

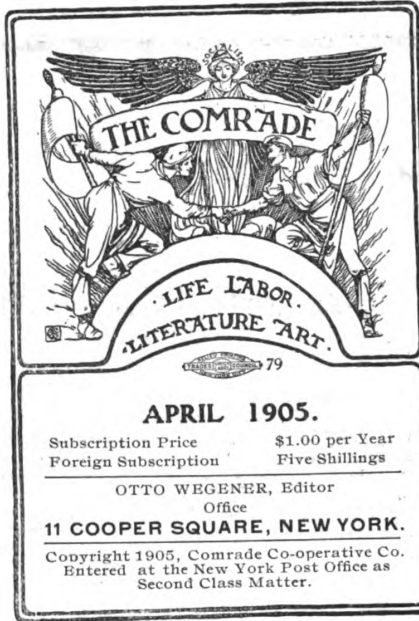
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The Times and Their Tendencies

The Barometer of Capitalism The rise and fall of quotations of government bonds upon the exchanges of Europe and America during the Russo-Japanese conflict has not been the least interesting manifestation of the non-partisan character of the dollar. The contention of financial writers that sentiment enters into all bond purchases seems admissible when we see France and Germany buying Russian bonds, and England buying those of Japan. But when we go back of the bourse operations and find that many of the war-ships of Japan were built by Germany, we realize that the latter's sympathy with her big neighbor is more apparent than real.

Capitalism in any nation will furnish war material for any other nation,—if it gets the price of it. It will also buy bonds of any other nation; simply on the assurance that the working classes can be taxed to pay interest. Revolution and repudiation are the only nightmares of international capitalism.

The other day, in Washington, a policy-holder in one of the large insurance companies asked an official of that company if he thought the Russian bonds he was buying on his company's account represented a safe investment. "Certainly," he replied. "Why not?"

"Because," said his interlocutor, "they might be repudiated in case of successful revolution."

"Don't you believe it," replied the official. "The nations of the world would never permit repudiation. What are our armies and navies for?"

That was a frank enough reply for anybody.

Capitalism throughout the world will see to it that the Russian people pay the principal and interest on the money being loaned to the house of Romanoff for the Russian people's undoing. Capitalism has no country; it has no sentiment. It wants its interest. And some day we will see that this is all navies are maintained for: to collect it.

The chuckling glee with which the European capitalists are regarding our debt-collecting invasion of San Domingo; and the sympathetic rise in the value of South American securities which accompanies it, shows what a perfect barometer of international exploitation the stock-exchange really is. If we can be made to do a bully's work in San Domingo, why not in the other little republics which owe foreign bond-holders arrears of interest? If we are willing to adopt the bailiff's profession in one instance, why should we not be regularly engaged to play the part?

When it leaked out that Mr. Roosevelt was willing to undertake the job of sheriff in San Domingo, European markets—London notably—greeted the news with enthusiasm.

The reason was obvious enough; the creditors had wholly failed to collect any interest or principal from the defaulting states, whereas now the United States government was invoked to do the dirty work.

The reasoning of San Domingo's creditor's was obvious; but San Domingo is not the only bankrupt state in Central or South America. With it, in its present plight, stand Costa Rica, Colombia, Guatemala, Honduras, and Venezuela.

When it was reported that the United States was going to do the sheriff's work there was an immediate rise in the stock market in the prices of bonds of all these unstable little countries. Costa Rica bonds went at once from 28 to 41, and the others followed at a slightly smaller percentage of gain.

It is evident that capitalism needs only the assurance that the United States means to continue in its new interpretation of the "Monroe doctrine," to send these bonds up to par. Indeed we can conceive of other New Jersey corporations deliberately buying these securities at their present figure, and then pressing the United States to interfere to collect their principal and interest at the bow of gun-boats as we are doing in San Domingo.

No one believes that Russia will repudiate her bonds in the event of successful revolution. Such action will not take place in any country until the revolution is a proletarian revolution; and from what we can gather of the present crisis in Russia, the time for that is not yet.

Russia's Future

Indeed the more one contemplates the situation there, the more it appears that Russia is to go through the conventional stages of capitalism. It is not a peasant revolution we are witnessing. It is more a breaking of the bonds of an obsolete governmental status by a rising manufacturing class; that is to say, it is a bourgeois revolution, only proletarian in its phrasing. The Romanoffs are in the way of the traders. Russia is emerging into capitalism, out of feudalism.

Of course the proletarian cry is heard in it; and as the proletarian movement throughout the world has now appropriated all the revolutionary phrasing and nomenclature, the literature of the revolution is proletarian. But if we mistake not the outcome will be middle-class. The reforms which the Czar will grant will be just enough to enable the commercial classes to begin modern methods of exploitation. The peasants in Russia seem too backward to force the bourgeois revolt into a real revolution.

With a few of the restrictions cut which are at present stifling the respirations of new-born Russian capitalism, it is doubtful if we do not find a settling down of all classes into the next historic phase. Slowly, as in other countries, the new industries will draw the peasant to the cities, where his real revolutionary education will at last begin. This is the training which will fortify him to gain his liberty at last and to retain it. The capitalistic phase of production is imperative as a school for the education of the proletariat in class conscious action. Despite the Gorkys and Breshkovkys Russia will have to follow her course. She cannot be hurried. The unspeakable horrors of the factory system are her future; but the horrors which she will put behind her; Siberia, the knout, the prison, are so much more terrible, that by contrast she seems to be rising toward the light. And she is rising toward the light.

With the tremendous pressure of the world civilization behind her, she may pass through the phase of capitalism in a generation, and her triumphant proletariat be found holding out its hands for a world revolution before even America is ready for it.

The Slavonic peoples have an energy that gives us pause.

On every hand there are indications of the permeation of the common mind by Socialist thought and Socialist principle. It is a common thing with us to regard with derision any initiative for a better order, made by kings and capitalists. There is so much of selfishness and so little of idealism in the modern world that we are prone to look behind the action, find the selfish incentive, and wreak our scorn upon the whole business.

Reflex Socialism

But a recent action by the king of Italy may well be regarded by the Socialists as commendable, even though it is put out under a banner of commercial progress.

It is a Socialist principle, commonly proclaimed, that when the world is sanely organized, production will be conducted solely to fill normal want. We wont fill warehouses with more shoes than there are people to wear. We will plant our crops throughout the world, with proper margins for crop-failures, solely with an eye to the consumers. The needs of the world's people will be estimated scientifically, based on previous experience, and labor will not be wasted in futile effort, or useless production with profit as its incentive, as now. The wants of humanity will be definitely known and definitely filled by rational, collective effort, as little time as may be given to necessary routine work.

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The king of Italy has been led to recognize and enunciate this desirable principle of foreseeing need and obviating waste, through the efforts of an American, David Lubin.

While Lubin's scheme was being ridiculed as visionary by the eminently practical Americans, it touched the imagination of Victor Emanuel.

The proclamation of the king of a plan for the inauguration of an international bureau of agriculture shows that he has as much sense as another. Indeed the wording of the proclamation shows that this monarch is really doing more advanced thinking than all of the other regal gentlemen of Europe put together. Victor writes that the agricultural classes, "who are generally the most numerous, and who exert everywhere a great influence in the destiny of nations, live undisturbed and dispersed."

What king has ever before discovered that isolation holds back progress?

The king of Italy further writes that he believes much benefit would be derived from "an international institution absolutely unpolitical in its aims, which would have before it conditions of agriculture in every country; and which would publish periodical announcements of the quantity and quality of the crops in hand." And, finally, "would exercise a timely influence in the development of societies for rural co-operation, for agricultural insurance, and for agrarian credit."

All this may have in it something of the capitalist cant; but its underlying principle is sound. The economic side of such a manifesto cannot wholly conceal the moral side to a student of history in international relations. It is of more significance,—this manifesto, than all the proposed peace conferences. It is to propose really if not ostensibly, to sink national jealousies in common action; to hold a sort of peace conference, not over such contentious subjects as disarmaments and treaty rights, but over a proposal to improve the condition of the agricultural classes who are, in no figurative sense, the foundations of society.

Could there be a more striking instance of the official recognition of the Socialist principle of economic determinism than the wording of the note from the Italian government to diplomatic agents? "By tightening the bonds of interdependence which unite the different nations," it says, a "new economic basis will be given to the ideal aspirations toward peace."

Is one to infer from this that this young Italian king sees more than the eminent academics of America;—in fact sees enough to know that you cannot have an enduring peace until you make it to men's interests to have peace by substituting a co-operative life for one of destructive and hateful competition?

Rider Haggard's Quest

The English novelist, H. Rider Haggard, has come to America at the behest of the British government in the eternal quest to find out how to take care of the indigent poor without getting off their backs.

The condition of the London proletariat all Winter has been such as to alarm the satisfied classes. They fear bread riots on the part of the "poor people who work." Hence they are thinking of some way to transport them; or the excess of them; keeping just enough at home to successfully compete with one another for work, and thus supply the "labor market." The English idea is to colonize the paupers in South Africa. This is exploited as a "dream of the late Cecil Rhodes," whose money is paying Mr. Haggard's expenses in America. Mr. Haggard is studying the vacant-lot gardening schemes, and the Salvation Army colonization schemes; and is observing the city poor in America from such points of vantage as the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and the Shoreham Hotel in Washington. He lunched with President Roosevelt at Washington and was no doubt surprised to find that the President and his family are so well fed.

