very appetising ones. And many stray elephants, weaker of stomach and character, could not resist the temptation of the savoury hay; they went for the hay, and never returned to the herd; men enclosed them in a network of ropes or chains, reared them up by means of flatterings and blows to serfdom, they gave them to eat and to drink, and made them work—for their households.

"The leader assembled the herd, and said:—

"'My children! To my greatest regret, I have been convinced that there is no other way out from these terrible mountains besides that which is in the power of men. And even this way out men make impassable. Food in our valley gets less day by day—we are already starving. There are three courses open to us: dying of starvation, submitting ourselves to men, and the third—securing our life and freedom by breaking away to the north through the terrible, thorny, virgin forest. Birds have informed us that it extends for a hundred miles—then there stretches an always green, unbounded, rich wilderness. . . . . You have here three possibilities, choose which you like.'

"The elephants concluded by common consent to break through the forest and save their freedom!

"And it was settled that a detachment of elephants should go at once and prepare a way, so that the herd could pass. The detachment of the elephants worked the whole day and returned with tormented and blood-covered bodies, saying:—

"'We have not cleared the way even twenty-five yards. The cursed spines attach themselves by sucking into the body. The thorn-trees have very small roots and are easily overthrown, but their spines are invincible. . . . . You must send out to-morrow another division; we are too tormented, we are not able to go.' And, indeed, during the next night many of them died.

"And so it was the next day with other elephants, and the third day with a third division. But the time passed away, and

the hunger was biting, and the elephants were expiring, and men were approaching.

"Then one young elephant said to the others of the same age:

"'It is not true that the thorns are invincible. It is only necessary not to be afraid of oneself, and it is very possible to get over them. This easy and little work with the trunks only is of no use—only trunks in blood. If it is necessary to sacrifice with blood why not let it flow from the whole body and with success? I, comrades, propose the following: The thorns are terrible, but the thorn-trees have very small roots. If we would rush forward with a good start with our mighty tusks for the thicket, it is very possible that we shall die, but for the herd there will be a wide and long way out by which they could quietly pass to the fresh, green food of the free plain?'

"The young elephants joyfully accepted the proposal of their comrade. And so, on the morrow they assembled upon a hill, one hundred heads, and from the hill they threw themselves in one mass, upon the dark, silent, angry, thorny forest. Some of them were stopped at once by the thorns, others fought with the thorns until they began to weaken and to lose their blood. Some went back, tortured with wounds, others went forward even until death came. Some fell after a hundred yards, some after two hundred, some passed one mile, some even two.

"The elephant who made the proposition had already broken with his tusks ten miles, when he fell down, and he knew that the thorns which had torn his whole body had drunk his blood, and he was dying. As the elephant fell down, he looked backwards: he was alone. Far, very far away he could see the corpses of his dead comrades.

"Cranes are flying in the sky. The expiring elephant asks them: 'How is it? is it still far to the end of the thorny forest?'

"The cranes answered: 'No, elephant, not what we would call very far; all in all, nine times as much as that which you have already done'

"The elephant was charmed: 'Oh!' he says, 'that means that there are only wanted nine such elephants as I am to finish the passage. Fly, cranes, to our herd; tell them to send other hunters in order that the work I have commenced may be continued.'

"The cranes had flown away, and the elephant was lying, expiring, and waiting in vain. The elephant traitors do not come! And he notices meanwhile that the thorn trees he had trampled down yesterday appear to be living. They are growing up slowly—they are budding—and the traitors do not come! The elephant lies and perishes, and near him there is nobody. A hawk cries in the clouds. With all his power the elephant cried to him:—

"'Tell the elephants at least not to allow the passsge to become overgrown again?'

"And so he died.

"But the elephants, meanwhile, were stamping the ground in the valley, and talking. Some of them said: 'Senseless enterprise, and a senseless end!'

"Others: 'That's it, green youth. To lose while living is not always so bad, but they do not even mind their heads.' 'They only lost their lives in vain . . . . Killed himself and others . . . . And who will know that he chose the best direction for the passage?'

"A fourth party: 'We will not walk upon ways which have been cut out by others; self-love does not permit it! Your elephant was not a special genius! We will find the way without him.'

"A fifth party did not only find that the elephant had not helped them out of their misfortune; they even maintained that he had spoilt the matter; to pass through the thorns was hard enough before, but now there were lying in the way mountains of corpses.

"A sixth party: 'We are fairminded, and admit that the elephant was brave, but . . . . we have our leaders . . . . and why should we follow the footprints of other parties?'

"There were such, too, who observed: 'Certainly, hunger is not a plaything . . . . but the thorns . . . . terrible! One must quite forget oneself to trample upon the thorns . . . . it is better to fast as long as possible . . . . time will teach us what to do!'

"The elephants were considering and discussing, and the thorns were growing up again.

"The men who watched the elephants from their town in the pass were much frightened at seeing the young elephants rush forward with their breasts into the thicket: they understood very well that in the thorns there might die one, two, three hundred elephants, and if only one of them reached the plain all other wild elephants could be saved, escaping through a blood-covered corridor purchased at the price of the lives of the others. And then good-bye to their prey!

"But when the men had convinced themselves, with great astonishment, that the elephants did not intend to continue the breaking through of the passage which the young elephant had begun, but were only balancing their trunks, shaking their heads, and trampling with their feet in such a way as if they were considering and discussing, they calmed down, smiled, and said joyously to each other! 'Who invented the tale that the elephant is clever? A beast, like other beasts, destined to be our slave. Look at them. Instead of fighting for their release they stupidly stick to the same spot. Now they belong to us! Not a single one will escape!'

"Hunger has done its work. Many of the elephants looked at the hayricks, brought by the men as a temptation. Voices were heard that the freedom of the elephant is certainly a good thing, but one would not like to die for its sake.

"Possibly men are not so bad as they are said to be. It is true they compel the elephants to work, but, look with what hay they feed them?

"The mothers of the elephants were sighing about the hunger of their babies. The male elephants, being of a softer morality, cried about the hunger of their wives.

"And the thorns were, meanwhile, growing up again. Escapes from the herd to the new, fragrant hay had commenced. Every day there disappeared one elephant, two, three. Encouraged, men approached, looked, and waited to see if there was any elephant weakened by hunger; then they used to kill him and take his tusks away, or to entangle him with network and draw him to their village to make him their slave. The elephants were terrified; they cried, they cursed, but were not able to save themselves out of their awful position.

"Nobody thought any more of the young elephant and his foolish enterprise. Only the hawk used to cry from time to time with penetrating voice in the clouds: "Do not allow, at least, the passage to become overgrown again!

"But should the clever elephant, standing safely upon the earth, care for the cries of a foolish bird in the clouds?

"And so not one of the elephants troubled to understand why and what the bird was crying.

"And the thorns were meanwhile growing.

"One night men attacked the weakened elephants even in their abodes; many were killed, many were wounded, and many were taken prisoners.

"Then the leaders of the herd gathered themselves once more, and the oldest of them said:—

"'We have tried all thinkable means to save ourselves, but things are becoming worse and worse. There remains only either to surrender ourselves to the triumphant men and become their slaves, or die of starvation. But is there nothing to be done? Where reason does not help, it may be sometimes better to ask for help from foolishness. The last trial which we could undertake is to continue the work of that mad young elephant—do you remember? However it may be, he has already done a tenth of the passage. Be off, young elephants, commence the work there where your dead comrades died working. Go, and save your herd!'

"The young elephants obeyed, went to the work, but returned instantly.

"'What are you doing?' asked the astonished old elephant.

"'We beg your pardon—we could not find any passage at all.'

"'How is it, you did not find? In the language of the elephants, you are told: Begin there where the mad young elephant died, at the very spot.'

"'To that place there does not exist any longer a free passage, you old elephants. The thorn trees have grown up again, and have covered again the passage with their fearful spines. The old passage does not exist any more. We are now compelled to begin a new one from the first, from the very beginning. We must make a new passage, the old one does not exist.'

"The old elephants thoughtfully shook their heads. And the hawk turned in the clouds and cried, cried, cried: 'Don't allow, at least, the passage to be grown over again!'

"'Don't allow, at least, the passage to be grown over again!'

"'Don't allow, at least, the passage to be grown over again!'"

# THE REVIEWS.

## THE ASIATIC INVASION.

The writer on "Foreign Affairs" in the October "Fortnightly Review" has the following on the above:—

The gravity of the situation created by the attitude of the Anglo-Saxon democracies towards the Asiatic invasion has been unfortunately illustrated by outbreaks on the Canadian coast. (Later cables report a more serious incident—the expulsion of Japanese from mining camps in the Yukon.) The labour agitation against the Japanese has spread northwards from San Francisco to Seattle, and thence across the frontier to British Columbia. Twelve hundred Japanese on board of tramp steamers were landed at Vancouver in the first week of September. Labour meetings were held by the Exclusion League, and inflammatory speeches were delivered. A mob of hoodlums rushed into the Asiatic quarter and commenced wrecking Japanese shops. The trouble lasted for several days, but the Japanese turned fiercely at bay, and white democracy showed its heel—a sinister and suggestive incident. A few days later the agitation flamed up afresh with the arrival of a large shipload of Hindu immigrants, who are subjects of the King, but as much hated as though they were subjects of the Mikado. The American press has, of course, followed the incidents with ironical interest. Nothing could have been better up to the present than the action of the Canadian Cabinet and the attitude of the Japanese Government. No one attempts to defend the ruffianism of the unprovoked assaults upon the Japanese. They are under the British Flag by right of treaty. While it covers them they are entitled to protection by the law, and they will receive it. Lord Grey, with his usual tact and energy, has expressed his regrets. The Canadian Government, though as sensitive as any other to electioneering consequences, has more power to enforce the law in British

Columbia than President Roosevelt possesses in California. Up to the present the contrast between the Canadian and the United States method of handling this problem has been significant and entirely favourable to our own people and our own institutions. We have the duty, and we, at least, have the ability, to enforce the law without flinching, and to execute our treaty obligations.

Wherever the Japanese are already legitimately settled, they are entitled to the same treatment, neither more nor less, which immigrants of European nationality have the right to claim. But this is only the beginning, not the end, of the question. British policy is bound to seek some legal means of restricting Japanese immigration. Unless a compromise can be arranged this problem may disrupt the British Empire, and that would not be an advantage to Japan.

. . . . . .

We touch here what may prove, as we have said more than once during the last few months, the most sinister and colossal problem of twentieth century politics. Academic critics who condemn demagogic agitation on the Pacific slope can scarcely be acquainted with the true state of the facts. The Japanese are more numerous in San Francisco than the Chinese ever were. The total number of working men in that city is about 300,000 already. Not less than a fourth of these are Japanese, and some estimates make the proportion even higher. The immigration of the Mikado's subjects into California, let it be remembered, is almost a movement of yesterday. It began only about six or seven years ago. But already the Japanese are amazingly prosperous. There is no limit to their competitive power. They have not the least intention of confining themselves to the rôle of hewers of wood and drawers of water. They are in control of many flourishing fruit-growing communities. They are rising in the ranks of city business. The immigrants of no other nationality upon the Pacific slope have done so well in so short a time. It is absolutely certain that with unrestricted immigration California in twenty years would be a Japanese State, inhabited by a white minority. And, with respect to British Columbia, the period or the prospect, or whatever you like to call it, is even more remarkable. British Columbia, though one of the most glorious regions in the world, is one of those numerous territories ideally adapted to white settlement which we hold but do not fill. It is larger than the German Empire. It has a population of about two hundred thousand—that is, apart from the coast ports—an almost imperceptible sprinkling on the lovely soil, which treasures up magnificent natural resources. About five thousand Japanese are said to have landed during the present year alone, and tens of thousands more are ready to follow from Hawaii as soon as the way is open. But politics from first are entirely a business of alternatives. It is not enough to discuss the merits of things in themselves. We have

invariably to consider, both in domestic and foreign politics, not only what will happen if we act in a given sense, but what will happen if we do not. Thus Japanese immigration must either be restricted or unrestricted. The former course means serious diplomatic difficulty at Tokio. The latter course means an absolutely fatal feud with Australasian and Canadian democracy.

## THE REAL UNEMPLOYED.

Mr. T. Good has an article in the current "World's Work" on the above. He says:—

I propose to deal with the unemployed problem from practical and bitter personal experience, and I beg to suggest a remedy for the evils due to unemployment. Fortunately, increasing interest is being taken in this question; but, unfortunately, many fallacies exist in the minds of would-be reformers concerning the real character and conditions of the victims of unemployment. Until these fallacies are cleared up no true remedy can be applied.

In the first place, this problem is much more serious than those not closely acquainted with unskilled labour recognise. Secondly, the problem is not exactly the kind of problem which most politicians imagine it to be. Thirdly, the remedies commonly suggested would not only prove very costly to the community, but would certainly fail to benefit the genuine unemployed.

Before any further tinkering with the problem is attempted, we should frankly recognise that our official returns relating to unemployment do not represent the real state of affairs—indeed, they furnish but a very inadequate test of the conditions of the labour market. This market is divided, roughly, into two sections—skilled and unskilled. We have records of very few workers except those in the skilled trades, and not of the whole, even of them. The skilled section of the market is never anything near so crowded as the unskilled section. Whatever may be the percentage of trade unionists unemployed, that of the general workers is always very much higher.

### Organised v. Unorganised.

On any ordinary morning, for every skilled trade unionist seeking employment at the gates of our industrial establishments there could be found a score of unskilled and unorganised men. And we have no official records of these latter and more numerous classes of workers. This disparity between the percentage of organised men unemployed and the unorganised men unemployed is becoming greater and greater, because a "speeding-up" policy is being

vigorously pursued in many of our industries, and this policy applies more to the unorganised and unskilled than to the organised and skilled. Given quantities of work are being performed by smaller and smaller gangs, or numbers, of men, or in less and less time—our workshops are being Americanised; and as our trade unionists will not permit much of this hustling in their work, it naturally falls to the lot of the unorganised and unprotected workers to suffer the fullest effects of this new policy. During the last few years a complete change has taken place in our methods of workshop management—especially in our iron, steel, and engineering trades. Keener foremen and more alert and practical managers are now being employed; work is being pushed forward with fewer hands and less "loafing," and, as a consequence, a larger number of unskilled men are unemployed. This is a point not generally appreciated by outsiders—if I may be permitted to use that term—but it is a fact, nevertheless, and goes far to explain how it is that with increased trade and commerce, the problem of unemployment remains chronic. Despite Board of Trade Returns, the poverty of unorganised labour in this country is appalling!—*and it is increasing in its severity.*

### The Pride of Poverty.

But much of this poverty—this prolific mother of physical debility and industrial inefficiency, of mental derangement and moral depravity—is hidden from public view. The methods by which most of the genuine unemployed and poverty-stricken endeavour to hide their misery, even from their friends and neighbours, are at once heroic and pathetic. Year by year the poor become prouder, and it becomes increasingly difficult to gauge their wretchedness with any degree of accuracy. Labour bureaus and registries, offers of relief work and charity, all such agencies, as at present conducted, fail, and will fail more and more as our people become more self-respecting, to enable us to ascertain the real range and depth of the evils of unemployment. It is only by close and practical acquaintance with the facts and actualities of unemployment, that anyone, no matter how sympathetic, can be made aware of the serious nature of this problem. The simple fact is that the real sufferers keep in the background. Those who come into the open and display their misery are very seldom the genuine victims of industrialism. The work-seekers are seldom charity-seekers, they shun public relief and suffer in silence and secrecy.

In the winter of 1904-5 the authorities of a certain large manufacturing town declined to apply for a share of the Queen's Unemployed Fund because they were of opinion that there was no unusual distress in their district through the lack of work. Only a mere handful of men had registered themselves at the Town Hall as being unemployed and in need of relief; therefore, the official idea was that few workers were unemployed. What were the

facts? In that district, at that time, thousands were starving! I can vouch for the case of one man in that town who, although a highly-skilled worker, possessing excellent testimonials from employers of standing, able and willing to do any class of even the roughest work, and diligently seeking employment every day, was thirteen consecutive weeks without a day's work or wages. This man, because he did not apply for public relief, and was not a trade unionist, was not officially recognised as one of the unemployed. It may be asked, why did not this man apply for relief? The answer is, because, being one of the genuine unemployed—being on the constant look-out for work—there was always present the possibility of finding bona fide employment at any moment. He would not ask for relief *to-day*, because he hoped to get *work* TO-MORROW. And so it is with thousands.

## THE SWISS ARMY AND ENGLAND'S NEEDS.

Harold Cox, M.P., writes the following under the above heading in the October "Nineteenth Century and After."

The whole interest of the Swiss military system to most Englishmen lies, not in the technical excellence of this or that feature, as compared with corresponding features in other armies, but in the broad question whether the Swiss system is applicable to English needs. What the Swiss system is can be told in a sentence. It is a system of compulsory military training lasting for a brief period, but following upon a preliminary training during boyhood and adolescence in gymnastics, and in rifle shooting. That the system is popular with the Swiss people appears to be beyond question. It is regarded rather as a pastime than as a corvée. This is certainly more than can be said for the system of compulsory service prevailing in other Continental countries. Frenchmen and Germans, in probably, at least, nine cases out of ten, look upon their military service as a painful obligation from which they would gladly escape. The Switzer, on the other hand, likes his service, and voluntarily undertakes even more than is imposed upon him by the State. In the infantry, which, of course, comprises the bulk of the army, he is required to train for 45 days when he joins as a recruit at the age of 20, and subsequently he has to put in 18 days training every alternate year for seven years, together with a certain amount of musketry practice, at times convenient to himself. In actual fact, the amount of musketry practice voluntarily undertaken far exceeds the minimum exacted by the Government. A large number of voluntary societies have been formed for rifle shooting, and they compete with one another for prizes. In the same way there are

numerous gymnastic societies with quasi-military constitution and purpose. It may, indeed be said that rifle shooting and gymnastics take the place in Switzerland that cricket and football, golf and lawn tennis occupy in England. Thus the Swiss population is largely self-prepared for military services; but, even so, it is doubtful whether the system of compulsory service would be so generally popular if it did not differ fundamentally from the compulsory systems established in France and Germany. In the first place, there is a difference of degree which amounts to a difference of kind. The period of training for the Swiss recruit is only 45 days as compared with two years in the German army, and, till recently, three years in the French army. No argument is needed to show that this wide difference in point of time must completely alter the outlook of a civilian population upon the whole question of compulsory service. A young Frenchman or German looks upon his military service as a large slice out of his civilian life; the young Switzer regards his 45 days' recruit training and the subsequent short periods of further training as pleasant and healthy interludes in the monotony of civilian life. But that is not all. In the French and German armies the officers still constitute a class apart, as in our own army—but with this important distinction, that the English officer must treat his men with consideration, or recruiting will fall off, whereas the French and German officer is automatically supplied with the material he wants. In Switzerland, on the other hand, the officers and men are one. All officers and non-commissioned officers rise from the ranks, and that fact, while it prevents the existence of a social gulf between officers and men, also creates an object of ambition at which every man can aim.

Then the Swiss system takes very little away from the civilian life of each citizen, and adds an element of interest, of pleasure, and of occasional excitement. When to these personal considerations is added the patriotic reflection that each trained soldier, each skilled marksman, adds to the security of the nation, it is not surprising that the system should be popular.

Whether the system will be equally popular if the period of service is extended, as is now proposed, is another question. The Swiss military authorities have for some time been of opinion that the period of forty-five days' recruit training for the infantry, with corresponding periods for other branches of the service, is insufficient, and a law has passed both Chambers of the Federal Parliament extending the period to sixty-five days.

There are various other changes proposed in the Bill which need not be here mentioned, except to say that they for the most part tend in the direction of increasing the burden both upon the soldier and upon the taxpayer. A referendum has been demanded, and a vote of the whole people upon the whole law will take place in November. Most of our informants expressed confidence that

the Bill would be carried, but they all admitted that there was a powerful minority against the proposed changes. Into this purely domestic question I have no desire to enter. Whether 45 days or 65 days be necessary to produce the military excellence desired by the Swiss authorities is a question upon which no Englishman has the right to express an uninvited opinion. The only point for us to consider is whether the Swiss system, with or without modification of detail, is applicable to our purposes, or is required by our necessities.

. . . . . .

A navy and a standing army England must have. Does she, in addition to these things which Switzerland has not got, also want another thing which Switzerland has elaborated for her peculiar needs? That other thing is a system of compulsory service which requires every able-bodied man to learn to shoot, and to undergo a certain amount of military training. By adopting this system we should undoubtedly obtain at a comparatively moderate expense an enormous number of soldiers. But do we want these soldiers? and if we want them, why do we want them?

. . . . . .

. . . . So far as home defence is concerned, the whole case for a national militia breaks down completely. We have still, however, to consider whether our obligations abroad furnish a sufficient cause for the creation of such a militia. And here the advocates of the Swiss system are undoubtedly on stronger ground. They rightly point out that this system would provide us with a large supply of men sufficiently well trained to be used for the expansion of our regular forces fighting across the seas. The experience of the South African war showed us that we needed more men than we ever before had thought of sending abroad, and it is of course possible that a similar need might again arise in some quarter of the globe. We have then to ask whether this possibility is a sufficient reason for the introduction of the Swiss system into the United Kingdom? This system, according to the figures quoted, would give us about 4,000,000 armed men. Whom are we going to fight that we shall want 4,000,000 men?

The advocates of the system may reply that nobody knows, and that we ought to be prepared for all contingencies. My answer is that the people who are to be compelled to undergo this military training have a right to ask for what probable contingencies this new compulsion is imposed upon them. They are not to fight in defence of their own homes; we have disposed of that delusion. They are to fight abroad, perhaps thousands of miles from the homes they have laboured to build up, the homes they love, for what are they to fight and where? For the defence of the Empire! The phrase is attractive, but loose. It needs to be examined carefully. For

we are dealing with the liberties of Englishmen who are to be taken by force from their own homes and compelled to fight in distant lands. If it be replied that compulsory training does not necessarily imply compulsory service in the field, then I respectfully suggest that the scheme is not worth considering at all. It is absurd to put the nation to the cost of training 4,000,000 men to be ready for a great national or Imperial emergency, if all these men are to be free when the emergency comes quietly to continue their daily civilian occupations and let the emergency take care of itself.

## RULES AND REALITIES OF WAR.

### A Chinese Eye-witness.

The following appears in the "Review of Reviews":—

Meeting the other day one who was present at the relief of the Legations, I asked him how the rules of war passed at the Hague, more especially Rule XLVII., "Le pillage est formellement interdit," were respected at Pekin.

"Not at all," replied he; "everyone looted. But everybody did not loot everything. Each had his special field of pillage. The Japanese, for instance, looted only the rich people, and places where there was much silver; they looted for the public treasury, and sent their plunder to Tokio. The Germans, poor fellows, came late, and there was nothing left for them to loot but furniture."

"But did the contingents pillage?"

"The Americans were best. They did not pillage. General Chaffey threatened to shoot anyone who did. So they only took watches from the people in the streets. The Cossacks and the Sepoys were the worst. But everybody helped themselves."

"Then you had to deal with the realities without the rules of war?"

"No rules," he said, "only realities. Bad realities, too. After the expeditionary force entered Pekin I helped to bury the dead who lay in the streets. We buried 5,000; 3,500 of whom were women."

"Women killed by shells, or in the fighting?"

"No; women who had been violated after the fighting by the soldiers, and who were afterwards killed, or who killed themselves. More than half had committed suicide after assault. They could not live for shame of their fate.

"Were they poor women of the lower orders?"

"Many were ladies. The soldiers made no difference."

"Listen," I said, "to Art. XLVI.: 'The honour and rights of the family; the life of individuals and private property ought to be respected. Private property cannot be confiscated.' Was no one punished for the crimes?"

My Chinaman replied: "How could any be punished when they were all guilty? When we complained to the officers they replied if we would bring evidence to prove which man outraged which woman they would punish him. Quite correct, of course, but the woman was usually dead, and, if she had been alive, how would she identify one out of thousands in the same uniform?"

"But was it any better with the Governments?"

"Just the same. They took what they wanted. Italy took valuable tablets historically interesting. Germany took astronomical instruments given by Jesuits hundreds of years ago. They are now in Potsdam."

"Yes," I said, "I saw the great bronze globe when the Emperor received the British journalists. The Emperor, on horseback, was between us and the globe Are you not going to ask for it to be returned?"

"No," said he. "We will get others. Let them keep it—for their shame!" he added to my surprise, for he had been as impassive as if he had been describing things in which he had no interest.

# NOTRE DAME DE PARIS.

## BOOK IV.

### CHAPTER I.—FATE.

On Saturday, the 29th of March of this year of grace 1482, our young friend the scholar Jehan Frollo du Moulin, noticed when he was dressing, that he had not a penny in his purse. "Poor purse," said he, pulling it out of his pocket, "what! not the smallest coin! How the dice and the beer and Venus have emptied you. What is the use of knowing the value of all the coins of different countries if I have not even a farthing? It is all very well to know Latin, but I doubt if Cicero himself could have made a satisfactory oration if he had had such little material to work on."

He dressed himself sadly, and an idea struck him but he rejected it, and was so agitated that he put his waistcoat on wrong side out, but at last he threw his cap to the ground and cried out, "So much the worse; I must run the risk. I will go to my brother. I shall get a sermon, but I hope to raise some money."

Then he went out sadly, and went towards the cathedral. But when he arrived there he hesitated again, and seeing a verger come out of the cloister he said to him, "Where is the Archdeacon?"

"I think that he is in the secret chamber in the tower, and I should advise you not to disturb him unless you have a message from an important person like the Pope or my lord the King."

Jehan struck his hands together. "Deuce take it, this is a fine opportunity of seeing the famous hiding-place of the witches."

So he went up the staircase, thinking what a fine thing it would be to catch his brother in this retreat, and after climbing what to him seemed an interminable staircase, and almost breaking his neck, he pushed open a door and saw his brother sitting in a chair with his back to the door. The room was small, and was like an alchemist's cell. The monk was deep in thought, and was evidently engaged in some forbidden work. Jehan was afraid that his brother would be angry if he were seen, so he made a noise as if he had just arrived.

"Come in," said the monk, "I was expecting you."

Jehan came in, but the monk looked sternly at him.

"Brother," said the scholar, looking as humble as he could, "I was coming to ask you for—— "

"For what?"

"Some moral teaching that I need very much," and he would have liked to add—"and a little money that I require still more," but he was afraid to say so.

"Sir," said the Archdeacon, very coldly, "I am very angry with you, for I am continually hearing complaints about you, and I refuse to give you any money."

Just then steps were heard on the staircase.

"Silence," said the Archdeacon, putting a finger on his lips, "Here is Master James. Listen, Jehan," he added, in a low voice, "take care, and say nothing of what you have seen and heard here. Hide quickly under that stove and do not say a word."

The young man hid under the stove and then he had a brilliant idea.

"By-the-way, brother Claude, give me a florin for saying nothing."

"Silence! I promise you one."

"You must give it to me."

"Take it, then," said the Archdeacon, throwing him angrily his purse. Jehan hid under the stove, and the door opened.

There came in a man with a black robe and a dark look, who came to try and find if the Archdeacon had had any success in seeking for the philosopher's stone. It was James Charmolue, an official of the Law Courts. The two spoke for some time, but the language was unintelligible to the listener. At last they were going out, but Charmolue gazed on an enormous spider's web near the window in which a poor fly had just fallen. Charmolue wished to crush the web but the Archdeacon seized his hand.

"Master James," said he, "do not interrupt the action of fate."

The man turned round frightened, it seemed to him that iron pincers had seized his arm. The eye of the priest was haggard and fierce, and was looking at the fly and the spider.

"Yes," continued the priest, "this is a symbol of all things. The fly is happy, it seeks the spring; the open-air; liberty; but she falls into the spider's web, it is her fate and she must die." Thus mumbling the priest and Master James went out.

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## Chapter II.

Jehan came out of his hiding-place and joyously capered about, happy in having some money, and he soon got downstairs. When in the street he met Captain Phœbus, and offered him a drink. Nothing loth the officer accepted, and the two friends went on arm-

in-arm towards the noted hostelry the Pomme d'Eve, but not alone, for they were followed by the Archdeacon.

Suddenly the sound of a tambourine was heard, and Phœbus said, "Hang it, let us get on?"

"Why, Phœbus?"

"I fear that the gipsy may see me."

"What gipsy?"

"The little one that has a goat."

"La Esmeralda?"

"Quite so, Jehan. I always forget the name. Let us hurry. She would recognise me, and I do not want that girl to speak to me in the street."

"Do you know her, Phœbus?"

Here the Archdeacon saw Phœbus laugh, mutter something to Jehan, then Phœbus burst out laughing.

"Really?" said Jehan.

"On my soul," said Phœbus.

"To-night?"

"To-night."

"Are you sure that she will come?"

"Are you mad, Jehan? Can you doubt these things?"

"Captain Phœbus, you are a lucky man."

The Archdeacon heard all this conversation and followed the two men.

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## Chapter III.

The two men went to the Pomme d'Eve and the money soon all disappeared. Phœbus, remembering that he had to meet Esmeralda, asked Jehan to lend him some money, but the money was all gone. No doubt the two men would have quarrelled, but poor Jehan was so drunk that he fell down, and was soon sleeping and snoring soundly on the pavement.

Captain Phœbus went on, when he was suddenly stopped by a man dressed as a monk, but keeping a cloak over his face. The captain, though a brave man, was rather frightened by this apparition, as there were all kinds of tales going about of a ghostly monk wandering about in the streets of Paris who murdered people.

