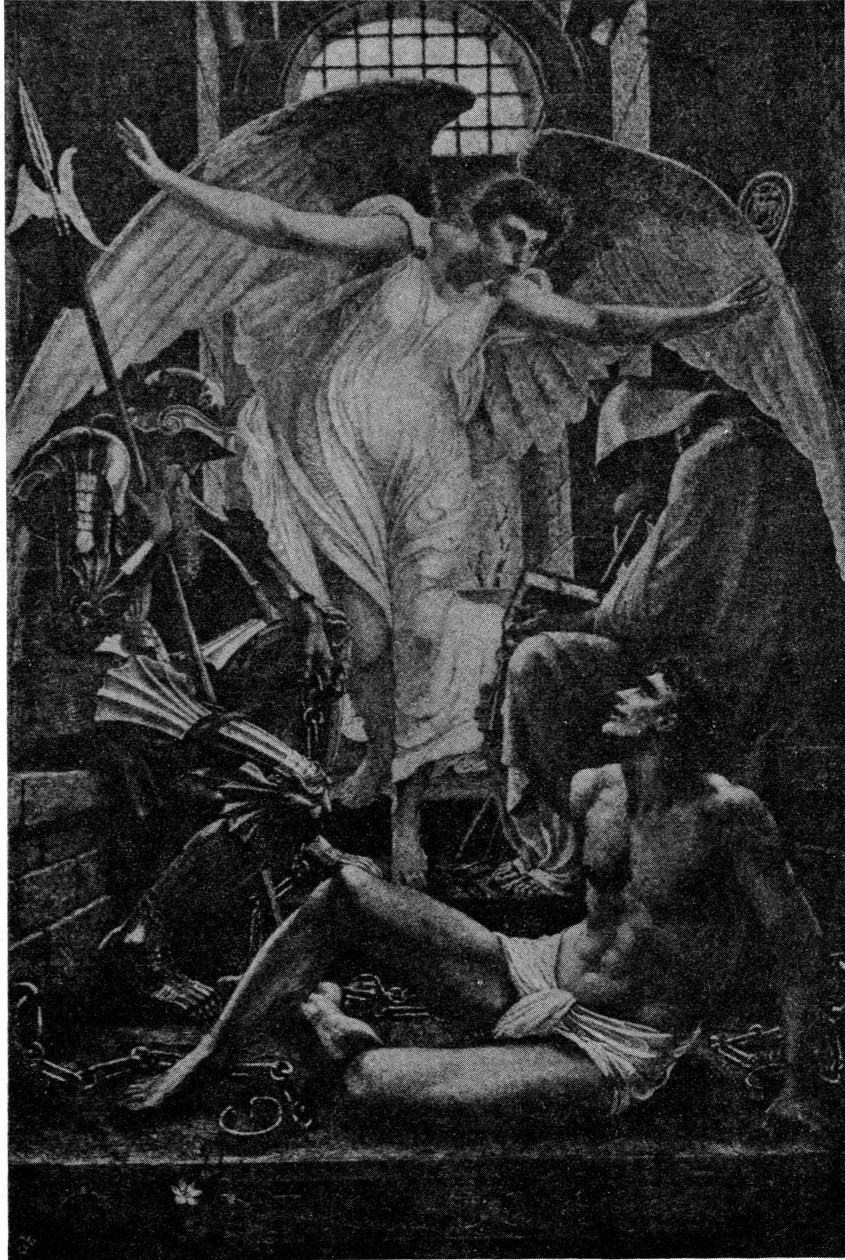


THE COMRADE



FREEDOM

From the Painting by Walter Crane

Wagner and "Parsifal"

By George D. Herron

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THIS is not an attempt at musical criticism, but a statement of the writer's mind concerning the meaning and effect of the drama and music of Parsifal, with some reflections upon the life and philosophy of the great composer.

One reason for Wagner's commanding significance in the history of music is the use which he made of his art. While no exact divisions can be made between those to whom art is an end in itself, and those to whom art is a means or vehicle for something else, yet the division roughly answers to our need of defining men and things in order that we may understand them. We may speak of Raphael, or da Vinci, or Rubens, or Beethoven, or Mozart, or Mendelssohn, or Chopin, as a man who made his art, with its development and glory, an end in itself. Not that these men were without ideas or ideals to express. Raphael had a comprehensive ideal; but it was an ideal of his art; not of something outside of itself that the art should be made to express or carry. Beethoven, not only the supreme product and producer of music, but rightly at the head of art's human procession, with Aeschylus as his only equal, certainly had world-ideals, expressed especially in the Pastoral, the Heroic, and the Ninth Symphonies. The last of these is the most splendid optimism, or prophecy, concerning human brotherhood that art can imply. Yet Beethoven was, first of all, and last of all, a musical composer, enriching his music with his ideals, translating them into the music's color and blossom. Chopin's music was chiefly the beautiful expression and plaint of his personal moods; but we rightly think of him as a composer and nothing more.