It is difficult to have patience with men in this age, who arrogate to themselves the dignity of philanthropy, and who are ignorant of the first principles of human justice. With all the literature which is now extant, facing one at every turn, it takes either dense ignorance, or stupendous effrontery to travel about in luxury in an effort to relieve the poor. It is almost impossible not to regard a man as a charlatan, whose life has in any way touched the human problem in society, and who does not yet know that when he is consuming food, and clothing, and shelter without creating anything himself, he is himself making the problem he is endeavoring to solve. He, himself, is the problem. If he would stop trying to do things with the poor; and do something himself, he would take the first real step toward the gateway of relief. The day is coming when there will be nothing for such quests as this of Mr. Haggard's but scorn and derision: Slowly the great elemental truth is beginning to force its way; and if a man is not capable by gifts of heart and brain, of attacking the real wrongs of society; his friends and relatives in common decency will see that at least he keeps still about them. In twenty-five years more, judged by the present growth of intelligence respecting causes, the philan-

thropist will be the one man in the world who has forever outlived public respect. Already he is branded as a man who is a wolf in his accumulation; and a hypocrite in his dispensation; of the earnings of other men.

When the President issued his famous pronouncement as to bad trusts and good trusts many moral people were troubled as to the method by which he arrived at his conclusions regarding these aggregations of monopolistic capitalism. Now we know. Commissioner Garfield's report on the beef-trust to the effect that it is paying only two per cent upon its capital is conclusive. It is such an interesting white-wash that one can hardly find words to reprove the somewhat intemperate criticism of the populist Kansas legislature, which rushed through a resolution denouncing the Commissioner as "the son of his father, who is utterly incompetent to make an intelligent report on the beef trust."

A Good Trust at Last

One is forced to confess that Mr. Garfield's report, in the face of the unpopularity of the beef octopus, is apt to do the administration more harm, than it is to convince the public. The government statement that the trust is making but two per cent, and that some of the companies composing it have been temporarily operated at a loss, is naturally hailed with delight by the packers. "Here," they cry, "can you not see that we are one of the good trusts?"

The accounts presented by Mr. Garfield are more puzzling than enlightening. They naturally give rise to the question on the part of those who are paying so much for meat, as to who the expert accountants are who went over the trust's books. There is a very general impression, which book-keepers themselves do not deny, that book-keeping can conceal as well as reveal. The books may show a company is earning only two per cent; and yet high salaries, rentals paid to inside cliques, special charges for private cars, and other operating expenses may keep down dividends for publication, while the owners of the enterprise are really growing fat through these private avenues. Indeed from those who are familiar with these modern business methods, Mr. Garfield's report will not conceal the fact that the annual profit upon the private cars of the trust has ranged from 14 to 22 per cent.

It is clear that the commissioner's report has not impressed the public as comprehensively true, however plausible it appears upon the surface. Whatever the other facts may be, everyone can see that huge individual fortunes have been made by the men who are in the charmed circle of this very good trust. Few of the "bad" trusts have proved so enormously, so excessively profitable.

"The cruel doubts" regarding Mr. Garfield's effort may be the fruit of ignorance. We are prepared to hear the attorneys of the beef trust say so. And yet, with the evidence we are able to pick up on the outside of commission investigations, we confess the difficulty of forcing the finite mind to the conclusion that the beef trust is a purely benevolent undertaking.

The recent rumblings from the heart of Cuba to the effect that the common people there were better off before they were freed from Spain, shows the ingratitude of the Latin races. If they have not spirit enough to appreciate modern, up-to-date Anglo-Saxon exploitation, with all its civilized trimmings, we had better have left them in slavery. The disgracefully childish way in which they recently attempted to cripple our noble and benevolent trade in patent medicine, shows how little they are conscious of our great and good sacrifices in their behalf.

American Dope in Cuba

American people know the value of taking medicine. There is a prepared dose in the corner drug store for everything which ails you; and everything which doesn't. Alcohol is the basis of all the most agreeable of these remedies for things; and so the good men and women who vote the prohibition ticket; and ride on the public water wagon as an example to the inebriate; get their "Spring tonic" for that tired feeling. They don't know what it is but it stimulates them and makes them feel better. The amount of this stuff that women consume is known only to the drug clerk.

The patent medicine business having been opened up in Cuba for the benefit of the inhabitants, two or three of them responded so amiably that they died of it. This induced their friends to dig up an absurd and obsolete old Spanish law that required the formula of every patent medicine to be printed upon the box or bottle in which it was sold.

It took all the resources of American diplomacy to rescue the estimable business from the frightful fate which seemed to threaten it. Incidentally the "uses of government" were once more illustrated. The reports interestingly state that "the Cuban government, yielding to representations from Washington, has consented to a compromise."

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Hereafter, the formulas of the imported patent medicines will merely be filed with the Cuban government and kept secret. The government will properly prevent its people from knowing what they are doping themselves with. A republican form of government is such a splendid advance over the principles of monarchy! You can never be drugged and poisoned while you have a vote.

Step by Step

Those Socialists who are called "step-at-a-timers" to distinguish them from the more revolutionary brand—the difference on the whole being one of tactics merely—should be well satisfied with the progress the cause is making. All over the world straws indicating the direction of the wind, may be noted. The parcels-post agreement which went into effect April 1st between the United States and Great Britain was really a quiet routing of the express monopoly, which has worked against the proposition ever since it was broached some years ago. With the privilege of sending parcels by mail to Germany and England cheaper than we can send them between New York and Boston the government has established a continuous example of absurdity, which must in time create public opinion strong enough to demand a parcels-post for home use. Meanwhile in various cities of the country the question of the public ownership of monopolies is boiling for fair. In Chicago the spring election hinges on this question wholly, and the discussion already exhibits the enormous graft in the private ownership of street railways in a city as large as Chicago. The question of purchase by the city has induced investigations which reveal that a property which shows tangible assets of \$27,000,000 is capitalized and has been paying interest upon \$105,000,000. The owners of the plant fear that if Judge Dunne is elected they may not get their watered valuation if the city purchases.

We are of course far behind the nations of the world in abolishing these private monopolies. The private ownership of our telegraph, by which we are made to pay tribute to the Gould family, makes us the laughing-stock of Europe. England, France and Germany have a telegraph system which is part of the postal system. So has Italy. We go on paying twenty-five cents for ten cents worth of service, and in our supreme egotism regard nations like Italy,—which by the way will soon own its own railroads, too—as "backward countries."

While we are wondering if we can safely allow a town to operate its own street roads England will soon have succeeded in making her entire telephone system a part of the post office along with the telegraph. The postal department has been operating a telephone system for some time, but it has now decided to make the whole service a government monopoly. Hence the business and lines of the National Telephone Company will be taken over the first day of 1912, the price to be paid for the company's plant to be determined by arbitration. Thus another private monopoly in England passes into history, while we are giving seventy year franchises in the heart of the city of New York.

Germany has recently bought the coal mines of the Helvetia syndicate, and will henceforth mine her own coal for her own railroads.

Of course all this is state capitalism; but it is paving the way for democratic Socialism. All such purchases of private monopolies will be of no immediate benefit to the man who works. The saving thereof will be absorbed deftly by other forms of private monopoly. But every such step in a measure clears the ground for more concentrated action; it takes a private lobby out of the way; and the poisonous effect of a private lobby is incalculable.

There will be thieving and defalcation of individuals in the government administration of these monopolies; that is to be expected; but this will be mere petty larceny compared to the huge and wide-spreading steals of private interest, under the present system.

As to a possible political bureaucracy anyone who knows where the campaign funds now come from, and what those who advance the

money get for it in return, will not be scared. A bureaucracy can be broken up by the ballot in a country of suffrage.

Beside, there is many a bridge it is well not to cross before we get to it.

With the bribing interest of private property wiped off the slate; and our political masters turned into servants by the abolition of the senate, the constitution and the supreme court; the government, thus become directly responsive to the people through direct legislation, will not seem half so big a thing as it looks today.

It is a rash person who is willing to paint the details of the civilization of tomorrow. The shallow person who has no better idea of a sane world than the present industrial and social anarchy is always expecting a blue-print diagram of the co-operative commonwealth with every man's specific part in it marked in red ink. He would like to have us tell him what the world will eat for breakfast under collectivism, and which foot the governing board will make him put out of bed first in the morning. Until he knows this he would rather copy way-bills in a railroad office for fifteen dollars a week than take any chances.

This type of individual may be called the idiot brother of tyranny. You might as well talk to a monkey about differential calculus. You must want something better, before you can be interested in striving for something better. When at the age of thirty-five or forty, this way-bill copying individual is kicked out and goes whining around for a job, he listens to ideals of a better system with some interest. Perhaps he may even come to help a little then; but most of his fighting force is gone. A man content with a mess of pottage for ten years or more is seldom really resurrected.

It is the young we must reach out for, and influence. It is the young who have energy, and enthusiasm, and imagination. Unless you have imagination you are hopeless. Unless one's mind's eye can picture a nobler civilization than the present, with what enthusiasm can he work?

Another question always on the lips of the intellectually dead is why our platforms should voice things apparently so remote, when there are numerous things close at hand we might be aiming at. "What are you going to do when you get in?" he likes to ask. "You cannot introduce a bill initiating the co-operative commonwealth."

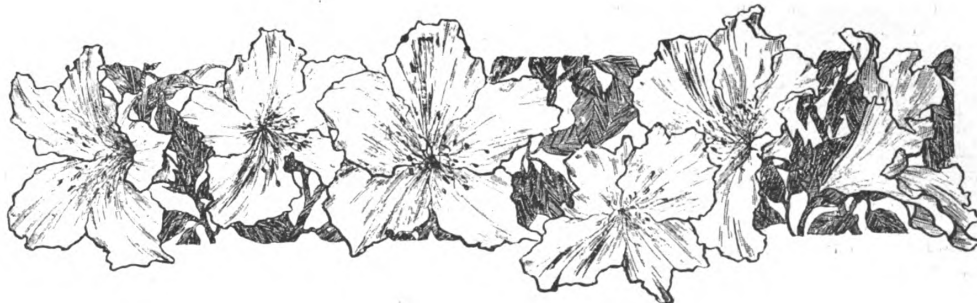
Oh, yes we could; but we would not be so absurd.