The apparition told him where he—Phœbus—was going and offered him some money, but on one condition, that he should assist at the interview and should be able to see if the woman was really the one that the captain said. Phœbus agreed, and silently the two went to a house on the bridge of St. Michael; they went upstairs, and the captain hid his companion in a kind of cupboard, and then went out to find the lady.

### Chapter IV.

Claude Frollo—the Archdeacon, for no doubt the reader has had no difficulty in discovering the identity of the apparition—remained alone in the small room, but by looking through the chinks of the door he was able to see what went on in the next room.

He saw Phœbus come back and with him Esmeralda. Then, to his horror, he saw love passages between the two. Bursting open the door he stabbed the captain, and jumped through the window into the river. The girl fainted. When she recovered consciousness she was in the hands of the soldiers of the watch, and she heard them say, "It is a witch who has stabbed a captain."

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## BOOK V.

Gringoire and all the gipsies were terribly anxious, for no one knew what had happened to Esmeralda. At last he heard that she was being tried for murder, and he managed to get into the court. Not only was Esmeralda being charged with having murdered Phœbus, but the goat was also being tried. As Esmeralda persisted in denying her guilt the court ordered that she should be put to the question, and she was accordingly tortured, and then she acknowledged everything that she was asked. She was therefore sentenced to be taken in a tumbril with a rope around her neck before the great door of Notre Dame. She was there to beg pardon, and then she and the goat were to be strangled in the Place du Grève. As usual, the judge finished by expressing the wish that the Lord would have mercy on her soul.

The Archdeacon managed to see her in her prison, and offered to save her if she would only love him, but she repulsed him with scorn. She was brought to the great gate of Notre Dame in order that the sentence might be carried out, but suddenly Quasimodo rushed out from the cathedral, seized her and carried her into the church, crying "Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"

The baffled officers of justice had to acknowledge that they could do nothing, as it was impossible for anyone t go into the cathedral to arrest her.

Victor Hugo.
(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

(*To be continued.*)

THE
# SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**A Capitalist Victory.**—Anything less satisfactory than the settlement of the railway dispute can scarcely be imagined. The important point about the whole movement was that it was an "all-grades" movement and not that of any single section. That in all grades of railway employees there were special grievances calling for redress was generally admitted; but the action taken by the A.S.R.S. was based on the ground of a common cause in which all railwaymen were interested. And the essence of this precious settlement is its sectionalism. Above all, in insisting upon the common interest of all grades in the movement, the immediate demand of the men, and that over which the crisis arose, was the question of the recognition of the union. This principle of the recognition of the trade union as the only means by which anything approaching freedom of contract can be main-

tained and collective bargaining be carried on, has come to be admitted by practically every body of employers in the Kingdom, outside the railway and shipping monopolies. And nowhere is the principle more important than among railwaymen, for no body of men run greater risks of victimisation and none have greater difficulty in bringing their grievances under the notice of those who can redress them. And it is precisely this principle of the recognition of the union which has been surrendered. It is a signal victory for the capitalists, to whomsoever the credit may belong.

**The Socialist Defeat.**—That is how all our enemies affect to regard the result of the municipal elections—as a crushing defeat for Socialism. We, however, do not so regard it. We have lost a few seats, it is true, but the loss has been due to a combination of Liberals and Tories against us, and it is a tribute to the growing strength of our movement when our enemies sink their petty party differences in order to fight us. The greatest obstacle to the growth of Socialism among the working people of this country has been the pretended difference between the Liberals and Tories. They could not believe but one party must be a little better than the other—although they were never quite certain which party that was. When both parties combine against us, however, they show how superficial their pretended differences are, and this will be our gain in the long run. At first, of course, the combination will tell against us, by defeating our candidates, but even from the first we shall win recruits by it, as was proved by our greatly increased vote in the municipal elections. To win seats is, of course, important for us; we are able to do some good, however little, on administrative bodies; but, until we are in control, the winning of seats is but a secondary consideration.

It is infinitely more important to increase our numbers and strengthen our organisation, and from that standpoint the elections were a victory, not a defeat.

**The Anti-Socialist Crusade.** — The comic campaign against Socialism, which still muddles along to our own profit and amusement, has been described by some of its perfervid adherents as a crusade. A crusade, indeed! A crusade in defence of the privileges of property; of the "good old rule, the simple plan: that he should get who has the power and he should keep who can." A crusade of peers, plutocrats, priests, pimps, panders, swindlers and blacklegs in defence of property, poverty and slumdom, robbery and prostitution; a motley crew indeed, with Mr. W. Collison, of the "National Free Labour Association," at their head. We cannot but congratulate our opponents, one and all, jointly and severally, on the company in which they find themselves, from Collison to the Duke of Rutland; or Alfred Lyttelton to Dr. Macnamara. "As against these Socialists," said the saintly Jabez Balfour, "as against these Socialists we are all conservative." And that is true. Like Demetrius, the silversmith, they recognise that "this their craft is in danger." They know that the capitalist system, based as it is upon fraud, exploitation, robbery, prostitution and murder, is indefensible; they know that Socialism threatens their precious system with destruction and that defence is hopeless; they are, therefore endeavouring to organise a "crusade" of misrepresentation, calumny and slander in order to create such a cloud of prejudice as will hide the real objective of Socialism and divert attention from the evils of capitalism.

**The Irrefutable Truth of Socialism.**—Although they have utterly routed us, and Socialists and Socialism are wiped out, still our opponents are not

happy. They complain that we "refuse to accept battle on a plain issue"; that week by week goes by and not a word is to be found in the columns of the Socialist press in reply to any of the criticisms of anti-Socialists; "only repetitions of old untruths, grotesque exaggerations, and the most violent, the most vulgar, and, therefore, the most stupid abuse of political opponents." Well, the anti-Socialists should be good judges of violent, vulgar and stupid abuse, because that is the only answer they have to make to the attack of Socialism upon the existing social order. They know that the present system is indefensible, and therefore they resort to the old device of abusing the plaintiff's attorney. For ourselves, we do not indulge in vituperation or abuse, we simply point to self-evident facts as irrevocably condemning the capitalist system. We do not say that capitalists are a set of scoundrels, atheists, libertines, debauchees, free-lovers, and so on. We simply say that capitalism is *fundamentally* immoral. Capitalists, as men, are just as good as anybody else; with that we have nothing to do. A system of society, however, which permits any body of men, any class, large or small, to monopolise all the means of existence and thereby to hold the lives and liberties of the whole people in their hands, must manifestly be inimical to the general well-being. Those who own the land, the mines, the railways, factories, and all the means of producing wealth are obviously the masters of the whole community; and the more wealthy these become; the more prolific the great means of production; the greater the output of wealth; the more powerful and independent are these masters, and the more powerless and dependent become the rest of the community. By their possession of the material essentials of human existence the capitalist class hold the rest of the community in their hands, and are able to dictate their own terms. As a result, the largest class in the community—the working class, the class which produces all wealth—is compelled to work day by day for a mere

pittance; all over and above that belongs to the master class. The consequence is that all the workers are poor and multitudes among them are plunged in squalor and misery, not because they have been lazy, but because they and their class have produced too much wealth for others.

**Socialism and Free Love.**—That is the fundamental injustice of the existing social order. But instead of defending this, or showing how it can be got rid of except by Socialism, our opponents fall to abusing Socialists. Instead of attempting to show that it is right and equitable for a comparatively small class to be absolute lords of life and death over the rest of the community, they complain that Socialists are atheists, incendiaries, robbers, vagabonds, scoundrels, who wish to destroy religion, break up the home, annihilate the family, and institute a system of free love—all of which, of course, has nothing whatever to do with the fundamental economic principles of Socialism, or with its indictment of the fraudulent and immoral basis of modern society. It may, however, be admitted without hesitation that Socialism would involve very considerable modifications in human relations, and does mean "free love" in the sense that when women are economically free the bourgeois property marriage must necessarily disappear, and coercion in sex relations will be impossible. And what, after all, is assumed in the attitude adopted by our opponents in this connection? Simply this, that, in the words of Pope, "Every woman is at heart a rake," and that but for physical or material coercion marital fidelity or chastity would be impossible. Well, we Socialists have not so bad an opinion of women as that. We do not believe that the chastity of half the human race can only be maintained by their economic dependence upon the other half, and the prostitution

of thousands of their own sex. We believe that women can be trusted with liberty, and that when they are economically free not only will prostitution be impossible but all sex relations will be based upon the only moral bond, mutual affection.

**Socialism and Trade Unionism.**—It is very amusing to read the piteous appeals made by our opponents to the trade unionists to have nothing whatever to do with Socialism. They must have an exaggerated idea of the stupidity and gullibility of the average trade unionist if they think he is to be caught with their newly-discovered friendship. The bitterest enemies of trade unionism, the patrons of blacklegs, the organisers of "Free Labour Associations," the most notorious of strike-breakers, are combining to oppose Socialism, and then they have the impudence to appeal to the trade unions! Why, if the latter ever had any doubt about our being on their side these appeals of their worst enemies should dispel them. Here is the egregious Collison, the paid agent of the strike-breaking capitalist and secretary of the bogus "Free Labour Association," declaring "that the Association had borne the heat and burden of the day in its uncompromising and aggressive opposition to Socialism. Socialistic trade unionism was the most important and vital question that had ever confronted the British people, and they must fight to the bitter end those buccaneers who followed the red rag of Socialism." With Collison and his scurvy crew on the side of the enemies of Socialism, the trade unionists cannot do other than recognise their true friends.

**The End of the Boom.**—It is generally admitted that the great boom in trade, of which there has been so much boasting during the past three or four years,

is now practically over. That boom may have meant immense profits and unprecedented prosperity for the propertied class; it has meant little more than additional toil for the working class for a slightly-increased remuneration. In but few instances has it secured good employment at the phenomenally high wages of which Ministers and ex-Ministers talk with so much gusto when enlarging upon the fallacies of Socialism. On the other hand, large numbers of the working-class have never benefited in the slightest degree from the "boom." The unemployed have been always with us —as witness the enormous crowds who have gathered at unemployed demonstrations held on week-days; to say nothing of the thousands of British workmen who have been available as capitalist tools to blackleg German and Belgian dock labourers. Whatever may have been the character of these men, it is perfectly certain they would not have been willing to sell themselves as blacklegs if they could have obtained employment here at good wages. They are not such fools as that. And now the tide of unemployment is rising; the boom is over, and we are face to face with another industrial crisis following the financial crisis already upon us. It threatens to be a hard winter for the poor.

**German Justice.**—The infamous condemnation of our comrade Karl Liebknecht to 18 months' imprisonment for his pamphlet on militarism is thrown into strong contrast by the proceedings in the disgusting case of Count Kuno von Moltke. In the one instance our comrade is sentenced to a severe term of imprisonment for a criticism of a brutal and indefensible military system. In the other some of the chiefs of this system, confidants of the Kaiser, are shown to have been guilty of unspeakable offences. Yet, although this is proved beyond all question, and although nothing could be calculated to cast more discredit

upon the Kaiser's Court, the culprits escape scot free. This undoubtedly shows German justice in a very poor light, but we are not sure that it does not, after all, compare favourably with the British article. There have been ugly rumours suggesting that notabilities here, as near to the throne of King Edward as von Moltke or Eulenberg were to that of the Kaiser, have been, and are, not altogether innocent of similar vices. However much of truth there may be in these rumours, it is perfectly certain that no British editor dare give expression to them unless he was prepared to face a considerable term of imprisonment. It would never be permitted for anyone here to draw such an indictment against persons in high places as was drawn by Herr Harden against von Moltke and Eulenberg, however guilty they might be. We may not be morally better or worse than other nations, but we are certainly more hypocritical.

# THE MINIMUM WAGE.

The inquiries into the evils of sweating have shown that it is so deeply rooted in our commercial system that only very drastic measures could possibly eradicate it. The measure most favoured for the abolition of sweating by those best acquainted with the evil has been that of the minimum wage, a palliative that was adopted in the original programme of the Social-Democratic Federation.

The principle of the 30s. minimum wage has been so universally recognised by Socialists throughout Great Britain that it was with some surprise that we read of Mr. Philip Snowden's disclaimer concerning it because he thought it would create a privileged class of workers. How he arrives at such a conclusion we fail to understand, unless he is of opinion that 30s. as a minimum wage infringes the law of wages which reduces men to the lowest point of subsistence. It is quite possible that he has come to believe that graded labour should be maintained and social redress should only come through municipal and State employment.

There are a certain number of neo-Socialists who are of opinion that the law determining wages is an inflexible one.

The phrase "the iron law of wages," was, we believe, originated by Ferdinand Lassalle, who used it in his time with great effect. But it was really only used by him to denote a general tendency rather than a rigid fact. If we adopt the term in its full absolute-

ness it reduces the subsistence of the workers to the level of the horse in the stable, which is allowed so much food in the manger. Naturally, the cost of production of the worker, under such conditions, would only then vary with the market price of his circumscribed keep. This view of wages seems to find favour on occasion with men of the type of Mr. Snowden and Socialists of opposite character who pose as extremists.

Wages are controlled by the various social forces which the worker can summon to his aid, and are capable of great modification. It is a hard-and-fast economic fact, of course, that the worker does not secure a wage which permanently infringes upon the ordinary rate of surplus-value. The law which governs the capitalist's rate of profit determines that the worker shall be defrauded of a certain large proportion of the fruits of his labour, but it does not necessarily follow, though the relative amount of exploitation of the producer may remain the same, that the absolute amount received by the worker may not be greatly increased.

Wages can rise at the expense of the profits of the direct employer, or they may in a secondary way be raised at the expense of a kindred industry. For instance, two capitalist concerns deal with each other in a large way. One, by the aid of improvement in machinery, secures large profits. The employees, conscious of the high profits being obtained, use that plea with advantage to get an increase in wages. The employees of the other company, encouraged by the success of their fellows, also force the hands of their employers who in return are recouped by a rise in the price of their goods, thus practically compelling the first to bear the burden of both rises in the cost of labour. History we know repeats itself, and the whirligig of time may possibly reverse the conditions.

Karl Marx well understood these peculiar variations in the rate of profit and in the price of labour-power.

Generally speaking, a rise of wages only temporarily involves a rise in the price of the product. Wages rise in such small increases that profits are able to bear the loss, and generally the introduction of fresh capital more than recoups such loss.

Marx always ridiculed the idea that profits could not bear any increase of wages given to the worker, as can be seen by reading his criticism on Proudhon. He also distinctly held the opinion that one industry could recoup its losses incurred by a rise of wages at the expense of other industries. If we wish for evidence of Marx's views on these points we have only to read his "Poverty of Philosophy," On page 152 Marx writes:

"The rise and fall of profit as wages merely expresses the proportion in which the capitalist and the workmen participate in the product of a day of labour without, in most cases, influencing the price of the product. But that 'the strikes which are followed by an increase of wages lead to a general rise in prices —to a scarcity even'—these are ideas which could only be hatched in the brain of an unintelligible poet."

"In England," he continues, "strikes have regularly given rise to invention and to the application of new machinery." Marx held such strong views on the question that a rise in wages could not appreciably affect prices, that we may take it for granted that Marx would scoff at the idea that even a minimum wage of 30s. would permanently raise prices.

Marx, of course, recognised that a general rise in wages would cause some amount of perturbation among capitalist exploiters, who would be confronted with the possibility of a temporary loss of profits. He therefore, with his usual acumen, prognosticates the course which a possible general rise in wages would take. As the adoption of a minimum wage at the present time would materially affect the pay of the greater proportion of labour-power it will be interesting

to note Marx's view on prices as affected by an increase of wages. He writes:—

"A general rise in wages can never produce a dearness, more or less general, of commodities. In effect, if all industries employed the same number of workmen in proportion to the fixed capital or to the instruments used, a general rise in wages would produce a general reduction of profits, and the current price of commodities would undergo no alteration."

To those not used to economic terms we may point out that Marx means that if every industry relatively had the same proportion of wages to a given amount of plant a rise in wages must come out of profits. This conclusion is obvious if we think for a moment. The relation of wages to plant being fixed, a rise in the price of any commodity would be noted by all capitalists, who would likewise raise the price of their products. A general rise under such conditions would therefore defeat its own object.

To continue:—

"But as the relation of manual labour to fixed capital is not the same in different industries, all the industries which employ relatively a greater mass of fixed capital and less workers, will be forced sooner or later to reduce the price of their commodities. In the contrary case, where the price of their commodities is not reduced, their profits will rise above the common rate of profit. The machines are not wage-workers. Therefore the general rise in wages will affect those industries less which, compared with others, employ more machines than workmen.

"But as competition always tends to level the rate of profits, those which rise above the ordinary rate can only do so temporarily. Thus, apart from some oscillations, a general rise in wages, so far from resulting in a general rise in prices, would result in a partial fall, that is to say, a fall in the current price of the commodities which are manufactured chiefly by machinery."

Thus, if a minimum wage was introduced into this country, those industries which employ a great amount of labour with very little plant would have to raise their prices to compensate them for paying higher wages.

Those industries, however, which employ a great amount of machinery would not be so affected, as they could better bear the loss. There is no doubt that the textile industries, for instance, could bear the strain of the minimum wage of 30s. with ease, while small employers, and industries in which machinery has not yet played a part, would have to fall back upon a rise of prices to recoup themselves, until machinery came to their rescue and once more replaced human labour.

Marx clearly saw that a rise in the price of labour is sure to be followed by an increase in the demand for goods. A legal enactment enforcing a minimum wage of 30s. would undoubtedly give a great impetus to production. For instance, the textile, leather, and boot and shoe industries would greatly benefit by a general rise in wages of the lower classes, as the latter are at present greatly in need of such goods. This bears out Marx's argument, that those industries with large plants and up-to-date machinery will be able even to lower prices consequent upon an increase of wages. Competition for the extra trade would be so great that prices would fall despite the higher wages.

To concern ourselves as to how the capitalist will accommodate himself to a rise of wages is absurd when profits, as a whole, now amount to over a thousand millions — or, as some say, over fifteen hundred millions. If the workers can, by the political power they possess, enforce a minimum wage of 30s. per week, and thus abolish sweating in its worst forms at a stroke, let them do so. It should give them pleasure to put upon the capitalists the task of rearranging prices and profits consequent upon the few millions withdrawn from their surplus-value for the purpose of meeting the demand for a better wage.

A. P. HAZELL.

## CAPITALISM AND SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

When the statement is made that a mere handful of individuals control one-third of the entire wealth of the United States, it is only natural that some curiosity, if not interest, should manifest itself as regards the actual proportion of wealth controlled by the individuals in question. Some time ago, the "Worker," in reply to inquiries on this matter, said that the United States Steel Corporation is managed by twenty-four trustees. This concern has a capital of $1,000,000,000.

The same men are also directors, and have a controlling interest in the undertakings given below with their respective capital:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Steel trust .... .... .... | $1,000,000,000 |
| Insurance companies .... | 1,600,000,000 |
| Banks and Trust Companies | 150,000,000 |
| Industrial Combinations .... | 1,500,000,000 |
| Railways .... .... .... | 2,600,000,000 |
| Total community of interests | $7,010,000,000 |

I trust that the reader will bear in mind that the charitable humbug Carnegie and the religious hypocrite Rockefeller own and control a vast share of the above loot.

We Socialists are often confronted with the statement that decentralisation is setting in and that our conception of socialisation is untenable and in contradiction with actual developments. Perhaps we are wrong, but if we are our error is not demonstrated by actual developments; such demonstration will have to be found elsewhere. I respectfully submit that the above demonstrates the opposite of decentralisation, and it is emphasised by the following examples of consolidations selected at random from hundreds of others.

Recently a combine of trolley tramways was formed in Jersey (U.S.A.) with a capital of $38,000,000.

A biscuit company has been formed to absorb 100 independent firms, and a printing paper combine is in formation which will eventually control the printing paper market of America. I think the above will suffice to demonstrate the rate at which concentration and the developments of capitalism are marching in this country.

Another important factor in American capitalism which goes to prove the identity of interests between capitalism and Labour is the strenuous efforts made by the employers to destroy the unions and break strikes. As a result quite a number of so-called detective agencies have been started of late, and though ostensibly detective, in other words criminal agencies, their chief purpose is to supply strike breakers. The older detective agencies have enlarged their field in the same direction, and as regards the Pinkerton, it is unnecessary to speak much of that, because anyone acquainted with American affairs knows that this agency has always specialised in the way of providing thieves, murderers, or any other such human products of our civilisation to the capitalist class whenever its interests called for the assistance of such collaborators, such as, for instance, McParland and Orchard.

One of these agencies, calling itself "Bengoff

Detective Bureau," recently sent out a circular got up in the customary American windy style. In that circular this agency boasts of the fact that it has made a specialty of handling strikes, e.g., supplying blacklegs, for half a century, and of its ability to cope with strikes of any dimension.

It also prides itself upon having transported and supplied 100,000 men and 1,000 guards for the steamboat companies during the longshoremen's strike. Another agency is suing the New York City Corporation for certain amounts of expenses incurred in connection with the supply of blacklegs during the strike of the scavengers. In order to properly realise the putridity of bourgeois morality one must bear in mind that New York is a city which is in the hands of purity, liberty, religious, temperance, and various other brigades, and that in addition they have a censor of morals.

Incidentally, I may remind the reader that America is the home of systematisers, organisers, and captains of industry, and that New York is claimed to be the headquarters of these human phenomena. It seems, however, that the organising genius has been confined to the discovery of new methods of plunder, and that the systematisation has been limited to the actual development of these methods. Of course, I may be wrong, but after an absence of ten years I found very little, if any, difference in the chaotic condition of the traffic and the filthiness of the streets; the same unconcerned, beery and debauched-looking policemen —that is, whenever one is to be seen; the same callous indifference for human and animal life; the same slums, except that they have been brought up to date by being built higher, so as to afford more room, and pack more people to the square yard than was possible 15 or 20 years ago; the same fanatic rush for tram, sub and overhead railways, as if everyone were making untold wealth instead of piling up human misery and exploitation.

It is certainly the case of asking, "When, oh when will that much-vaunted superiority of the American people show itself to be something more than mere self-advertising bunkum?"

One characteristic of capitalist devolopment is the constant recurrence of strikes. Just recently the miners of Minnesota have been engaged in a gigantic struggle for existence, such as is now becoming quite customary over here.

The mineowners were adopting methods even more atrocious and despotic than was the case in Idaho, which is saying a good deal. One could fill many pages with reports of the horrible acts committed at the express command of the capitalists in those regions. Some of the acts of violence and persecution committed by the capitalists through their tools, such as the Pinkerton murderers, public officials and federal authorities, absolutely beggar description; even women and children are not safe from the attacks of these vampires.

The strike started on July 19, when 20,000 men, one and all members of that famous union, the Western Federation of Miners, laid down their tools. There is a common saying that comparisons are odious; that may be wrong in some cases, but it certainly is not when one compares the Western Federation of Miners with, say, the Miners' Union of England.

What a sorry figure your hard-headed British trade unionist cuts besides these sturdy men who are giving the world another example of class consciousness and solidarity. What a contrast between such men as Haywood, of which the ranks of the Western Federation of Miners are full, and your shoddy respectable British Labour M.P., whether he be Lib-Lab. or merely Lab.

The United States Steel Corporation (of which the ultra respectable and benevolent Carnegie is a member), evidently not satisfied with the work done by

private agencies, has started a blackleg office of its own through the medium of one of its agents named Koefler.

This worthy engaged and sent nine men to Duluth, Minn., under the usual false pretence that there was no strike there. These men were evidently not of the usual blackleg type, for they have reported the matter to the Governor of the State with a view of prosecuting the Steel Trust or its agents. As, however, the Governor, like Roosevelt and other officials, are merely the tools of the capitalist class, nothing more is likely to be heard of the matter. And so the tale goes on in America as elsewhere—progress, commercial expansion, prosperity for some, and misery, poverty and degradation for the mass.

I well remember, whilst entering New York harbour, telling some of my fellow emigrants to have a good look at the statue of Liberty, because, as I told them, that would be the only form under which they would ever behold Liberty again, even in the land of the Stars and Stripes.

How true this is, is amply demonstrated by the attempts on the part of the police in various cities to suppress Socialist meetings Our New York comrades have just gone through a fight for free speech, and it seems as though they had scored a victory; at all events no further arrests have been made of late; this no doubt is due to the gallant fight put up by our comrades, and the determination of the party to appeal before the high courts against the sentences and fines imposed upon those arrested. In this connection I will relate one incident to show that the class prejudice of the judges of this country is as strong as in England. A few weeks ago a comrade named Staring was arrested and brought up at the Jefferson Market night court. During cross-examination, the policeman who had effected the arrest had to admit there was no obstruction; the judge thereupon discharged Staring, but remarked that "*if any more*

*Socialists were brought before him he would send them to gaol.*"

And it is by such methods that the American upholders of law and order, like their European prototypes, are going to smash the Socialist movement!

The bourgeois press here, like that of England, is full of hysterical vapourings, lies, and misrepresentations; long articles from time to time are devoted to appeals to the patriotism and common-sense of American citizens against those vile, home-destroying Socialists, and the office boys are called into requisition to assist the editors into generally bringing these articles up to what they consider the intellectual level of their readers. Such an article I read a few weeks ago in one of New York's dailies, and it reminded me of a statement made in the "Daily Telegraph" by the intellectual prodigy responsible for its leading articles; this was, "that wherever the Socialist movement had been drastically dealt with it had invariably been crushed out of existence." Unfortunately, this wise young man did not quote instances; not any more than when we are told capital is leaving the country do these wise men tell us where it is going to.

But yet, in spite—nay, because of—trickery, misrepresentation, and despotism, the Socialist movement in this country is making great headway; and I am one of those who is bold enough to think that the American movement will at no distant date head the list on the roll of the International, not so much, perhaps, for the number of its adherents as for work accomplished.

A. TIERCE.

## THE SMALL HOLDING FRAUD.

The Government will assuredly fail in their attempt to erect a peasant proprietary barrier against the rising proletariat.

Chamberlain and Jesse Collings attempted to counteract the cry of the people for their land by passing Acts of Parliament which were to cover the country with small-holders. The Acts were a farce. The present attempt will likewise fail. Whose land is to be taken for the small-holders? Where is it situated? No successful farmer who is piling up capital out of his slaves' unpaid labour will let one acre go if he can help it. If he assisted to turn out the Unionist member in the interests of Free Trade at the last election he will pull the party strings until they break rather than be dispossessed. Tory and fiscal reformer ditto. The landlords are not keen on small-holders. The landlords are all mortgaged. They are hanging on in the hope that the present Government will fill up the cup of infamy to its brim, and when the voting proletariat have a chance to change the Governmental board of directors they will make a change in favour of Tariff Reform. The landlords will be the masters when there is a 10s. duty on wheat. They will reap more coin off the capitalist farmer than off the proletorian peasant cultivator. There is no sentiment in the bond. The Jew moneylender wants his pound of flesh and the proletarian has to bare his back to yield it. Experience teaches the

farmers, the landlords and the moneylenders that the labourer as labourer for the capitalist farmer yields more surplus value than the proletarian labourer as peasant cultivator. We need not trouble our heads much. The small-holding agitation, like the Free Trade and Protection fraud, gives the worker something to talk about. They are not discussing Socialism when they are striving to convince each other that a bold peasantry is a country's pride. The peasant proprietor or cultivator is absolutely submerged with difficulties; he cannot market his commoditities, he cannot carry on the business of a small manufacturer à la Kropotkin. He cannot buy, he cannot sell. There is no need for him as a cultivator on his own patch at one season and as a labourer for the farmer at another season. The rural districts at the present moment are literally swarming with unemployed builders' labourers, carmen, shoemakers, tailors, and every other occupation under the sun. Since the South African war was terminated the unemployed workers have become more numerous each year. Last year they came out and swore that if John Burns didn't do something for them there would be bloodshed. They did nothing except reduce the agricultural labourers' hay money. One large employer, as a result of the migrating labourer, reduced his men's wages from 3s. to 2s. 6d. a day. This year the Londoners are getting 2s. a day; they are sleeping in barns, with a fine disregard for decency and for everything which appertains to the Englishman's "home."

Take the latest attempt by the philanthropic Fels at Mayland, Essex. He bought a farm in that parish and he has appointed a manager, a man who was a small-holder and cultivated his land on intensive lines. He worked almost night and day. He mortgaged everything he had; his reward was a bare subsistence. Now he is in clover, he is overseer over the Fels' colony and makes as much in salary in a month as he formerly made in a year. The colonists are men

who have had at least £100 capital to start with. They have a house and premises and so much of their land planted with fruit trees. They are under the guidance of the overseer and apparently have every advantage. They set to work to pay Mr. Fels his rent, which is £25 a year, and rates and taxes in addition. They have made a bad start, because they work like the Chinaman, eight hours before dinner and eight hours after it. They work all Sunday. The local agricultural labourers who get about £40 a year pity them. Little wonder—40 miles from a market. (London), the worst market in England. A market which must have the best of everything; a market which is fed by the capitalist growers, who load up their vans on the fields and empty them in the market. The small cultivator with all the co-operation in Lancashire cannot compete with these men. This refers to market garden stuff. The small-holder cannot pay his rent by keeping pigs. Pigs are the most uncertain trade of any. In the local market the dealers form rings, and they, with the auctioneer, run things on lines which are nothing short of swindling. In the pig line the small-holder cannot buy or sell. If he keeps a pig he can cure it for himself, and after he reckons up what it costs him it will be cheaper to leave the pigs alone and buy Canterbury mutton at 2½d. the pound.

If he keeps a cow he cannot do better than make butter of all the cream if his landlord lives near and is willing to buy the butter at 1s. 3d. a pound all the year round. The cook will sell him dripping for his own use at 6d. a pound, and he can send one of his children before and after school hours round all the labourers' cottages with the skim milk at a penny a quart.