On the other hand, Angelo, Millet, and Wagner are of those to whom art is merely a means, a tool, a vehicle of expression. Indeed, Angelo may be said to have held his art in derision, or rather the common practice of it. There was a sort of ferocity about his seizure of brush or chisel to express the magnificence of his despair concerning the world—the riot and splendor, murder and beauty, lust and mysticism, amidst which he lived. His art is the expression of a majestic scorn toward the order and disorder of things as he found them—a scorn so great that it would not even deign to protest, so hopeless and contemptible did the world seem to him. So, also, did Leonardo da Vinci, a far greater mind than Angelo, use the painter's and sculptor's tools to set forth life as the eternal sphinx, and man as the eternal questioner. That smile of mysterious disillusion, so

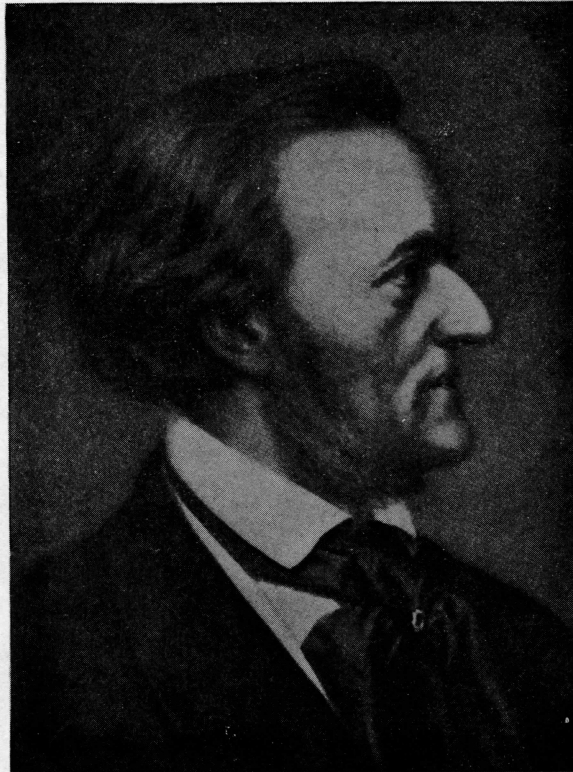
wonderful on Monna Lisa's face, he retraced by every touch of his brush upon plaster or canvas. Millet used his art to declare the divinity and beauty of labor—a divinity and beauty which we hope soon to bring to an end, because the soul of it is but the brute submission of labor to the centuries of oppression and exhaustion. And Wagner, more than all other men who have commanded attention through their art, made use of his art as a vehicle for carrying a philosophy or an ideal. He was not, first of all, nor last of all, a musician. He was a man of revolt, of thought, of rare emotions, of philosophies, who seized upon music and the drama as the means of speaking his mind about things. The opera was his method of pamphleteering the world. The

Ring of the Nibelung was his revolutionary propaganda, and Parsifal his final religious tract. He might just as well have seized upon the brush and canvas, or upon the explosive word-method of Carlyle, as well as upon music, if one of these other methods had first come to hand, or could have been subordinated to his purpose. With Wagner, more than any other artist, his art was merely an instrument, almost an accident; it was his handiest or most available way of saying things.

Parenthetically, I might raise the question of the right of any man to make a mere tool of music. All the other arts are interpretations, but music is something to be interpreted. Other arts are the works of our hands, of our contriving; but music cometh from the hills, from the primal springs. Perhaps we shall one day find that life and music are one. At any rate, the opera is a prostitution of music—a burdening of the soul of things with that which is trivial. Music is not for amusement, but for the calling and blossoming of the common life.

Of course, much of Wagner's achievement lay in his power to relate and unify all the arts for his purpose. In his operas, he sought synthesis or union of music drama and painting. And what he did, he did with master hand. Neither music nor the drama can ever be the same as they were before Wagner. He and Angelo are the greatest minds that ever made a tool of art.

Another reason why Wagner stays with us so persistently is his absolute sincerity. I have no sympathy with the critics who attribute any of Wagner's work, or final success, to a commercial instinct, or to any sort of servility. It is not necessary to discredit the man, or his spiritual integrity, in order to disagree with both his means of self-expression and the things expressed. It is true that he changed his mind and mood toward the world. It is commonplace to say



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that no great mind was ever consistent; and this commonplace certainly applies to Wagner. It is indeed a far cry from Siegfried to Parsifal, but it is not true or just to attribute the composer's changes of mind or mood to greed or servility. One has only to follow the man's stressful and stormy life to see his unimpeachable fidelity to his ideals. He is the one man in art who has, at all hazards or costs, said the thing that was in him. Everything he wrote or composed was an exact transcript of what he thought and how he felt at the time the thing was being done. His work is the incarnate integrity of his soul in this respect. And this is a great thing to say for any man; for there is never more than a man or two upon the earth at any one time who will really be what he is, if I may put it so paradoxically. Nobody says what he really thinks or feels. Indeed, very few ever feel or think anything original or elemental. The moral systems, as well as the arts and politics of the world, are the training of men to seem rather than to be. They are all the negation of integrity. Our commercial dishonesty, hideous and universal as it is, is but as a tiny root of the intellectual and spiritual dishonesty, which laws and moralities, and religions exist to create and perpetuate. Wagner is one of those solitary types of human integrity—a type of the man who will be himself, at all costs and at all times, without calculation and without end.