Socialists are elected one at a time; the wedge goes in slowly. Each one in his locality has to meet different problems. Well, he meets them, as best he can. He has no voluminous instructions, and his constituents do not expect him to achieve the impossible.

He is simply guided by one all-directing principle. It is that every measure, whether introduced by him or anybody else, having for its object the relief or upbuilding of the producing classes, will have his continuous and hearty support; while every measure intended to further enslave or exploit the working class, will meet with his strenuous and unceasing opposition. This is brief; it is comprehensive; it is a sufficient answer to those whose interest is of that vague and idle sort which has no blood nor bowels in it.

If you would know what we are to do tomorrow,—and you are willing to be a mere passive spectator of life—then wait until tomorrow, and see.

Franklin H. Whitworth



The Soul of Man Under Socialism

By Oscar Wilde



THE chief advantage that would result from the establishment of Socialism is, undoubtedly, the fact that Socialism would relieve from that sordid necessity of living for others which, in the present condition of things, presses so hardly upon almost everybody. In fact, scarcely anyone at all escapes.

Now and then, in the course of the century, a great man of science, like Darwin; a great poet, like Keats; a fine critical spirit, like M. Renan; a supreme artist, like Flaubert, has been able to isolate himself, to keep himself out of the reach of the clamorous claims of others, to stand "under the shelter of the wall," as Plato puts it, and so to realize the perfection of what was in him, to his own incomparable gain, and to the incomparable and lasting gain of the whole world. These, however, are exceptions. The majority of people spoil their lives by an unhealthy and exaggerated altruism—are forced, indeed, so to spoil them. They find themselves surrounded by hideous poverty, by hideous ugliness, by hideous starvation. It is inevitable that they should be strongly moved by all this. The emotions of man are stirred more quickly than man's intelligence; and, as I pointed out some time ago in an article on the function of criticism, it is much more easy to have sympathy with suffering than it is to have sympathy with thought. Accordingly, with admirable though misdirected intentions, they very seriously and very sentimentally set themselves to the task of remedying the evils that they see. But their remedies do not cure the disease: they merely prolong it. Indeed, their remedies are part of the disease.

They try to solve the problem of poverty, for instance, by keeping the poor alive; or, in the case of a very advanced school, by amusing the poor.

But this is not a solution: it is an aggravation of the difficulty. *The proper aim is to try and reconstruct society on such a basis that poverty will be impossible.* And the altruistic virtues have really prevented the carrying out of this aim. Just as the worst slave-owners were those who were kind to their slaves, and so prevented the horror of the system being realized by those who suffered from it, and understood by those who contemplated it, so, in the present state of things in England, the people who do most harm are the people who try to do most good; and at last we have the spectacle of men who have really studied the problem and know the life—educated men who live in the East-End—coming forward and imploring the community to restrain its altruistic impulses of charity, benevolence, and the like. They do so on the ground that such charity degrades and demoralizes. They are perfectly right. Charity creates a multitude of sins.

There is also this to be said. It is immoral to use private property in order to alleviate the horrible evils that result from the institution of private property. It is both immoral and unfair.

Under Socialism all this will, of course, be altered. There will be no people living in fetid dens and fetid rags, and bringing up unhealthy, hunger-pinched children in the midst of impossible and absolutely repulsive surroundings. The security of society will not depend, as it does now, on the state of the weather. If a frost comes we shall not have a hundred thousand men out of work, tramping about the streets in a state of disgusting misery, or whining to their neighbors for alms, or crowding round the doors of loathsome shelters to try and secure a hunch of bread and a night's unclean lodging. Each member of the society will share in the general prosperity and happiness of the society, and if a frost comes no one will practically be anything the worse.

Upon the other hand, *Socialism itself will be of value simply because it will lead to Individualism.*

Socialism, Communism, or whatever one chooses to call it, by converting private property into public wealth, and substituting co-operation for competition, will restore society to its proper condition of a thoroughly healthy organism, and insure the material well-being of each member of the community. It will, in fact, give life its proper basis and its proper environment. But for the full development of life to its highest mode of perfection, something more is needed. What is needed is Individualism. If the Socialism is authoritarian; if there are governments armed with economic power as they are now with political power; if, in a word, we are to have industrial tyrannies, then the last state of man will be worse than the first. At present, in consequence of the existence of private property, a great many people are enabled to develop a certain very limited amount of Individualism. They are either under no necessity to work for their living, or are enabled to choose the sphere of activity that is really congenial to them and gives them pleasure. These are the poets, the philosophers, the men of science, the men of culture—in a word, the real men, the men who have realized themselves, and in whom humanity gains a partial realization. Upon the other hand, there are a great many people who, having no private property of their own, and being always on the brink of sheer starvation, are compelled to do the work of beasts of burden, to do work that is quite uncongenial to them, and to which they are forced by the peremptory, unreasonable, degrading tyranny of want. These are the poor, and amongst them there is no grace of manner, or charm of speech, or civilization, or culture, or refinement in pleasures, or joy of life. From their collective force humanity gains much in material prosperity. But it is only the material result that it gains and the man who is poor is in himself absolutely of no importance. He is merely the infinitesimal atom of a force that, so far from regarding him, crushes him: indeed, prefers him crushed, as in that case he is far more obedient.

Of course it might be said that the Individualism generated under conditions of private property is not always, or even as a rule, of a fine or wonderful type, and that the poor, if they have not culture and charm, have still many virtues. Both these statements would be quite true. The possession of private property is very often extremely demoralizing, and that is, of course, one of the reasons why Socialism wants to get rid of the institution. In fact, property is really a nuisance. Some years ago people went about the country saying that property has duties. They said it so often and so tediously that at last the Church has begun to say it. One hears it now from every pulpit. It is perfectly true. Property not merely has duties, but has so many duties that its possession to any large extent is a bore. It involves endless claims upon one, endless attention to business, endless bother. If property had simply pleasures, we could stand it; but its duties make it unbearable. In the interest of the rich we must get rid of it. The virtues of the poor may be readily admitted, and are much to be regretted. We are often told that the poor are grateful for charity. Some of them are, no doubt, *but the best among the poor are never grateful.* They are ungrateful, discontented, disobedient, and rebellious. They are quite right to be so. Charity they feel to be a ridiculously inadequate mode of partial restitution, or a sentimental dole, usually accompanied by some impertinent attempt on the part of the sentimentalists to tyrannize over their private lives. Why should they be grateful for the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table? They should be seated at the board, and are beginning to know it. As for being

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discontented, a man who would not be discontented with such surroundings and such a low mode of life would be a perfect brute. Disobedience, in the eyes of any who has read history, is man's original virtue. It is through disobedience that progress has been made, through disobedience and through rebellion. Sometimes the poor are praised for being thrifty. But to recommend thrift to the poor is both grotesque and insulting. It is like advising a man who is starving to eat less. For a town or country laborer to practice thrift would be absolutely immoral. Man should not be ready to show that he can live like a badly-fed animal. He should decline to live like that, and should either steal or go on the rates, which is considered by many to be a form of stealing. As for begging, it is safer to beg than to take, but it is finer to take than to beg. No; a poor man who is ungrateful, unthrifty, discontented and rebellious is probably a real personality, and has much in him. He is at any rate a healthy protest. As for the virtuous poor, one can pity them, of course, but one cannot possibly admire them. They have made private terms with the enemy, and sold their birthright for very bad pottage. They must also be extraordinarily stupid. I can quite understand a man accepting laws that protect private property, and admit of its accumulation, as long as he himself is able under those conditions to realize some form of beautiful and intellectual life. But it is almost incredible to me how a man whose life is marred and made hideous by such laws can possibly acquiesce in their continuance.

However, the explanation is not really difficult to find. It is simply this. Misery and poverty are so absolutely degrading, and exercise such a paralyzing effect over the nature of men, that no class is ever really conscious of its own suffering. They have to be told of it by other people, and they often entirely disbelieve them. What is said by great employers of labor against agitators is unquestionably true. Agitators are a set of interfering, meddling people, who come down to some perfectly contented class of the community and sow the seeds of discontent among them. That is the reason why agitators are so absolutely necessary. Without them, in our incomplete state, there would be no advance toward civilization. Slavery was put down in America, not in consequence of any action on the part of the slaves, or even any express desire on their part that they should be free. It was put down entirely through the grossly illegal conduct of certain agitators in Boston and elsewhere, who were no slaves themselves, nor owners of slaves, nor had anything to do with the question really. It was, undoubtedly, the Abolitionists who set the torch alight, who began the whole thing. And it is curious to note that from the slaves themselves they received, not merely very little assistance, but hardly any sympathy even; and when, at the close of the war, the slaves found themselves free—found themselves, indeed, so absolutely free that they were free to starve—many of them bitterly regretted the new state of things. To the thinker, the most tragic fact in the whole of the French Revolution is not that Marie Antoinette was killed for being a queen, but that the starved peasant of the Vendee voluntarily went out to die for the hideous cause of feudalism.

It is clear, then, that no authoritarian Socialism will do. For while, under the present system, a very large number of people can lead lives of a certain amount of freedom and expression and happiness, under an industrial-barrack system, or a system of economic tyranny, nobody would be able to have any such freedom at all. It is to be regretted that a portion of our community should be practically in slavery, but to propose to solve the problem by enslaving the entire community is childish. Every man must be left quite free to choose his own work. No form of compulsion must be exercised over him. If there is, his work will not be good for him, will not be good in itself, and will not be good for others. And by work I simply mean activity of any kind.