Long live the Small Holding! It is the best school in the world for training Socialists.

JOHN DE CAMPESTRA.

## SONG OF THE MANY MILLIONS MARCHING.

Hearest thou not the sound as of many millions marching?
These are they, the Sons of Men, who come from very far:
Through deserts vast long time they've passed, and never ceased their marching,
Till now they look across to where the Vales of Fulness are.

*Bitter wilderness wherein*
*We have sojourned for our sin,*
*Yet never mayst thou boast thee of our dead;*
*Joined in an age-long strife*
*From mere living unto Life,*
*March we, one and all, beneath our banner Red.*

Let none essay to check them, these many millions marching,
Freedom herself lights all their host, and kindleth in the van;
And king and clown alike go down, and none can stay that marching,
Not Czar, nor crazy Iron-fists, nor any other man.

*The Bulls of Bashan roared,*
*But we put them to the sword;*
*And giant kings our fathers had in dread,*
*Snapt like nodding corn*
*In the tempest overborne,*
*Were as utter men of straw against the Red.*

What madness stirreth in you, O, ye many millions marching?
What notion was it first raised up this villanous red flare?
Ye toil the more, yet keep you poor, and sad, for all your marching—
What right to rule have ye? what birth? what titles do ye wear?

*Just this: we've had enough*
*Of your feathers fine and fluff.*
*Begone! if Labour wakes not all is dead.*
*What higher name can be*
*Than the People? We are We,*
*And our banner of all banners is the Red.*

*The People, ah, the People* in so many millions marching
To what *other* Reigns of Terror, and poor pitiful mistakes?
While ghosts uprise before their eyes, to shame them in their marching—
Ghosts of all those they help'd to slay, the martyred for their sakes.

*Yea! we made the Golden Calf*
*That we kneel'd to. We did laugh*
*At the prophets, and we stoned them, stoned them dead:*
*But howe'er we spat and spurned,*
*They have tarried till we turned,*
*And the Flower of all their deaths is living Red.*

But this land whereto ye journey, oh ye many millions marching,
The Land of Milk and Honey, that ye surge to like a flood,
Mean you to take, and not remake? then vain were all your marching,
For 'tis a land of cowering serfs, and cities carved in blood.

*What an' if the Land we see*
*Be the Den of Slavery,*
*To make it Land of Hearts' Desire instead.*
*Up! and o'er Jordan's rill*
*To the tune of People's Will*
*March we, one and all, beneath our banner Red.*

Take me, take me with you then, ye many millions marching;
Make me to sing the songs of you who come from very far!
The perilous past, the deserts vast, the marching and counter-marching—
All the battles, all the sieges, of a bitter age-long war.

*Eyes off the wayward track*
*Where the fleshpots lured us back,*
*Where grumblings, doubts, and mutinies were bred:*
*But we'll gather at the stream*
*Where the Dreamers of the Dream*
*To a real Land of the Living lift their Red.*

G. W. S.

## LIFE IN THE BOOT INDUSTRY.

(By a Northampton Lad.)

One of the chief and fundamental principles of political economy as expounded more than a century ago by the venerable Adam Smith, and ever since inculcated by his bourgeois disciples, is that of the division of labour. Were this required in these days, a perfect illustration of that principle —the real economic value of which is indisputable—put into practice; an illustration which would also display the disastrous consequences to the worker when the principle is utilised under a capitalist system of production, that desideratum could be found at first-hand in the methods of an up-to-date boot and shoe manufactory.

During the past twenty or thirty years the methods of boot-manufacture have undergone a complete metamorphosis. Formerly the boot-worker was a craftsman, and as such enjoyed comparative independence. Often he would make the boots throughout. His tools were his own property, and he generally possessed all those requisite for the various stages in boot-manufacture. If the employer owned a factory it would not be a very large one. The materials would then go to the skilled workman already "cut up." His task would be to evolve the complete and finished boot out of them. As a rule the bootmaker worked at home. In most cases he occupied a "shop" at the back of his dwelling. It was in his power to employ one or more apprentices. The maker of hand-sewn boots was the best-skilled; and, when trade was good, could earn very good money. The employer occupied himself chiefly in travelling or in superintending his sale shops, etc. The distinction between the "boss" and his skilled workman was not, as a rule very marked in those days, and each would treat the other with a confidence which often bordered upon personal intimacy. The "Boss," dressed after the fashion, observed superior elocution (at times), wore a collar, lived in a bigger house, and went to church

on Sundays. Unfortunately the employee was in the habit of worshipping Saint Monday more than was consistent with his own health and prosperity. These were, as a matter of fact, the palmy days of the worker in the boot industry. He abused his responsibility, and his successors experience the consequences. The "palmy days" have passed, if not for ever, at least, until a radical change in the system under which we live and grind takes place.

In the "palmy days" above referred to the translation from employee to employer was not at all a matter of supreme difficulty. A very small capital would suffice if backed by energy and ability. Those of the workmen who were keen, thrifty, and ambitious subsequently developed into manfacturers on their own account. Then came the tremendous revolution wrought by the substitution of machinery for skilled manual labour. The factory system, so fatal to the independence of the workers, rapidly developed. The manufacturers themselves have been forced into a cut-throat struggle from which many of them, no doubt, would be glad to retire. Skill in boot-making has been practically annihilated. Speed in the workman is the essential chiefly required, and vigorously exacted in these days. The principle of the division of labour has been utilised to such an extent as to render the worker not only nominally but *actually* the slave of the machine which he operates. Even if he does not work a machine he does not escape. He is timed. Every hour of his day is calculated. Boy and youth labour has taken the place of the skilled and experienced operative of twenty years ago. There is now a vast distinction between the employer and his workmen. In the large firms it is not now necessary for the former to take much active interest in the business. He can delegate his responsibility to a manager. The worker is regarded as a machine to be worked at the highest profit for the lowest cost. The iron heel of a competitive system and capitalist domination has ground him down to a slavery from which there can be only one escape.

Viewing the position of the boot-worker of to-day in contrast with what it was twenty or thirty years ago, one cannot but be struck with the vividness of that contrast. Then he certainly enjoyed the liberty to work or leave it. Now he is penned in the stifling atmosphere of a factory, and he grinds away ten hours a day at a fearful life-draining pace. "The pace that kills" has become somewhat hackneyed, and we have lost its dire signification by the very repetition of it; but the phrase could not be applied more appropriately than to the operative in a modern boot factory. Yet the workmen themselves have given it a better expression. With that grim ironical humour characteristic of the Northampton "cobblers" they designate the forces under which they work, "slow murder."

Imagine that you are walking along one of Northampton's main streets at about half-past twelve o'clock noon. Presently you will perceive a long train of operatives—men, youths, and young women, hurrying home to dinner from their respective factories. The men are short, spare, not on the average more than 5 ft. 5 in. in height, most of them several inches shorter. They are strikingly lean, every spare particle of flesh having been consumed in the fierce effort to keep the pace. Their shoulders are particularly narrow and drooping. They are all rather tired-looking, and there is a peculiar strained contraction of the lips and eyebrows. They impress you as suffering from a perpetual headache. The rate at which they hurry home is but a continuance of the rate at which they have been constantly employed in the factory. A local medical officer complained to his urban council that the indoor factory system seemed to be deleterious to the health of the workmen. The great majority of the councillors were capitalists; five at least were local manufacturers. The medical officer was quickly bullied into silence. One of the manufacturers on the council railed at the workmen for not having the windows open more frequently! If there is any question of physical deterioration, it is always due to "drink." The boot-workers get precious little to "drink," and scarcely enough to eat nowadays, by the way.

Let it not be thought, however, that the life of the manufacturer himself is one of entire bliss. Competition is internecine, and the ferocity with which it is prosecuted is without parallel. It is only the retired partner of an old-established firm with an enormous capital that can sleep in comparative security. More than once has there been rumours of a huge combine. No doubt that stage of industrial evolution is bound to come sooner or later. It remains for the worker to be prepared for it. But so far we have had no distinct signs of the actual appearance of the monopoly bogey. Manufacturers are still permitted the lease to struggle on to their own destruction. A study of the efforts of some members of the class to escape the inevitable, and augment the margin of profit by reducing the expenditure, is most amusing, and reminds one strongly of a deserting husband endeavouring to elude the embraces of a too affectionate spouse. Thus many of the firms which monopolise the industry of Northamptonshire villages to-day have had their genesis in London. But in London rates are high, and the workers in large centres are apt to be well organised. So when both grew more troublesome than was congenial to the heart of the profit-greedy capitalists, they deemed it prudent to transfer the field of their operations to, say, Luton or Leicester. But at the latter place the conditions soon became as vexing as those which prevailed at the metropolis. So we have another remove to Northampton. At Northampton transpired a repetition of what had taken place at Leicester. Rates increase; the workers soon become well organised; and Nemesis, in the shape of the trade

union statement—that great terror of the boot manufacturer—presently puts in an appearance. Competition with rival firms has all the time tended to reduce the margin of profit to the minimum. Bankruptcy stares the unhappy blood-sucker in the face. But, ah! there is yet another move left for him on the board. He shifts the centre of his exploitation once more. This time to one of the villages, where, rates being low and the workers completely unorganised, they can, for the time being, be exploited with impunity. In Northampton to-day there are to be seen numbers of fine factories whose unoccupied state is to be attributed to this cause. Yet, with exquisite naivete, the local Tariff Reformers point to them as illustrating the baneful effects of Free Trade!

Let us make a brief examination of one of those large modern boot factories. It is fitted up with the very latest American machinery, and the heads of the firm are very proud of the fact. The works have a chilling exterior. The wooden ventilators are the only architectural features which diversify the monotonous bare walls. Leaving the panelled and handsomely-appointed ante-room of the office we pass at once into the clicking department. Here from thirty to fifty men and youths, standing at stalls about three feet high, are busily engaged in cutting up various kinds of upper leather. The celerity with which "legs," toe-caps or linings are produced astonishes the stranger. Not one of these men or boys remains idle for a single moment. Specialisation obtains here. It is one man or youth for one kind of work. A man here cuts toe-caps. A youth there cuts linings. And they keep on cutting toe-caps or linings all day. All the men are young men and they are all "timed." The latter fact accounts for the pace at which they work. A clicker's job thus "specialised" is extremely monotonous, and the pace intensifies the strain. It is said that clicking presses are about to be introduced. That would probably have taken place before; but it is doubtful if a machine could cut up stuff quicker or cheaper than these men cut it up, some of them not receiving more than 22s. or 24s. a week. The manufacturer, however, is a genius for resource, and girls have taken the place of male clickers at some London factories.

The closers' department is adjacent. Passing into it through a sliding door, about fifty girls and young women are discernible seated at machines, occupied in attaching the various parts of the "uppers" with their long nimble fingers. The place is very nice and clean, and the presence of the fair sex renders it not a little attractive to those susceptible to the gentler charms. Many of these girls would be pretty, one or two even beautiful, but the hard dry work, and eternal confinement to a sedentary position is not calculated to give the best development to the feminine physique. In this room there are generally to be observed very poor specimens of the sex. They are stunted, and their faces are woefully pale. There is no joy in the soul.

Specialisation (i.e., the division of labour) prevails in the girls' room as in every other department of a boot factory. But the processes are far too numerous, and the technicalities too complicated to permit our going through them on paper.

To get to the rough stuff we pass through a series of corridors. About half-a-dozen massive presses are cutting the bottom leather. Soles, insoles, stiffners, lifts, etc., are being produced in rhythmical movement, with the heavy clank and whirr of the machines. Three of the machines in the present department are what are called the "Yankee" presses. A long massive slab of iron descends with a heavy clank upon the steel press-knife when the foot is placed upon the pedal-board. A quick man can cut up stuff with lightning celerity on one of these, but they are very dangerous to operate. A careful and experienced man may work one, perhaps, for years without mishap, yet suddenly, his attention being momentarily diverted, and a thumb or several fingers are completely severed in the twinkling of an eye.

When an older factory is renovated by machinery the press-room is always to be found on the ground floor. The great weight and massive vibration renders a solid base indispensable, an absolute necessity. The writer is still acquainted with one factory where the floor of the press-room is quite seven feet below the general level of the soil without. In this instance there was but the barest margin necessary for the working of the machines between the heads of the workmen and the ceiling of the room. It was very dark, and the machines had to be lighted by means of gas brackets throughout the day. Artificial lights, of course, cast shadows everywhere. It is needless to point out how dangerous was the employment under these conditions. Two of the pressmen had a thumb amputated in three consecutive weeks.

Now we arrive at the "Lasting" room. This is usually the largest room of a boot factory, and is further sub-divided into sewing, nailing, and welting departments. In this room the hurry and bustle is tremendous; the stranger is at first utterly bewildered by the perpetual impetus. Everybody and everything seems to be in breakneck motion. Soon, however, the rapid tap taps of the hammers make themselves heard above the din of the machinery, the whirring hiss of the shaftings, and the constant rushing of small crowds to and fro.

The lasters proper work in teams. Each team consists of six men, and one man operating the lasting machine. The teams are arranged in a quadrangle, with the Consolidated Laster in the centre. This machine is a massive-headed, highly-complicated, and really wonderful device. Only men of strong physique can manage the Consolidated, and it has the peculiar effect of making them walk with their shoulders slanting from the right to the left. The Consolidated enjoys the suggestive sobriquet of "the Nigger," and no nickname could be more grimly appropriate

Four men of the team are occupied in "feeding" the machine, i.e., they fit the uppers to the insole ready for it to tack and "last" them. The other two hands "tap up" the boot when it has been lasted by the machine. One of these teams is capable of turning out over one thousand pairs of boots per week, and there are about six teams visible in the department we are at present surveying. To maintain this great output by the "Nigger," the teamsters have to keep working at a murderous pace. The writer has seen streams of sweat pouring from the foreheads of the men in the middle of winter, when icy snow carpeted the ground without. The numbers of those whose nervous systems are utterly ruined by the external strain are to be counted by hundreds each year. "Hell cannot be worse than this," said a shopmate, with set teeth, to me one day.

In the lasting department of a modern boot factory we have an especially fine illustration of the economist's principle of the division of labour put into practice. Each man, each youth, each boy in the department does his own little bit of work, and he is still doing that bit at the greatest possible speed, day in, day out, from year to year, with scarcely a break to diversify the monotonous mechanical round. There is nothing to be learned. But little skill is required anywhere except in operating the machines. When a youth gets into one job there is little prospect of his working into a position more advanced. If the next job requires learning, he is always too much occupied with his own job ever to have the opportunity of learning it. Wherever a machine can be substituted for wage-labour that process is inevitably carried out. It is a common occurrence for large batches of men to be displaced by the introduction of a single machine. Many truly pitiable instances could be cited of good workmen who have been in the same employ for the greater part of their lives, thrown on the streets, or condemned to the workhouse, because, being about 38, and their physical powers drained by the strain they have had to endure, they can no longer secure a job in the trade which has so quickly absorbed all that is best in their existence.

The "finishing" room is almost as large as the lasting department. Machines are even more in evidence here than in the former. Machines! machines! machines! everywhere, either machines of iron and steel or of flesh and blood! Such is a boot factory! There are long rows of them in the room we are now investigating. The shafting hisses, the belts whirr, the knives of the heel-sciver and the edge-setters keep up a perpetual hum which, at first, is curiously exhilarating. As in the lasting-room, each operative in the "finishing" department has his little bit allotted to him. The boots pass from machine to machine in racks, and not a moment is lost in passing from one stage to the succeeding. The nervous strain on some of the operators (as, for instance, the edge-setter) is truly fearful. To make a catalogue of all these machines, however, would be futile. Actual experience alone can give the

initiated an idea of what the work is like. Such an acquaintance, once made, would not easily be forgotten. You can tell a finisher anywhere by his hands. His dark sullen complexion is due to the foul, close, hot, inky atmesphere in which he sweats all day long.

The soul of the economist is not, presumably, absolutely impervious. Albeit the "laws" which he enunciates may sometimes perhaps be described as tinctured with the inhuman, yet the political economist himself betrays susceptibilities to human feeling with his fellow creatures. He manifests a slow consciousness that it is wrong for rational creatures to be ground down to the level of mechanical contrivances. Whilst extolling the division of labour as a desideratum, he inserts a clause which shall, let it be hoped, save his own soul from the pit. This clause is that the hours of labour should be diminished in proportion to the degree in which specialisation is carried out. This sounds very well indeed. But where is the practice of it? The boot-workers toil now for longer hours than they were accustomed to work under the old system. Whilst a capitalist system of production holds dominion, what real hope is there of the saving clause of the economist ever being realised? The aim of capitalism is profit, and it is perfectly natural for a boot manufacturer to exact his pound of flesh to the uttermost. The effect of the economist's principle being utilised under a competitive system is that the enormous increase in productive power results in an almost perpetual glut of the market. The boot-workers go on short time for two-thirds of the year. The ever-increasing army of these displaced by machinery renders the position of those yet in employment always more precarious. The manufacturing capitalist knows the position, and takes advantage of it accordingly. Wages, on the whole, diminish. Young men cannot afford to marry. Older men can scarcely afford to keep a family. In consequence of the murderous pace the physique of the workers is being fearfully deteriorated. On the other hand, were these forces of production—the boot factories, and the machines, that is—owned by the workers, and the economist's principles utilised for the benefit of the whole community, and not for the enrichment of a few individuals, what great, what stupendous blessings would ensue?

JOSEPH GRIBBLE.

## SOCIAL-DEMOCRACY AND ITS LAND POLICY.

There is a wide belief that, if only the community were conceded again the use of the land, most, if not all, the social problems would be solved. Over and over again I have asked Socialists of the I.L.P. school to either become regular readers of "Justice" or else to obtain Hyndman's "Economics of Socialism" to fully grasp the fallacy of this misconception of the economic injustice and demoralisation by which civilised people are surrounded. I have a pamphlet by me showing how extensively land has been placed at the disposal of the people in Germany. In Russia, again, over 38 per cent. of the land belongs to the peasants, while only 21 per cent. is held by private owners, the remainder being owned by the State. These illustrations could be carried on indefinitely from the United States to the Argentine, and from Lapland to Japan, to show the failure of the individual use of the land as a factor in solving the evil results of capitalism. We all know about the consumption of dogs and horses as human food in Germany. We all know of the poverty and degradation of the United States. The report of the school inspectors, which was presented to the House of General Assembly of New Zealand, complains of the overworking of children at dairy-farming. A table is given showing that children under eleven years of age have to rise at half past four in the morning, and work for four or five hours before going to school.

Despite this continual demand for access to the land on the part of Radical individualists, we still have to face the exodus from the land (as far as a hope of decent livelihood is concerned) of practical men who have had to undergo the experience of existing on the competitive sale of agricultural produce. Peasant farmers leave the care of their holdings in the hands of their wives (with the help of the children) while they themselves take up an occupation as a gentleman's cowman, or gardener-coachman; the sons are glad enough to obtain work on the railway as platelayers, etc.

Our opponents fail to appreciate the fact that the present possibility of obtaining a fair livelihood is due to the comparative scarcity of British dairy and garden produce. Once that restriction is removed and competition commences in real earnest, the small producer will find himself in an infinitely worse condition than the badly-paid factory hand.

On an average the town-worker has only the purchasing-power of a subsistence wage (owing to competition for employment). Therefore, he is compelled to purchase in the cheapest market. Under the present competitive conditions the small-holder cannot expect to receive much of this purchasing power.

With the agricultural industries which have been established on capitalist lines the case is different. The great dairy-farms of Cheshire, for instance, are already capitalistic monopolies. Recently a Cheshire farmer died, leaving £35,000 to his successors. But it must be borne in mind that he occupied a farm of 600 acres, and only required the services of four men, owing to the vast economy possible by the use of modern machinery and the advantages of possessing large capital, thereby saving middlemen's profits by purchasing in large quantities on the exchange such raw material as grain, cotton-seed cake, and so on.

The administrative monopoly that these large farmers possess must not be forgotten. Sitting on urban district councils and similar bodies, they reduce to a minimum the wages of the council's workmen, and use the sanitary and hygienic powers of the body to save their own expenses.

Landlords being merely the sleeping partners of the employing capitalists, the land let on a large scale is usually held on much lower terms than the small tenancies.

In the face of all this, what is the policy of the Socialist Party? I claim three reasons for a policy :—

1. That portion of the human race known as the British people are in a state of physical deterioration, owing to slum living and factory labour.

2. Any moment may find us in the midst of a famine, owing to our reliance upon a foreign supply for our food.

3. Food being the first and primary need of life, no Socialist society would be sound which neglected to organise an industry for the purpose of supplying this necessity to its members.

In addition to the above reasons, it should be borne in mind that, since under a Socialist régime all members of the community would be under the compulsion of following some useful occupation, as far as posssble, there should be scope for all kinds of tastes and nclinations to that intent.

We claim, then, that housing accommodation be provided by the State on the land, either in the shape of technical schools and agricultural colleges, where children could be instructed in

agriculture (among other things) on leaving the elementary schools, or the unemployed and those living in insanitary dwellings could be housed and employed on the land.

To obtain the maximum results in production, and for the purpose of paying a proper remuneration and providing fair hours of labour for those employed, the most modern machinery and scientific knowledge must be provided for the industry. Further, each establishment should be gradually developed into a self-supplying community, as far as possible. Each community should have its flour mill, bakehouse, tailor's shop, engineer's, joiner's, and so forth.

Until Parliament recognises the necessity for dealing with this question on co-operative lines, it does not concern Socialists whether the capital-less man takes to dock-labouring, shopkeeping, or small-holding cultivation.

J. WATSON.

## THE THEORIES OF KARL MARX.

The following letter from our comrade H. M. Hyndman appeared in the "Economist" of October 12:—

SIR,—A friend has been kind enough to send me a copy of the "Economist" of September 28, containing a leading article on Karl Marx, his theories and his influence. It is, of course, impossible for me, in any space which you could afford to give me, to deal adequately with the rather off-hand criticisms made in that article; but I shall be glad if you will allow me a little room for reply.

First, as to Marx's influence on Socialist propaganda in Great Britain. It is certain that the Social-Democratic Federation, which is by far the oldest and still the most active Socialist organisation in this country, bases its teaching to-day, as it has always done, upon the works of Karl Marx. Social-Democrats are assuredly not losing ground here, either in numbers or in influence. Far from it. But you say, "Mr. Blatchford has probably made a hundred British converts for his (Marx's) one." I should say so, too. Marx has been dead about a quarter of a century, and never made the slightest pretence to being a popular writer. Mr. Blatchford, however, has more than once kindly stated that he owed his conversion to Socialism to a little book of mine, "England For All," published so long ago as June, 1881, the theoretical part of that book being entirely founded upon Marx's teaching. Moreover, at this very moment Mr. Blatchford is taking precisely the line in home politics and social matters which I venture to declare Marx himself would have taken had he been living to-day. So far as practical Socialist propaganda goes, I can see nothing in Mr. Blathford's weekly writing which is antagonistic to Marx's theories. That Mr. Ramsay MacDonald should speak of Karl Marx as "out-of-date" is of no importance whatever.

In a correspondence I had with Professor Anton Menger a great many years ago, when he complained to me that he had

spoiled his eyesight by reading ill-printed Socialist works, I told him it was preposterous to accuse Marx of plagiarising from his predecessors and contemporaries, seeing that he, as well as his co-worker Engels, never lost a chance of referring to those who had worked before him in the same field. In fact, Marx himself frequently pointed out to me that the professors and popular exponents of political economy at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century had a far clearer conception of capitalism and its development than prevailed at the time of our conversation. Bray, Thompson, Bellers, Owen, St. Simon, and many others he brought to notice when their works had been almost forgotten. As to Rodbertus, I fail entirely to see where Marx took from him without acknowledgment; and if Marx had done this, surely Lassalle, who was much more indebted in the first instance to Rodbertus than to Marx, would have resented it, instead of speaking of Marx, as he invariably did, with the greatest respect. That Marx ever claimed for any individual labourer the whole value of his labour is, of course, an absurd statement. He always writes of the social form which labour must necessarily have under capitalism, the impossibility of separating an individual bit of labour from the social whole; and he knew well the deductions which must be made from the products of labour, under any form of society, for social purposes, for the bringing up of children, for the sick, for the aged, etc.

But to comment upon the principal misconception which seems to me to lie at the bottom of the entire failure to apprehend Marx's position. You say, "his strenuous discrimination between such terms as labour and labour-power is but metaphysic, and verbalist metaphysic at that." Why, then, does Professor Marshall, of whom you speak so highly, adopt this metaphysical discrimination, without, however, naming the man to whom he owes it? Because, I contend, it is of primary importance to the understanding of the capitalist system of production, which Marshall, like Marx, was trying to analyse. The worker does not sell his labour, incorporated in commodities. What he does sell is his power to incorporate labour in commodities. There is no metaphysic in that. It is plain concrete fact. Moreover, he does, during the time he is toiling under the control of the capitalist, incorporate, by the exertion of this labour-power, more social-labour value in the product than he is paid for in the shape of wages. It is very important to know what proportion this unpaid labour bears to the paid labour embodied in the product, seeing that the capitalist gets the former for nothing. It is this discrimination between the labour-power belonging to the labourer which is paid for, and the labour, paid for and unpaid for, embodied in the commodity, which belongs to the capitalist, that enables, first, surplus value and then profit,

and afterwards the rate of profit—reckoned by the capitalist on the entire amount of capital employed—to be put on a sound and scientific footing. If, however, it is, as the "Economist" appears to assume it is, commonly understood that surplus value and profit are squeezed out of the unpaid labour of the working-class during the process of production, how does it happen that there are still so many economists who accept the fallacies of Torrens, Malthus, and others to the effect that profit is not only realised, but actually obtained in the process of circulation, and not in that of production?

To state that Marx "resolutely ignored" in his writings "the element of relative scarcity or monopoly," only shows that the "Economist's" critic has not read any of Marx's writings outside the first two volumes of the "Capital." Even there his references ought to have shown that this is a mistake. I may add that Marx does not at all object to calling "Mehrwerth" "profit," though you, sir, declare he does. The whole of the first part of the third volume is taken up with an elaborate exposition of surplus value as profit, and an equally elaborate investigation of the rate of profit, the reasons for the decline of the rate of profit, and the equalisation of the rate of profit by capitalist competition! Is it, then, quite fair to make such allegations about a writer who, as you truly say, is not commonly read, and is very hard to understand when read. But surely a careful examination of Marx's seven categories of capital in the second volume of the "Capital," and his most illuminating comments upon them, and the periods of turnover, as affecting the composition of capital in the process of production and the realisation of profit, ought to be enough to prove to any student the immense advance which his "metaphysical" (!) discrimination enabled him to make upon the bald terminology of "fixed" and "circulating" capital. My experience, however, is that those who write and speak lightly of Marx's achievements have never taken the trouble to study or to understand him.

From the historic standpoint Marx contended that the social development and, with that development, the ideas, of any given period, were mainly conditioned and influenced by the economic forms of the time. That, consequently, as fresh economic forms were evolved from the growth of society, progress took the shape of a struggle between the new and coming society, and the old and decaying society. Is this not true? If it is, who formulated and worked it out before Marx? It is as thoroughly scientific and evolutionary as any theory of Darwin or Haeckel. And Marx knew Darwin's views well, and, on the whole, accepted them before the first volume of the "Capital" was published. About this there is no doubt whatever. Why, then, aver that Marx was wrong because he was "pre-evolutionary in his thought"? The whole of Marx's observations, however, upon the history of human society, from "the

Communist Manifesto" and "the Misère de la Philosophie" of 1847 and 1848, onwards, are themselves lessons in social evolution. But he was "catastrophic" in his view. Certainly, in a sense, as I should think all scientific men must be, if only from the examples of an egg and an earthquake. De Vries, I imagine, has lately had something to say on that side of evolution. But is there nothing catastrophic, socially, in the revolution in Russia, in the sudden uprising of Japan and the East, or menacing catastrophe in the rapid growth of Socialism and recognition of the "class war" among the proletariat in Western Europe? What Marx said was this: "Force is the midwife of progress, delivering the old society pregnant with the new." Is that historically true or is it not? If it is, I venture to think the "Economist" has taken Marx quite unduly to task on the catastrophic issue. Moreover, as to the growth of misery, Marx said that as wealth and luxury grew at the top of capitalist society, so did misery develop at the bottom. Bebel, pace the "Economist," has never denied that, and I reaffim it. I am an old man, and I state most positively that all statistics and experience, as well as personal observation, show that in Great Britain, the oldest capitalist country, vast masses of our city population are in a more hopeless and abject state of misery and deterioration than any equal mass of our people was fifty years ago. Whether the concentration of wealth in the form of monopoly which Marx, like Fourier, predicted, and proved must take place, as capitalism became more and more dominant, will produce a violent revolution as a consequence is a matter of opinion. But Marx once said to me, "England is the country in which a peaceful revolution is perhaps possible, but"—after a pause—"history does not tell us so." I think myself a careful study of the events of our time shows that we are steadily moving towards the social revolution all over Europe, and in this island, and that the dominant classes will be responsible by their shortsighted action for the dangerous form it will probably take.