Between his birth, in 1813, and the production of *The Flying Dutchman* about thirty years later, his life was taken up with the effort to find himself—an unconscious effort at first, following the lines of musical conformity, producing nothing enduring save *Rienzi*, but finally becoming conscious in *The Flying Dutchman*. This opera was the result of Wagner's first understanding of himself, and of his first

deliberate resolution to express himself without regard to whether or not he should ever be heard. *The Flying Dutchman* practically closed the first period of his life,—the period of self-discovery, and opens his life's second, or revolutionary, period. It was during this second period, including the four or five years at Dresden, and the twelve years of bitter exile at Zurich, that the most of his work was done. And it is prodigious work, both in quantity and quality. To this revolutionary period belong *Tannhaeuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan and Isolde*, *The Meistersingers*, and the *Ring of Nibelung*; though *Tristan and Isolde* and the *Ring* were not completed, or performed, until long afterward, when he became the subject and dependent of the strange king of Bavaria. It was to this period that his prolific and tremendous literary and pamphleteering activity belongs. The result is the eight large volumes, which William Ashton Ellis has so admirably preserved for us. Upon every pertinent subject of the day he wrote: Communist essays, anarchist views of the state, the dependence of the arts upon democracy and community of goods, as well as essays upon religion and philosophy, claimed his attention. There is scarcely a subject of permanent human interest, from the occultism of the dark and mysterious east, to the organizations of labor and the social revolution of the west, that he did not discuss with virility and interest. And his writings will probably live long after his operas have ceased to be performed.

It is to this period, or rather the Dresden part of it, that his most revolutionary thoughts and actions belong. He probably fought upon the barricades of the street battles, during the Saxon revolution of 1848 and 1849, and he had to flee from Saxony for his life; first to Weimar and then from the German police to Swiss Zurich. He was profoundly in



Parsifal and the Flower Girls
Drawn by Latour



Klinsor Summoning Kundry
Drawn by Latour

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sympathy with this time of European hope and disappointment. Every nation was full of the promise and uprising of revolution. The kings and statesmen of Europe were filled with dread before the menace and march of the great republican movement which swept over the nations at that time. Mazzini's Young Italy had blossomed into a Young Europe; and republicanism, that was in part social, was permeating the peoples breaking forth in the revolutions of the German states, of Hungary and Poland, of Italy and France. It was a time of universal hope and of equally universal disappointment—a disappointment that was indeed bitter and paralyzing; for on the ruins of the revolution rose the modern European governments, or nations, with their bureaucracies, hypocrisies and capitalisms.

The revolution failed because it misconceived the basis of society. It began with politics instead of economics; it did not see that political and social forms are the result or expression of the prevailing mode of production and distribution; that politics and ethics are effects rather than causes; that religions and politics are always sustained as justifications of the existing property system. They did not see that the present organization of the world is industrial and financial, not political; that kings and parliaments, presidents and congresses, legislatures and courts, are mere puppets in the hands of this industrial system or profit-making mode of production and distribution. They thought that the world could be changed by imposing new ideas, or ideals, upon it; when the truth is, that new ideas, or ideals, are but the bloom of tremendous world changes, or the struggle towards these changes. Our ideas are the result of a system of things, and not the system of things the result of our ideas. Great world-changes spring up out of the human soil; out of its labor-experience and struggle. World-changes do not come because we preach about them, but

we preach about them because they are coming, whether we preach or no. It was because the revolutionists of the last mid-century did not understand the economic basis of society, because they did not begin with the industrial revolution, but with social and industrial harmony as a political effect, that they failed.

To show how saturated Richard Wagner was with the revolutionary feeling of the time, it is only necessary to quote from his famous address to the Saxon king and people, written while he was still the director of the Royal Opera House at Dresden. In this address, he personifies revolution as the goddess who comes proclaiming:

"I am the secret of perpetual youth, the everlasting creator of life; where I am not, death rages. I am the comfort, the hope, the dream of the oppressed. I destroy what exists; but from the rock whereon I light new life begins to flow. I come to you to break all chains which bear you down; to free you from the embrace of death, and instil a new life into your veins. All that exists must perish; that is the eternal condition of life, and I the all-destroying fulfil that law and create a fresh, new existence. I will renovate to the very foundations the order of things in which you live, for such is the offspring of sin, whose blossom is misery and whose fruit is crime. The grain is ripe, and I am the reaper. I will dissipate every delusion which has mastery over the human race. I will destroy the authority of the one over the many; of the lifeless over the living; of the material over the spiritual. I will break in pieces the authority of the great; of the law of property. Let the will of each be master of mankind, one's own desires fashion laws, one's own strength be one's own property, for the freeman is the sacred man, and there is nothing sublimer than he. Let the delusion be trampled under foot which gives to one individual power over millions; which reduces millions to the subjection of one; which would teach that one possesses the power to make happy others. The peer dare not rule over his peer, he has no power over his equal; and thus, since all are equal, I will destroy the mastery of the one over the other.