I hardly think that any Socialist, nowadays, would seriously propose that an inspector should call every morning at each house to see that each citizen rose up and did manual labor for eight hours. Humanity has got beyond that stage, and reserves such a form of life for the people whom, in a very arbitrary manner, it chooses to call criminals. But I confess that many of the Socialistic views that I have come across, seem to me to be tainted with ideas of authority, if not of actual compulsion. Of course, authority and compulsion are out of the question. All association must be quite voluntary. *It is only in voluntary association that man is free.*

But it may be asked how Individualism, which is now more or less dependent on the existence of private property for its development, will benefit by the abolition of such private property. The answer is very simple. It is true that, under existing conditions, a few men who have had private means of their own, such as Byron, Shelley, Browning, Victor Hugo, Baudelaire and others, have been able to realize their personality more or less completely. Not one of these men ever did a single day's work for hire. They were relieved from poverty. They had an immense advantage. The question is whether it would be for the good of Individualism that such an advantage should be taken away. Let us suppose that it is taken away. What happens then to Individualism? How will it benefit?

It will benefit in this way. Under the new conditions Individualism will be far freer, far finer, and far more intensified than it is now. I am not talking of the great imaginatively-realized Individualism of such poets as I have mentioned, but of the great actual Individualism latent and potential in mankind generally. For the recognition of private property has really harmed Individualism, and obscured it, by confusing a man with what he possesses. It has led Individualism entirely astray. It has made gain, not growth, its aim. So that man thought that the important thing was to have, and did not know that the important thing is to be. *The true perfection of man lies, not in what man has, but in what man is.* Private property has crushed true Individualism, and set up an Individualism that is false. It has debarred one part of the community from being individual by starving them. It has debarred the other part of the community from being individual by putting them on the wrong road, and encumbering them. Indeed, so completely has man's personality been absorbed by his possessions that the English law has always treated offenses against a man's property with far more severity than offenses against his person, and property is still the test of complete citizenship. The industry necessary for the making of money is also very demoralizing. In a community like ours, where property confers immense distinction, social position, honor, respect, titles, and other pleasant things of the kind, man, being naturally ambitious, makes it his aim to accumulate this property, and goes on wearily and tediously accumulating it long after he has got far more than he wants, or can use, or enjoy, or perhaps even know of. Man will kill himself by overwork in order to secure property, and really, considering the enormous advantages that property brings, one is hardly surprised. One's regret is that society should be constructed on such a basis that man has been forced into a groove in which he cannot freely develop what is wonderful and fascinating and delightful in him—in which, in fact, he misses the true pleasure and joy of living. He is also, under existing conditions, very insecure. An enormously wealthy merchant may be—often is—at every moment of his life at the mercy of things that are not under his control. If the wind blows an extra point or so, or the weather suddenly changes, or some trivial thing happens, his ship may go down, his speculations may go wrong, and he finds himself a poor man, with his social position quite gone. Now, nothing should be able to harm a man except himself. Nothing should be able to rob a man at all. What a man really has, is what

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is in him. What is outside of him should be a matter of no importance.

With the abolition of private property, then, we shall have true, beautiful, healthy Individualism. Nobody will waste his life in accumulating things and the symbols for things. One will live. To live is the rarest thing in the world. Most people exist—that is all.

It is a question whether we have ever seen the full expression of a personality, except on the imaginative plane of art. In action, we never have. Cæsar, says Mommsen, was the complete and perfect man. But how tragically insecure was Cæsar! Wherever there is a man who exercises authority, there is a man who resists authority. Cæsar was very perfect, but his perfection traveled by too dangerous a road. Marcus Aurelius was the perfect man, says Renan. Yes; the great emperor was a perfect man. But how intolerable were the endless claims upon him! He staggered under the burden of the empire. He was conscious how inadequate one man was to bear the weight of that Titan and too vast orb. What I mean by a perfect man is one who develops under perfect conditions; one who is not wounded, or worried, or maimed, or in danger. *Most personalities have been obliged to be rebels. Half their strength has been wasted in friction.* Byron's personality, for instance, was terribly wasted in its battle with the stupidity and hypocrisy and Philistinism of the English. Such battles do not always intensify strength; they often exaggerate weakness. Byron was never able to give us what he might have given us. Shelley escaped better. Like Byron, he got out of England as soon as possible. But he was not so well known. If the English had had any idea of what a great poet he really was, they would have fallen on him with tooth and nail, and made his life as unbearable to him as they possibly could. But he was not a remarkable figure in society, and consequently he escaped, to a certain degree. Still, even in Shelley the note of rebellion is sometimes too strong. The note of the perfect personality is not rebellion, but peace.

It will be a marvelous thing—the true personality of man—when we see it. It will grow naturally and simply, flower-like, or as a tree grows. It will not be at discord. It will never argue or dispute. It will not prove things. It will know everything. And yet it will not busy itself about knowledge. It will have wisdom. Its value will not be measured by material things. It will have nothing. And yet it will have everything; and whatever one takes from it, it will still have—so rich will it be. It will not be always meddling with others, or asking them to be like itself. It will love them because they will be different. And yet, while it will not meddle with others it will help all, as a beautiful thing helps us by being what it is. The personality of man will be very wonderful. It will be as wonderful as the personality of a child.

In its development it will be assisted by Christianity, if men desire that; but if men do not desire that, it will develop none the less surely. For it will not worry itself about the past, nor care whether things happened nor did not happen. Nor will it admit any laws but its own laws; nor any authority but its own authority. Yet it will love those who sought to intensify it, and speak often of them. And of these Christ was one.

"Know thyself" was written over the portal of the antique world. Over the portal of the new world, "Be thyself" shall be written. And the message of Christ to man was simply, "Be thyself." That is the secret of Christ.

When Jesus talks about the poor he simply means personalities, just as when he talks about the rich he simply means people who have not developed their personalities. Jesus moved in a community that allowed the accumulation of private property just as ours does, and the gospel that he preached was not that in such a community it is an advantage

for a man to live on scanty, unwholesome food; to wear ragged, unwholesome clothes; to sleep in horrid, unwholesome dwellings; and a disadvantage for a man to live under healthy, pleasant, and decent conditions. Such a view would have been wrong there and then, and would, of course, be still more wrong now and in England; for as man moves northward the material necessities of life become of more vital importance, and our society is infinitely more complex and displays far greater extremes of luxury and pauperism than any society of the antique world. What Jesus meant was this: he said to man, "You have a wonderful personality. Develop it; be yourself. Don't imagine that your perfection lies in accumulating or possessing external things. Your perfection is inside of you. If only you could realize that, you would not want to be rich. Ordinary riches can be stolen from a man. Real riches cannot. In the treasury-house of your soul there are infinitely precious things that may not be taken from you. And so, try to so shape your life that external things will not harm you. And try, also, to get rid of personal property. It involves sordid pre-occupation, endless industry, continual wrong. Personal property hinders individualism at every step." It is to be noted that Jesus never says that impoverished people are necessarily good, or wealthy people necessarily bad. That would not have been true. Wealthy people are, as a class, better than impoverished people—more moral, more intellectual, more well-behaved. *There is only one class in the community that thinks more about money than the rich, and that is the poor.* The poor can think of nothing else. That is the misery of being poor. What Jesus does say is, that man reaches his perfection, not through what he has, nor even through what he does, but entirely through what he is. And so the wealthy young man who comes to Jesus is represented as a thoroughly good citizen, who has broken none of the laws of his State, none of the commandments of his religion. He is quite respectable, in the ordinary sense of that extraordinary word. Jesus says to him: "You should give up private property. It hinders you from realizing your perfection. It is a drag upon you. It is a burden. Your personality does not need it. It is within you, and not outside of you, that you will find what you really want." To his own friends he says the same thing. He tells them to be themselves, and not to be always worrying about other things. What do other things matter? Man is complete in himself. When they go into the world, the world will disagree with them. That is inevitable. The world hates Individualism. But this is not to trouble them. They are to be calm and self-centered. If a man takes their cloak, they are to give him their coat, just to show that material things are of no importance. If people abuse them, they are not to answer back. What does it signify? The things people say of a man do not alter a man. He is what he is. Public opinion is of no value whatsoever. Even if people employ actual violence, they are not to be violent in turn. That would be to fall to the same low level. After all, even in prison, a man can be quite free. His soul can be free. His personality can be untroubled. He can be at peace. And, above all things, they are not to interfere with other people or judge them in any way. Personality is a very mysterious thing. A man cannot always be estimated by what he does. He may keep the law, and yet be worthless. He may break the law, and yet be fine. He may be bad, without ever doing anything bad. He may commit a sin against society, and yet realize through that sin his true perfection.

There was a woman who was taken in adultery. We are not told the history of her love, but that love must have been very great, for Jesus said that her sins were forgiven her, not because she repented, but because her love was so intense and wonderful. Later on, a short time before his death, as he sat at a feast, the woman came in and poured costly perfumes on his hair. His friends tried to interfere with her, and said that it was an extravagance, and that the money that the perfume

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cost should have been expended on charitable relief of people in want, or something of that kind. Jesus did not accept that view. He pointed out that the material needs of man were great and very permanent, but that the spiritual needs of man were greater still, and that in one divine moment, and by selecting its own mode of expression, a personality might make itself perfect. The world worships the woman, even now, as a saint.