I will only ask, in conclusion, where is the other analysis of capitalist production and distribution which can for a single moment compare for capacity, insight, and lucidity with Marx's? What have his critics produced of their own which is worth serious consideration? Further, how is it, if Marx's period is closing, that the ablest of the younger school of economists on the Continent are all Marxists? In Italy, where political economy is being studied with an amount of zeal and enthusiasm perhaps unequalled in any other country, it can scarcely be an accident that two such books as Ciccotti's "Il Tramonto della Schiavitù" and Salvioli's "Le Capitalisme dans le Monde Antique," should both have been written by Marxists. In Russia, also, it is worthy of note that Professor Issaieff, professor of political economy at the University of St. Petersburg, and the greatest authority living on

the economics and statistics of the agriculture of the Empire, gave up his chair because the study of Marx had convinced him of the truth of that great man's theories. It would be interesting to know, too, what name outside of the Marxist ranks can be put alongside of Kautsky's in Germany at the present time? Jaurès is a brilliant orator, an influential politician, and an able man, but I never heard that he claimed to be considered as an economist; nor am I aware that he has ventured to throw Marx overboard. For my part, I am ready to defend Marx's theories at any time, and in any place, either by word of mouth or in writing, against a competent opponent. At the present moment his is the only scientific investigation of the economics of capitalism I know of. Possibly some of the professors who were afraid to attend the debate on "The Final Futility of Final Utility," at the Political Economy Circle of the National Liberal Club 15 years ago, may by this time have plucked up enough courage to accept my challenge now. If so, I shall be glad to hear from them.—Yours faithfully,

H. M. HYNDMAN.

9, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.,
October 5, 1907.

P.S.—Surplus value (Mehrwerth) is reckoned in relation to the amount of capital (called by Marx "variable capital") employed in purchasing labour-power for use in any factory, workshop, mine, or farm. Profit is reckoned upon the *total* amount of capital, fixed, constant, and variable, invested or paid out in any enterprise. Thus there may be, and frequently are, widely varying rates of profit comprised within the same ratio of surplus value. The distinction between surplus value and profit, from one point of view, is thus put by Marx himself:—"Because at one pole the price of labour-power appears in the transformed shape of wages, surplus value appears at the opposite pole in the transformed shape of profit" ("Das Kapital," vol. III., p. 11). H. M. H.

## JOHN BURNS AND ROYALTY.

### THE OLD REPUBLICAN AND REBEL AS A COURT FLUNKEY.

"Just for a handful of silver he left us.
Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat."—BROWNING.

Socialist propagandists sometimes come into contact with Radicals of the old school who complain that our speakers say but little about the monarchical principle in the English Government. It is perfectly true that Socialists direct most of their criticism against the industrial and society evils of society. And rightly so. Whether capitalist governments are monarchical or republican in form is a matter of but little importance to the wage-earning class. Exploitation of the workers is as rampant in the republican United States of America as it is in the United Kingdom. Recognising this, the Socialist organisations of this country have not troubled to single out the monarchy for special attack; nevertheless, it has occasionally happened that individual members have made vigorous onslaughts upon royalty.

Old adherents to the Socialist movement will remember that twenty years ago the man who particularly distinguished himself by his outspoken and bitter attacks upon royalty was John Burns, then famous as "the man with the red flag," now known as the Right Honourable John Burns, M.P., President of the Local Government Board, and decoy-duck in chief for Bannerman, Asquith, Haldane, Grey, and the other landlords and lawyers who make up the great Liberal Cabinet. In those days Mr. Burns professed strong antipathy to kings and princes, and utter contempt for all persons who in any way played the lackey to such individuals. This objection to royalty remained an integral part of Mr. Burns's political faith for years after he had severed his connection with the S.D.F. In 1892, when he first contested Batter-

sea as a Parliamentary candidate, the following was one of the planks which appeared in his election address and programme: "Abolition of the House of Lords and all Hereditary Authorities." The item has appeared in the programmes issued by him at subsequent elections, including the last General Election, to which further reference will be made in the course of this article.

Even during the time of King Edward's coronation, Mr. Burns steadily declined to associate himself in any way with the festivities which took place to celebrate the event. True, his old policy of active criticism and open avowal of Republicanism had ceased altogether, but he managed to steer clear of royal functions until two years ago, when for the first time he danced attendance upon royalty by attending the King's garden party at Windsor, a performance he has recently repeated.

Having joined the Liberal Cabinet in December, 1905, Mr. Burns's recantation of Republicanism was inevitable, but he tried to play the double game, and, as stated above, he issued as a Liberal Cabinet Minister who had been sworn of the Privy Council, an election address which advocated "Abolition of the House of Lords and all Hereditary Authorities." The humbug of it all was speedily shown to his great discomfiture. Mr. Burns was asked point-blank at a public meeting whether the item in question included the monarchy. Fairly cornered, Burns answered "No," and the intelligent electors of Battersea realised: first, that Mr. Burns was in favour of the "abolition of all hereditary authorities"; secondly, that "all hereditary authorities" do not include the monarchy! If the King is not a hereditary authority, what is he?

For the last 18 months Mr. Burns has been a "whole-hogger" in the matter. Clothed in his Court dress, which appears to be a compromise between the uniform of a captain of a L.C.C. steamer and the costume one usually associates with Dick Turpin, the self-styled "Lion's Mouth of Labour," has been in evidence at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, attending the King's garden parties, banquets, and levées. For instance, we read in the "Court Circular," issued from Windsor Castle, November 13, 1906, that "A State banquent was given in St. George's Hall this evening in honour of their Majesties the King and Queen of Norway," and the "Times" of the following day contained a column of names of princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, lords and earls, bishops, generals, and other parasites, who were present, including several Cabinet Ministers, amongst whom appeared the name of the Right Hon. John Burns, President of the Local Government Board. From the same source we learn that "the gold plate was used"! After this who shall say that Mr. Burns is unmindful of his responsibilities to the unemployed and unemployables? Provided they have handles to their names he is willing to sup with them at

the King's table. At Poplar it is wrong for Lansbury and his friends to use the rates to brighten the lot of the victims of industrialism, the men and women for whom society has no further use. John is apprehensive lest the poor should be debauched for a generation, but when by means of taxation the idlers are brilliantly entertained and luxuriously fed not a word from Mr. Burns. He is one of the guests! The trade unionists and workers of Battersea who sent Mr. Burns to Parliament at the last General Election must feel elated at the result. Whilst many of them are wearily tramping the streets of London searching for work, Mr. Burns is rubbing shoulders with royalty and the ladies and gentlemen of society at the royal palaces. What is it to him that many of his constituents are engaged in a terrible struggle for a mere existence, that many of them have no hope in life? Has he not boasted that all his ideals have been realised?

But the day of awakening is at hand; slowly but surely many of his old and steadfast supporters, men who have stood by him through good and evil report, are coming to the conclusion that Mr. Burns is indeed "the lost leader."

To some the downward march of their god is a bitter disappointment. They see that the man who set out to permeate Liberalism has had his own principles permeated out of existence, and has degenerated into a mere political self-seeker. Some of his apologists may question this statement; let them ponder over the following:—

"Against this system of society I frankly confess I am a rebel, because society has outlawed me. As an artisan I cannot see poor puny little babies sucking empty breasts, and honest men walking the streets for four months at a time. I cannot hear of women of the working classes being compelled to resort to prostitution to earn a livelihood.—I cannot see these things without being moved not only to strong language, but to *strong action*, if necessary."—Speech by John Burns from dock of the Old Bailey on April 9, 1886, as published in "The Man with the Red Flag."

"John Burns commenced by denouncing the Press . . . . and dissociated from the working classes those who had gone to Sandringham. He interposed a resolution as follows: 'That this meeting of the working classes repudiates the representative character assumed by the traitors of Labour who have betrayed the rights of Labour by thanking the Prince for charity instead of demanding justice for the workers."—"The Times," weekly edition, November 26, 1886.

"Mr. John Burns then moved the resolution. Where, he asked, were the Shiptons, the Potters, and the Burnetts, but dining that day off the game which was presented to them last week at Sandringham by the Prince of outdoor paupers, Albert Edward." "Daily Chronicle," November 22, 1886.

"In things dealing with Government he was a Republican; on social and economic questions he was a Socialist."—Speech by John Burns in Battersea Park, "Reynolds's Newspaper," June 12, 1892.

"His Majesty the King held a levée yesterday at St. James's Palace . . . . The following members of the Cabinet were in attendance: Right Hon. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Right Hon. H. Asquith, Right Hon. H. Gladstone, Right Hon. J. Morley, Right Hon. Lloyd-George, Right Hon. John Burns."—The "Times," May 29, 1906.

"The King held, at St. James's Palace, yesterday morning, the final levée of the season. The following members of the Cabinet were in attendance: Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Tweedmouth, Mr. John Burns, Mr. Sydney Buxton, etc."—"Daily News," June 26, 1907.

"'Court Circular,' Windsor Castle, November 13, 1906. A State banquet was given in St. George's Hall this evening in honour of their Majesties the King and Queen of Norway. The Cabinet Ministers present included the President of the Local Government Board, the Right Hon. John Burns."—For full report see the "Times," November 14, 1906.

"'Court Circular,' Windsor Castle, January 28. The Lord Chancellor, the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P., and the Right Hon. L. Harcourt, M.P., and Mrs. Harcourt, arrived at the Castle, and, with Madame Waddington and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, had the honour of dining with their Majesties and the Royal Family."—"The Times," January 20, 1907.

From a report of a meeting addressed by Mr. John Burns during the General Election, 1906:—

"QUESTIONER: In your address you say you will do away with the House of Lords, and *all hereditary authority*. Do you include monarchy in that? Mr. BURNS: No, I do not."—"Battersea Borough News," January 12, 1906.

—From the "Battersea Vanguard."

# THE REVIEWS.

## FRANCE AND SOCIALISM.

Mr. L. Jerrold writes an article on the above in the current "Fortnightly Review." He says:—

Socialism is a power in French politics, not in French life. Its pledged battalion in Parliament often rules Governments; it has raised men to Cabinet rank, and at least its name is the password for an army of politicians. The "Unified Socialist" Party in the present Chamber is nearly sixty strong, half the governing Radical Party calls itself "Socialist-Radical," and no Republican majority could be formed now against the name of Socialism. Collectivism, expropriation, with or without compensation, nationalisation, State purchase of railways as a preliminary step, national monopolies, and State ownership of mines, of vineyards, and of docks, and of wheatfields to come, national confiscation of land and capital, have been in the political air for years. Political leaders have played every variation on the tunes, and their hearers know them by heart. In no country is Socialism so much of a household word and such a political power; yet probably in none is it less of a household thing and less of a social power. France is more easy to know deeply than England. We have our glorious inconsistencies in the manner of our national life, and rejoice in them jealously, but we are uncommonly practical in our politics. We have many kinds of imagination, but not the political. The French people has political imagination supremely, but remains deeply practical and logical in its real life. We are constantly surprising foreigners by the contrast between our level-headed, occasionally dull politicians, and our sometimes wayward selves. Our public men are intensely sober, but has not English individual thought been as gloriously drunk as any in Europe? We seem to keep our politicians to sober us; France chooses hers imaginatively. . . .

Socialists in France have gone the right way about to wrest power in French politics, but not to coax vitality for the cause from French life. Our Labour parties have been social first and political afterwards; French Socialism has been, and still is, political first and foremost. England began with trade unionism, France with Parliamentary Socialism; there lies a radical difference. The French Socialist Party in Parliament "unified" in the latter years of the previous Chamber, and arrived "unified" in the present, having ejected M. Millerand (then a French forerunner of Mr. John Burns) because he had taken office under Waldeck-Rousseau, had retained by the skin of his teeth M. Jaurès, who had supported the Combes Cabinet. The party since the Dreyfus case has multiplied tenfold its political power. Under the Dupuy administration it was a worrying wing, far from "unified," of the Extreme Left opposition. During M. Brisson's short Government it sank all social questions and stood for the Republic. Under the Waldeck-Rousseau administration it was pledged, forsaking all theory, to the defence of the Republic. While M. Combes was in power it remained in allegiance, and M. Jaurès constantly "saved the Republic," though Socialism was already then beginning to fret and to threaten "unification." Socialism has "unified" itself. M. Jaurès has been bound down to the shibboleths of the party, no compromise. M. Guesde, not in the previous Chamber, was returned at the general election of last year, and under the Clemenceau administration, after M. Sarrien's short-lived and colourless Cabinet—save for the colour M. Clemenceau put into it—the party makes a great show of independence. But the virtue, or the taint, of power remains. The Parliamentary Socialist Party, now "unified," once helped, when it was a unit in the Republican defence party, to rule the Republic, and that it cannot forget. It has acquired for itself a comparatively new self-confidence, which must last, and in the country the reputation of a statesmanlike policy, which it has not lost. In a few years Socialism in French politics has passed from an eccentric and flying position to a central and stable standing. Has it made any corresponding gain in French life? The United Socialist Party has won reputation with the individualist middle classes, but it has lost as much among the Socialists of the masses. It has won power, but the power has accrued to the political party, not to Socialism. It has conquered its political position, not because it was a Socialist Party, but because it was a political party; not because it had Socialist ideals, but because it had political cleverness. The middle-classes have learnt to admire the Parliamentary strategy, and to respect the qualities of statesmanship which it showed while in league with the Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes Cabinets, but have learnt to ignore its Socialism. Having won power it has imposed on all on whom power imposes. . . . .

From the Socialist point of view it seems likely that the return

of a large party of members with Socialist or "Socialist Radical" labels by constituents who do not take Socialism seriously advances the cause less than the return of a smaller party by constituents who take to Socialism in deadly earnest. . . . . Of course, the Socialist-Labour vote also goes to the Socialist, or in default, sometimes to the "Socialist-Radical" candidate, as before, but it is given with cooling enthusiasm, and the days of fervent fellowship between the labouring man and the Labour member seem to be over. . . . .

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It has been said that the C.G.T. is not really what it is supposed to be, a genuine representative federation of Labour unions. But the question is what side the bulk of the unions themselves will take when they have had enough of watching the game as at present. Whether it be not too late now for the "Unified" Socialist Party to obtain a hold over trade unionism, which was long left completely to itself, and the most enterprising leaders of which have been allowed to get completely out of hand, will be seen. But it seems likely that the Parliamentary Socialist Party will in no other way be able to win power in the country. If it be relegated finally to the position of a new political clique, Socialism in French life will be represented only by a small but explosive parcel of firebrands. These might or might not set light to trade unionism generally. Thus one may put it to opponents of Socialism, which they would prefer, an organised, statesmanlike and businesslike-looking Socialism, which might be enlightened, but would still be Socialism—or a Socialism of mere fireworks, which might blow itself up, but might also blow other things up with it.

## FOREIGN REMEDIES FOR ENGLISH POOR LAW DEFECTS.

Miss E. Sellers writes on the above in the November "Nineteenth Century and After." She says:—

Our poor relief system is incomparably more expensive now than formerly, it must be remembered; so expensive, indeed, is it become of late that other nations say they could not afford to adopt it, even if they wished. To foreign poor law officials the costliness of our pauper institutions is simply appalling. One of the most distinguished of these officials looked quite amazed when told that every child in a certain poor-law school entailed an outlay of £40 a year. "Forty pounds a year for one child!" he exclaimed, as if he could hardly believe his ears. "Why, our children cost us only £13, and they thrive." When he heard

how much the inmates of our workhouses cost per head, he was horrified. What became of the money he could not imagine. "It is well you English are rich," he kept saying, in a tone that implied it would be still better if we were also wise, and showed a little more common-sense in the use we made of our wealth. . . . . We have certainly much to learn from foreign Poor Law administrators in the way of turning money to good account; much to learn, too, from foreign poor relief systems in the way of securing fair treatment alike for the destitute and the ratepayers who support them. . . .

The worst features of our relief system are due, not so much to our Poor Law being a bad law, although it is certainly not a good one, as to its being badly administered; and it is badly administeted, because, for one thing, our local Poor Law authorities are left practically free to administer it as they choose. In theory they are of course under the control of the Local Government Board, but only in theory; for although the Board can restrain them from acting, it is powerless to force them to act. It has no effective machinery, indeed, through which it can, in ordinary circumstances, force them to do anything they are determined not to do. It cannot compel them to read its circular letters or instructions, and read them for the most part they certainly do not; nay, it cannot even compel them, as little Aysgarth and Cockermouth have proved, to obey its mandates. Its inspectors are not allowed to issue orders; they can only tender advice—advice which Guardians may ignore or scoff at openly, just as they choose. Its auditors can, it is true, make things unpleasant for them sometimes; still, even they cannot, let them strive as they will, secure the ratepayer against gross extravagance. They have no control, indeed, over the greater part of the money the Guardians spend, as it is impossible for them to know whether the spending of it was, or was not, necessary. The Hendon Board of Guardians contrived, in the years 1903-4, to spend no less a sum than £19,796 on the poor, although there are only some 52,000 inhabitants in their union, and they well-to-do folk for the most part. They spend £4,807 on their officials, and £679 on coal; while every inmate in their workhouse cost them that year £43, and every child in their school £50 10s. Yet the auditors passed their accounts without a protest just as they passed the accounts of the Guardians of Wolverhampton, where the poor rate is 2s. 11½d., and of those for Cockermouth, where it is 4½d. . . . .

. . . . .

Then, hard as is the lot of the ratepayer under the present system of relief administration, the lot of the poor is infinitely harder; and, whereas the ratepayer has himself to blame in some degree for what he suffers, the poor are as blameless in the matter as they are helpless. As Boards of Guardians are free to decide

for themselves the lines on which they administer relief, there are hardly two boards that administer it on the same lines for long. Every time a new board is elected its members may, and often do, completely reverse their predecessors' policy. Thus there is neither fixity nor equality in the treatment of the poor; on the contrary, it varies from year to year, and according to locality. In a London workhouse I once found some two hundred poor old creatures living in such abject misery, that one of them seized me by the arm as I passed and cried, "For God's sake get me out of this place, or I shall go mad." At that very same time in another London workhouse, the old ladies were passing their time in great comfort, infinite trouble being taken to render their lives pleasant. They were almost as well-cared for as their neighbours were neglected, and that is saying a great deal.

In the country the poor suffer even more than in towns from Guardians being allowed to mete out to them what treatment they choose. I know country workhouses where the inmates are better housed, fed, and clothed, and more kindly treated than most of them have ever been in their lives before. I know other workhouses, however, quite near to these, too, where the inmates fare worse than they would fare in prison; where they pass their days and nights shut up with idiots—with lunatics, indeed, sometimes—in buildings condemned by the Local Government Board as unfit for human habitation years ago. Then both in towns and in country there are districts where out-relief is granted to all comers, and there are districts where it is hardly granted at all; in some unions as much as 10s. a week is allowed for the support of one person; while in others the average grant is 1s. 8d., and a mother is expected to maintain a child on 1½d. a day. Anything more cruel and unjust than this happy-go-lucky state of things it would be difficult to conceive, or anything more likely to pauperise.

## SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM IN GREECE.

Mr. Thomas D. Seymour, L.L.D., Professor of Greek at Yale University, writes in this month's "Harper's" on the above as follows:—

The ancient Greeks were surprisingly modern, and the classical scholar is often reminded of the words of the Preacher, that "there is no new thing under the sun." That Socialistic and Communistic theories and experiments in the ancient world appear first in varied forms in Greece should excite no surprise. . . . .

Mr. Freeman, the historian, has made familiar the Greek experiments in federal Government. The Achæan League, of the third century B.C., is the first of his great Federal Common-

wealths, of which our country is the fourth, and he declares that "probably no two constitutions, produced at such a distance of time and place from one another, ever presented so close a resemblance as that which exists between the constitution of the United States and the constitution of the Achæan League. . . . ."

Of Sparta, Plutarch presents in his "Life of Lycurgus" such a familiar account of the reforms ascribed to that law-giver as to make the story quite a commonplace. Every schoolboy knows that the Spartan men had common "messes" in time of peace as well as on campaigns of war; that no Spartan was allowed to possess treasure of gold or silver, their ordinary money being of iron; that the magistrates directed the exposure on the mountains of any infant which was so deformed or sickly that it was not likely to prove a strong citizen; and that in every way the advantage of the community of the State was held in honour before that of the family or the individual. For the common weal the true Spartan was ready at any time to undertake any service or to submit to any privation. The Spartans did not discuss or publish their theories, however, nor trouble themselves about the basis of their principles, nor did they make many experiments—they being fond neither of much talk nor of innovations. They stood together not so much because of their principles of government as because of their clan spirit. The reader must observe, however, that the Spartan principles held only for the ruling class—the "peers." When their ancestors took possession of the country, they reduced the former owners of the land, and in particular the "Helots," to the position of serfs. Reserving a considerable part of the territory for the common use of their flocks and herds, they allotted the rest in equal shares to the families of the "peers," and the serfs and subjects were ordered to care for the herds and to till this land, and thus to furnish subsistence to true Spartan families. Thus each Spartan citizen could give himself unreservedly to the service of the State, and in general this meant either serving in the army, or preparing for war by exercise, which would both train him for battle and keep him in the best physical condition. . . . .

To most of us Athens represents Greece, and this not unfairly. The tribes and States of Greece differed widely in spirit and in culture, as well as in Government; but, after all, as compared with their neighbour, the Greeks may be classed together, and at Athens was found the very essence of the Greek spirit. An epigram ascribed to the greatest of ancient historians calls Athens the "Hellas of Hellas." There was found the widest scope for the untrammelled development of the individual, yet with a demand for subordination to the collective will, since all were bound together by a strong common interest. These two impulses, each with unusual force, met at Athens, and the result was not a homogeneous social compact, but one of great variety. Perhaps no

other city was ever so "democratic" as Athens, and nowhere else has the accident of wealth or poverty so slightly affected the relations of men to each other. No honorific titles were customary there, either. The small boy of the street might address the chief General simply as "Pericles" or "Themistocles." Cliques existed then as now, but the social circles were not so exclusive. This was due partly to the seclusion of women, but chiefly to the fact that the life of the citizen was in the open-air. The young men were constantly meeting on terms of equality in their gymnastic exercises and in their military service, and the older men were brought together frequently at the town meetings, the sessions of the Senate of the Five Hundred, the many public festivals, and the courts. . . . .

The burdens of the Government at Athens in general were borne by the well-to-do. The poor citizen paid neither direct nor indirect taxes. No article that he used had paid tribute to the State. The house in which he lived and the land which he tilled, if his own, were not taxed. The importation of food and raw materials were encouraged, and the poor man paid nothing which corresponds to the modern imports on tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco.

The Athenian State in certain respects was primitive and simple, leaving much to the initiative of the individual, while in other matters more responsibility was assumed by the Government. Most of the questions and cries of modern Socialism did not exist for the ancient Athenians. . . . .

The supply of water for the city of Athens was under the care of the Government officials, but this water was not brought to every man's door, and no charge was made for its use. . . . .

The peace of the city of Athens was committed to public sentiment and private citizens, to a degree which would astonish us in any modern city of about 200,000 inhabitants.

If the Athenians had no public parks, this lack was not so painfully felt by them, since in addition to unimproved common land, often about shrines or temples, there were groves or fields which really were open for the enjoyment of the people, under no stricter limitations than were reasonable. . . . . In such gathering places, Socrates often held converse with his friends, and from the Platonic dialogue we learn that rhetorical and philosophical lectures often were given there. . . . .

Education was under the control of the State, though no public schools were provided by the city of Athens. Aristotle declared that the statesman's art should determine what studies should be pursued, and how far. Public sentiment required a father to care for his sons' education, and, apparently, one who neglected this duty was considered to be an unnatural parent, and had no claim for support in old age by this son. The children of a citizen who died in battle were adopted by the State, and were educated as well as supported until they came of age.

## THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.

The Trades Union Congress has been pronounced in some quarters a superfluous luxury. It is said to have had its day. Once it was the only collective mouthpiece of British Labour, and its value was indisputable. Now there is the General Federation of Trade Unions, which is a permanent association, not an autumnal gathering. Now, too, Labour has entered Parliament as a distinct party. And men ask, what further need of the Trades Union Congress. But the recent Congress gave no sign of impaired vitality. On the contrary, a larger number of delegates assembled at Bath than at any previous meeting. And the proceedings aroused an exceptional amount of public attention. The fact is that so long as Labour is represented in Parliament by two separate groups, and so long as either of these groups admits members who are not genuine working men, the Trades Union Congress, with its strictly-defined membership, continues to be the purest and completest expression of the mind of organised Labour. With a noble disregard of the probable consequences for its own future it has set itself to promote a unity of Labour in Parliament similar to that which obtains in the Congress itself. Sanguine souls hope that this aim will be reached. It is obvious that if Labour members were to unite on a rigidly trade union basis, their power in the House of Commons would be vastly increased. But the connection on the one side with Liberalism and on the other with Socialism would almost certainly be weakened. This is a prospect which neither Socialists nor Liberals are likely to relish; and which both may agree to frustrate.—"Review of Reviews."

## THE SOCIALIST SANCTION FOR ARBITRATION.

The cause of compulsory arbitration in international affairs has gained a notable convert. The International Socialist Congress at Stuttgart condemned militarism and all its works in a resolution calling for an active anti-militarist campaign in all countries. It refrained, however, from laying down in advance any rigid line of action. This omission was supplied by M. Jaurès on his return from the Congress in a remarkable speech delivered in Paris. The Congress at the Hague, he said, had approved the principle of obligatory arbitration. It was the will of the workers that arbitration should be a reality, and not merely a

pious aspiration; and he advocated a clear and simple method of giving force and effect to the recommendations of the delegates assembled at the Hague. The sanction by which arbitration would become really obligatory, he declared, would be the refusal of the workers of the world to fight for any Government that declined to submit its differences to arbitration. The supreme command of the people to the Governments should be "Arbitrate before you fight; make your choice between arbitration or revolution." M. Jaurès makes no reservation about vital interests, honour or independence. It is arbitration without limits or restrictions of any kind. The State that refuses arbitration becomes by that act the enemy of mankind. "It is not necessary to inquire which Government is the attacked, and which the attacker. The aggressor, the enemy of civilisation, is that Government which refuses arbitration. And," added M. Jaurès, in a sentence that created an immense sensation in France, "the Government that thus becomes the enemy of civilisation, and especially of the working classes, should expect to see the weapons which it has placed in the hands of the people turned not against the enemy, but in revolution against 'that criminal Government' in order to destroy it." —"Review of Reviews."

# INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

## THE COST OF LIVING.

Is the public ripe for a thoroughly economic platform as its next political issue? asks a correspondent of a New York paper, who claims that never before has there been so much written and spoken comment about economic matters. From all sections reports indicate mounting prices in foodstuffs. "The Beef Trust has advanced the cost of living the past few days, and the public must march up to the counter," mournfully remarks the Washington "Post." Yet the consumer, it appears, is not the only one to suffer under present conditions. The recent failure of two prominent wholesale produce dealers in Pittsburg, according to the Philadelphia "Ledger," is ascribed to the decline in the demand for foodstuffs at the high price prevailing in the city. If the high cost of living be due to an actual shortage of crops, explains the "Ledger," little relief can be expected until the yield of another season reaches the market. The Pittsburg wholesale dealers, however, say that the blame in their case rests with the produce-growers, who have combined to raise prices, forming a sort of "farmers' trust." But as fruit and vegetable crops have been short in all parts of the country, with the exception of the Pacific coast, "The Ledger" suggests that the difficulty may be something more than a matter of combinations in restraint of trade. "The great rise in the price of meat," it points out, "has thrown an unusual demand upon other articles, and this tends to increase the cost of these other commodities, whose prices are already swollen by a short supply." There are no assuring indications of a general fall in prices, it adds.

The average citizen, remarks the New York "Sun," is but little enlightened by the acres of matter printed in newspapers, magazines, and special reports with reference to the cost of living, the question for most of us resolving itself into the results of an

individual experience. "The Sun," nevertheless, has some interesting words to say on the general aspects of the subject. To quote in part:

"The people may be divided into profit-makers, salary-drawers, and wage-earners. There are no statistics which show with certainty the financial condition of the members of these classes to-day as compared with their condition in times of lower prices and lower wages. General investigation and personal inquiry lead to a definite opinion that the profit-makers and the wage-earners are better off to-day than in earlier days, and that the conditions of the salaried section are more burdensome. While each group will furnish its exceptions to this view, the general proposition will probably hold.

"In a recently published article the assertion is made that 'in thirteen years the increase in the cost of living has not been more than 3½ per cent. of a workingman's income. The basis for the percentage is an annual income of $835.' The notably weak point in this argument is that $835 is an utterly absurd estimate of the 'workingman's income.' The census of 1900 reports 5,306,143 wage-earners with an average income of a little less than $440. A selected list of 23 industries employing 3,137,000 hands shows for 1905 an average of $512. The workingman's account-book, if he keeps one, is not likely to show his income as $835, nor to confirm the estimate of a mere 3½ per cent. increase in cost of living in thirteen years. . . . .

"Growing expenses, however, are offset by better pay, and there is no question that our wage-earners live better, dress better, and save more money than they did 20 or even ten years ago. It is undeniable that wage-earners as a class have derived benefit from the higher-price levels. In fact, it is to their increased income that the increase in cost of living is largely attributable.

"The profit-makers, the merchants, manufacturers, and traders, as a class have profited rather by general trade activity than by the change in prices. Their income may be affected in some measure by price conditions, but it is not entirely or even largely dependent upon them. Profit margins are based on cost, whether the cost be high or low. The victims of prosperity, of increased cost of living, are salary-drawers who have no power to effect an increase in income by union, strike or other weapon. Upon this class, with a membership of several millions, the burden of higher prices falls with greatest weight."

This latter point is also taken up by the Washington "Post," which returns to the subject in a later issue. Especially, it says, is this true of the clerks of the United States Government, for whom "there is no balm of Gilead in these flush days." Receiving the same pay that they got in 1880, they "are being docked the difference between the value of the dollar then and the value of the dollar now."—"Literary Digest," New York.