"Let the delusion be destroyed which provides for the mastery of death over life, of the past over the future. The law of the dead, that is their own law; it shares their lot and dies with them—it must not prevail over life. Life is in itself a law. And since law is for the living and not for the dead, and since you are the living, there exists no one who dare master you; thus you alone are the law, your own free will the single sublime law, and therefore I will destroy the mastery of the dead over the living. Destroyed be the delusion which makes mankind the slave of his own work, of his own property. The noblest gift of mankind is his productive power: therein lies the source of all prosperity, and not in what is produced; in production itself is the employment of your power, therein lies your true and highest enjoyment. Man's work is without life, the living must not be beholden to the lifeless, must not be made subject to it. Therefore, destroyed be the delusion which hampers enjoyment and limits free will, which elevates property over man, and degrades him to become the slave of his own work. Look around you, misguided one, on these abundant meadows through which you wander, slaves, strangers. You shall walk them free, free from the yoke of living, free from the chains of the dead. What nature has made, mankind cultivates and transforms into fruitful gardens; it belongs to mankind, to the needy, and no one dare come and say: 'To me belongs this forever, and all of you are only guests, whom I suffer so long as it pleases me, from whom I get rent and whom I drive away when it pleases me. What nature has given, and man has produced, and what the living stand in need of, is mine.' Destroyed be this lie. To him who is in need belongs alone what satisfies, and of such superabundance is offered you by nature, by your own resources. Behold the houses within the towns and everything that satisfies and pleases mankind. All of you must wander past as if strangers; the mind and the arm of men have created it, and therefore it belongs to man, the living, and no single person dare come and say: 'To me belongs everything that man has produced in his diligence. I alone have a right to it, and others may only enjoy as it pleases me when they pay me rent.' Destroyed be this lie along with the other; for what man has produced belongs to man for his boundless enjoyment, as do all other things on the earth. I will destroy the existing order of things which divides the one humanity into hostile peoples, into strong and weak, into privileged and outlawed, into rich and poor, for that makes unfortunate creatures of one and all. I will destroy the order of things which makes millions the slaves of the few, and those few the slaves of their own power, of their own wealth. I will destroy the order of things which severs enjoyment from labor, which turns labor into a burden and enjoyment into a vice, which makes one man miserable through want and another miserable through super-abundance. I will destroy this order of things which consumes the vigor of manhood in the service of the dead, of inert matter which sustains one



Tituel
From a Lithograph by Egusquiza

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part of mankind in idleness or useless activity, which forces thousands to devote their sturdy youth to the indolent pursuits of soldiery, officialism, speculation and usury, and the maintenance of such like despicable conditions, while the other half, by excessive exertion and sacrifice of all enjoyment of life, bears the burden of the whole infamous structure. I will destroy even the very memory and trace of this delirious order of things which, pieced together out of force, falsehood, trouble, tears, sorrow, suffering, need, deceit, hypocrisy and crime, is shut up in its own reeking atmosphere, and never receives a breath of pure air, to which no ray of pure joy ever penetrates. Let everything be destroyed which oppresses you and makes you suffer, and from the ruins of the old let there arise a new, undreamt-of happiness. Let not hatred, envy, jealousy, animosity, remain among you. You must recognize as brothers and sisters all who live; and free, free to will, free to act, free to enjoy, you shall know the worth of existence. Arise, then, ye people of the earth, arise, ye sorrow-stricken and oppressed. Ye, also, who vainly struggle to clothe the inner desolation of your hearts with the transient glory of riches, arise! Come and follow in my track with the joyful crowd, for I know not how to make distinction between those who follow me. There are but two peoples from henceforth on the earth—the one which follows me, and the one which resists me. The one I will lead to happiness, but the other I will crush in my progress. For I am the REVOLUTION, I am the new creating force. I am the divinity which discerns all life, which embraces, revives and rewards."

It was during his Zurich exile that the writings of Schopenhauer became the greatest formative influence in the life of Wagner, resulting in the ultimate inversion of his whole attitude toward life. It was the philosophy of negation, seeking happiness through the destruction of the will to live. It was the philosophy of despair, the disappointed and inverted self-seeking, masking the hatred and denial of life under the guise and ethic of self-denial. Fortunately, the most of his work was either finished, or was well on its way, before Schopenhauer's influence had run its deadly course in Wagner's life. Although the Ring was not carried on to its completion, to set upon the stage at Bayreuth, until 1874, it is none the less the work of the revolutionary period of his life. And Siegfried, not Parsifal, is the real Wagner's real hero, as well as the supreme achievement of his creative powers.

It was also during these years that the friendship of the splendid Franz Liszt was Wagner's chief support and consolation. And never did a man owe more to another than did Wagner owe to Liszt's generous and untiring friendship.

Wagner's release from exile, and permission to return to Germany in 1864, through the intercession of Princess Metternich, did not bring him favor or fortune. It is said that he purchased a revolver, with the purpose of putting an end to his life, so great was his misery and struggle with poverty and the world. A villa offered to him by a friend, on the shores of Lake Geneva, led him back to Switzerland, and to what he supposed was to be the withdrawal and retirement of his life. He had, as he thought, given up the struggle. It was then that the summons came from King Ludwig of Bavaria, that brought Wagner to his final fame; to fortune and economic security; to his years of prosperity and happiness with the daughter of Liszt, who divorced herself from von Bülow to become his wife.

After the completion of his theatre at Bayreuth, by subscriptions from all parts of the world, and the presentation therein of the Ring of the Nibelung in 1874, Wagner gave himself to the completion of what he regarded as the crowning work of his life, namely, Parsifal. Not only did he mean this to be his supreme achievement in the union of music and drama but also to be his final confession of faith. If Wagner is to be taken at his word, Mr. Walter Damrosch is entirely incorrect in his insistent statement that Parsifal is not at all to be taken as a statement of Wagner's faith, but as merely his dramatic, or literary interpretation, of Christianity. Wagner himself most distinctly states his intention that Parsifal shall be his doctrine of redemption to the world, and he certainly makes clear his final adoption of Christianity as the solution of the problem of life. Concerning the first performance of Parsifal, he writes:

"Thus even the influence of our surrounding optic and acoustic atmosphere bore our souls away from the wonted world; and the consciousness of this was evident in our dread at the thought of going back into that world. Yes, "Parsifal" itself had owed its origin and evolution to escape therefrom! Who can look, his lifetime long, with open eyes and unpent heart upon this world of robbery, and murder, organized and legalized by lying, deceit and hypocrisy, without being forced to flee from it at times in shuddering disgust? Whither turns his gaze? Too often to the pit of death. But him whose calling and his fate have fenced from that, to him, the truest likeness of the world itself may appear the herald of redemption sent us by its inmost soul. To be able to forget the actual world of fraud in this true-dream image, will seem to him the guerdon of the sorrowful sincerity with which he recognized its wretchedness. Was he to help himself with lies and cheating, in the evaluation of that picture? (To the artists) You all, my friends, found that impossible; and it was the very truthfulness of the exemplar which he offered you to work upon, that gave you too the blessed sense of world-escape; for you could but seek your own contentment in that higher truth alone. And that you found it was proved me by the hallowed grief of our farewell, when after all those noble days the parting came."