Yes; there are suggestive things in Individualism. Socialism annihilates family life, for instance. With the abolition of private property, marriage in its present form must disappear. This is part of the program. Individualism accepts this and makes it fine. It converts the abolition of legal restraint into a form of freedom that will help the full development of personality, and make the love of man and woman more wonderful, more beautiful, and more ennobling. Jesus knew this. He rejected the claims of family life, although they existed in his day and community in a very marked form. "Who is my mother? Who are my brothers?" he said, when he was told that they wished to speak to him. When one of his followers asked leave to go and and bury his father, "Let the dead bury the dead" was his terrible answer. He would allow no claim whatsoever to be made on personality.

And so he who would lead a Christ-like life is he who is perfectly and absolutely himself. He may be a great poet or a great man of science; or a young student at a university, or one who watches sheep upon a moor; or a maker of dramas, like Shakespeare, or a thinker about God, like Spinoza; or a child who plays in a garden, or a fisherman who throws his nets into the sea. It does not matter what he is, as long as he realizes the perfection of the soul that is within him. All imitation in morals and in life is wrong. Through the streets of Jerusalem at the present day crawls one who is mad and carries a wooden cross on his shoulders. He is a symbol of the lives that are marred by imitation. Father Damien was Christ-like when he went out to live with the lepers, because in such service he realized fully what was best in him. But he was not more Christ-like than Wagner, when he realized his soul in music; or than Shelley, when he realized his soul in song. There is no one type for man. There are as many perfections as there are imperfect men. And while to the claims of charity a man may yield and yet be free, to the claims of conformity no man may yield and remain free at all.

Individualism, then, is what through Socialism we are to attain to. As a natural result the State must give up all idea of government. It must give it up because, as a wise man once said many centuries before Christ, there is such a thing as leaving mankind alone; there is no such thing as governing mankind. *All modes of government are failures.* Despotism is unjust to everybody, including the despot, who was probably made for better things. Oligarchies are unjust to the many, and ochlocracies are unjust to the few. High hopes were once formed of democracy; but democracy means simply the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people. It has been found out. I must say that it was high time, for all authority is quite degrading. It degrades those who exercise it, and degrades those over whom it is exercised. When it is violently, grossly, and cruelly used, it produces a good effect, by creating, or at any rate bringing out, the spirit of revolt and individualism that is to kill it. When it is used with a certain amount of kindness, and accompanied by prizes and rewards, it is dreadfully demoralizing. People, in that case, are less conscious of the horrible pressure that is being put on them, and so go through their lives in a sort of coarse comfort, like petted animals, without ever realizing that they are probably thinking other people's thoughts, living by other people's standards, wearing practically what one may call other people's second-hand clothes, and never being themselves for a single moment. "He who would be free," says a fine thinker, "must not conform." And authority, by bribing

people to conform, produces a very gross kind of overfed barbarism among us.

With authority, punishment will pass away. This will be a great gain—a gain, in fact, of incalculable value. As one reads history—not in the expurgated editions written for schoolboys and passmen, but in the original authorities of each time—one is absolutely sickened, not by the crimes that the wicked have committed, but by the punishments that the good have inflicted; *and a community is infinitely more brutalized by the habitual employment of punishment, than it is by the occasional occurrence of crime.* It obviously follows that the more punishment is inflicted the more crime is produced, and most modern legislation has clearly recognized this, and has made it its task to diminish punishment as far as it thinks it can. Wherever it has really diminished it, the results have always been extremely good. The less punishment, the less crime. When there is no punishment at all, crime will either cease to exist, or, if it occurs, will be treated by physicians as a very distressing form of dementia, to be cured by care and kindness. For what are called criminals nowadays are not criminals at all. Starvation, and not sin, is the parent of modern crime. That, indeed, is the reason why our criminals are, as a class, so absolutely uninteresting from any psychological point of view. They are not marvelous Macbeths and terrible Vautrins. They are merely what ordinary, respectable, commonplace people would be if they had not got enough to eat. When private property is abolished, there will be no necessity for crime, no demand for it; it will cease to exist. Of course, all crimes are not crimes against property, though such are the crimes that the English law, valuing what a man has more than what a man is, punishes with the harshest and most horrible severity, if we except the crime of murder, and regard death as worse than penal servitude, a point on which our criminals, I believe, disagree. But though a crime may not be against property, it may spring from the misery and rage and depression produced by our wrong system of property-holding, and so, when that system is abolished, will disappear. When each member of the community has sufficient for his wants, and is not interfered with by his neighbor, it will not be an object of any interest to him to interfere with anyone else. Jealousy, which is an extraordinary source of crime in modern life, is an emotion closely bound up with our conceptions of property, and under Socialism and Individualism will die out. It is remarkable that in communistic tribes jealousy is entirely unknown.

Now, as the State is not to govern, it may be asked what the State is to do. The State is to be a voluntary association that will organize labor, and be the manufacturer and distributor of necessary commodities. *The State is to make what is useful. The individual is to make what is beautiful.* And as I have mentioned the word labor, I cannot help saying that a great deal of nonsense is being written and talked nowadays about the dignity of manual labor. There is nothing necessarily dignified about manual labor at all, and most of it is absolutely degrading. It is mentally and morally injurious to man to do anything in which he does not find pleasure, and many forms of labor are quite pleasureless activities, and should be regarded as such. To sweep a slushy crossing for eight hours on a day when the east wind is blowing is a disgusting occupation. To sweep it with mental, moral or physical dignity seems to me to be impossible. To sweep it with joy would be appalling. Man is made for something better than disturbing dirt. All work of that kind should be done by a machine.

And I have no doubt that it will be so. Up to the present, man has been, to a certain extent, the slave of machinery, and there is something tragic in the fact that as soon as man had invented a machine to do his work he began to starve. This, however, is, of course, the result of our property system and our system of competition. One man owns a machine which does the work of five hundred men. Five hundred men are, in

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consequence, thrown out of employment, and, having no work to do, become hungry and take to thieving. The one man secures the produce of the machine and keeps it, and has five hundred times as much as he should have, and probably, which is of much more importance, a great deal more than he really wants. Were that machine the property of all, every one would benefit by it. It would be an immense advantage to the community. All unintellectual labor; all monotonous, dull labor; all labor that deals with dreadful things, and involves unpleasant conditions, must be done by machinery. Machinery must work for us in coal mines, and do all sanitary services, and be the stoker of steamers, and clean the streets, and run messages on wet days, and do anything that is tedious or distressing. *At present machinery competes against man. Under proper conditions machinery will serve man.* There is no doubt at all that this is the future of machinery; and just as trees grow while the country gentleman is asleep, so while humanity will be amusing itself, or enjoying cultivated leisure—which, and not labor, is the aim of man—or making beautiful things, or reading beautiful things, or simply contemplating the world with admiration and delight, machinery will be doing all the necessary and unpleasant work. The fact is, that civilization requires slaves. The Greeks were quite right there. Unless there are slaves to do the ugly, horrible, uninteresting work, culture and contemplation become almost impossible. Human slavery is wrong, insecure, and demoralizing. On mechanical slavery, on the slavery of the machine, the future of the world depends. And when scientific men are no longer called upon to go down to a depressing East-End and distribute bad cocoa and worse blankets to starving people, they will have delightful leisure in which to devise wonderful and marvelous things for their own joy and the joy of everyone else. There will be great storages of force for every city, and for every house if required, and this force man will convert into heat, light, motion, according to his needs. Is this Utopian? A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at, for it leaves out the one country at which humanity is always landing. And when humanity lands there, it looks out, and, seeing a better country, sets sail. Progress is the realization of Utopias.

Now, I have said that the community by means of organization of machinery will supply the useful things, and that the beautiful things will be made by the individual. This is not merely necessary, but it is the only possible way by which we can get either one or the other. An individual who has to make things for the use of others, and with reference to their wants and their wishes, does not work with interest, and consequently cannot put into his work what is best in him. Upon the other hand, whenever a community or a powerful section of a community, or a government of any kind, attempts to dictate to the artist what he is to do, art either entirely vanishes, or becomes stereotyped, or degenerates into a low and ignoble form of craft. *A work of art is the unique result of a unique temperament. Its beauty comes from the fact that the author is what he is. It has nothing to do with the fact that other people want what they want.* Indeed, the moment that an artist takes notice of what other people want, and tries to supply the demand, he ceases to be an artist, and becomes a man. He has no further claim to be considered as an artist. *Art is the most intense mode of Individualism that the world has known.* I am inclined to say that it is the only real mode of Individualism that the world has known. Crime, which, under certain conditions, may seem to have created Individualism, must take cognizance of other people and interfere with them. It belongs to the sphere of action. But alone, without any reference to his neighbors, without any interference, the artist can fashion a beautiful thing; and if he does not do it solely for his own pleasure, he is not an artist at all.

And it is to be noted that it is a fact that art is this intense form of Individualism that makes the public try to exercise

over it an authority that is as immoral as it is ridiculous, and as corrupting as it is contemptible. It is not quite their fault. The public have always, and in every age, been badly brought up. They are continually asking art to be popular, to please their want of taste, to flatter their absurd vanity, to tell them what they have been told before, to show them what they ought to be tired of seeing, to amuse them when they feel heavy after eating too much, and to distract their thoughts when they are wearied of their own stupidity. *Now art should never try to be popular. The public should try to make themselves artistic.* There is a very wide difference. If a man of science were told that the results of his experiments, and the conclusions that he arrived at, should be of such a character that they would not upset received popular notions on the subject, or disturb popular prejudice, or hurt the sensibilities of people who knew nothing about science; if a philosopher were told that he had a perfect right to speculate in the highest spheres of thought, provided that he arrived at the same conclusions as were held by those who had never thought in any sphere at all—well, nowadays, the man of science and the philosopher would be considerably amused. Yet it is really a very few years since both philosophy and science were subjected to brutal popular control, to authority in fact—the authority of either the general ignorance of the community, or the terror and greed for power of an ecclesiastical or governmental class. Of course, we have to a very great extent got rid of any attempt on the part of the community, or the Church, or the government, to interfere with the individualism of speculative thought, but the attempt to interfere with the individualism of imaginative art still lingers. In fact, it does more than linger; it is aggressive, offensive, and brutalizing.