## A WOMAN'S DEFENCE OF WAR.

Perhaps some who are disappointed by the slight tangible results of the Hague Peace Conference may find a certain cold comfort in the unanimous assurances of a bishop, preaching to soldiers, and of a woman, writing in a woman's magazine, that war, after all, is a good thing, inasmuch as it is a necessary condition of growth. If our brute ancestors, says Mrs. Adelaide Reynolds Haldeman, had by a sort of "Hague Conference" established universal peace in those dim ages, "there would never have been evolved what we call a human race, and man would have been, to-day, a brute among brutes." Bishop Potter is also quoted by the papers as dwelling in a recent sermon on the idea that the ascent of man has been accomplished through warfare. He believes, according to the reporters, that "until the last day of earth there will be armies and there will be war." and he characterises the Hague Conference as "only a poet's dream." Not quite so irremediably, however, would Mrs. Haldeman shatter that dream. "Society," she argues—writing in "The Modern World" (Denver), a business woman's magazine of which she is the editor—"is in a process of growth, has not yet arrived at its maturity, or its equilibrium of forces, and therefore must have its public and private war until social adaptation be complete, and war, thereby, come to an end." But in the meantime it is well, she holds, that "the so-called 'peace advocates' are in a magnificent minority," since, "with a whole nation of peace men you would have a people like the Chinese." The Chinese, it is explained, "have lost the warlike instinct" and in consequence are now "given over wholly to the worship of past things and dead ancestors; whereby progress comes to an end, and all things to-morrow will be as were all things yesterday." Warlikeness, she claims, is an instinct which, in the evolution of civilisation, "has ever marked the superior, the stronger, race." Human warfare is "only a phase of the great general law of natural selection out of which emerges ever the fittest for survival." In elaboration of her argument, Mrs. Haldeman goes on to say:

"To be consistent, the peace advocate would be compelled to contend that the conquest of savage peoples by civilised ones is and always has been wrong. He would have to contend that the discovery of a new land, with its subsequent immigration, colonisation, and all the fierce warfare accompanying these processes, has been essentially unjustifiable and wrong. According to that kind of philosophy, the American colonists should have packed themselves back to Europe instead of defending themselves against the Indians. Europe should have accepted the civilisation of the Tartars instead of fighting against it, and Christian missionaries in China should submit quietly to massacre or stay away from that peaceful land,

the inhabitants of which are really the most consistent advocates of peace we have."

Private war, says Mrs. Haldeman, presents problems beside which those of public war dwindle to insignificance. To quote:

"Private war is, under another name, industry. And it would be the most vicious of errors to imagine that industry, of the glory of which we hear so much, is without its slain. On the contrary, for every man slain in war, so-called, a thousand are slain in industry. To him who is not sodden with the stupidity of ignorance, or wholly debauched with the desire for getting his hands on the possessions of others, the present system of industry is a monstrous crime beside which the 'horrors' of antique warfare were 'pale and pure and painless as a virgin's dream.' Why raise our hands in horror at a few litres of blood shed on battle-fields, while millions of men and women (to say nothing of children) are dying of disease acquired in the shops, mills, and mines of Christendom? Why talk of peace when industrial barons—nay, kings—make private war as they please, using as their armies the millions who are continually falling disabled or dead in the fight? Why moan over a handful of Japanese or Russians, when girls are dying of bone rot in American match factories, and 20,000,000 or more American workingmen are expropriated, robbed, and bled (while thousands of them are literally slaughtered) in the shambles of industry?"

"And yet," the writer admits, "if we hold that public war is a good thing we must hold also that private war in the form of industry is no less a good thing in itself"—inasmuch as it also is a necessary condition of growth. Political peace, she predicts, will come about "when trade shall have been established upon a perfectly equilibrated bottom; when national, or general, economy can gain nothing, but, on the contrary, lose by war; when the human race shall have been reduced to one type, or when a superior, intelligent, and powerful race of men shall have reduced all other races to a state of helpless dependence, whereby the inferior, or weak races, shall be ruled like dogs are now, by fear and affection. "But until then," Mrs. Haldeman maintains, "war will be approved and war will be 'good.'"—"Literary Digest," New York.

## THE CHURCH'S GROWING SYMPATHY WITH SOCIALISM.

Several years ago, Professor Thomas C. Hall, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, wrote an article on Socialism as "Christianity's most formidable rival." The phrase is one that sticks in the memory. At the time of its utterance it was regarded

by many as an exaggeration, but in view of recent developments it acquires a new and vital significance. There can be no doubt that, both in England and this country, an increasing number of minds are turning to Socialism, rather than to Christianity, for their religion. The Rev. Charles Stelzle, who for several years has been carrying on a religious propaganda among American workingmen, under the auspices of the Home Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, declares that "for thousands of workingmen Socialism has become a substitute for the church, the idealism of the earthly propaganda taking the place of the visions and ideals of the religious faith." And the Rev. Dr. A. A. Berle, in the fierce and brilliant indictment of our theological schools pays last month the following remarkable tribute to the power of the Socialist advocates:

"The Socialists make a better use of the New Testament, for purposes of moral appeal, at this very moment, than do the majority of the ministers of the gospel. The present writer has heard a dozen impassioned Socialists, addressing audiences aggregating ten thousand people, make a finer, a more effective, a more dramatic, and a more moral use of the figures, the illustrations, and the moral teaching of the gospels, in a single evening, than he has heard from any dozen preachers in a month in the last twenty years."

But the Churches at this juncture are meeting the rivalry of Socialism is a friendly, rather than a hostile, spirit. Quite a number of religious journals have lately printed articles surprisingly favourable to Socialism. That staid organ of New York Presbyterianism, "The Observer," devotes three pages of a recent issue to an article entiled "Will Socialism be Established in America?" The author, Dr. George Shipman Payson, says in his closing paragraph:—

"In many of its aspects Socialism may appear visionary. But there is an undeniable charm in its conception of a State in which each is for all and all for each. And that charm is the charm of light from the Sun of Righteousness. The gold arc of the Golden Rule gleams from its ideals. The zeal and devotion with which multitudes strive for those ideals compel observant people to ask whether there be more of Christianity outside ecclesiastical boundaries than within, and whether the democratic spirit of Christ's teachings may not find its fullest expression in departments of life and living where hitherto it has been least expected to express itself. Generous souls are powerfully attracted toward Socialism because of its great emphasis upon altruistic and philanthropic aims. The best Socialists are inspired by an enthusiasm for humanity which, though it does not speak of Christ, reminds of Christ.

The same spirit of Socialistic sympathy appears most vividly in two new books that have been widely debated in the religious

press. The first ("Christianity and the Social Crisis") is by Professor Walter Rauschenbusch, of Rochester; the second ("The Church and the Changing Order") by Professor Shailer Mathews, editor of "The World To-Day." Both authors disclaim the title of Socialist, but both show strong Socialistic leanings.

Professor Rauschenbusch lays down as his fundamental thesis that "the essential purpose of Christianity was to transform human society into the Kingdom of God by regenerating all human relations and reconstituting them according to the will of God." He thinks that the Christian religion has lost power because of its practical abandonment of its social mission. He adds:

"It would seem, therefore, that one of the greatest services which Christianity could render to humanity in the throes of the present transition would be to aid those social forces which are making for the increase of communism. The Church should help public opinion to understand clearly the difference between the moral qualities of the competitive and the communistic principle, and enlist religious enthusiasm on behalf of that which is essentially Christian."

Professor Mathews expresses himself in words almost identical. "The greatest service which the Church can render society just at present," he declares, "would be to contribute the spirit of Jesus to the ideals which are provocative of discontent." He writes further:

"Social movements, like that we see going on in our day, are the expression, not of degeneracy, but of a new social life, born of new ideals. . . . . Just what these ideals are can be learned by any person who will take the trouble to study the two great literatures of popular idealism: Socialistic propaganda and the journals of organised labour. . . . . There is a passionate sincerity in the literature of both Socialists and the labour unions which compels respect. A man does not need to approve of everything to be found in this literature, but he must recognise the fact that both the Socialist and the Labour movements are brimful of an idealism which is not to be measured by their economic accomplishments. Each alike is a Cause. Each believes itself to be a champion of human betterment. Men will plead and fight for them, and, if need be, die for either cause with the self-sacrifice that led the martyr to the stake. This self-estimate, particularly that of organised Labour, is justified in actual accomplishment. Without any disrespect for the work of organised Christianity, it must be said that there is many a Church which, in point of general altruism and of loyalty to its professions of high purpose, could not endure a comparison with the work of some Labour unions. It would be a severe shock to the self-esteem of such Churches to compare their fellowship funds, which are spent in alleviating the wants of their poor members, with not only the funds but also the practical help of other sorts with which many a Labour union surrounds its members."

In England the tide is running even more strongly in the direction of Socialism than in this country. There are now many thousands of Socialists within the English Churches. It is not generally known that Dr. John Clifford, the pastor of the most influential Baptist church in London, and Dr. Stopford Brooke, the eminent Unitarian scholar, are both members of the Fabian Society; while Canon Scott-Holland, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has been for years the leader of a Christian Socialist group of Anglican clergymen. The latest and most distinguished convert to Socialism is the Rev. R. J. Campbell, whose utterances on the "New Theology" last spring set the whole theological world agog. Mr. Campbell has just returned to London after a very successful lecturing tour under frankly Socialist auspices. The paper that has been championing most ardently his theological views—the "Christian Commonwealth," of London—is also socialistic in sympathy, and devotes space every week to Socialist news. One of its staff contributors, Albert Dawson, has registered his conviction that Socialism is "unquestionably the most remarkable phenomenon of modern times." "The Christian Commonwealth" says editorially:

"A great battle lies ahead of us. The spirit of Socialism is in the air, and is likely, before long, to make itself felt in a remarkable way. Meantime, we can cultivate it in small ways. We can, as far as possible, make life happier and healthier for those of our fellow-men with whom we come into touch. We can make it clear that we do not think any the less of people for getting their living by manual labour. We can show, by our treatment of those who are thought to be lower in the social scale than ourselves, that we respect them, we can encourage them to raise themselves. We can make a man or woman behind a shop counter feel that he or she is doing us as great a service in attending to our wants as we are doing him or her a favour in buying at the shop. In short, we can in many such ways, however small, give practical proof of our Christianity, and prevent the pronounced Socialist from putting us to shame. For there is very much in common, to say the least, between the spirit of Socialism and the spirit of Christianity."—"Current Literature," New York.

## TO SAVE THE BABES.

Under the administration of L'Assistance Publique, the Municipality of Paris has adopted very practical methods for grappling with this problem. It recognises the importance of caring for the mothers before confinement, and also of securing suitable conditions for the birth of the child. For this purpose it maintains two

municipal asylums, where the expectant mother can be received and provided for, at the public expense, until her child is born. For the infants born in these asylums, the city has established a number of crèches, and also eight dispensaries, with free distribution of sterilised milk. This help is given in the following cases:—

To girl wives who have been abandoned, to widows, to married women who have been deserted, to those whose husbands are placed in an asylum or imprisoned, and to those who have children the father of whom is in the army or navy.

This help is in money or in kind. The help in money is periodical or occasional. The first is kept for children still breast-fed or fed on the bottle; their rate of pay, which varies from 15 to 50 francs a month, is proportional to the expense of the recipients. The second helps by sending a wet-nurse to children whose mothers cannot bring them up, and is fixed at 35 francs per child. The help in kind consists of baby linen for children under six months, the short clothes for those who have passed this age, and cradles.

All children thus helped are carefully supervised, and must be brought periodically to be weighed and medically examined.

The Restaurant Gratuits of Paris, described in the first number of "Progress" (p. 55), have now found a footing in this country. Through the kindness of Mrs. W. E. Gordon, two kitchens have been opened in Chelsea to feed the mothers in order to help them to feed their babies. Dinners—consisting of meat, vegetables, and pudding, with cocoa, and occasionally soup or fish—are provided every day except Sunday and Monday; the mothers are admitted on the recommendation of the maternity nurses or the Lady Sanitary Inspector of the Borough Council. The babies are brought to be weighed every fortnight and cards given to the mothers recording their progress. It is hoped that other centres will be provided, since it is important that the kitchens should be near the homes of the mothers. The estimated cost of a kitchen to feed 20 mothers is about £50 per annum.—"Progress."

## THE HAPPY FARMER.

(Dedicated by us to the authors of the Small Holdings Act.)

This pa-aper says th' farmer niver sthrikes. He hasin't got th' time to. He's too happy. A farmer is contínted with his wurruk. He sleeps at night with his nose against th' shingled roof iv his little frame home an' dhreams iv cinch bugs. While th' stars are still alight he walks in his sleep to wake th' cow that left th' call f'r four o'clock. Thin it's ho! f'r feedin' th' pigs an' mendin' th' reaper. Th' sun arises as usual in th' east, an' bein' a keen student

iv nature he picks a cabbage leaf to put in his hat. Breakfast follows, a gay meal beginnin' at 9 an' endin' at 9.03. He sighs a little as he champs his last flapjack at th' thought that he has grown old an' th' hired man has beat him out be almost a minyit elapsed time. Thin it's off f'r th' fields where all day he sets on a bicycle seat an' reaps th' bearded grain an' th' Hessian fly, with nawthin' but his own thoughts an' a couple iv horses to commune with. An' so he goes an' he's happy th' livelong day if ye don't get in ear-shot iv him. In winter he is employed keepin' th' cattle fr'm sufferin' his own fate an writin' testymonyals iv dyspepsia cures. A jolly life. 'Tis sthrange though I niver heerd a farmer whistle except on Sunday.—DOOLEY.

THE Prussian Landtag is made up of the following professions: Governmental chief officials, 32; judges, 45; other officials, 27; ex-military officers without other profession, 10; teachers' professors, 19; lawyers, 21; clergymen, 17; private officials, 7; authors, 12; ground landlords, 111; peasant proprietors, 50; merchants (commercial), 12; industrial employers, 25; independent craftsmen, 7; independent means, 32; other professions, 1; working men, 0—total, 433. That is the result of the "three class" suffrage in Prussia.

## BOOK V.

### Chapter II.

Claude Frollo was no longer in Notre Dame while Quasimodo was rescuing Esmeralda. As soon as he—the Archdeacon—entered the Vestry he threw down his sacerdotal garments and rushed out of the church. He wandered up the hill of St. Genevieve, and did not come back till the evening. He then re-entered the church intending to go to his study, but as he was going up the staircase he saw a shadow, a form, a woman. He trembled. Next to the woman was a little white goat. He looked again and it was she. She was pale, her hair fell on her shoulders as in the morning, but she no longer had her hands tied, nor had she a rope round her neck, she was free, she was dead. She was clad in white, and had a white veil on her head. She came towards him and he went back. But when she came to the head of the stair, she stopped and afterwards went along another passage.

### Chapter III.

As long as she stayed in the church she was safe, but she must, on no account, go out. Quasimodo brought her some clothes and then some bedding. She wanted to thank him but he was so ugly that she could not say a word when she looked at him.

He said to her: "I frighten you, I know that I am very ugly, do not look at me but listen to me. You must stay in a small room here during the day and at night you may walk about in the church, but never leave the church either by day or by night. You would be lost. They would kill you and I should die."

She was going to thank him, and she looked up, but he had gone.

And so she went on living, not a wholly unhappy life if she could only have forgotten Phœbus. One day she saw him on his brilliant charger, and Quasimodo following her told her that he

would go and fetch him. The bell-ringer went down on to the Place of Notre Dame and saw the Captain go into a house where he went to see his fiancée. Quasimodo waited patiently outside till late at night and when the captain came out he told him that he wanted him to come and see Esmeralda. But Phœbus did not like the messenger and besides as he was shortly going to get married, he did not wish to engage in any intrigue. So he put spurs to his horse and galloped rapidly away. When Quasimodo had to tell Esmeralda of the ill success of his efforts, she was much depressed and became very sulky, so that she would not speak to him. He, however, still carefully brought her food every day.

## Chapter IV.

Meanwhile the Egyptians, having heard through Gringoire that Esmeralda was in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, determined to break into the church and to deliver her, and also hoped at the same time to do a little looting on their own account. It was agreed that the assault should take place at night and they were joined by Jehan Frollo, the archdeacon's brother, who, being penniless, thought that at all events there was a chance of making a little money in this way.

They found, however, that it was no easy matter to batter down the gates of the cathedral; and Quasimodo hurled down on the assailants stones and molten lead, for he thought that instead of coming to deliver Esmeralda, they wished to make her a prisoner.

Finally the rioters were dispersed, many being killed by a charge of the royal troops, headed by Captain Phœbus. But when Quasimodo went to tell Esmeralda that she was safe he found, to his horror, that she was no longer in her cell.

Claude Frollo and Gringoire had got into the cathedral while the attack was going on, and Gringoire had persuaded her to run away, assuring her that she would be quite safe. Unfortunately, however, he had left her in charge of the archdeacon, who at once began to importune her with his advances. She indignantly repelled him, and he then rushed off to fetch the archers of the guard. She was captured and hanged, and Frollo was thrown over the towers of Notre Dame by Quasimodo, who disappeared, and was never seen again.

Victor Hugo.

(Translated by Jacques Bonhomme.)

The End.

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## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

**Tariff Reform and Socialism.**—In his speeches at Birmingham Mr. Balfour appears to have been anxious to make the future political issue, so far as he is concerned, one between Tariff Reform and Socialism. For ourselves we could ask for nothing better. It is an admission of the utter bankruptcy of the present political system which all Socialists should gladly welcome. The present social system has produced deplorable consequences, for which after centuries of monopoly of rule, the politicians of both the historical parties have failed to devise any remedy. Of the urgency of social reform, they are all convinced. Our only choice, says Mr. Balfour, in effect, is between social reform and Socialism, but for social reform it is necessary to "broaden the basis of taxation"; and in order to do this we must have a system of tariffs.

Thus we come logically to the conclusion that the only possible defence against the menace of Socialism is Tariff Reform. It is a most comforting conclusion, for Tariff Reform is practically played out before it is tried.

**The Futility of Tariff Reform.** — It might reasonably be supposed that it would be only necessary to point to the fact that the position of the general body of the people is no better in Protectionist countries than it is here, to show how futile would be any tinkering with tariffs as a means to social reform. It might also be pointed out that the people of this country had a pretty extensive experience of Protection before the abolition of the Corn Laws, and that was scarcely one to make the present generation eager for one of a similar character. But it takes a deal of experience to teach some people; and its present-day advocates assure us that Tariff Reform doesn't mean Protection at all. It is simply intended to draw closer the bonds which unite the different parts of the Empire, by giving "preference" to colonial trade, and to "broaden the basis of taxation" by making the foreign exporter pay the duty on the goods we import from him. We do not deny that it is possible to make the foreign exporter pay the duty, so long as that duty is not too high and the supply of the commodity affected is more than equal to the demand. In that case the exporter would rather pay the duty than lose the market. But in that case there is no advantage whatever to the native or colonial producer over the foreigner. On the other hand, if the duty is sufficiently high to give preference to the colonial and Protection to the home producer, the native and not the foreigner will have to pay the duty; the price of the commodity will be raised, and the "basis of taxation" will be "broadened" at the expense of a general rise in the cost of living.

**The Increasing Depression in Trade.**—It is quite evident that the much-vaunted boom in trade is over, and that we are beginning to suffer from the inevitable depression resulting from the period of prosperity. Imports and exports alike cease to show that upward tendency which has characterised them for so many months past. On all hands, too, there are signs of slackness, and the numbers of the unemployed are rapidly increasing. In some districts, indeed, the distress caused by want of employment has already become acute. It is evident that we are in for a very hard winter, in which the hardships and the sufferings of the poorest among the working class will be unusually severe, but there is nothing to be done, beyond what we Social-Democrats have agitated for during the past twenty years and more. And that our masters will never undertake to do until the people who suffer themselves are prepared to exercise greater "pressure from without" than they have hitherto done.

**More Filibustering in South Africa.**—Once more the Natal Government is making a raid upon the Zulus. The object of this wanton act of aggression is precisely the same as has actuated similar enterprises in the past. The Natal capitalists desire to rob the Zulus of their economic independence, and to force them, by the same pressure of poverty which serves to make the British workman a wage-slave, into the same position of abject servitude. There is a general consensus of opinion that the present expedition is entirely unprovoked and unjustifiable; but those responsible will soon stir up trouble enough to justify a demand for reprisals if they are let alone. It is clearly a case for the intervention of the Imperial Government. The question of the treatment and rights of native races is one of Imperial concern, which cannot properly be left to the tender mercies of the local Colonial Administration. Moreover, if the provocative policy of the

Natalians is persevered in, it is very certain that the aid of the Imperial forces will be called for before the natives are suppressed. Surely it is not too much to ask that the Imperial Government should have something to say before its hand is forced by precipitate action on the part of the Natal Government. Unfortunately, Lord Elgin's weak surrender to the Natal Government when they demanded the right to hang natives without any proper trial does not encourage us to hope much from him in the present crisis.

**Tyranny, not Temperance.**—Once more the teetotal prohibitionists are on the war-path. The object of these so-called "temperance reformers" is quite clear. They wish to degrade public-houses as a preliminary to their total abolition. Seeing that public-houses are a social necessity to-day, the object of anyone who wished to promote real temperance would be to refine, improve, and elevate the public-house, and so prevent it being a source of evil and demoralisation. To that end, we Social-Democrats stand for municipal ownership and control, and desire to see the public-house transformed from a mere drinking-bar into a pleasant place of public refreshment, to which no man would hesitate to resort with his wife and children. In the pursuit of their policy the so-called reformers desire to make it illegal for any child under 14 to enter a public-house and also to abolish barmaids. The first would be a gross interference with the liberty of working people, and the second is an impertinent attempt to deprive a number of well-conducted women of an honest and legitimate means of livelihood. That barmaids are overworked and underpaid may be at once admitted. That is good ground for reform. But in no respect is the calling of a barmaid worse than that of a factory operative, and instead of excluding women from the bar, the efforts

of all should be directed to improving the conditions under which they are employed there.

**Class and Sex.**—The advocates of Adult Suffrage allowed themselves to be out-manœuvred in the debate between Miss Bondfield and Mrs. Billington-Greig on the respective merits of Universal Suffrage and the enfranchisement of propertied women. Otherwise they would never have agreed for a simple resolution in favour of the latter proposal to be voted on for and against. That resolution was carried by a very small vote and a very narrow majority, and in the circumstances proves nothing one way or the other. But there may have been many present who, being favourable to the extension of the franchise to women, could not bring themselves to vote against the resolution, although they would have infinitely preferred a resolution in favour of complete Adult Suffrage. The whole circumstance affords another illustration of the unscrupulous methods by which this "Votes for Women" agitation is carried on. Its advocates would have people believe that what they aim at is the enfranchisement of all women and the removal of the disability of sex. Really the object, which some of the more reputable members of the party have the honesty to avow, is to give the political franchise to women of the middle and upper class only, and to thus strengthen the political power of the propertied class by having on their side the whole force of the enfranchised women in opposition to any further extension of the franchise.

**Milner on Sweating.**—Speaking at Oxford, at an Exhibition of Sweated Industries, Lord Milner said that "an industry which does not provide those engaged in it with sufficient to keep them in health is essentially unsound." We heartily endorse that

sentiment. It is precisely what we said in relation to the South African gold-mining industry. There may be industries—although we do not know of any—the products of which are absolutely essential, but can only be obtained by the sacrifice of the health and well-being of those engaged in producing them. But gold is certainly not one of these. The world would have been the better for it if the South African mines had never been discovered, and if the mines cannot be worked except by the enslavement and degradation of thousands of human beings—white, yellow, or black—they had better be closed for ever.

**In January the price of the "Social-Democrat" will be reduced to threepence. With the New Year will be commenced a series of articles by M. Beer on Studies in Historical Materialism.**

## MONARCHY AND DEBT.

Eager as are the organisers of the anti-Socialist campaign to come to grips with the monster whose growth and progress threatens the very foundations of the existing social order, they show a most exemplary prudence when challenged to demonstrate their prowess. They prefer to evade the real issue—the incompatibility of existing economic conditions with human freedom and well-being and future social development; they will not contest the fundamental principles of Social-Democracy—primarily concerned, as these are, with the material conditions of existence—they prefer to create prejudice by loud denunciation of points in Socialist doctrine which are of quite secondary importance, but which are necessarily involved in that complete change of the very basis of society which Socialism connotes. Thus, instead of arguing in support of the class ownership of all the material means of existence, and the consequent enslavement of the mass of mankind, our enemies prefer to denounce the Socialist theory of the abolition of this class ownership, as an attack upon existing creeds, and the existing form of the sex-relation. Now it is quite certain that although Socialism has nothing whatever to say in regard to any man or woman's religious belief, that a revolutionary change in economic conditions will have a profound effect upon religious beliefs in the future. We are not at all concerned with this, however. Our concern is with substituting the common social ownership of the

means of life for the present system of class ownership, regardless of the modifications that will undoubtedly result in the general standpoint of man towards the universe. It is equally indisputable that this revolutionary change in economic conditions will involve profound modifications in the sex-relation, as well as in all other social relations, but we can have nothing to fear from the changes in these relations resulting from the substitution of social justice for the gross class injustice which exists to-day. The demand of the Social-Democrat is for such a complete change in economic conditions as will secure work for all, wealth for all, leisure for all, pleasure for all, and the opportunity for a higher development of the best and noblest faculties of humanity than any system of society has yet afforded. If we are told this means irreligion and atheism, we can only say that if that were the case so much the worse for the religion which can only flourish in the foul atmosphere of capitalism. If we are told that such a system involves Free Love, we agree, because it is inconceivable that there will be any kind of forced or compulsory "love," when all men and women are economically free. We do not, however, put the cart before the horse; we believe that changes in religious belief and in social relations will be the consequences, not the causes, of economic changes. Therefore, we are directly concerned in attacking existing economic conditions, not the outward expression of those conditions, either in the form of religion or in that of the sex-relation.

In pursuance of their policy of attacking incidental rather than fundamental points of Socialist theory, our opponents have fastened on two items in the programme of the Social-Democratic Party for their special condemnation. These are the abolition of the Monarchy and the Repudiation of the National Debt. Now it is merely accidental that the first of these two items appears in the forefront of our

programme. As may be gathered from what has already been said, the change of economic conditions is of infinitely more importance than any change in the mere outward forms or expressions, and therefore no Social-Democrat regards the abolition of the Monarchy as a matter of any immediate importance. On the other hand, Monarchy, as any other form of hereditary authority, is an absurd anachronism, entirely out of place in a free nation, and when capitalism is abolished the Monarchy will disappear with it, unless it has preceded it to an unhonoured grave. No Social-Democrat would care to raise a finger to abolish the Monarchy if everything else were to remain unchanged; but Social-Democracy with a Monarchy is unthinkable.

So, also, as regards the National Debt. It is a curious and noteworthy coincidence, by the way, that those Royalists who are so alarmed at the proposed abolition of the Monarchy should also be so anxious for the continuance of the National Debt. There appears to be a quite natural relation between Monarchy and debt. But just as no Social-Democrat would consider the abolition of the Monarchy of itself to be worth an effort, so, also, no Social-Democrat contemplates the repudiation of the National Debt while everything else remains as it is to-day. Nevertheless the repudiation of the National Debt must necessarily form a part of the Social-Democratic programme.

The maintenance of a National Debt as a means of extracting unearned incomes from the people is as unthinkable under Social-Democracy as is any other form of interest or profit-making. As to the morality of repudiation there can be no question, although this is the chief objection generally seized upon by our opponents. The people who are now called upon to bear the burden of this debt had no more voice in incurring it than had our prehistoric ancestors. There can be no moral obligation upon any people to discharge a debt or carry out a bargain in the contracting of which they never had a voice and were never con-

sulted. Moreover, this debt has been paid over and over again, and, whatever the people of this generation may do, it is not conceivable that future generations will continue patiently to pay interest on a debt which, as a matter of fact, has been long since extinguished by repayment.

The relation between Monarchy and the Debt, it may be observed, does not merely exist in the minds of our opponents. It has not always been the "National" Debt. Originally it was the "King's Debt," as contracted by Charles II., of pious memory, and his brother James II. But then it only reached the modest figure of £664,264. Dutch William, however, altered all that. As a constitutional Whig monarch, he evidently thought it unjust for the monarch to possess everything, and therefore, although as old Cobbett says, it was still His Majesty's army and His Majesty's navy, His Majesty's ships and His Majesty's men, His Majesty's Government and His Majesty's Opposition, it was the "National" Debt. It was such a pity for the monarch to have everything and the nation nothing!

Having so kindly made a present of the Debt to the nation, William had no compunction about increasing the nation's obligation to him, and so at his death the Debt had swollen to the respectable figure of £12,750,000, involving an annual cost of £1,200,000, or an expenditure in interest every year of just about twice as much as the total debt amounted to when it was "Royal," at William's accession!

Good Queen Anne raised this royal gift to the nation to £37,000,000, or about three times as much as it was on the death of William; and from that time onward it increased by leaps and bounds. By the war with Spain the Debt had increased to £52,500,000 at the death of George I., with a yearly cost of £2,360,000. The year before the American War of Independence it stood at £126,000,000; the year before the outbreak of the great royalist war against

France, it amounted to £237,400,000, with an annual cost of £9,300,000, and the year after the battle of Waterloo, the Debt stood at £846,000,000 and its annual cost £32,000,000. Since then there have been some reductions, and at the present time the Debt amounts to some £756,000,000, at an annual cost of £27,000,000, or 10s. 3d. per head of population. It is only necessary to calculate the enormous amount which has been paid as interest only since the battle of Waterloo, and to bear in mind that much of the Debt has really never been borrowed at all, to see that it has been repaid many times over, and that no moral obligation with regard to it rests upon the present generation.