It is not necessary that I even briefly re-tell the familiar story of Parsifal, as set forth in Wagner's music drama. It is an adaptation, and a very considerable perversion, of the poem on Parsifal by Wolfram von Eschenbach, with fragments from other, and earlier, stories of the Grail pursuit. Long before the Middle Ages, there were many differing and intermingling stories of the Grail and its hero. Probably the story originates in one of the Pagan or Druid Nature Festivals, and was transmuted into Christian tradition, as most of the Pagan rituals were deformed and transmuted into the doctrines and rituals of the Christian church. In the version which Tennyson has adopted, in his "Idyls of the King," it is Galahad who is the hero of the Grail; but in most of the versions that prevail in Latin and German Europe, "Percivale" or "Parsifal" is the hero. In the original story, however, Parsifal marries the princess whom he delivers from distress, and afterwards takes her to the Grail castle on



Amfortas
Drawn by Latour

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Monsalvat, and Lohengrin becomes their first-born son and heir. The Parsifal of the Grail stories is a very much more inviting human type than the unthinking dunce and spiritual weakling for whom Wagner invokes our reverence.

It is true that the thing which Wagner meant to do in the music-drama of Parsifal, he has done, and done perfectly. No one can sit under the spell of the thing without acknowledging the consummate genius that wrought it. The flawless unity of all the elements and factors of the production in securing the effect which the composer set out to secure, the blending of tone with scene and word so as to bring the soul to submission,—all this must be confessed. But, this allowed, it is genius bent upon the destruction of that which is essentially life that we must consider. Saving Tolstoy, no artist or genius has ever so perpetrated his revenge upon life for his wrongs as did Wagner. Parsifal is not only the glory of decay, the revelation of a genius that riots in that intensified selfishness which takes the form of self-renunciation; it is the word or drama of a philosophy that is a deadly poison. It is, indeed, a wonderful and terrible blasphemy of life. There is a prodigious black magic about the way the thing is done, and its effect is a tremendous hypnotism.

From the very beginning, Wagner's revolutionary attitudes were too largely due to his resentment against the world's rejection of his work and himself, rather than to a sympathy with mangled and degraded humanity. It was this rejection of himself that drove him to pamphleteering and to battle. Hence he never understood the root and reach of the human struggle. His passion of soul was extraordinary; and it was directed by colossal genius; but his perspective was always personal and unconsciously revengeful. This personal experience of things resounds through all his compositions of tones and words. His music is freighted with his own sufferings which he is determined that other people shall suffer with him. And there is nothing meaner at bottom than the gratifying of one's self by stirring the emotions of others into accord with one's own suffering. We have a right to agonize for people; but we have no right to agonize before people. We have a right to be crucified for the world, but no right to be crucified before the world, or at least to revel in the attention of the world upon our crucifixion. Both Beethoven and Lincoln agonized for the world, as few have done; yet the Ninth Symphony and the Gettysburg speech are what their lives stood for. There is not a decadent note in the contribution of either, though both bared their hearts to the world. The output of their lives is the most splendid optimism concerning the human future. They converted their personal sufferings into universal prophecy. They dwelt in the soul's over-world, and the movement of their lives was a compelling of men to the highest, to the most selfless and universal. Beethoven and Lincoln are as the shadow of a great rock in which the world may rest—a rock garden—clad, and gushing with springs of the water of life.

It was not until some five centuries after Jesus that the early communities which bore his name began to displace the symbols of the vine, the fig tree, the meadows and the pastured sheep, with the symbols of religious martyrdom and torture.

Wagner, more than any other man who has wrought with music, had power to so combine tones that they awakened the silences of the soul's subterranean regions. He is distinctly the dramatist and singer of the soul's under-world. I am afraid Nietzsche is all too exact in declaring that Wagner draws his resources out of the drained goblet of human happiness. There is something so wanton, so brutally selfish, in the way in which he persistently contrives or combines music-sounds to pursue the haunted places of the soul. There is a subtle and beastly lust of power—a deadly and Satanic self-gratification in this

musical riot among the fears and deaths of the soul's under-world. It is all so subtly diabolic, so shamelessly and wantonly unmanly and unmanly—this blending and harmonizing of the soul's mirrors, this sheer self-gratifying exercise of power, by a genius who means to beat you into submission, and to take out of you both the principal and compound interest for all that he has suffered.

Parsifal stands and sings for the denial of life; for the destruction of the will to live; for the negation of love, which is the ongoing of the will to live. All periods of decay, in either the individual or the life of the world, are marked by a creeding and bannered religion of renunciation or self-denial; which renunciation or self-denial always turns out to be the most degrading and unbelieving selfishness, masquerading as unselfishness. It is the denial of life, not the denial of self, which these creeds and their prophets stand for. It is the religion of the impoverished life, of exhaustion and satiety, demanding that the world shall cease to live because the prophets of denial are too exhausted to go through the problem of the whole of living.