It will, of course, be said that such a scheme as is set forth here is quite unpractical, and goes against human nature. This is perfectly true. It is unpractical, and it goes against human nature. This is why it is worth carrying out, and that is why one proposes it. For what is a practical scheme? *A practical scheme is either a scheme that is already in existence, or a scheme that could be carried out under existing conditions.* But it is exactly the existing conditions that one objects to; and any scheme that could accept these conditions is wrong and foolish. The conditions will be done away with, and human nature will change. The only thing that one really knows about human nature is that it changes. Change is the one quality we can predicate of it. The systems that fail are those that rely on the permanency of human nature, and not on its growth and development. The error of Louis XIV was that he thought human nature would always be the same. The result of his error was the French Revolution. It was an admirable result. All the results of the mistakes of governments are quite admirable.

It is to be noted also that Individualism does not come to man with any sickly cant about duty, which merely means doing what other people want because they want it; or any hideous cant about self-sacrifice, which is merely a survival of savage mutilation. *In fact, it does not come to man with any claims upon him at all. It comes naturally and inevitably out of man.* It is the point to which all development tends. It is the differentiation to which all organisms grow. It is the perfection that is inherent in every mode of life, and towards which every mode of life quickens. And so Individualism exercises no compulsion over man. On the contrary it says to man that he should suffer no compulsion to be exercised over him. It does not try to force people to be good. It knows that people are good when they are let alone. Man will develop Individualism out of himself. Man is now developing Individualism. To ask whether Individualism is practical is like asking whether Evolution is practical. *Evolution is the law of life, and there is no Evolution except toward Individualism.* Where this tendency is not expressed, it is a case of artificially-arrested growth, or of disease, or of death.

Individualism will also be unselfish and unaffected. It

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has been pointed out that one of the results of the extraordinary tyranny of authority is that words are absolutely distorted from their proper and simple meaning, and are used to express the obverse of their right signification. What is true about art is self-about life. A man is called affected nowadays if he dresses as he likes to dress. But doing that he is acting in a perfectly natural manner. Affectation in such matters consists in dressing according to the views of one's neighbor, whose views, as they are the views of the majority, will probably be extremely stupid. Or a man is called selfish if he lives in the manner that seems to him most suitable for the full realization of his own personality; if, in fact, the primary aim of his life is self-development. But this is the way in which everyone should live. *Selfishness is not living as one wishes to live; it is asking others to live as one wishes to live.* And unselfishness is letting other people's lives alone, not interfering with them. Selfishness always aims at creating around it an absolute uniformity of type. Unselfishness recognizes infinite variety of type as a delightful thing, accepts it, acquiesces in it, enjoys it. It is not selfish to think for one's self. A man who does not think for himself does not think at all. It is grossly selfish to require of one's neighbor that he should think in the same way and hold the same opinions. Why should he? If he can think, he will probably think differently. If he cannot think, it is monstrous to require thought of any kind from him. A red rose is not selfish because it wants to be a red rose. It would be horribly selfish if it wanted all the other flowers in the garden to be both red and roses. Under Individualism people will be quite natural and absolutely unselfish and will know the meaning of the words, and realize them in their free, beautiful lives. Nor will men be egotistic as they are now. For the egotist is he who makes claims upon others, and the Individualist will not desire to do that. It will not give him pleasure. When man has realized Individualism, he will also realize sympathy and exercise it freely and spontaneously. Up to the present man has hardly cultivated sympathy at all. He has merely sympathy with pain, and sympathy with pain is not the highest form of sympathy. *All sympathy is fine, but sympathy with suffering is the least fine mode.* It is tainted with egotism. It is apt to become morbid. There is in it a certain element of terror for our own safety. We become afraid that we ourselves might be as the leper or as the blind, and that no man would have care of us. It is curiously limiting, too. One should sympathize with the entirety of life, not with life's sores and maladies merely, but with life's joy and beauty and energy and health and freedom. The wider sympathy is, of course, the more difficult. It requires, in fact, the nature of a true Individualist—to sympathize with a friend's success. In the modern stress of competition and struggle for place, such sympathy is naturally rare, and is also very much stifled by the immoral ideal of uniformity of type and conformity to rule which is so prevalent everywhere, and is, perhaps, most obnoxious in England.

Sympathy with pain there will, of course, always be. It is one of the first instincts of man. The animals which are individual, the higher animals that is to say, share it with us. But it must be remembered that while sympathy with joy intensifies the sum of joy in the world, sympathy with pain does not really diminish the amount of pain. It may make man better to endure evil, but the evil remains. Sympathy with consumption does not cure consumption; that is what science does. And when Socialism has solved the problem of poverty, and science solved the problem of disease, the area of the sentimentalists will be lessened, and the sympathy of man will be large, healthy, and spontaneous. Man will have joy in the contemplation of the joyous lives of others.

For it is through joy that the Individualism of the future will develop itself. *Christ made no attempt to reconstruct society, and consequently the Individualism that he preached to man could be realized only through pain or in solitude.* The

ideals that we owe to Christ are the ideals of the man who abandons society entirely, or of the man who resists society absolutely. But man is naturally social. Even the Thebaïd became peopled at last. And though the cerobite realizes his personality, it is often an impoverished personality that he so realizes. Upon the other hand, the terrible truth that pain is a mode through which man may realize himself exercised a wonderful fascination over the world. Shallow speakers and shallow thinkers in pulpits and on platforms often talk about the world's worship of pleasure, and whine against it. But it is rarely in the world's history that its ideal has been one of joy and beauty. The worship of pain has far more often dominated the world. Mediævalism, with its saints and martyrs, its love of self-torture, its wild passion for wounding itself, its gashing with knives, and its whipping with rods—Mediævalism is real Christianity, and the mediæval Christ is the real Christ. When the Renaissance dawned upon the world, and brought with it the new ideals of the beauty of life and the joy of living, men could not understand Christ. Even art shows us that. The painters of the Renaissance drew Christ as a little boy playing with another boy in a palace or a garden, or lying back in his mother's arms, smiling at her, or at a flower, or at a bright bird; or as a noble, stately figure moving nobly through the world; or as a wonderful figure rising in a sort of ecstasy from death to life. Even when they drew him crucified they drew him as a beautiful God on whom evil men had inflicted suffering. But he did not preoccupy them much. What delighted them was to paint the men and women whom they admired and to show the loveliness of this lovely earth. They painted many religious pictures—in fact, they painted far too many, and the monotony of type and motive is wearisome, and was bad for art. It was the result of the authority of the public in art-matters, and is to be deplored. But their soul was not in the subject. Raphael was a great artist when he painted his portrait of the Pope. When he painted his Madonnas and infant Christs, he was not a great artist at all. Christ had no message for the Renaissance, which was wonderful because it brought an ideal at variance with his, and to find the presentation of the real Christ we must go to mediæval art. There he is one maimed and marred; one who is not comely to look on, because beauty is a joy; one who is not in fair raiment, because that may be a joy also; he is a beggar who has a marvelous soul; he is a leper whose soul is divine; he needs neither property nor health; he is a God realizing his perfection through pain.

The evolution of man is slow. The injustice of men is great. It was necessary that pain should be put forward as a mode of self-realization. Even now, in some places in the world, the message of Christ is necessary. No one who lived in modern Russia could possibly realize his perfection except by pain. A few Russian artists have realized themselves in art, in a fiction that is mediæval in character, because its dominant note is the realization of men through suffering. But for those who are not artists, and to whom there is no mode of life but the actual life of fact, pain is the only door to perfection. A Russian who lives happily under the present system of government in Russia must either believe that man has no soul, or that, if he has, it is not worth developing. A Nihilist who rejects all authority, because he knows authority to be evil, and who welcomes all pain, because through that he realizes his personality, is a true Christian. To him the Christian ideal is a true thing.

And yet, Christ did not revolt against authority. He accepted the imperial authority of the Roman Empire and paid tribute. He endured the ecclesiastical authority of the Jewish Church, and would not repel its violence by any violence of his own. He had, as I said before, no scheme for the reconstruction of society. But the modern world has schemes. It proposes to do away with poverty and the suffering that it entails. It desires to get rid of pain and the suffering that

pain entails. It trusts to Socialism and to science as its methods. What it aims at is an Individualism expressing itself through joy. This Individualism will be larger, fuller, lovelier than any Individualism has ever been. Pain is not the ultimate mode of perfection. It is merely provisional and a protest. It has reference to wrong, unhealthy, unjust surroundings. When the wrong and the disease and the injustice are removed, it will have no further place. It will have done its work. It was a great work, but it is almost over. Its sphere lessens every day.

Nor will man miss it. *For what man has sought for is, indeed, neither pain nor pleasure, but simply Life.* Man has sought to live intensely, fully, perfectly. When he can do so without exercising restraint on others, or suffering it ever, and his activities are all pleasurable to him, he will be saner, healthier, more civilized, more himself. Pleasure is Nature's test, her sign of approval. When man is happy, he is in harmony with himself and his environment. The new Individualism, for whose service Socialism, whether it wills or not is working will be perfect harmony. It will be what the Greeks sought for but could not except in thought realize completely because they had slaves, and fed them; it will be what the Renaissance sought for, but could not realize completely except in art, because they had slaves, and starved them. It will be complete, and through it each man will attain to his perfection. The new Individualism is the new Hellenism.