There are, however, many who can offer no objection on moral grounds to the repudiation of the National Debt, but who condemn it because of the hardship it would inflict upon many comparatively poor people whose investments in Consols provide them with their only income. On that ground, however, all forms of capitalist property might be defended, and all investments for rent, interest or profit be regarded as inviolable. There is probably no form of capitalist enterprise in which some poor people—the "lone widow," the thrifty "little man," the "decayed gentlewoman" and the rest of those who are trotted out to evoke sympathy against "confiscation"—have not an investment the loss of which would leave them penniless paupers. If that argument held good we could never establish Socialism because we could never abolish capitalism. But when capitalist property is abolished there will be neither poverty nor paupers, because those who are able to work will be provided with the opportunity of earning a good comfortable livelihood by their own labour, and those who cannot will be properly cared for by the community.

H. QUELCH.

## MEDICAL INSPECTION OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

We pride ourselves on being a practical nation. Are we so in affairs concerning the public health? I am very much afraid that the practical man is one who can only understand matters that can be expressed in hard cash, in ledger entries, and in cheque-book balances; that the intangibles, facts that can be only at the best imperfectly shown in the above manner, do not appeal to him at all. The wealth of a trained intellect, the value of good health, and the strengthening of moral stamina, are intangible in their money value, and yet, by the irony of our present civilisation, can only be best obtained through expenditure of money, or rather, through the command of others that money gives.

That all wealth comes from Labour is a trite saying of the political economists, some years ago avowed in the Legislature, when Lord Beaconsfield said: "Sanitas, sanitas, omnium sanitas." And yet since those days we may be said to have almost advanced backwards, the Legislature and public authorities have treated the public health from symptoms and not from causal effects; the whole attitude is to treat symptoms and not to remove causes of national illth, to use Ruskin's word.

An Education Act was brought in and came into effect in 1870. Instead of recognising the child to be a

composite creature of immaterial and material forms, the reaction of the two developing the human mind, with the need for delicate adjustment, moulding, and training of these parts, it was seized upon and made to fit into one of two systems. The religious schoolmen considered the mental and corporeal parts subordinate in requirements to the theological; the scholarly section regarded it as a vehicle for producing knowledge, also that an educated wage-earner was a better wealth-producing machine than an ignorant one. That the immature child frame can only produce the best results mentally and morally by as careful attention as hot-house plants require was beyond their conception. Complete education required money, that was plain enough, but the results in health, in wholesome soundness of life, could not be expressed in figures, hence it was not practical.

A Public Health Act was brought in and passed in 1872, the first enforcing of its clauses being left to officials who usually hold their appointments on contracts terminable by the very men whose interest it is that these public servants do as little as they can. In hardly any case are they allowed to prosecute offenders without the leave of the Health Committee, this body being usually packed by house owners and their friends; publicans are not allowed to serve on the Watch Committee, nor should property owners deriving the greater part of their income from house rents be allowed to sit on the Public Health Committees. The importance of this housing question to infantile life is unknown to the lay mind. It is in this period that the very foundation of future usefulness or wealth of health is laid. Except a wholesome physique is grown before five a healthy mind standing four square to the outer world will not develop; a precocious one may, bearing the same relationship to a sound one as proud-flesh, the large exuberant weakly granulations of growing flesh, bear to the slower and smaller, but sound granulations that result in permanent life-long

union, that stands the stress of bodily storms of ill-health and disease.

We are said to be a practical people, but our whole treatment of the public ill-health is symptomatic, not curative. If you take a child to train, you take a being you can profoundly alter for the better, just as it can so easily be impressed by environment for the worse, so it is marvellous what healthy environment, acting on the unstable, impressionable protoplasm of childhood, can do, how it can overmaster for the good the hereditary tendencies of evil, of illth. The greatest example is that of tuberculosis, " consumption," responsible for one-ninth of our death-rate. Suitable environment from birth will make it one day unknown in our civilisation: as leprosy was once prevalent and is now unknown, so will tuberculosis be swept away in its turn. If that intangible force, latent energy, resistance to disease, good stamina, or whatever it may be called, is not acquired in puerile life it will never be obtained; without it the human machine is ever open to harmful external influences of all kinds, to lapse of moral force, to mental aberration, to invasions by germs of all kinds from without, to the sudden change to malignancy of various bacteria and other minute watchers that live in health in a benign state in our frame, to auto-intoxications of all kinds from the human machinery failing to work at high pressure as regards this or that organ, and from various over-strained parts breaking down in inflammatory action of such extent that correspondences cannot be re-established.

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The Bill for the medical inspection of schools having passed, it remains for it to be made an actuality, and not an official routine. Since the first Public Health Act was passed there has been none entered on the Statute-books with such possibility of good ensuing as this law. It places the children under observation

for the prevention of disease for nine years of their lives.

As each child enters school it should be entered in a Physical Condition register, giving name, height, weight, noticeable defects or abnormalities, history of past diseases, and family history, this latter meaning whether parents are alive, if any brothers and sisters, how many living, how many dead. The past and the family history could be gained by giving a printed form for the parents to fill in; most would do this without trouble. Then, when the medical officer inspects the child, further matter can be readily elucidated. The principal columns for him to fill in would be—state of heart, of lungs, of nervous system, of teeth, eyesight, and hearing, expert remarks on throat (adenoids, etc.), glandular system, hernias, and not least, temperament. All this may seem to need a prolonged examination, but speaking from some years' experience of troops and prisons, it is not so much as it seems, once practice has allowed one to "size up" the face and physical appearances in a routine and skilled manner. Each child should then be given a printed card, of a size to hang on the wall to prevent being mislaid, giving on one-half the above particulars. (Tables have been for many years in use giving the average ratios between age, height, and weight, the latter being the best guide as to the resistance power present.) For example, the card should start: Child, age 5 years, height should be , then the statement either correct, plus so much, or minus so much: weight should be , then as in height. After some other points should come the all-important one of diathesis or temperament where actual disease is absent, giving it probably under the classification of whether—rheumatic, lymphatic, neurotic, or anæmic. On the obverse the card should show a list of the diseases each of these temperaments is liable to, with the everyday means of avoiding them; also some note as to the importance

of the age, height, and weight observations. With this form the parents should receive a printed letter giving instructions as to the defects found, and what they should do for the child's benefit. If they neglected to do certain things, as to provide glasses when able, the school authorities should have power to provide them and sue the parents for the amounts incurred.

Another printed form should be kept at the school of the ratios, to be filled in once a month by the teacher, showing the variation from normal; if a steady variation from normal is found, or if this is correct, if any other defect is noticed, the child should be brought before the medical officer at his next visit. The position of the medical officer as regards a child's capacity for work should be as absolute as in the prison service, the army or the navy. That is, if he says a child is unfit for school temporarily or permanently, no teacher should be allowed to interfere; if he considers it should be placed in a special duty class it should be so treated until he alters its work. Another very necessary point is that in certain cases he should be able to say, especially where a young child lives some distance away in the winter, "This child should be excused up to one-third of the attendances." This would cover very young children in stormy weather, and elder ones in chronic ill-health, these latter need excusing on days they feel specially unwell. Under the London County Council matters stand thus at present: If a child is absent from sickness a medical certificate is demanded from the parents, who have to pay for it; even if only a shilling is charged it is that much more than the average family can afford, where the workhouse scale of feeding, per head, is probably not reached. If it is not produced the parents are summoned before the Attendance Committee, one or other losing part of a day's work; if summoned before the magistrates the parents may have the expense of calling a medical man to prove their

case. This was never meant to be the case when the Education Act was first brought in; it was never meant that parents should be put to this expense. I remember a decision given some twenty years ago where the magistrate held that it was the duty of the school committee to prove that the evidence of the parent that the child was ill was false; that is, that the parents need not support their evidence by medical witness. Whether magistrates take this view now or not the result is that the parents submit to the expense of finding a certificate rather than incur the greater one of losing a day's work to attend the court.

The following treatment of certificates given by the writer is probably typical of London, it apparently being the part of the world where medical men have not insisted on their position as elsewhere. To a certificate giving the cause of unfitness for school for some days as debility the teacher sent back word to the mother that it was all rubbish. In her wisdom she was unaware that one Government return filled in for years by the writer has this as one of the official causes of death, also that this child was living on a weekly expenditure on food, *when the father was at work*, of one and sixpence a week. Another certificate stated that the child suffered from chronic tubercular disease, giving six months from school; some weeks before this time was up the father was ordered to attend the committee for neglecting to send the child to school. A letter was then written to the chairman of the committee, pointing out that if the certificate was not accepted as true that the father should not have been summoned while covered by it until someone else had certified it was fit to attend school; that if he were proceeded against the writer would state the case to the L.C.C. Committee; that if the child was sent to school he would report the case to the Medical Officer of Health, as the child was incurable and a source of danger to all around it. After this the child was allowed to die at home in peace a

few months after. In several cases of St. Vitus's dance, on a certificate being given that so many weeks' rest was needful, a message was sent home: "Let the child come, it won't have to do any work," the essence of the treatment being to keep the infant from the school surroundings that were affecting it injuriously. Eye cases have been told to return, "they ought to be well by now," and cases of anæmia needing all the fresh air they could get have been told they would be as well off in school. In short, a small minority of teachers need to be spoken too as plainly as a few army men of the writer's one-time acquaintance. To the statement from them, "I don't see why So-and-so is placed on the sick list, I can see nothing wrong with him," the best answer, although not always most appreciated, was, "That is the very reason that medical officers are appointed, they can see where you can't."

When children leave school, or rather, as soon after thirteen as practicable, they should receive another physical statement the same as on joining, except that in place of the statement about constitutional diseases there should be the following: A list of suitable occupations. All ordinary occupations could be scheduled into about twenty groups. On examining the child at this age the pen could be drawn through those groups it was evidently unfitted for. In case the proposed occupation was not in the schedule a line could be left for the parents to state it, with the comment of the medical officer.

The chief duties other than these two periodic inspections would be as follows: To keep observation on the sanitary state of the buildings and play-ground, at the periodic inspection to weed out those looking visibly amiss as the classes filed past, to examine those brought to his notice by the class teachers, and to specially inspect the special duty class. This class is greatly required in all schools; the idea is that of the light duty list in military service. These are men not

fit for full duty, but not bad enough for admission to hospital. The medical officer, having an understanding of what light duty is, puts certain men on work or duty that will keep them employed and will not hurt them. In like manner there are many children not candidates for the mentally deficient schools who cannot keep up to the average of their age, or are handicapped by hearing, eyesight, speech, or otherwise. Some would be permanently placed in the class from first entry, others only temporarily as need arose. Such children would need a teacher of wide and special sympathies, married women whose children were growing up, or widows with children, would be specially qualified.

The last consideration is the composition of the medical staff. The feeling of the branches of the British Medical Association has been that the medical officers should be debarred from private practice, having areas such as they could efficiently work. To the writer the Poor Law system seems to be the best: local medical men for schools in their own neighbourhood, and inspectors over them working under a central authority. Analogous to this is Public Heath inspection in the counties; local medical officers for unions and towns, with a county medical officer over them. There is much to be gained by having schools inspected by a medical man of the neighbourhood; much is to be gained by having them under the control of a medical officer responsible only to a central authority. The question is largely one of expense; it will be needful to go slowly at first until the general public understand that it is a premium of the highest efficiency in every way. An idea of expense can be gained by taking London, with its million of children of the school-age; this could hardly be divided up into less than ten areas of about 100,000 children each. In each of these divisions the schools would be under local practitioners in their neighbourhood. Let us take one of five hundred children as a model.

For such a school, if the Medical Officer only received £25 a year, the total falling on the rates of Greater London would be £50,000 a year. The question is what duties could you expect for that remuneration? There are about 42 school weeks; let there be a fortnightly inspection at one guinea each, the duties as referred to above. A school of the above number means about 120 children joining and leaving in one year, children already holding the first and the final certificates from other schools would bring them if transferred. On the medical officer inspecting there would therefore be an average of six detailed physical inspections, a walk through the buildings, a march past of the school, examination of the children then weeded out, or pointed out to him by the teachers, and an examination of the duties or work of the special duty class.

The divisional inspectors should be paid from central funds, starting at the same rate as the medical inspectors of the Local Government Board, that is, at £500 a year. This would mean £5,000 a year, plus office and travelling expenses, and pension charges in time to come. As for the duties: There are about 210 school days a year; if he examined personally each child joining and leaving, made easy by the previous examination of the local medical officer and his finding, there would be over 24,000 children a year to see for this purpose, or over 100 a day. These special examinations should be scattered over several schools in one day, that is, the 100 children should belong to several schools so that the visits should be several a year to each school. The same routine of examination as by the local medical officer would also be undertaken, the latter using him as a consultant for children he had marked specially for that purpose. Children would best be seen by the divisional medical officer where there was any dispute as to their fitness or otherwise on certificates given by their own medical men; this would be better than

making a local man the referee. Saturday mornings would be available for routine correspondence, and part of the school periodic holidays for reports and surprise visits of the buildings.

One duty of the local medical officers would be to refer cases to the dentists and to the other special medical officers, where the parents would or could not take the children to hospitals or private practitioners. The difference between the fees for the fortnightly visits and the amount given would go to cover the occasions on which his advice would be sought when infection broke out, and other advice as required.

When the general community is wiser than it is now it will see that every pound spent in health is more than repaid by the saving in the rates as regards pauperism, lunacy, infectious diseases, and hospital subscriptions. At this present moment the generality prefer drugs to right living, laws to justice, and punishment, present and future, to right growing, right living, and healthy holiness.

G. Rome Hall, M.D.

[Note.—The writer had included in the above article a good deal of useful information on the growth and development of the child, the evils of present conditions, and the proper steps to be taken to ensure healthy growth. We have been compelled, reluctantly, to leave out a considerable portion of this, owing to space, but shall probably print another article in a future number of the "Social-Democrat," when we shall include that now left out. —Ed. "Social-Democrat."]

## "SOCIALISM BY THE SWORD."

In the October number of the "Social-Democrat" there was an article with the strange title, "Socialism by the Sword." At first one would think that the writer, comrade J. H. Watts, had used this title for irony, but reading a little further, when he says, "There is one corner of the globe in which our comrades have no effective weapon of warfare other than the sword," one becomes convinced that he is sincere in his belief that the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, otherwise the "Droschakist" Party, is a bonâ fide Socialist organisation.

It is true that in some countries, like Russia or Turkey, the Socialists have to use the sword, as other weapons are denied to them; it is also probable that in countries where to-day the working class has other means with which to fight, the Socialists will have, some day, to take up the sword; but have the "Droschakists" used it for Socialism, especially on the occasions mentioned in the report of that party to the International Socialist Congress at Stuttgart? A superficial view very seldom leads the outsider to the real truth, and it is to be regretted that comrade Watts undertakes to show the growth of Socialism by giving facts that prove the contrary.

When the lecturer representing the Armenian Revolutionary Federation at Stuttgart was repeatedly

asked by the delegates, "How do you purpose attaining your object?" he answered, "By peaceful means if possible, by forcible if necessary." What is their object? "By the original programme," according to their report to the Congress, "to work for the emancipation of Turkish Armenia." This has been and is still the principal aim of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, all others have been and are only subservient to this. To attain this aim the Federation has used all means, whether these be revolutionary or reactionary, profitable or hurtful to the cause of Labour or Socialism; every means was justifiable if it could only move the pity of the European Powers and by the force of the unhappy 61st Article of the Berlin Treaty, in 1878, make them establish a free Armenian Government, like Greece or other Balkan States.

The attack upon the Ottoman Bank in 1896 by a handful of militants, and the so-called skirmish of Samatia by a few bomb-throwers, were so weak that those who planned them could not expect a victory over the Sultan and the European financiers; and the result was the massacre of thousands of Armenians before the eyes of the European ambassadors so that the torrent of their blood might move the warships of liberty-loving England and chivalrous France into the waters of the Bosphorus.

The fight at Khanassor was nothing but a night attack upon a tribe of Kurds to show the Armenians that the Federation was working for them day and night, and that they ought to pour their money only into its treasury, The result was that the boasted cavalry was put to flight and most of their arms and ammunition, so dearly bought by the sweat of the Armenian workingmen, was captured by the enraged Kurds to be used against the Armenian villagers.

The insurection of Sassoun is a living historical proof of the foresight and sagacity of the leaders of the party, who must have been either hopelessly blind or wilfully criminal to proclaim it on the housetops a year

before any move was made, so that the Turkish Government might be ready to devastate the Armenian villages at the first shot fired by a dozen insurgents, and that by this the party's fame may spread all over the world. To see the real expectations of those leaders, let us quote a passage from their report to the Congress: "Insurrection was stifled in a sea of blood. Two hundred thousand people were massacred, and Armenia was converted into a huge cemetery, while Europe gazed with indifference on the immense tragedy."

In 1905, by the initiation and financial support of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation three noted Armenians visited the European and American courts to court the tyrant's love for the Armenians and create a hatred against their vassal, the Sultan of Turkey. The European and American comrades may be surprised to hear that the very lecturer, who was trying to represent the Armenian Revolutionary Federation as a Socialist organisation at Stuttgart, had just been to the Hague Peace Conference, so-called, to beg the representatives of the Powers to bring the Armenian question to a solution, and really it is a mystery how the delegates could let him have a seat as a Socialist delegate, or the Jewish Zionists, against all the protestations of the Russian and Armenian Social-Democratic comrades.

For 17 years the Armenian Revolutionary Federation has embittered the Armenians against their neighbour Mussulmans and Mussulmans against the Armenians, but to-day it comes to the Stuttgart Congress to say that it formed alliances with all other revolutionary reformist parties in Turkey. It cannot be denied that it made an alliance with the Macedonian Revolutionary Party, both because the territory of the activity of the latter was so far that it could not interfere with the work of the Federation to establish an Armenian Government, and because it likewise sought the help of the European Powers, but this was not done as far as the "Young Turks" were concerned.

On the contrary, when the "Young Turk" Party called a conference of all the revolutionary organisations of Turkey in 1902 at Paris, the delegates of the Armenian Revolutionary Federation, with their brothers of the Huntchakist Party, disrupted the conference because they wanted to have Turkey reformed by the European Governments, while the "Young Turks" were opposed to such a tutelage. Yes. Armeno-Mussulman co-operation has now been realised, as the recent movements show, not through the Armenian Revolutionary Party, but in spite of it.

For seventeen years that party has done all it could to train its members to be indifferent towards every Labour movement, because class-conscious proletarians would have stopped serving the purposes of the Federation. "The Armenian worker is Armenian first and worker afterwards," replied the leaders, when the Social-Democratic Labour Party of Russia asked their co-operation in organising the Armenians into Labour unions. In America, year after year, their organs urged their members, as well as all the Armenian population, to vote the Republican Party to power, arguing that by doing so they would win the Republican President and Congressmen to use their influence to settle the Armenian question. Here was a country where our Daschnaktzagan friends could use the ballot for Socialism instead of the sword, but they have discouraged all the efforts of the Armenian and American comrades to organise the Armenian workers on class lines either in the industrial or political field.

"But why should this party claim to be Socialist," will some comrades ask, "why should it send delegates to the International Socialist Congress for the first time since it was organised seventeen years ago?" The following may shed a little light on this phase of the question.

So long as its proletarian members could be kept in ignorance and away from any Labour movement the party was only for the emancipation of Turkish

Armenia, but when part of them, awakened to their real interest, dropped the Party and joined the Social-Democrats in Transcaucasia and the majority were ready to follow, the leaders were alarmed. They had to find a way to stop the exodus, and nothing was easier than to follow the method of Bismarck, "We are Socialist, too." They went to work and organised "Daschnaktzagan" trade unions, so that they could keep them in their grip and use them again for the principal aim of the party. This was not sufficient; they had to be baptised formally as Socialists. Their programme did not even have Socialism in it. In their last convention, which took place in the beginning of this year, they resolved to send delegates after this to International Socialist Congresses to show both the comrades of other countries and the Armenian workingmen that they have been Socialists for ages, and did not know it. A new programme was devised to reconcile their original and principal aim and their new name.

But all this could not go on as smoothly as the leaders desired. In almost every locality members who have been taught that Socialism and the Socialist movement hampers the Armenian question, resented the decision of the convention. The unscrupulous leaders did not hesitate to stifle their protest by terrorising the principals among them in order to stop the secession. It suits just here to say "Socialism by the Sword." Yes, they want to convert their members into their brand of Socialism by the sword in Transcaucasia, while here in America they are telling them that "the party has newly adopted Socialism only for Transcaucasia. The Armenian Revolutionary Federation has never worked, and does not intend to work, against the interests of the Armenian bourgeoisie. The interest of the Armenian worker and the Armenian employer are the same until the Armenian Government is established, and then, and only then, the Federation is going to take up the fight of the workers

at large." Beautiful Socialist utterances, indeed, that would put any Conservative middle-class reformer to shame.

If the Armenian Revolutionary Federation comes out and confesses frankly that it has not been a Socialist organisation heretofore, but now it has changed its object and intends to work solely for the emancipation of the working class, no Socialist would hesitate to hail the amazing change. Instead of that, when it claims that its original object as well as tactics were Socialistic it is the duty of every Socialist, cognisant of the past facts and the present pursuits of the leaders of that party, to warn the European and American comrades, who, believing them to be Socialists, will unconsciously play into their hands as tools for fooling the Armenian working men and so keep them away from the real proletarian movement.

MARA.

Boston, Mass., November 27, 1907.

# THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF SOCIALISM.

Now that a straightforward, untrammelled Socialist has been returned to the House of Commons, it may be useful to consider where we are now, and what our next moves are to be. During the past 25 years the movement has grown from almost nothing to the point when those who profess Socialist principles are to be numbered by thousands, and their influence on current politics counts for even more than their numbers might lead one to expect. We have cleared the ground, and the Socialist Party has now got standing room, and is in a better position to attack the enemy than ever before. Each section of the Socialist Party, S.D.F., Fabians, and I.L.P., has contributed something to bring about this state of things, but there can be no doubt that the hardest, heaviest, and least appreciated part of the work has been left to the S.D.F. It requires a good deal of steadfastness of purpose to keep on with a line of policy which, however effective it may be in the long run, has, up to now, brought more kicks than halfpence to those who have pursued it. It is not very cheering to keep pegging away along the line of policy that the S.D.F. has marked out for itself, and then to see other organisations reaping the result of our work, and getting its men into Parliament by the

back door, and some of them watering down their principles in order to get there.

It is increasingly evident that the S.D.F. policy has been the right one. The permeation policy has been a self-evident failure and may now be considered very dead indeed, whilst the policy of getting Socialists into Parliament under the auspices of the L.R.C. has not been such a startling success as to warrant the S.D.F. in taking it up. However honest and well-intentioned a member of the L.R.C. Group may be, he has no mandate to preach Socialism in the House of Commons. He is there as a Labour member pure, and very simple indeed in some instances.

The vagueness of principle and indefiniteness of purpose of several members of the Labour Party in the House of Commons is being adversely commented on in the constituencies. In one constituency, of which the writer has personal knowledge, members of trade unions who worked and voted for the present Labour member have been heard to say that the said Labour member is no improvement on the Liberal whom he succeeded, and that the only difference between the two is that the present member has to be paid and the late member had not. The official trade union element will no doubt be well enough satisfied with the member in question, but there is growing dissatisfaction among the rank and file. This dissatisfaction is caused by the want of a strong policy on the part of the Labour Group in Parliament. Now, if this state of things obtains in the out-of-date country town where these lines are penned, the feeling of dissatisfaction will naturally be stronger in more advanced centres.

In addition to the dissatisfaction with the Labour Party, there is also to be considered the disillusionment of thousands of voters who have already noticed the difference between the promises and the performances of the Liberal Party. Supporters of the Government who really desire some progress to be made are

hoping against hope that the Liberals will yet do something to redeem themselves in the eyes of the electorate. Such a hope is futile, as we of the S.D.F. very well know. It is very evident that the ship of Liberalism has sprung a leak that will eventually cause it to founder, although with strict attention to the pumps it may survive another general election. Now the present position of things is something like this: There is dissatisfaction with the Labour Party in Parliament. There is greater dissatisfaction with the Liberals, and the Tory Party is torn by internal dissension, and its leader does not know his own mind. Now, what are the probable moves in the party game? It is quite likely that the Liberals will go on for eighteen months or two years longer, and will pass a strong Licensing Bill and a weak and ineffectual Old Age Pensions Bill through the Commons. The first in order to satisfy the Nonconformist Conscience, and the second in order to save their face when they go to the country. They will wind up with a Bill to amend the existing relations between the Lords and the Commons. No matter what the Lords may do with the Bills sent up to them, it is likely that if a General Election takes place within two years the Liberals will be returned to power with a reduced majority.

On the other hand, if a General Election is deferred, say for four or five years, the Tories would have time to rally and might easily secure a working majority. The Liberals then will probably appeal to the country within the next two years in the expectation of snatching a verdict and obtaining another lease of power. In the furtherance of the Socialist plan of campaign our comrade Grayson can make himself very useful indeed. On all questions that arise in the House of Commons, where the Socialist position can be stated with effect, it ought to be so stated, and Grayson is the man to do it. He is absolutely untrammelled by adherence to any non-Socialist organi-

sation, and if he keeps straight, as we expect he will, he should before long be the leader of—or should we say the pace-maker for—the Labour Party in the House. This is said without any disrespect to our comrade Thorne or any other genuine Socialist now in Parliament.

Outside Parliament, however, there is work to be done. We must bring our organisation to the highest pitch of perfection, so that when the General Election comes we can make the most of our opportunities. Those constituencies that are selected as points to attack should have unremitting attention paid to them. All branches should at once clear off any arrears for dues to headquarters, or accounts owing to the T.C.P. It may be necessary to flood the country with literature at very short notice, and this cannot be done if our publication department is crippled for want of funds. All comrades who can lecture should see to it that the best possible presentation of the case for Socialism is made, and those who cannot lecture ought at once to put themselves into some sort of work for the cause. No detail is so trivial that it can with safety be neglected. The last General Election was important, but the next will be a deal more so. Let every comrade try to do the work of two for the next two years and the result will surpass our highest expectations. Countless thousands of those who suffer wrong and are oppressed are looking to us for help. Let us not disappoint them.

J. H. C.

## THE HARP NOTE.

They tell the hoary legend still
  Of that glad night of old,
When the angel throng burst into song,
  And struck their harps of gold:
And the starry hosts on heaven's plains
  The flag of peace unfurled,
And the message ran: goodwill to man,
  O'er all the weary world.

The angels throng the skies no more—
  Their harps are silent now;
Still toiling man bends pale and wan,
  With the blood-sweat on his brow.
O well the angels struck the note
  Of our Christian age of gold—
Of soulless greed in its fight with need
  In the mart where men are sold.

Ay, now it is men that must strike the note,
  And, it may be, with harps of steel,
When they sound the lay of the dawning day
  Of the happy commonweal.
Then, comrades, fight, through the storm and the night,
  Till the reign of wrong shall cease,
For beyond the field, where the foe must yield,
  There lies the land of peace.

Shetland, December, 1907. HALDANE BURGESS.

## PROGRAMME OF "LE SOCIALISME," THE NEW SOCIALIST WEEKLY.

EDITED BY JULES GUESDE.

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The name of this newspaper is a programme, all our programme.

Here we shall write on Socialism, and nothing but Socialism.

That is to say, that we shall always bear in mind the essential conditions of the emancipation of the worker, we shall concentrate all the efforts of the ranks on the class war, and shall aim at:—

1. The capturing of political power.

2. The seizing of capitalist property to restore it to the national collectivity.

All that under one pretext or another tends to turn away the proletariat from that supreme end, or to weaken its action, will be assailed by us because it tends to prolong, consciously or unconsciously, the present social order or disorder—the parent of all slavery and all misery.

There is no room in this direct attack on the State and on capital—or more precisely on capital by the State—there is no room for any collaboration or co-operation of any kind with the class which holds both, and of which they must be dispossessed, both politically and economically. However democratic and republican they may be, there can be no bond of union between the middle-class who hold the Government, and we, who wish to overthrow them, there can be nothing in common but the battlefield and the struggle, no alliance, for between the two armies who are going to fight, any agreement must be the result of treachery.

There is no room either for the Anarchist illusion or policy, which disarms the working class and divides it by counselling an abstention from political action, as this only helps the new holders of capital, whose privileges will remain intact until political power has been taken from them.

A Socialist newspaper must be anti-Anarchist as well as anti-Ministerial, and can only be revolutionary.

We are, and must be, revolutionary, like all classes have been in their time, just as the middle class was in 1789, when standing

up for its interests against feudalism it had to employ force to bring about a new order.

That does not mean that before pulling down the inimical legality Socialists cannot and should not make use of it, and even reform it by adapting it as much as possible to their needs of propaganda, of education, and of recruiting.

On the contrary, we are, and must be, in favour of reforms, and for as many as we can compel the middle-class State to grant us.

But even on that question there can be no common action with the middle classes, not even with the most advanced, because they look at the question from a diametrically different point of view from us.

These reforms which they promise and for which they hope to obtain the agreement of the proletariat are only a means of lulling the workers to sleep and disarming them by partial gifts. They wish to maintain or re-establish social peace in order that the possessing classes may better enjoy their possessions.

We must not think so much of the petty reforms as of the new arms which are in the hands of the workers for the social war. This war successfully carried out can alone bring about a victory, and with an end of the class system enable us to attain the true social peace, the great and final human peace.

In the campaign of which I have spoken and which we shall carry on without hatred and without anger as being a duty, all the workers massed round the banner of Socialism will know that all the International is with them.