All religions are founded on this fundamental atheism; upon the doctrine that life is essentially evil; upon schemes for saving men from life, instead of bringing life to men. All religions come stamping life with infamy; with the stamp of inherent and necessary wickedness. They all come exploiting the soul of the world, robbing it of the energy and faith that should be directed towards our common evolution and social perfection. They come fixing the hope and the attention of men on something, or some place, outside of life itself. Buddha, Augustine, Wagner and Tolstoy, widely apart though they might think themselves, all come bearing the same deadly message of evil to the world. In recent times, there has been no such frightful and malignant infidelity, no such gospel of illimitable selfishness, no such creed of depthless atheism, no such sodden and decadent spirituality as that which Tolstoy proclaims, calling men to become sordid and inverted self-seekers, and shameless deserters of the pain and shame of the world. And Parsifal is the song of this wretched infidelity to life.

Parsifal's perfection is made to pivot upon a temptation which implies that the source and continuity of evil are through that sacrament from which, and through which, is the eternal procession of life. In place of Siegfried's glorified and protecting Brunhilde, we have woman pictured, in Kundry as that which man has to be saved from; just as in Tolstoy, we have nothing resembling a woman, but only a breeding animal, or the vassal of man's pleasure, from which he is to be delivered. In Parsifal, as in Tolstoy, we have the stamp of infamy and evil placed upon the secret of life, that blossoms in the babe's first smile, in the blush of the rose as well as of the maiden, in the strong hope of the young man, in all that is best in art or song or revolution, and in the ultimate holiness and beauty of the world.

Nor is the deadly confession of the drama, and its accompanying music, relieved by the motive of enlightenment by pity. For we are not enlightened by pity; nor is pity a basis for any robust or real loving procedure upon life. We are enlightened by love, and love comprehends pity, and something infinitely more. It comprehends the creation of a world in which we shall have no occasion for being pitiful, because we have all become equals, and true lovers one of another.

Nor is the infidelity to life relieved by the pomp and hypnotism of the drama's historic setting. The chivalry of the dark and middle ages, the very idea of noblesse oblige, springs from a world of masters and slaves, kings and vassals. The notion of a superior few going forth to deliver and redeem the distressed and benighted many belongs to a tyrant-burden and slave-laden world—the world that some of us are in revolt against. These slave ideals of life are

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still perpetuated by our world of employers and employes; by philanthropic and missionary agencies; by social settlements and the like; but they are all founded in the essential insolence of a superior class handing down benefits to an inferior class. They belong to an order of things that is an organized insult to humanity.

Now it is not the denial of life, but life's affirmation, that must summons mankind to a harmonious and beautiful world. The one faith we do need, and which Parsifal and all the religions have come to destroy, is the faith of man in life, or the faith of life in itself.

We have long had enough, yea, centuries too much, of the philosophies and religions that call us to escape from life. We have had too much of the self-deceit, the hypnotism and selfish ecstasy, the destructive and ignoble saintliness, of those who would call us to desert and blaspheme life in order to save ourselves. The citizen who keeps his hands clean of politics, the Tolstoyan who takes on a grotesque and imbecile pretence of poverty, the moralist who covers a world of hypocrisy with the shame of life, the preacher who blasphemes the sacrament by which his mother bore him, the social reformer who tries to call man from the common guilt and pain and shame—of all these, we have had enough, and too much. Yea, our highest ideals of the saintly life may sometime be seen to have been but ideals of a life that is essentially low and cowardly, creeping and incurably selfish.

What mankind needs, and that which will ransom it from its slave-laden and tyrant-burden past, that which will bring its ultimate glory and perfection, is the will to live, the courage to love, the faith to go through with the whole of life's problem and experience. Forever, have men sought refuge from life, from the infinity and awfulness of it—sought refuge in forgetfulness and pleasure; in drunkenness and high masses; in the inebriacy of the spirit as well as the sensuality of the body. But when we shall be reconciled to life, when we shall take life as its own divinity and authority, when we shall believe in the sacred and endless unrolling scripture of life, when we shall find rest and peace and perfection in life and not from it, then shall we have a faith whose altar shall be a free and lovely world—a spiritually elemental world, from which our slave ethics of good and evil have vanished. Be ye reconciled to life, is the gospel of to-morrow to to-day. The hands that spiritually banner and bear aloft this gospel, shall be the deliverers of the human race. They shall be forerunners of the life that knows no distinction between the spiritual and physical; in which the physical shall be but the word and sacrament of the spiritual, and the spiritual but the blossom and hue of the physical. Then each man shall be a lamp of the light of life, and shall cast no shadow where he walks. And every child born into the world shall be its inheritor, resourced with the world-love, and cradled in its brotherhood.

The dream of the perfect life is true. The providential social order will come. The world will become the face of God at last. But it will be when man has emerged from all the subterranean regions of life into the open of love, wooed into social blossoming by the love which has so long been discredited and bound by the masters and their priests, in order to make mankind the creature of their uses.

For perfection is a social, not an individual, achievement. We shall none of us be extricated from this evil order of things by any hypnotic or mystic detachments from life or society. We shall be individually extricated only when the world is extricated. We shall become concordant with each other, and have a world of harmony and strifeless progress, only when mankind is one, all its members equally sharing in the common joy, the common world-ecstasy. They who seek a social heaven for themselves while the world is in the torments of its industrial hell, they who seek an individual perfection that separates them from and makes them superior to the world-pain and the world-guilt, are but the truly and the justly damned. They alone find perfection who seek it not, who forget indeed that they have souls, but who descend into the deepest pit of the world-hell, in order that they may ascend with all their brothers into the commonwealth of the perfect good.