The Harvester Trust



IN the *Cosmopolitan* magazine for April, Alfred Henry Lewis gives a highly interesting account of the trust in agricultural implements, otherwise known as the Harvester Trust. This gigantic combination of capitalistic marauders was formed in 1902. Mr. Lewis thinks that its yearly profit amounts to at least \$40,000,000, and that this enormous "rake-off" is going to be substantially increased during the next few years.

We quote the following from the article of Mr. Lewis:

The round production of the American farms, in figures, is each year \$4,900,000,000. It is three times the gross earnings of the railroads. It is fourfold the output of all the mines—gold, silver, iron, copper, coal. It is six times the whole capital of all the national banks.

To produce that annual crop, the aggregate value of which is \$4,900,000,000, the farmer spends yearly \$100,000,000 for tools, implements and machinery, and it was for the conquest of those \$100,000,000, and to turn them to its own profitable favor, that the harvester trust was conceived. It is not too much to say that, now, in the third year of its existence, the harvester trust from those \$100,000,000 pockets a yearly profit of over \$40,000,000, eighty per cent. of which may be counted as merest rapine, attained by methods that would shame a footpad, and are wholly criminal in the eye of the law.

The harvester trust whipped the rebate Satan around the statute-stump. Having billions behind it, the harvester trust bought two railways for itself. It went into the railroad business. Since most of its plants were, so to speak, within stone's throw of Chicago, with the most remote among them no farther afield than Akron, Ohio, it pitched upon Chicago as its central point of distribution. That being determined, it proceeded to purchase the Illinois Northern Railroad outright, and secure the whip-hand of control in the West Pullman Railroad Company. It also so arranged that, whether a car used for the shipment of its wares were to run finally over the Alton, the Santa Fé, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Pennsylvania or any other railroad, in leaving its central depots of farm-tool supplies, it must first run a mile or two over one of those railroads it controlled. By this sagacious practice, the harvester trust need never traffic with any railroad for a rebate; its own railroad would be able to make the deal.

It is worth, in the railroad-rate market, from two dollars to three dollars a car for the Illinois Northern Railroad to shunt in and out a car, designed for the reception of a shipment of harvester trust wares. The Illinois Northern compels the other railways to pay twelve dollars for that service, or from nine dollars to ten dollars more than it is worth. Since the harvester trust owns the Illinois Northern, those nine advantageous dollars are as so many direct dollars in the till of the harvester trust. In this manner, on every shipment of its goods, the harvester trust, employing the Illinois Northern or the West Pullman Railroad as a mask, succeeds to a rebate of nine dollars a car.

With its limitless money; with its steamships, its railroads, its rebates, its exclusive agencies, its sure control of over ninety per cent. of the plants manufacturing farm-implements and machineries, the harvester trust within a next trio of years, as have the beef trust, the coal trust and the sugar trust in their respective fields of rapine, will have backed the last lean vestige of rivalry or opposition off the scene. Then it will have the farmers, and those one hundred million dollars which they annually expend for farm-implements, to itself. Under such fat, not to say foot-pad, conditions, those farmers may be prevailed upon to increase their expenditures to two hundred million dollars, while the trust, with no one to molest it or make it afraid, will be able to give less in quality, less in quantity—after the frugal manner of the tobacco trust and others of the vulture brood.

The harvester trust—hatched to bleed the farmer for forty million dollars of profit every year—with its railroads and its steamboats and its ropewalks in Manila, has invaded Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and South America with its products. There it is selling them at a wholesome per cent. below what is demanded of the American agriculturist with his one-fall, two-fall, three-fall and four-fall notes at six to ten per cent. From this alien trade alone, the harvester trust cleans up a rotund yearly treasure of twenty-one million dollars. The export value of American farm-tools and machinery increased, during the year just closed, over four million dollars beyond the figure of the year before; and it is safe to submit, since that export was disposed of at prices widely under the prices asked for the same articles in America, that the harvester trust enjoys a fringe of profit from its home trade that in much of its illicit extravagance might better be sheared away.

The Socialist

By John E. Ellam



ALL hail to thee, thou bold iconoclast!
The lowly have awaited long for thee;
The day of their redemption dawns at last:—
Lo! thou art here, prepared to set them free,
To break the bonds of servitude and chains of tyranny!

The spirit of the prophets is not dead.
Not all men are abased before the Calf.
Fearless, erect, I see thee raise thy head
Among the weak and poor, on their behalf
To boldly speak the Truth entire, not a distorted half!

The soul of prophets lives again in thee!
Thou art the terror of these latter days
To those who, waxen rich by usury,
Walk all their sordid lives in crooked ways,
And shrink away, like bats or moles, from Truth's unsullied rays!

The robbers of the People's birthright cringe
Before thy straight-flung words, and stop their ears,
And hasten from thee; for the truths that singe
And burn their guilty hearts, give rise to fears
Lest thou shouldst gain the power to right the wrongs of bygone years!

The faithless priest who, without shame, hath sold
The Spirit of the Universe benign,
Barter'd His everlasting Truth for gold,
And turned His altar into Mammon's shrine,
Before thee sinks his pompous voice to a protesting whine!

Abuse and insult are thy recompense,
Black lies and calumnies are heaped on thee
By those who have naught left for their defence,
Since thou'st unrobed their vile hypocrisy,
And stripp'd away their masks of guile for all the world to see!

The Promise of the Ages burns in thee!
The hate of knaves and fools, in thy face,
A thorny crown of grandeur shall it be,
Imparting unto thee a godlike grace,
Which to thy Memory shall cling throughout the Coming Race!

THE COMRADE



Ferdinand Lassalle.

Born April 11, 1825. Died August 31, 1864.

The Working Class

Reprinted from "The Workman's Program," in commemoration of the eightieth anniversary of the birth of Ferdinand Lassalle.



IN a long period in the past, as we have seen, the development of the people, which is the life-breath of history, proceeds by an ever advancing abolition of the privileges which guarantee to the higher classes their position as higher and ruling classes. The desire to maintain this, in other words their personal interest, brings therefore every member of the higher classes who has not once for all by a high range of vision elevated himself above his purely personal existence—and you will understand that this can never be more than a very small number of exceptional characters—into a position thoroughly *hostile* in principle to the development of the people, to the progress of education and science, to the advance of culture, to all the life-breath and victory of historic life.

It is this opposition of the personal interest of the higher classes to the development of the nation in culture which evokes the great and necessary immorality of the higher classes. It is a life, whose daily conditions you need only represent to yourselves, in order to perceive the deep inward deterioration to which it must lead. To be compelled daily to *oppose* all that is great and good, to be obliged to *grieve* at its successes, to rejoice at its failures, to restrain its further progress, to be obliged to undo or to execrate the advantages it has already attained. It is to lead their life as in the country of an *enemy*—and this enemy is the moral community of their *own people*, amongst whom they live, and *for* whom to strive constitutes all true morality. It is to lead their lives, I say, as in the country of an *enemy*; this enemy is their own people, and the fact that it is regarded and treated as their enemy must generally at all events be cunningly concealed, and this hostility must more or less artfully be covered with a veil.

And to this we must add that either they must do all this *against* the voice of their own conscience and intelligence, or they must have stifled the voice by habit so as not to be oppressed by it, or lastly they must have never known this voice, never known anything different and better than the religion of their own advantage!

This life leads therefore necessarily to a thorough depreciation and contempt of all striving to realize an ideal, to a compassionate

smile at the bare mention of the great name of the Idea, to a deeply seated want of sympathy and even antipathy to all that is beautiful and great, to a complete swallowing up of every moral element in us, by the one passion of selfish seeking for our own advantage, and of immoderate desire for pleasure.

It is this *opposition* between personal interest and the development of the nation in culture, which the lower classes, happily for them, are *without*.

It is unfortunately true that there is always enough of selfishness in the lower classes, much more than there should be, but this selfishness of theirs, wherever it is found, is the fault of single persons, of *individuals*, and not the inevitable fault of the *class*.

A very reasonable instinct warns the members of the lower classes, that so long as each of them relates himself only to himself, and each one thinks only of himself, he can hope for no important improvement in his position.

But the more earnestly and deeply the lower classes of society strive after the improvement of their condition as a class, the improvement of the *lot of their class*, the more does this personal interest, instead of opposing the movement of history and thereby being condemned to that immorality of which we have spoken, assume a *direction* which thoroughly accords with the development of the whole *people*, with the victory of the *idea*, with the advance of *culture*, with the living principle of history itself, which is no other than the development of *freedom*. Or in other words, as we have already seen, *its* interest is the interest of the entire human race.

You are therefore in this happy position, that instead of its being possible for you to be dead to the idea, you are on the contrary urged to the deepest sympathy for it by your own *personal interests*. You are in the happy position that the idea which constitutes your true personal interest, is one with the throbbing pulse of history, and with the living principle of moral development. You are able therefore to devote yourselves with *personal passion* to this historical development, and to be certain that the more strongly this *passion* grows and burns within you in the true sense in which I have explained it to you, the higher is the moral position you have attained.

These are the reasons why the dominion of the fourth class in the State must produce such an efflorescence of morality, culture, and science, as has not yet been witnessed in history.

But there is yet another reason for this, one which is most intimately connected with all the views I have explained to you, and forms their keystone.

The fourth estate not only has a different formal political principle from that of the bourgeoisie, namely the universal direct franchise, instead of the census of the bourgeoisie, and not only has through its position in life a different relation to moral forces than the higher classes, but has also—and partly in consequence of these—quite another and a different conception of the moral *object of the State* from that of the bourgeoisie.

According to the bourgeoisie, the moral idea of the State is exclusively this, that the unhindered exercise by himself of his own faculties should be guaranteed to each individual.

If we were all equally strong, equally clever, equally educated, and equally rich, this might be regarded as a sufficient and a moral idea.