The International has always forbidden Anarchists to take part in its congresses, and at Amsterdam in 1904 warned the workers not to be led away by the propaganda in favour of the General Strike which the Anarchists advocate in order to forget the real and ceaseless struggle; that is to say, the taking part in political movements, in trade unions and in co-operation.

Again, at Amsterdam, the International, after having exhorted the workers to strive for political power against the middle class, refused to become a party to reform middle-class society instead of being a party which was trying to change a middle-class society into a Socialist one, and which is, therefore, revolutionary in the best sense of the word.

Finally, the International, a few months ago at Stuttgart, after having demanded the democratic organisation of the masses for the defence of the Fatherland, which workers have to conquer and to free, stated that for the complete emancipation of Labour, there was need of the joint action of the trade unions and the party.

Thus, being in agreement with the proletariat of the Old and the New World, and acting with them, we address ourselves to our French comrades and appeal to them to "Help us."

JULES GUESDE.

## PACIFISM.

Writing in the "Positivist Review," under the above heading, Professor Beesly says:—

The Peace Conference at the Hague, after sitting for four months, has broken up without accomplishing anything of importance in furtherance of its avowed object. From the first its title was too evidently a misnomer. It has been chiefly interested in discussing, not how war should be prevented, but how it should be carried on; as if war, not peace, was to be the normal state of the world.

No sensible person expected that anything would be done tending to the limitation of armaments. The futile proposal of England that naval Powers should annually communicate to one another their programme of construction and expenditure, with a view to reduction by mutual agreement, neither received nor deserved any attention. But some of us did hope that a permanent tribunal of abitration might be agreed to and the mode of its composition settled. . . . . A naval prize court was agreed to; and this was perhaps the greatest achievement of the Conference. But the "Times" urges Parliament not to ratify it.

The Great Powers are still as much at the service of the Shylocks of international finance as they were 28 years ago, when France and England forced their iniquitous Dual Control upon Egypt. The Conference would have done, at least, one good piece of work if it had adopted the Drago doctrine, which would prohibit the employment of fleets and armies to enforce the claims of foreign bondholders. The United States proposal, which was carried, is something radically different. It allows enforcement of such claims in pursuance of an arbitral award, or if arbitration has been declined by the debtor State. In practice this will mean that creditors of South American States are to submit their claims to President Roosevelt, who will use his "big stick" if he thinks proper.

The discussions on the laws of War were taken much more seriously. They related almost entirely to naval warfare. It has often been pointed out in the "Positivist Review" that, except in exceptional circumstances, all the Powers must be opposed to the maritime supremacy of any single Power, and that sooner or later they will combine to abate it. Exceptional circumstances exist now. All Europe, at the present moment, fears and distrusts Germany, and is glad to reckon the British navy among the forces that may be counted on to resist any attempt of William II. to bully his neighbours. Nevertheless, when it comes to making laws for the permanent regulation of naval wafare, all the Powers vote for the rules which are considered to be most disadvantageous to England. Supremacy and Peace are things which have no affinity.

As long as Governments represent plutocracy, it is not to them that we can look for any serious effort to substitute the reign of international law for that of brute force. If they are now taking reluctant and half-hearted steps in that direction, it is because the industrial masses who are becoming conscious of their strength and in every country have either acquired, or are in the course of acquiring, the means of exerting it, are also awaking to the conviction that they have no interest in national rivalries, and are beginning to insist, every day in increasing numbers and more loudly, that blood and treasure shall not be spent on them.

Whether the present year closes peacefully or not, future historians are likely to agree that it was chiefly remarkable for the rapid growth of a wide-spread and determined movement against war among the classes who had hitherto borne the burden of militarism in dumb acquiescence.

The special quality of this movement which distinguishes it from all previous ones, and which gives it a vigour and solidity which they did not possess, is its intimate connection with the arrival of the proletariat at class-consciousness, education and political power. The Socialists, who now play so large a part in European politics, have identified themselves with it and have forced it to the front. When Herr Bebel proclaimed that the Stuttgart Congress would effect vastly more for the cause of Peace than the Conference then sitting at the Hague, it was no empty vaunt. The speeches delivered and the resolutions adopted at Stuttgart rang through Europe. It is not too much to say that pure Socialism was, for that occasion, swallowed up by anti-militarism. I do not mean to suggest that the two ideas are not logically connected. Social-Democracy is avowedly international in theory, and aims at being international in discipline and action. It is therefore the negation of national rivalry and of the militarism following therefrom.

By the governing classes the new spirit is regarded with bewilderment and horror. "Pacifist," a word of honourable parentage and significance, if ever word was, a title which every good man should be proud to deserve, is in their mouths an opprobrious epithet, like "miscreant" or "blasphemer." What is to become of plutocratic Governments if labouring men refuse to fight in their quarrels? How is Shylock to get his concession in Morocco or exact his pound of flesh in Venezuela? How are Indian ryots to be squeezed or Egyptian coupons secured? Or, to put it more generally, how is capitalism to go on exploiting Labour, whether white or black, unless there are large standing armies of drilled proletaries to keep the other proletaries working at subsistence wages? It is these pestilent Frenchmen, as usual, who are setting the pace. In Germany there are over three million Socialists, but they give their Government no trouble.

From the discussion between the French and German delegates at Stuttgart over the wording of the pacifist resolution, very unwarrantable inferences have been drawn by the anti-Socialist press in France and England. The French delegates wished to declare that Socialists would not only refuse to join in aggressive war, but would resist it by "revolutionary action." The Germans would only pledge themselves to resist it by "the means which seem the most effective." As Bebel pointed out, nothing would be gained by specifying what those "means" are, and getting sent to prison, as Germans would be, for their plain speech. Whether either German or French Socialists will venture to resort to "the most effective means" remains to be seen when the contemplated case arises. The discussion did not turn on what was right to be done, but on the expediency of proclaiming it there and then.

The organs of militarism in both France and England—notably the "Times" and "Spectator" in this conntry—are studiously attempting to discredit M. Jaurès by representing him as sharing the opinions of M. Hervé. The writers cannot be ignorant that this is untrue. Their dislike of every form of anti-militarism does not entitle them to treat very different forms of it as identical. What English journalists say of him cannot matter to a statesman so distinguished and influential as M. Jaurès. But it is a pity that English readers should be misinformed.

M. Hervé declares that patriotism is a mischievous superstition The proletary should have no country and be loyal only to his class. It does not matter to him whether he is a Frenchman or a German. If the Germans invade France they should not be resisted. There should be a general strike of reservists, and the Socialists actually in the army should use their weapons to set up a Socialist Government. "The only justifiable war is civil war."

M. Jaurès, on the contrary, is a patriot in the best sense of the word. He holds that the division of Europe into separate countries is as justifiable and healthy as ever it was. He is opposed to all wars of aggression and adventure; but for the defence and independence of France he holds that every Frenchman should be ready to fight to the last gasp. He has constantly withstood M. Hervé, both in writing and to his face in public meetings, denouncing his peculiar doctrine as a "detestable paradox." But he is against all ostracisms, and, for the common ends of all Socialists, he will not reject the co-operation of M. Hervé or anyone else.

What then is to be thought of the "atrocious pronouncement," as the "Times" calls it, which M. Jaurès made at the great Socialist meeting in Paris on September 7?

"With the summons to obligatory arbitration formulated at Stuttgart all questions are simplified. It is no longer necessary to enquire into complicated facts, into the knaveries of diplomacy, into the intrigues and mystery of Governments in order to determine which Government is attacking and which is attacked. The aggressor, the enemy of civilisation, the enemy of the proletariat, will be the Government which refuses arbitration, and which, by refusing it, will compel resort to sanguinary conflicts. And then the International tells you that the right, the duty of the proletaries is not to waste their energy in the service of a criminal Government, but to keep the rifle with which the Governments of adventure will have armed the people, and to use it, not to cross the frontier and shoot down workmen and proletaries, but to overthrow the criminal Government by revolutionary action."

This is very different from the doctrine of M. Hervé. It will be happy for Europe if ever Governments shall have reason to fear that if they go to war without having offered to submit to arbitration they will be in danger of domestic insurrection. The conduct recommended to Socialists by M. Jaurès in the case which he supposes must, of course, depend upon their ability to carry it out. It would range, according to circumstances, from the minimum of passive resistance to the maximum of active opposition. Rebellion in prospect of war is no doubt a very serious step. But let it be remembered that the rebellion which overthrew the Second Empire was carried out when the enemy was already marching on Paris. It has always been cast in the teeth of the Republicans by their opponents, and their answer must always be that even if all the sufferings and losses of France were due to that rebellion they were not too dear a price to pay for the overthrow of their criminal Government.

No French Government is likely, either with or without an offer of arbitration, to attack Germany. But since the conclusion of the Anglo-Russian treaty there have been unpleasant signs of

reviving bellicosity in the French reactionary press. These fire-eaters do not, indeed, propose to begin the war of revenge. But they urge an invasion of Morocco, which might come to the same thing; and because M. Jaurès has been its watchful and determined opponent they load him with the same kind of abuse that we pro-Boers had to endure a few years ago.

I have never joined in the cry of Peace at any price. I hope we shall fly to the aid of France if she is attacked by Germany. But of all the many wars which England has waged in my time, I do not remember one which has been justifiable. I rejoice, therefore, that I have lived long enough to witness the rise of Pacifism, no longer merely an aspiration of scattered and powerless individuals, but the stern resolve of a class-conscious proletariat.

E. S. Beesly.

## ENGLAND'S REPRESSION OF INDIA.

Saint Nihal Sing of the Punjab, India, now in America, contributes an interesting article under the above title to the "World's Events Magazine" (Dayton, Ohio). We reproduce the greater portion of the article herewith:—

All India is aroused to the highest pitch of resentment by the recent action of England in decoying Lala Lajpat Rai, a prominent lawyer-leader of the Punjab, from his home in Lahore, spiriting him away in an automobile to the nearest depôt, railroading him in a special train through the entire length of northern Hindustan, smuggling him in a fast naval boat across the Bay of Bengal, and, without trial, confining him in a fortress in Rangoon, the capital of Burmah.

The Punjab occupies the north-western portion of Hindustan. It is well watered and fertile, and derives its name from the five rivers that take their rise in the Himalayas and pour their waters into the Indian Ocean, draining the Punjab lands. The province is the home of the warlike Sikhs who stoutly resisted the English intruders on the battlefield and were subjugated less than threescore years ago. To-day this province is the hotbed of revolt against Britain's rule.

In this part of Hindustan Lajpat Rai was born in penury. Through dint of energy and perseverance he educated and established himself as an attorney-at-law. He was admitted to practice before the highest court of judicature in the province, and through hard and conscientious work he gained renown as a religious and social reformer and educationalist.

Lala Lajpat Rai entertained the ideal of free institutions and liberty, and led the Punjabees in their political fights to force the alien Government to place the East Indians in control and administration of their own finances and affairs. The personnel of the British Government, both in India and England, absolutely refused to assign any cogent reason for this procedure. From the replies

elicited from the Secretary of State for India in the English House of Commons, it is apparent that Mr. Rai has been made a victim of panic-obsessed officials, who fear that an India-wide armed rebellion is imminent and who are bent upon its suppression with British bayonets.

Even if England is justified in deporting Lala Lajpat Rai, without public trial before her own courts and under laws framed by her own people, it cannot but be regarded as a disgraceful commentary on the British rule in Hindustan, considering the fact that the "regulation" under which Mr. Rai has been deported is a century old and was enacted to meet the exigencies of turbulent times when the English supremacy over India was far from an accomplished fact. Furthermore, if it be granted that the necessity still exists for the employment of a measure framed in a period of brigandage and turmoil, the British boast of having insured internal peace and order in the Indian Empire is empty and impudent. . . . .

In company with this illegal detention of Lajpat Rai, scores of East Indian journalists, publicists, and leaders of native public opinion are being clapped into gaol. The alien rulers are incriminating them of treason, submitting them to farcical trials, subjecting them to contemptuous treatment in law courts, and then letting them rot in penitentiaries in association with criminals and thieves. In many parts of Hindustan the liberty of press and speech has entirely been taken away, and in other provinces curtailed to an extent that causes the natives of the land to feel afraid for their lives and property when discussing the actions of the foreign rulers. It is getting to be quite a common occurrence for the Government to seize the presses and printing plants of native newspaper publishers and arrest the editors for daring to question the "superior wisdom" of officials of European descent and parentage.

Vivekananda is regarded in the United States as the greatest East Indian who ever visited this country. At the World's Fair he made a great impression upon his auditors. To-day Vivekananda's younger brother is keeping the company of burglars and cutthroats in a Calcutta gaol, and, like them, grinding corn with a handmill or making twine with his "soft, tender hands," in consequence of having preached to his people to cultivate within themselves the spirit of self-help, self-defence, and self-reliance.

These incarcerations expose a policy of repression adopted by the British Government that out-Russians the despotisms of the most fiendish Russian reactionaries, and reveal an era of grave unrest, of maddening insecurity, and of the most unheard-of crimes committed by a victorious nation in order to perpetuate the enslavement of a vanquished people. For a number of years this reign of terrorism has been casting gruesome shadows heralding the return of dark ages and filling the native minds with grave apprehensions regarding the future of India. The crowning-piece of this order of

gloom and depression, of political crime and unequal justice, of repression and reaction, is the deportation of Lajpat Rai. . . . .

By the goad of all these sufferings, India has at last become aroused. She is awakening from her long sleep to the fact that the Englishmen are in India, not for the good of East Indians, but, primarily, for their own selfish purposes. English supremacy of a peninsula comprising one million, five hundred thousand square miles and the subjection of two hundred and thirty-one millions of people, vitally touches Great Britain in the region of her pocket-book. India, in spite of being the poorest country in the world, is forced by her English administrators to pay a heavy tribute of over two hundred million dollars a year in the shape of pay and pensions, and, in addition, is obliged to buy the products manufactured in England to the extent of several hundred million dollars a year.

So long as the exploitation of Hindustan by the Englishmen continues, the present average income of an East Indian per year, which, according to the calculations of British statisticians, is nine dollars, is bound to remain. So long as humanity is what it is, English interests are sure to clash with those of the Hindoo. England's administration of Hindustan during the last century and a half has been instrumental in reducing at least a hundred millions of people to the stage of utter bankruptcy, of permanent poverty. England's interest to promote her industries has ruined the arts and manufactures of Hindustan. England's ambition to have a large empire and to keep her subject races in serfdom, has flayed the manhood of the nation. England's greed for money and miles has proved the ruination of an ancient people, remarkably clever and possessing a world-renowned civilisation, art, philosophy, and religion, who, if they had been left to themselves, unfettered and unhampered by foreign exploiters, might, like Japan, have worked out their own destiny and forced their way to an advantageous position in the scale of nations. Such an awakening essentially has produced grave dissatisfaction with the English rule in India.

Until lately this spirit had been confined to the educated classes, but with the advance of years the educated community is growing in number and extent and thus the leaven of discontent naturally is working through a larger mass. From 1896 to May, 1907, according to official statistics, five million, four hundred and two thousand, two hundred and forty-five East Indians have fallen a prey to plague. From 1891 to 1901, according to English estimates, nineteen million Hindoos have died of starvation during famine times. The deaths of twenty-five million people in less that two decades through *abnormal* causes have stirred up even the "Nation of Nirvana," the erstwhile tranquil Hindoos.

Famines have come to stay in India. They no longer are rare visitations sent by a wrathful providence to chastise the erring people. Furthermore, people die in India during famines, not

because there is no food in the country, but they are so impoverished that they are without the means to buy the bare necessaries of life. Corn and meats are raised in abundance and shipped to England. The farmer, artizan, petty shopkeeper, and poverty stricken clerk cannot afford even two meals of the simplest kind in a day. Their fare usually consists of corn or wheat bread eaten with a pinch of salt, or some cheap vegetable fried in a very meagre quantity of oil or inferior butter, or more often simply stewed in order to save the fat.

These millions who live everlastingly in terror of starvation cannot but contrast their wretched existence with the life of opulence and luxury led by an average Englishman in India. He resides in the "big house" away from the shanties of the natives; he poses as their "lord and master"; he ever has a squad of servants to dance attendance on his whims and fancies. The linen on his table always is immaculate, the viands sumptuous and alluring. His clothes are a hundred times superior to those of the natives. While the East Indian men and women go almost naked, the Hindoos cannot fail to wonder why English women, for instance, use four or five skirts simultaneously. Then the Englishman has his carriage and pony; a groom to take care of them. In sweltering summer the Britisher sleeps under a huge fan pulled all night long by a native of the land, whose compensation approximates from a dollar and a half to two dollars a month. The pay of the English superintendent of police, or of a British commander of a regiment of soldiers, is eighty or ninety times (probably more) that of a native policeman or soldier. There is no social intercourse whatever between the Englishman in India and the native East Indian. No wonder, then, that Englishmen in India are unpopular.

That not one Englishman has died of starvation when millions of natives perish of hunger during times of stress and scarcity; that not one Englishman falls a prey to the plague when natives succumb to it by the hundred thousand, is causing great wonderment to the ignorant masses and proving a great eye-opener.

This, at the bottom rung of the ladder.

At the top notch the Viceroy lives in a pomp and grandeur that pales into significance the splendour and gorgeousness of the most pompous Eastern potentate. Fêtes and balls, pageants and shows constitute the chief business of the Viceroy and high officials of India, and their leisure appears to be grudgingly given to signing orders for the repression of the native spirit of liberty and independence and of material welfare. There is a heartlessness displayed in the indulgence of luxuries by Englishmen at the helm of Indian affairs and a brutality in their wasting Indian money on silly and selfish pleasures that are embittering the native minds against the continuance of British rule in India.

In 1897 the most widely extended famine up to that time devastated Hindustan. Two million, five hundred thousand

people perished. The famine extended to 1898; prices ruled high in 1899. In 1900 another famine distressed India, spreading over a larger area than the one in 1897. The ill-effects of this continued to 1903. Thousands of Indians still were in the relief camps when, in January of that year, the then viceroy organised the Delhi Durbar, a political pageant the like of which never before was witnessed in the annals of the world, not even of the Oriental world. Millions of dollars the starvation-dying masses of Hindustan were obliged by their foreign "well-wishers" to pay to perform the ceremony of installing a foreign potentate as the Emperor of India. Is it a wonder British rule in India is unpopular? Is it a wonder that the enlightened natives of Hindustan are exhorting the masses to cease coddling the foreign usurper and make self-knowledge, self-dependence, and self-help the ruling trinity of their lives? In order to suppress this unpopularity, Britishers in India are employing autocratic and unconstitutional measures, but the spirit of revolt, instead of being crushed out, steadily gains in intensity.

Lajpat Rai has been deported, but the "Punjabee," which, in a measure, represents the deported lawyer's views, says:

"We are to-day in the firing line and the next moment we might drop down; but our reserves at our back are ready to step into our places the instant they are empty."

In order to bring home to England the fact that the people of India resent being bullied and harassed by reactionary and despotic officials, East Indians have decided to deal Britain a blow in her tenderest spot. The English are essentially a nation of shopkeepers. East Indians, by organising a boycott of British goods, by refusing to buy or use articles of English manufacture, expect to convince the Britisher that, like Americans, the Hindoo's slogan is, "No taxation without representation."

Bostonians emptied chests containing English tea and coffee into the bay. They drank concoctions made from herbs, roots of trees, and berries; made it unpleasant for people who persisted in indulging in the despised English goods. Bengalese to-day are burning English books and making bonfires in market-places of clothes manufactured in England. They are taking religious vows to abstain from buying or using articles of English make and despising their own countrymen who would pander to the foreigner by trading in articles of English make.

The boycott of English goods already is telling in England. The policy of commercial retaliation is proving a goad to England that nothing else has equalled. It is unfortunate that Asiatic nations have to seek recourse in boycotts. But a short time ago China boycotted American goods; to-day Japan is cogitating the advisability of instituting a boycott of American products. Sad as boycotting is, it is the only weapon that Orientals can employ to defeat the materialistic Occidental.

The British Government has strictly interdicted the use of firearms and ammunition by the natives of India. Attempts are even being made to penalise the carrying of walking-sticks and bludgeons. But the Asiatic astuteness is certain to master the situation. By boycotting British goods, East Indians are not only demonstrating to England that they are in dead earnest in their determination to secure liberal institutions for Hindustan, but in addition to it, the rigorous pursuance of boycott is infusing into the veins of tranquil Hindoos an aggressive manhood. It also is proving the means of reviving East Indian industries, which, in the interests of industrial England, were being crushed to extinction by the British legislators and tariff commissioners. Already mills and factories managed, financed, and engineered by the natives of the land are being established. By boycotting the East Indian young men who seek office with the alien Government, the people of Hindustan intend to give a new impetus to their nationalism. Hindoo young men are being sent by the score to Japan, the United States, Germany, and France, to learn to manufacture and market wares of all kinds. High-caste Hindoos are throwing aside their prejudices and working with their hands in order to acquire the capability of managing their industrial and commercial enterprises.

The sequel of "India for the East Indians" propaganda is impossible to predict. There is the Amerian parallel, which makes one feel that it is bound to end in snapping India from the British empire. A later parallel, that of Canada, however, inspires the hope that England may yet come to her senses and grant autonomy to India without *much* bloodshed.

## ARE RICHES THE WAGES OF EFFICIENCY?

J. A. H., in "The Nation" for November 9, says in reference to the above question:—

If a heavy burden of taxation is put upon the possessing classes, while large, profitable fields of industry are closed to private enterprise and others are shorn of their lucrative character by the restrictions and exactions of the State or the trade unions, will not the springs of industrial progress dry up?

For the history of industry appears to sustain the view that the great increase of wealth is due to the brains of the few rather than to the hands of the many. The ordinary working man works no harder and no better to-day than he did a century ago: as an individual he is no more productive and cannot claim as his right any considerable share of the enormous increment of modern wealth. That increment is due almost entirely to improved methods of industry, attributable to the initiative, inventiveness, judgment, mental and moral energy, industry, responsibility, and organising power of a small number of men—employers, capitalists, and men of science. The entire human work of industry may be placed in two categories: first, the creative energy of mind given out by these masters in devising and applying new mechanical or other scientific methods, discovering, educating, and satisfying new human wants, ordering the natural and human factors of industry so as to secure the gains of co-operative division of labour; second, the "imitative" or merely repetitive action of "base mechanics" or other labourers whose continued energy is needed to enable the creative work to fructify. The increment of wealth due to the creative energy of the few, belongs, by right, to them: they may "concede"—as, ideed, they have—some portion to improve the material position of the workers; but any attempt to extort from them a larger share of the fruits of their superior intelligence and energy will stiffe the incentives to further progress and "kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

This main defence of the present economic order, popularised here by Mr. W. H. Mallock, contains great superficial strength, and Socialists have acted foolishly in not according it the serious discussion it deserves. Everyone knows cases where a single act of skilled judgment, not merely in the region of mechanical invention, but in finance or business method, the selection of new "lines" of goods, development of new markets, etc., has multiplied manifold the actual value of a business, adding by what appears a brief act of calculation or contrivance a product greater than is represented by the year's labour of a thousand ordinary workers.

This case for the superior and exclusive productivity of the few is, however, often stated too arrogantly, and some important qualifications are required.

1. The antithesis between creative and mechanical, or imitative, is made too absolute. Not one of the productive qualities claimed for the "captain of industry" is really confined to him; even in the most rigorously mechanised business a troop of managers, foremen, buyers, and other skilled persons give out considerable powers of initiative, judgment, and responsibility, while a closer inspection detects no single sub-divided function of "routine" labour from which all elements of such human rational character have been eliminated. Labour from which such qualities have really disappeared is done by machinery. The difference, therefore, between employer and employed, as regards "creative" energy, is of degree and not of kind; throughout the entire business organism many minds are continually giving out the same "sorts" of mental productivity as the "heroic" view of industry claims for the exclusive function of the master-mind.

2. Then the history of all inventions shows two things—first, that the "successful" invention is only the final term of a long series of inventions, the contribution of the final inventor being usually of far less intrinsic importance than some of the earlier steps. Such inventor cannot rightly claim as "his" more than a fraction of the increased productivity which accrues. Secondly, the person who reaps the gain of an invention is seldom the inventor; most commonly he is the business man with an "eye" for profitable inventions. This, in itself a skilled and serviceable faculty, doubtless deserves encouragement; but the whole gain of the invention is no reasonable measure of such encouragement.

This qualification is equally applicable to other sorts of industrial improvements. Innumerable persons contribute to the experimental stages; the few who put such experiments upon a "paying" basis cannot rightly claim the whole of the gain for themselves. That the present industrial order enables them to take it is a manifest injustice and a "waste."

3. A great, though immeasurable, proportion of the brains of the master-class is not productive of an increased aggregate of

wealth, but operates only to secure by superior competition a larger share of business and of profit for a particular firm. If it be admitted that such successful competition normally involves some superior power of production as its basis (an assumption often notoriously false), there is no relation whatever between the amount of that superiority and the gain which accrues thereto.

4. Regarded as a defence for the current distribution of wealth, this "heroic" view of industry is also signally defective in so much as many recipients of great wealth notoriously perform none of these "creative" functions, while many poor or ill-paid persons do perform them.

But when all these qualifications or misapplications of the theory are admitted, it may still be contended that the substance of this theory remains as a solid defence for the retention of the present high remuneration of the capitalist and directing classes.

In dealing with this claim, the Socialist, especially the working-class Socialist, often commits the grave intellectual and tactical mistake of denying the full importance of these individual acts of mind as prime causative factors in the production of wealth. Rightly contending that the "value" given to these acts is socially "determined" on the productive side by the entire co-operation of all the active members of the industrial community under the protection and active assistance of the State, on the consumptive side by the existence of a growing progressive community with new needs and new desires, they endeavour, by this emphasis upon the part played by society, to disparage the importance of the individual will and the individual incentive in industry.

The real reply to Mr. Mallock is surely this: "We fully acknowledge the important part played by individual initiative and enterprise in industry; our object is to economise the incentives of such action by a better apportionment and public use of wealth, so as to evoke the maximum of this individual productivity from the largest number of individuals." Agreed that an adequate incentive of personal gain must be secured to all inventors, organisers, and directors of industry, the real issue relates to the economical application of such incentives.

If a Rothschild can show: first, that the work of financial direction he does is socially useful; secondly, that its utility is one hundred times as great as that of a clerk in his office or an engine-driver, and, thirdly, that if he is not paid this price neither he nor any other will do this work, then he should, in any well-ordered "Socialistic" State, be paid this price. But to assume that this work is socially useful, that it is worth as much as that of ten thousand clerks or engine-drivers, and that he will not take less, fon the sole ground that he is able now to get this large income, is tatuous reasoning. What social reformers have to do is to show that in the present industrial order competition does not so act as to apportion incomes even roughly in accordance with the social

utility of the services rendered; secondly, to attain some sort of reasonable measure of the pecuniary incentives requisite to support the higher sorts of individual effort; thirdly, to procure such reforms of industrial structure as shall apply economically these right incentives.

I am well aware that incentives may change, and that, with the development of a better social and industrial order a large amount of the sort of high mental energy now paid so exorbitantly may be got cheaply, or even gratuitously. But it is a grave error for present-day reformers either to disparage individual initiative and skill or to ignore the necessity of applying whatever differential rates of income may be required to maintain these qualities. Because the defenders of a plutocracy have exaggerated the social value of direction and organisation and made preposterous demands for payment, that is no justification for undue depreciation of these qualities. The equalisation of educational and other opportunities will go far to reduce these rents of individual ability; but so long as they exist they must be duly recognised in any system of taxation or other policy of equalising wealth.

The great waste of the present system is that it contains no adequate machinery for adjusting individual payment to individual services. Monopoly or defective competition enables many efficients to get far more than their efficiency is worth to society, and many inefficients to get high wages for a hypothetical efficiency which they do not possess. Such plethora of payment, whether it takes formal shape as rent, excessive interest, profit, or salary, acts as the reverse of an economic incentive: it drugs the intelligence, saps the personal energy of the recipient, and damages the quality of any work he does.

Social reform, whether applied through politics or not, consists in a thoughtful endeavour to discover and apply the minimum incentive for maximum personal efficiency. In so far as this is consistent with an equalisation of incomes, it is a double levelling process, levelling up and down; but when the nature of any personal effort involves a higher scale of payment, adequate provision for such discrimination must be made. But the assumption that present methods or amounts of discrimination are either just, necessary, or consistent with true social efficiency will be found unwarranted on any calm analysis of the existing methods of distribution of wealth.

# THE REVIEWS.

## AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

Under the lengthy title "If we had an Eight-Hour Day there would be fewer Accidents and less Disease," Mr. R. Shuddick has the following to say in the current "World's Work":—

Dr. Imbert, of Paris, has recently compiled some figures relating to 5,500 casualities in France, Germany, and Belgium, which prove beyond doubt that the chances of mishap increase with each working hour of the day. From 6 to 7 a.m., the first hour of the constitutional working day, accidents are virtually nil. From 7 to 8 they are represented by 5 per cent., while at noon they have increased to 21 per cent. After the midday rest, from 12 to 1, the workers return refreshed, and for an hour or so accidents are few, but as the afternoon wears on they again increase, and reach the maximum of 26 per cent. during the last working hour from 5 to 6 p.m. When it comes to overtime, accidents are very numerous in proportion to the number of hands occupied.

The correct interpretation of these figures is simplicity itself. Accidents increase with the number of hours worked; that is, as the worker becomes fatigued he is all the more liable to serious injury. Towards the end of the day he is less alert, less able to watch and control his tools or machine. It goes without saying that the worker always contributes to the accident. The machine is in its normal condition, but its human attendant is run down, suffering from lassitude. This causes momentary carelessness, and in an instant he has lost an arm or leg and is crippled for life.