The flesh, and wealth, and the world, are not inherently evil; they are the divinity of life, which divinity we are to uncover, and to obey and glorify.

All this is important, because the world is approaching a crisis that shall remake it for better or for worse. Out of the approaching and inevitable collapse and chaos of the industrial system, we shall emerge as a world of co-operative labor and ransomed love, or else man will again prove not as great as his world-opportunity, and the world be thrust back into the melting-pot. It is between the co-operative commonwealth and a new series of dark ages, with the obscuring of all that is hopeful and good for a while, that we shall have to choose.

It is a sad and fateful spectacle,—that of the Wagner who raised a new Prometheus, in his Siegfried, to wrest love and life from the gods, coming at last to so give up life and its real problem that he could perpetrate the blasphemy and moral imbecility of Parsifal, with its black magic of death and the fascination of the serpent. But is well that we should know what the spectacle means, and turn from it with loathing and horror, and from all the abominable infidelities that beat down our human life, and turn to the revelation of life that is forever before our eyes, to the law of life which is forever insurgent in our hearts, bearing us on to that sweeter mood of the world for which we yearn, and which we shall some day enter.

* For the photographs used in illustrating this article we are indebted to the "Metropolitan Magazine."

The Street Singer

By John Spargo



ut in the snow and the rain,
Weakened by hunger and pain;
Singing a sad, low refrain—
Pity the child!

On, on, in the blinding snow,
Trudges this frail child of woe;
Fainter her song now, and slow—
Rescue the child!

Her song, still tender and sweet,
Lost in the noise of the street,
She falls 'neath the horses' feet —
Bury the child!

The Class War in Colorado

By John Spargo



OLORADO is to-day the scene and theatre of one of the most bitter conflicts ever recorded in the industrial annals of the nation. It is the storm centre of the irrepressible class conflict. On the one side the men who produce its mineral wealth; on the other the masters, the owners of wealth produced. And behind the masters, supporting them, a military despotism which the Czar of Russia might well envy.

It is a battle which involves nothing less than the very existence of the Organized Labor Movement of America. The cause of these miners in the Cripple Creek and Telluride districts is in truth the cause of every organized worker in the land. Realizing this, and conscious of having stood loyally by their fellow workers in other parts of the country in every time of peril, the striking miners, through the National Executive Board of the Western Federation of Miners, have sent delegations to all the important industrial centres to solicit the aid of their fellow workers, whose battle it also is; and to make known the truth, hard, bitter and terrible truth, concerning the situation which the newspapers, subordinated to the interests of the master class, have either ignored or wilfully perverted.

The delegation sent to New York consists of two men, Mr. R. W. Reed, an engineer, and Mr. Thomas W. Dougan, a miner. They are earnest and able men and their utterances have the unmistakable ring of truthfulness. From them I have gathered in a recent interview the facts herein set forth.

There are in reality two separate strikes, one in the Cripple Creek district, the other in Telluride. But as they are both due to the same causes, and the story of the one differs in no essential particulars from the story of the other, I shall give the facts of the Cripple Creek dispute. For Messrs. Reed and Dougan come from that district and therefore speak from personal observation. Their story contains nothing in the nature of hearsay or second-hand testimony. It is the simple, straightforward and unvarnished account of what they themselves have seen and experienced. And for every statement made there is abundant and irrefutable testimony.

In the winter of 1900-1901, the Legislature of the State passed a law making eight hours a day a compulsory maximum for miners and allied workers. But the Supreme Court decided that the law was Unconstitutional, whereupon the legislators at once submitted a Constitutional Amendment to popular referendum. This was carried by an overwhelming majority. But the succeeding Legislature, elected in

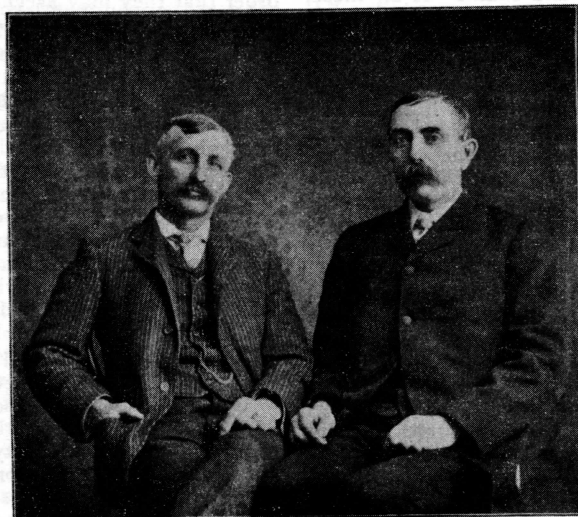
the fall of 1902, although pledged to the measure, ignored the demand for the eight-hour law which the Constitutional Amendment had been expressly intended to secure. Then it was that the agitation for the eight hours standard by other means—by agreement with the employers if possible—took root in the various unions affiliated to the Western Federation of Miners. Now the Smelters' and Millmen's Trust had detectives join Union No. 125 of the W. F. of M., and were thus able to tell who were the most active agitators in movement. These men they discharged, gradually, but in such numbers as to leave no doubt as to the real motive and purpose of the step. Accordingly all the smeltermen came out on strike. They demanded, (a) the reinstatement of their victimized comrades; (b) an eight hours "shift."