But since we neither *are* nor *can be* thus equal, this idea is not satisfactory, and therefore necessarily leads in its consequences to deep immorality, for it leads to this, that the stronger, the cleverer, and the richer fleece the weaker and pick their pockets.

The moral idea of the State according to the working class on the contrary is this, that the unhindered and free activity of individual powers exercised by the individual is not *sufficient*, but that something *must be added* to this in a morally ordered community—namely, *solidarity* of interests, community and reciprocity in development.

In accordance with this difference, the bourgeoisie conceive the moral object of the State to consist solely and exclusively in the protection of the personal freedom and the property of the individual.

This is a policeman's idea, a policeman's idea for this reason, because it represents to itself the State from a point of view of a policeman, whose whole function consists in preventing robbery and burglary. Unfortunately this policeman's idea is not only familiar to genuine liberals, but is even to be met with not unfrequently among so-called democrats, owing to their defective imagination. If the bourgeoisie would express the logical inference from their idea, they must maintain that according to it if there were no such thing as robbers and thieves, the State itself would be entirely superfluous.

Very differently does the fourth estate regard the object of the State, for it apprehends it in its true nature.

History is a struggle with nature; with the misery, the ignorance, the poverty, the weakness, and consequent slavery in which we were involved when the human race came upon the scene in the beginning of history. The progressive *victory* over this weakness—this is the development of freedom which history displays to us.

In this struggle we should never have made one step forward, nor shall we ever advance one step more by acting on the principle of *each one for himself, each one alone*.

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It is the State whose function it is to carry on *this development of freedom*, this development of the human race until its freedom is attained.

The State is this unity of individuals into a moral whole, a unity which increases a million-fold the strength of *all* the individuals who are comprehended in it, and multiplies a million times the power which would be at the disposal of them *all* as individuals.

The object of the State, therefore, is not only to *protect* the personal freedom and property of the individual with which he is supposed according to the idea of the bourgeoisie to have entered the State. On the contrary, the object of the State is precisely this to place the individuals *through this union* in a position to attain to *such objects*, and reach such a *stage of existence* as they *never* could have reached as individuals; to make them capable of acquiring an amount of *education, power and freedom* which would have been wholly unattainable by them as individuals.

Accordingly the object of the State is to bring man to positive expansion, and progressive development, in other words, to bring the destiny of man—that is the culture of which the human race is capable—into *actual existence*; it is the *training and development* of the human race to freedom.

This is the true moral nature of the State, its true and high mission. So much is this the case, that from the beginning of time through the very *force* of events it has more or less been carried out by the State without the exercise of will, and unconsciously even against the will of its leaders.

But the working class, the lower classes of the community in general, through the helpless condition in which its members find themselves placed as individuals, have always acquired the deep instinct, that this is and must be the duty of the State, to help the individual by means of the union of all to such a development as he would be *incapable* of attaining as an individual.

A State therefore which was ruled by the idea of the working class, would no longer be driven, as all States have hitherto been, unconsciously and against their will by the nature of things, and the force of circumstances, but it would make this moral nature of the State its mission, with perfect clearness of vision and complete consciousness. It would complete with *unchecked desire* and perfect *consistency*, that which hitherto has only been wrung in scanty and imperfect fragments from the wills that were opposed to it, and *for this very reason*—though time does not permit me to explain in any detail this necessary connection of cause and effect—it would produce a soaring flight of the human spirit, a development of an amount of happiness, culture, well-being, and freedom without example in the history of the world, and in comparison with which, the most favorable conditions that have existed in former times would appear but dim shadows of the reality.

This it is which must be called the workingman's idea of the State, his conception of the object of the State, which, as you see is just as different from the bourgeois conception of the object of the State, as the principle of the working class, of the claim of *all* to direct the will of the State, or universal suffrage, is different from the principle held by the bourgeoisie, the census.

The series of ideas which I have explained to you must be regarded as the idea of the working class. It is this that I had in view when I spoke to you, at the commencement of my lecture, of the connection of the particular period of history in which we live with the idea of the working class. It is *this* period of history beginning with February, 1848, to which has been allotted the task of bringing this idea of the State into actual existence. We may congratulate ourselves that we have been born at a time which is destined to witness this the most glorious work of history, and that we are permitted to take a part in accomplishing it.

But on all who belong to the working class the duty of taking up an entirely new attitude is imposed, if there is any truth in what I have said.

Nothing is more calculated to impress upon a class a worthy and moral character, than the consciousness that it is destined to become a ruling class, that it is called upon to raise the principle of its class to the principle of the entire age, to convert *its idea* into the leading idea of the whole of society and thus to form this society by impressing upon it its own character.

The high and world-wide honor of this destiny must occupy all your thoughts. Neither the load of the oppressed, nor the idle dissipation of the thoughtless, nor even the harmless frivolity of the insignificant, are henceforth becoming to you. You are the rock on which the Church of the present is to be built.

It is the lofty moral earnestness of *this* thought which must with devouring exclusiveness possess your spirits, fill your minds, and shape your whole lives, so as to make them worthy of it, conformable to it, and always related to it. It is the moral earnestness of this thought which must never leave you, but must be present to your heart in your workshops during the hours of labor, in your leisure hours, during your walks, at your meetings, and even when you stretch your limbs to rest upon your hard couches, it is *this* thought which must fill and occupy your minds till they lose themselves in dreams. The more exclusively you immerse yourselves in the moral earnestness of this thought, the more undividedly you give yourselves up to its

glowing fervor, by so much the more, be assured, will you *hasten the time*, within which our present period of history will have to fulfill its task, so much the sooner will you bring about the accomplishment of this task.

If there be only *two or three* of you who now hear me, in whom I should be so happy as to have kindled the moral glow of this idea in its depth as I feel and have described it to you, then I should already have reaped a rich harvest and a rich reward for my lecture.

Before all things your hearts must remain strangers to despondency and doubt, to which a view of the events of history not sufficiently wide for this idea may lead.

From the lofty mountain summits of science the dawn of the new day is seen earlier than below in the turmoil of daily life.

Have you ever witnessed a sunrise from a lofty mountain?

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Books Received

- HUMAN SUBMISSION. By Morrison I. Swift. Paper. 97 pages. Price 25c. Philadelphia: Liberty Press.
- RELIGION. By William Loftus Hare. Paper. 61 pages. Price sixpence net. London: C. W. Daniel.
- HINDOO RELIGION. By William Loftus Hare. Paper. 62 pages. Price sixpence net. London: C. W. Daniel.
- MADAM GUYON. By W. P. Swainson. Paper. 31 pages. Price threepence. London: C. W. Daniel.
- JACOB BOEHME. By W. P. Swainson. Paper. 32 pages. Price threepence. London: C. W. Daniel.
- IS IT SO IMPRACTICABLE? OR A TRUST FOR ALL THE PEOPLE. By Chilton Rowe. Paper. 37 pages.
- ON LIFE'S THRESHOLD. By Charles Wagner. Cloth. 187 pages. Price \$1 net. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
- SOCIALISM. By Victor Cathrein, S. J. Translated and enlarged by Victor F. Gettelmann, S. J. Cloth. 424 pages. New York: Benziger Brothers.
- LIFE IN SING SING. By Number 1500. Cloth. 276 pages. Price \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
- THE LAND OF RIDDLES. RUSSIA OF TO-DAY. By Dr. Hugo Ganz. Translated from the German. Cloth. 331 pages. Price \$2 net. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- THE RUSSIAN PEASANTRY. By Stepiak. Cloth. 651 pages. Price \$1.25 net. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
- COMPETITION. By W. V. Marshall. Cloth. 93 pages. Berlin, Pa.: Record Publishing Co.
- COMBINATIONS, TRUSTS AND MONOPOLIES. By Edward I. Nolan. Cloth. 353 pages.
- EDWARD CARPENTER: POET AND PROPHET. By Ernest Crosby. Paper. 50 pages. Price sixpence net. London: Arthur C. Fifield.
- THE STAINED GLASS WINDOW. By George Elmer Littlefield. 16 pages. Price 6c. Westwood, Mass.: The Ariel Press.
- CITIZENSHIP AND THE DUTIES OF A CITIZEN. By Walter L. Sheldon. Cloth. 466 pages. Price \$1.00. Chicago: W. M. Welch Company.
- WAR OF THE CLASSES. By Jack London. Cloth. 278 pages. Price \$1.50 net. New York: The Macmillan Company.
- OUT OF WORK. By Frances A. Kellor. Cloth. 292 pages. Price \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- THE WHITE TERROR AND THE RED. A Novel of Revolutionary Russia. By A. Cahan. Cloth. 430 pages. Price \$1.50. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

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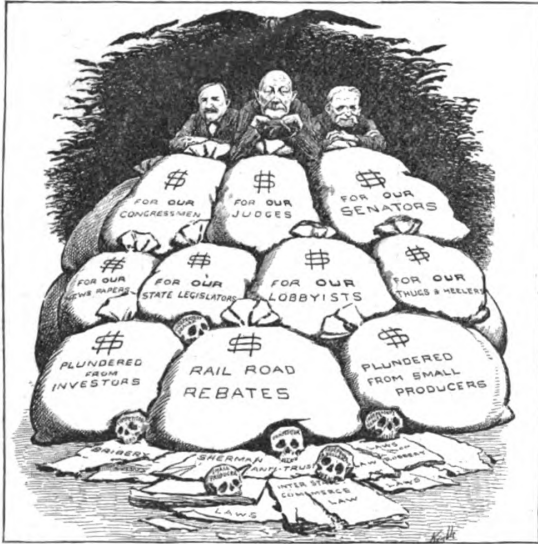
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