### The Effect of Monotony.

The evils of overwork are not confined to mutilation of the body. Although a worker may just manage to concentrate himself so as to escape serious physical accident, over-fatigue seriously injures his health and constitution. Minute subdivision of labour

and scientific organisation of factory and workshop have abolished handicraft. In the old days a man made a piece of furniture, or a suit of clothes, or a pair of boots, and put into them all his own individuality. He saw the thing grow under his eyes; and took a pride in transforming the raw material into the finished article ready for use. Modern conditions and machinery have changed all that. No one makes anything completely now-a-days. The individual performs only an infinitesimal amount of work on each article, and little skill is required. The tailor who formerly made a whole garment now only sews on a button, another puts in the linings, and the garment passes through many hands before it is finished. The same thing applies to boots and to other articles of wearing apparel or domestic use. We have divided and sub-divided labour and introduced mechanical appliances to the utter abolition of the skilled worker, whose craft was to him something of a religion as well as a means of livelihood.

The work of the toiler of to-day is dreadfully monotonous, and is made up of the same never-ending series of movements. His part in the transformation of the material is so trifling that he sees no change take place while it is under his control. He is only a detachable part of the machine which he oils and feeds, and the machine is far more perfect than himself for the purpose of the task required of it. It never gets tired, whereas the muscles of the human machine become wearied and poison vitiates the entire system and prepares the way for sickness and disease. This is why the tired man falls an easy prey to disease or to the steady ceaseless motion of the machine, ready to tear limb from limb should he relax his attention for a second.

The statistics quoted above have been based upon a ten-hour working day, six days a week. They show that 26 per cent. of the accidents happened in the last working hour of the day. It follows therefore, that if the working day were reduced to nine hours the labour accidents would decrease by 26 per cent., and if the day were further reduced to eight hours the accidents would decrease by fully one-third. The Workmen's Compensation Acts are equally far-reaching in France and Germany, in many cases more so than in our own country, and the figures quoted show that a reduction of hours would bring with it a great decrease in the claims under the different compensation laws. These figures are surely worth the earnest consideration of all employers of labour.

It is not only in the matter of actual and direct accidents that fatigue is responsible. It uses up the lives of our working population at an enormous rate. A reduction of the day's toil by a single hour would add about 20 per cent. to the working life of the toiler, or, in other words, it would increase the capital of the country to that amount. It would also make for the efficiency of the work done. The hours in the Lancashire cotton mills are the shortest in such establishments in any part of the world. They

average 54 a week, as compared with 60 in the North of France, 66 in France, and 70 to 80 in the East.

Does not this account for the fact that the output for each worker in the Lancashire mills is much greater than in countries where the hours are longer?

### Over-Exertion and Disease.

All health statistics go to show that fatigue causes sickness and shortens life amongst railway workers: 42 per cent. of those who fall ill are engine-drivers and stokers, while the superior grades, from station-masters upwards, only furnish 26 per cent. of those on sick leave. This enormous difference is brought about by the fatiguing nature of the work of drivers and stokers. Out of every 1,000 printers there are 180 who fall ill each year. Among the same number of sawyers and iron-moulders, there are 427 cases of sickness every twelve months. Doctors say that this is because the last two trades use up the muscular force at such a rapid rate that the workers have no power of resistance against disease. When we take the bills of mortality, we find the same marked difference between the manual labourer and the higher grades of society. In Western Europe the average age of the head of a manufacturing concern is fifty years. In trading and financial establishments it is five years lower. The average age of the farmer is about the same, that is, 45 years. But the average age of the subordinate workers is only 34.

It seems quite clear that the long hours of labour predispose the workers to sickness and premature death, and that a universal eight-hours day would undoubtedly bring about a reduction in the number of accidents and cases of disease, and help to establish a higher standard of health.

## THE SIGNIFICANCE OF MR. HEARST.

Mr. Sydney Brooks discusses the above in the current "Fortnightly Review." He says:—

Mr. Hearst's father was one of the hardest-headed and most fortunate of the Californian pioneers. Silver mines, copper mines, newspapers, railways, ranches, and finally, a seat in the United States Senate, he amassed them all. Exploitation was his business, and politics his hobby, and with a fortune of four millions sterling it was a hobby he could afford to prosecute on a big scale. Of all his properties the San Francisco "Examiner" was the one that probably interested him the least. He had acquired it as part of the necessary equipment of a millionaire with many interests to protect and political ambitions to forward. It did not pay; it was not meant to pay; but it served its purpose as a mouthpiece for the

local "magnate," and it was part of the bargain that carried its proprietor to the Senate. With that its mission in life was well-nigh over. In another few months Mr. Hearst would probably have unloaded it with the utmost efficiency upon the next millionaire in whose bonnet the political bee was buzzing. It was just at that moment that his son was expelled from Harvard for some mildly mischievous escapade, returned to San Francisco, utterly refused, on the ground that they did not interest him, to be harnessed to the paternal mines and ranches, and asked instead for the gift of the "Examiner." It was handed over to him. The Senator was well pleased to find his amiable, indolent son develop a definite purpose, even though it lay in the incomprehensible direction of journalism; he had the curiosity of a great industrial gambler to see what he would make of so curious an enterprise; and he no doubt took it for granted that after playing for a few years with his new toy, the young man would settle down to the business of learning how to preserve, administer, and enlarge the fortune he was to inherit. But the son had other views. Journalism to him was not a paragon but a career. He had sat at the feet of Pulitzer and had studied the methods by which that consummate master of phosphorescent effect had raised the New York "World" to the unquestioned primacy of the sewer. He determined to be the Pulitzer of the Pacific coast, and to conduct the "Examiner" with the keyhole for a point of view, sensationalism for a policy, crime, scandal, and personalities for a speciality, all vested interests for a punching bag, cartoons, illustrations, and comic supplements for embellishments, and circulation for an object. He entirely succeeded. His father bore the initial expenses, and in return had the gratification of finding the "Examiner" turned loose among the businesses, characters, and private lives of his friends and associates. Hardly a prominent family escaped; the corporations were flayed, the plutocracy mercilessly ridiculed, and the social life of San Francisco, and especially of its wealthier citizens, was flooded with all the publicity that huge and flaming headlines and cohorts of reportorial eavesdroppers could give it. San Francisco was horrified, but it bought the "Examiner"; Senator Hearst remonstrated with his son, and to the last never quite reconciled himself to the "new journalism," but he did not withhold supplies, and in a very few years the enterprise was beyond need of his assistance and earning handsome profits. He marked, however, his sense of insecurity in his son's proceedings by leaving his fortune entirely in the hands of Mrs. Hearst, a lady whose unhappy fate it has been to furnish the son to whom she is devoted with the means of propagating a peculiarly disagreeable type of journalism.

It was eleven years ago, when he had just turned 33, that Mr. Hearst made up his mind to duplicate in New York the success he had met with in San Francisco. He bought up a disreputable

sheet called the "Journal," and proceeded to turn it into a rival that would meet and beat the "World" on the latter's own ground. He justly argued that to do this, he had, first of all, to make the "Journal" more notorious than the "World," and it speaks well for his self-confidence that he did not at once dismiss such an ideal as absolutely unattainable. There is no need to go into the details of the resounding journalistic conflict that followed. Mr. Hearst began by winning over to his side most of the men whom Pulitzer had trained; Pulitzer bought them back again at an increased figure; Hearst finally annexed them with the bait of long contracts and more than ambassadorial salaries. He ransacked the magazines and the weekly papers for the best writers and the best artists; he produced a paper with as much wood-pulp in it and as liberally bespattered with ink of every hue as the "World," and he sold it for half the price. The fight was long, bitter and ignoble, but the victory in the end went to the younger man. He outbid the "World" at every point; he made it by contrast seem almost respectable. His headlines were longer by whole inches, his sensations more breathlessly acrobatic; if Pulitzer turned on a dozen reporters to unravel a murder mystery, Hearst detailed twenty. There was, and is, an enormous amount of real talent and ingenuity in every issue of the "Journal," but it was guided in those early days by no principle beyond that of securing a circulation at any cost. Other objects have influenced its policy and its ambitions since then, but its first business was to make itself known and talked of. It succeeded; the dishonour of selling the most papers in and around New York ceased to be Mr. Pulitzer's; and the veteran practically retired from the contest when he disclaimed for the "World" the epithet of "yellow," which his rival boldly and openly gloried in. . . . .

Within the last few years the "Journal" has multiplied itself in many cities and under many aliases. Mr. Hearst now owns a continental chain of eight papers published in the leading cities of America, and many weekly and monthly periodicals as well. Through them he daily addresses an audience of probably not less than four million people. All his publications are of the same saffron colouring; all belong emphatically to "the journalism that acts." One cannot stay for long in any part of the United States without being confronted by the tokens of their activities. Whether it be rescuing a Cuban maiden from the clutches of a General Weyler, or despatching relief trains to the scene of some great disaster, or distributing free ice in summer and free soup in winter, or taking out an injunction against a trust, or setting forth with full illustrations a hundred different ways of killing a man, or fomenting a war, Mr. Hearst's papers are always "doing things." And some of the things are worth doing. That is a fact which the stupidity of Mr. Hearst's enemies—and no man has ever been served so well by his foes—have yet to recognise. There is nothing to be said

against his journals which in my judgment they do not deserve. But there is something to be said for them which has to be said if the nature of their appeal and of Mr. Hearst's power is to be understood. While most of the American papers in the big cities are believed to be under the influence of "the money power," Mr. Hearst's have never failed to flay the rich perverter of public funds and properties and the rich gambler in fraudulent consolidations. They daily explain to the masses how they are being robbed by the trusts and the concession-hunters, juggled with by the politicians, and betrayed by their elected officers. They unearth the iniquities of a great corporation with the same microscopic diligence that they squander on following up the clues in a murder mystery or collecting or inventing the details of a society scandal. Their motives may be dubious and their methods wholly brazen, but it is undeniable that the public has benefited by many of their achievements. When Mr. Hearst was running thirteen months ago for the Governorship of New York State no journal opposed him more strongly than "Collier's Weekly." But that admirable periodical, which combines alertness with sanity, a perfect balance with perfect fearlessness, doubled the effectiveness of its opposition by admitting to the full Mr. Hearst's services to the community. "It is due to Mr. Hearst more than any other man," it said, "that the Central and Union Pacific Railroads paid the £24,000,000 they owed the Government. Mr. Hearst secured a model children's hospital for San Francisco, and he built the Greek Theatre of the University of California—one of the most successful classic reproductions in America. Eight years ago, and again this year, his energetic campaigns did a large part of the work of keeping the ice trust within bounds in New York. His industrious Law Department put some fetters on the coal trust. He did much of the work in defeating the Ramapo plot, by which New York would have been saddled with a charge of £40,000,000 for water. To the industry and pertinacity of his lawyers New Yorkers owe their ability to get gas for 80 cents a thousand feet, as the law directs, instead of a dollar. In maintaining a legal department which plunges into the limelight with injunctions and mandamuses when corporations are caught trying to sneak under or around law, he has rendered a service which has been worth millions of dollars to the public." These are achievements the credit for which no fair-minded opponent can refuse to Mr. Hearst, nor do they make a meagre list. But Mr. Hearst's own valuation of his public services is pitched in a much higher key. He has not, few American politicians can afford to have, any mock modesty. Not a Bill that he has supported passes, not a movement that he has once advocated succeeds, but Mr. Hearst claims the credit for it. In enormous headlines and with every artifice of capitals, italics and cartoons, his papers daily proclaim, and his four million readers hear and believe, that Hearst has forced a

popular measure through a reluctant Congress, or exposed another financial "magnate," or procured an official inquiry into the workings of some detested trust, or rescued San Francisco from starvation.

## THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN CONVENTION.

Professor A. Vambéry has the following to say in the December "Nineteenth Century and After":—

As one whose name has been connected for more than fifty years with the Anglo-Russian rivalry question in the East, I must not wonder at all that, since the publication of the Anglo-Russian Agreement, I have often been asked about my opinion concerning this convention. Well, I cannot help saying that I am not at all delighted by it, that the stipulations do more harm than good to British interests, and that, in the form it came out, it would have been much better not to have come out at all. Favourably disposed critics say we must not look at the details, but rather at the summary effect, culminating in the decision of Russia to put an end to her enmity against England, and that consequently henceforward the whale and the elephant will walk in brotherly love and affection over Asia. This mode of argument is, however, not compatible with the signification of the separate articles of the convention, for they are far from being corner-stones to the safety of the whole building. Let us begin with Persia. . . . . British trade was dominant in the bazaars of the North *and* the South, whereas Russian merchants moved stealthily under the protection of the Kawkazi-Mekur Association along the road from Ghez to Meshed. Now it requires a good deal of equanimity to view with indifference the recent partition of spheres of influence in the said country, where the greatest, the richest, the most fertile, and the commercially as well as industrially most important portion has been allotted to the formerly despised Russia; whilst England, the formerly supreme Power, must be content with the South-Eastern corner, consisting of an arid, barren, and sunburnt mountainous tract of little value. Owing to this questionable gain England has abdicated her former position in the West and South-West of Persia, she has given up her former trading routes of the Karun, by Kirmanshah and Hamadan, and by Bushir, since the said portion of Persia has been declared to belong to the neutral zone, where Russian, and later on German, competition will by no means facilitate the development of British trade; nay, it must be looked upon as its death-stroke. . . . .

. . . . . .

After Persia we shall examine the so-called benefits derived from the convention regarding Afghanistan. Here we are told

that Russia hae been generous enough to concede to England the right of influence and of territorial possession acquired with blood and money during half a century, and in acknowledgment of this magnanimity England allows to Russian officers on the borders to confer freely with Afghan officers in *non-political* matters. We may well ask what kind of relations may arise which are void of any political bearing on the mutual relations between Russians and Afghans? Frontier and commercial affairs, irrigation, and road disputes will hardly be settled without entailing political questions and without facilitating the intercourse of Russian frontier officers with Afghan authorities, so eagerly sought in pre-conventional times. . . . .

In spite of our firm intention to avoid all hair-splitting in criticising the arrangement, we cannot help coming to the conclusion that in Afghanistan, as in Persia, Russia is deriving greater profit from the convention, and that, in fact, England, far from benefitting at all, is decidedly a loser; for we are at a loss to discover any amelioration in her former position with regard to the safety of the north-western frontier of India.

## THE SECRET JUNTA WHICH TERRORISES RUSSIA.

Writing on "Foreign Affairs" in this month's "Contemporary Review," Dr. Dillon says:—

Although the revolution has been quelled, the troops are loyal, and general strikes are no longer to be feared, Russia is unhappily given over to a secret society of terrorists against whom the Cabinet is powerless. These invisible autocrats, whose name is legion, violate every law, human and divine, and oppress the Czar's subjects pitilessly. And the Cabinet can but point to its 5,000 roubles worth of paper, soon to be filled with parliamentary Bills. It reminds me of the Hindu who carried a medical prescription round his neck as a cure against the colic. While political parties are disputing as to whether the régime is autocratic or constitutional, a junta of Anarchists is wielding absolute power of life and death over 150,000,000 citizens. Thus the Russia that invests capital and creates wealth is literally enthralled by this secret Government and forced to pay regularly the expenses of a widespread revolutionary organisation which has for its objects regicide and terrorism. During my recent travels I wrote down the names of some firms and persons who periodically contribute—much against their will—to the support of the secret society of terrorists. One firm, which certainly earns an enormous income, and on land owned by the Crown, pays 150,000 roubles yearly to the avowed deadly enemies of the Russian political and

social fabric. One hundred and fifty thousand! Another contributes a hundred thousand, a third gives seventy-two, a fourth forty thousand, a fifth thirty-five thousand, a sixth twenty-five, and so on. And these sums are collected in a relatively restricted area. Moreover, the tax-payers are prompt, almost eager, for they love their lives, ardently. In another province where the staple industry is different, the total contribution, varying with the fluctuating profits, oscillates between seventy and two hundred thousand roubles a year. From this one and perennial source the Revolutionists' income in three provinces alone amounts, to my knowledge —which is by no means exhaustive—to about two million roubles, enough to encourage chemists to invent an explosive of unimagined force. Some victims, whom I asked why they do not complain to the authorities, replied sententiously that they preferred the blood-tax to premature and violent death, and they narrated deterrent examples which had been made in the neighbourhood. "How do you feel towards the Government?" I asked. "Well the Government cannot protect us, it hardly allows us to carry arms to protect ourselves, and is wholly powerless to punish terrorists. The terrorists invariably slay men of means who refuse to share their wealth with their anti-dynastic organisation. They always carry out their threats, but the authorities never know whether it will be in their power to catch them, much less punish, malefactors. The police are a laughing-stock. The other day between Rion and Batoum some prisoners escaped from the train; one of them was in chains!"

. . . . Goods trains and steamers are available for merchandise only on payment of heavy bribes, a considerable part of whfch swells the money-chests ot the terrorists. Unless these illegal taxes are paid, cereals, cattle, hides, manufactured goods, lie for weeks and months at stations, on landing-places until they are seriously damaged or partly stolen. For the railway officials form a State within a State. They, too, pass and execute sentences of death against their superiors. Some high railway officials have told me that they well know what is going on, and also who is responsible, but added that they are forced to connive at it under pain of death. They described to me the ferocious murders of the more courageous of their colleagues, who tried to withstand the power of the Vehm.

## THE COLLAPSE.

### A GERMAN SOCIAL PARABLE.

Once upon a time there was a big house, and there lived many people in it. It looked rather magnificent, for it used to be repainted every few years, always in a different colour. Then there was always a great quarrel, for everyone had a different taste. Some liked more red in the colour, others more blue, while there were people who wanted to paint the whole house black. Still, the main point was that the house did get another coat of paint, and so always looked spick and span.

The house had two entrances, one at the front and the other at the back. On the one at the front there was a board: "Entrance only for the upper classes, forbidden to the lower classes." Someone with a comical turn of mind put "low" instead of "lower," maintaining that it amounts to the same thing.

When one entered through this door, it was all so nice inside. In the winter there was a pleasant warmth, after sunset a bright light. The floors and the stairs were beautifully covered, and the balustrades overlaid with velvet so that they should be soft and warm to the hands of the passing people.

The other entrance, behind, was very dirty and narrow, but this did not matter, as the upper classes did not see it, and if one of them had to pass it, he looked to the other side, or closed his eyes. But if he once did look at it, he would hold his nose, and say: "Horrible, we could not stand it! Thank God, this is only for the lower classes." And the man with the comical turn of mind again put "low" instead of "lower."

The house had two floors, and, besides this, a cellar and a garret. On the upper floor there lived the king with his court. It was strange that the king should have lived with other people in the same house, and not in a castle all his own. But it happened in this way: Long, long ago he had had a castle all his own, which stood far away on a high mountain, quite near to heaven, as the

king thought. But there came a number of ill-intentioned people and demanded of the king that he should go with them into the big house. They considered that the king should live nearer to the people than to heaven. He could thus see better what they required, and whether all were satisfied with what he did. Then they had also to run so far before they got to him with their wishes, and had to stand at the foot of the mountain and look up until he might perchance see them, and this, they said, did not agree with their constitution. They gave him the best upper floor in the house, but the first thing the king said on moving in was: "Here also I am nearest to heaven."

Immediately at the foot of the staircase which led to the floor inhabited by the king there was a very beautiful room, by far the finest of all the rooms on the lower floor. At the same time, with the king, there had moved an officer into the house. He had formerly lived in the palace of the king, with whom he was a great favourite. Now, the officer was very proud and looked down with contempt on the neighbours, because they did not have such a pretty coat and were not so well liked by the king. The officer was also married, because he was rich. Wicked people, however, reversed this sentence, but this was an insult. There also lived in the house a country squire. He was always in a disagreeable mood, for he was in trouble. He had nothing to do, and therefore polished his hunting accoutrements all day long, or else wrote to bis son: "I am glad that you have the tastes of a gentleman, but, if possible, spare my pocket a little!" He considered it a shame that other people wanted their bread cheap, and he continually toasted the king, so that he might deem it advisable to command that everybody should buy their corn from him.

Adjacent to him there lived a manufacturer. His room was splendidly furnished. Everything showed luxury and comfort. On one of the walls there was a magnificent painting: The First Men. It represented in a symbolic-mythological form the origin of the first manufacturer and of the first chairman of directors. For it was with them, according to the conception of the artist, that humanity began. It was touching. On Sundays the manufacturer sat before a barrel and filled up bottles. On the barrel was written "Lacrimae, . . . ." but the rest could not be deciphered. A safe and a very large and comfortable sofa were prominent parts of the furniture. On a little table there was an open book, but it could easily be seen that it was not Gerhart Hauptmann's "Weavers." Over the sofa were the portraits of various railway magnates and company promoters, as well as of other men less famous, if equally meritorious.

The next room belonged to a stock-jobber. He lived on paper —i.e., precious paper. He had one villa at the seaside, another in the country, and a third one at an Italian lake. During the winter he kept for his wife a box at the opera, one at the theatre, and

another at the circus. He did not go to any of them, but frequented resorts of a less exciting kind—a recreation which could not be grudged to him after a hard day's work. He was a member of the society for befriending fallen girls, and acted accordingly. Untold sums he devoted to these necessitous women. But, above all, he was a great man; and everybody, scholars, artists, officers, clergymen, crouched before him and his wine-cellar.

There lived next to him a man in a long black robe, and his neighbour again was one who had a still darker appearance, with a smooth, round face (which some maintained was hollow-eyed and thin). He wore eye-glasses, and was not married. Both of them suffered from one idea: they believed that their stoves warmed the whole house, and they, therefore, heated the place for all it was worth, thinking that everybody would get frozen if they were not there. Of course, one considered the other as stark mad, but himself as very sensible and favoured, and believed that God had personally taken the trouble to specially select him from among all the children of men so that he should warm the house. Now, it so happened that several people, particularly a few old ladies and feeble-minded persons, imagined that their rooms were really warmed by the efforts of one of those kindly gentlemen. But others smiled at these useless labours, because they knew that the stove pipes had burst long ago, and that the whole heat of the fire passed away into infinite space. They, therefore, warmed their rooms by their own stoves, and felt very comfortable, indeed. There were still others who also knew this, but pretended as if they didn't, as it was considered aristocratic to have one's room heated by somebody else, and plebeian and proletarian to have one's own stove, and attend to it, too.

The rooms of those two gentlemen looked simple, but homely. The black cloth which served there as a decoration could not but affect the cheerful frame of mind of the unprejudiced visitor. The gentleman who was not quite so dark, had, on the whole, little in his room in the way of decoration. Over his desk there was hanging by two silken threads a sword with an inscription, "Apostolicum." But that was probably a mere memory of his jolly student days.

The darker gentleman had more pictures on the walls. There was a scene of the Holy Inquisition, with the inscription: "Love ye one another"; Huss at the stake, with the words, "Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you"; a portrait of the Pope, with the quotation: "Knowledge puffeth up." On a pedestal there was an old pendulum clock which had stopped going and whose dial was represented by a sun. On it were the words: "And yet it moves." But the black gentleman had, true to the actual state of affairs, added the word "not" to the inscription.

Unfortunately there lived near those gentlemen a wicked professor who pretended to know everything better than his neigh-

bours. The two black gentlemen had often had to complain of him. They had always told the children who had asked them where the butterflies came from, that they were "flowers of the ether." This sounded so wonderfully poetical. But one day the boys asked the question also of the wicked professor, and he said that the butterflies came from caterpillars. How disgustingly materialistic! The souls of the children were thus corrupted, as now they did not believe any more in the flowers of the ether. The black gentlemen, therefore, demanded that the blasphemies of the wicked professor should be stopped once and for ever.

There lived still more people in the old, big house, but one could not mention all of them. Two of them were interesting—one an architect, the other an engineer. The two had gone about downcast for some time past, had looked into all the nooks and corners of the house and sighed in such a way that the others felt quite frightened. And as it was not known what had upset them, people spoke ill of them, and said that they were not satisfied with the old house and rebelled against the present order of things.

It made one feel thoroughly sad to enter the house through the back door. A steep, dangerous stair led down into a cellar. There was a heap of poor people, always several families in one apartment. The air was bad, the walls bare, the windows small and narrow, the floor hard and the furniture mean. Man and wife, sons and daughters, all slept on ragged mattresses. The food was scanty, and iron necessity drove them tired out at the earliest glimmer of the dawn to a wearisome toil till sunset. Then there was heard many a word which offended the chaste ear of spoiled virtue, and there was uttered many a curse on that house, which gave to the poor so little space and air and light. Many a clenched fist was raised against those above and there was much gnashing of the teeth.

High above in the garrett under the roof, it was as bad as in the cellar, if not worse. In the summer there was a scorching sun, in the winter the ice glittered on the walls. For the heating of the kindly black gentlemen did not reach so far, while the people were too poor to have a stove of their own or the necessary means of tending to it. But there was one thing of which these people were glad—they were so near heaven, even nearer than the king. He did not know that between him and the stars there was a crowd of distressed, and he, therefore, thought himself the nearest to heaven.

But in the land of the king there were still others, who could not get into the old, big house at all. They were the very poor. They had to sleep in the fields, and had nothing to protect them against the inclemencies of the weather. They had to cover their bodies with rags, and a crust of bread was a feast to them. They could not live in the house, for the cellar and the garret were overcrowded, and the other flats were also occupied. Therefore, they

grumbled, and all at once began to cry out: "We are God's children as well as you; give us a place in your house. If there is not enough room, then the house is not good enough, but ought to be pulled down and a better and larger one built in its stead." And the people in the cellar and in the garret heard the clamour, and joined in by demanding that a new and better house should be built.

When the other tenants heard this, they said to each other: "This is indeed an insolent demand. We shall not allow such a thing. We shall pass a law according to which everyone who complains about this grand house or wants a new one built instead shall be imprisoned." And thus it was. Some did speak again and were put in prison, others were quiet and only whispered amongst themselves when no one heard them. But the house still remained the same.

After some time the tenants of the two good floors said: "Now we can abolish the imprisonment law. The people outside as well as here below and above have now come to their senses." The law was then done away with, but the old clamour began anew, and still worse, much worse than before. And it became so bad that things looked very serious. The architect and engineer looked stranger than ever, shook their heads and sighed more and more.

Now, one day there passed a woman who did not live in the big house, with her little child. The child asked many questions, and the mother told it much about the house, and how happy the people were who lived there, but that it was too small, and that they could, therefore, not get in. The child listened attentively, but all at once it stood still near the house and said: "Mother, just look, mother, the wall is falling and the house is coming down, stones are missing, and here is a big crack. It cannot last very long. They will then have to build a new house, so big that we, too, shall be able to get in there." And many who lived in the house, and many who did not, gathered together and saw that the child was right, and now they demanded still more furiously that a new house should be built.

Then the architect and the engineer called together the tenants of the nice floors, and said: "They are right. We knew it long ago, but when even children see it, it is useless to be silent. The house is beyond repair, and, besides, it has lasted long enough. The walls are cracked and the rafters are rotten. The stones are already falling, and the magnificent ceilings are crumbling. We had better, therefore, proceed to the building of a new one, not merely because we cannot all live comfortably here, but because common sense requires that we should not allow ourselves to be buried under the ruins of the old house."

But in the beautiful rooms of the two nice floors there were thick carpets which covered up the rotten floors; the mortar hid cracks in the ceiling, while the beautiful tapestry concealed the

gaping walls. The people there did not, therefore, believe what was said by those who knew. Indeed, they were indignant, and called such opinions outrageous, revolutionary and criminal. They then sent a deputation to the king, telling him that there were two grumblers who talked nonsense, and that a number of foolish people shouted after them. Otherwise, everything was in the best of order. Thus spoke the deputation. The king, thereupon, asked them to help him to preserve the old house, and they promised him to do so. On leaving, one of them, who was somewhat more sensible than the others, asked: "How are we to do it?" To which they said: "Oh, we'll just paint it over again, and let them then find out that the shanty is falling to pieces." "Yes, if it should only be of any good," was the reply.

When the deputation returned, they reported how well everything had passed off. Then they were all full of joy, for it would have been an unpleasant thing to move all the carpets, pictures and safes. And it would have taken such a long time to put everything straight in the new house; and who knows whether they would have been comfortable there?

All at once some said: "What shall we do with the two grumblers?" "Bring the police," said one; "throw them out," said another. "No," said the most important among them, "we understand it better. We'll just make another law." "Hurrah," they all shouted. "Whosoever dare say that a wall is crooked, that the rafters are rotten, or that something will come down on our heads—in short, anybody who comes again with such stories will simply be put in prison." "Hurrah," all shouted again. Then the two black gentlemen got up and cried aloud: "We propose that it be added, 'Also he who says that our heating is worthless or who says that the butterfly comes from a caterpillar.'" "Adopted," all exclaimed. Thereupon someone else proposed: "Also he who says that there are people living in the garret between the upper floor and heaven." "Hurrah." "Another proposition," cried someone: "Also he who propagates the idea that it is human to err." "Hurrah!" "Another proposition," chimed in somebody else: "He also who maintains that our king's nurse cannot sing well." "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"Quiet," said a voice, "I know something good. 'Also he who says anything at all.'" Someone suggested that this went a little bit too far. But another one asked Why? It was as well to be thoroughly consistent.

It was then decided to consider the last proposition somewhat more carefully. Perhaps they are still at it to-day.

But when the little child heard of it, it asked its mother, "Mamma, but if it does come down?"

Translated by ROMANA GOODMAN.