It was not long before the State militia was called in, the excuse being a common, vulgar fist-fight, a street brawl, which was magnified into a "serious outbreak of lawlessness." The strike lasted for several weeks when a committee of prominent citizens was formed through the intervention of which an agreement was reached. It was a victory for the men upon both of the points of the dispute. The "marked" men were all to be taken back at once and the working time was to be fixed at eight hours a day. Such was the agreement to which, on behalf of the Standard Milling Company, Governor Peabody was a party and witness.

But the companies were not faithful to that agreement. The victimized men were not reinstated: the "scabs" who had taken their places were still retained. And the men "struck" once more.

But this time the men decided upon a more decisive blow. President Moyer of the W. F. of M. saw that so long as only the smelters and millmen were on strike the employers, even though the financial loss might be considerable, would be able to keep the mills open and partially working at any rate. For the union could not absolutely control the mill labor. But it could and did effectively control the mines. Here, then, was the secret of its real power. If the miners came out in support of the mill and furnace workers there would be no supplies for the "scabs." And among the miners the "scab" is not common. So it is that at the present time in the Cripple Creek district there are about 2,500 men on strike. In Telluride the number is almost as great. And for six months past these two strikes, separate outbreaks from the same evil, have been made the occasion and excuse for the ruthless trampling underfoot of the liberties of a people and the ideals of a nation.

The nation is silent. And the silence of the nation is a tragedy, for it is the silence of slumber and ignorance and death.



R. W. Reed and T. W. Dougan
Delegates of the W. F. of M.

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Some of the deeds of military despotism which the citizens of Colorado have witnessed during the progress of this bitter strife seem almost incredible. Only from Russia or from Spain do we expect such accounts of military disregard of the civil law and oppression of the citizens. For example: a man named Stewart came to the hospital at Victor one night and applied for and obtained admission. The story was immediately set afloat, and widely circulated, that he had been taken out of his house by a gang of masked men, pummelled and beaten and then shot through the right lung. Here was indeed an outrage on the part of Organized Labor! But next morning, in the presence of two doctors and the Sheriff, the man's wife said that she had beaten him herself, because he had treated her badly! There was no shot, she declared, and three other women who saw the affray corroborate her story. And the man who was said to have been "shot through the right lung" was out in five days. But for that "shooting," and in spite of the wife's testimony, four men, T. Foster, S. Parker, W. F. Davis and H. Adams, were arrested and put into the "bull pen" where they were kept for three months without trial. Released upon a writ of habeas corpus they are now held under heavy bail, the amounts varying from \$19,000 to \$32,000!

The man Parker mentioned above is perhaps the most persecuted man in America to-day. Immediately he was released by the civil court when brought before it under a writ of habeas corpus, he was rearrested and taken back to the "bull pen" on a trumped-up charge of being concerned in the explosion at the Vindicator mine, which event occurred while he was in the "bull pen" a prisoner of the very militia by which the ridiculous charge was made! It is generally believed in Colorado that the explosion at the Vindicator mine was arranged by the two men who lost their lives by it, the Superintendent of the mine and the "Shift-boss." Who of the strikers could have penetrated the close picket lines which surrounded the mine to do the deed? It is surely just as probable that the dead men were the victims of a trap which they were preparing to incriminate some of the strikers and so discredit the strike. It is at least possible—anything diabolical seems possible—and far more probable under the circumstances than that the strikers had anything to do with it. One thing is certain, and that is that the man thrown back into the "bull pen" on account of it, could never have had anything to do with it except by the assistance and with the full knowledge and consent of the militia. And that is manifestly out of the question.

When the proclamation was issued ordering all the civilians to surrender all fire-arms of any kind and all ammunition to the military officers, a company of soldiers went to the home of Parker, who was at the time in the "bull pen," at about two o'clock one morning. There were in the house, asleep, at the time three women and a little girl, the three women being Mrs. Parker, her mother and a woman whose presence was due to the fact that Mrs. Parker expected soon to become a mother. The soldiers made the women go before them through the house, clad only in their nightgowns, till they had thoroughly ransacked the place. Then they went away, only to return some two hours later when they made Mrs. Parker come down, still clad in her nightgown only, and go out into the cold to a shed at the rear of the house. All this to satisfy them that no weapons were concealed there!

When Parker was brought before the civil court in Cripple Creek upon a writ of habeas corpus he was ushered into court by armed soldiers, sharpshooters were placed in prominent positions in and around the court-house, and Gatlin guns were placed in commanding positions outside. When the court ordered the release of the prisoner, the demand was arrogantly defied. The Attorney for the prisoner

declined to argue the case in the presence of the intimidation of the military and argued that their presence was against the Constitution. "To Hell with the Constitution," said the officer, "we are not working under the Constitution, but under the orders of the Governor!"

In Victor, the real centre of the Cripple Creek district, Mrs. Calderwood, a respectable woman whose husband, John Calderwood, was the Populist candidate in the gubernatorial campaign of 1900, saw General Chase, since court-martialled for insubordination, riding at the head of a company of soldiers upon the foot path. Some little children were, or seemed to be, in danger of being trampled beneath the horses' hoofs and she rushed to save them and begged the officer and his men to be careful not to hurt the children. "Take your God-damned bastards to Hell out of here!" was his response.

From the "Denver News" of December 29th I clip this item relating to the situation in the Cripple Creek district:

"In Cripple Creek yesterday John M. Glover, a student lawyer and former member of Congress from Missouri, was shot by a military squad. The military commandant of that district had issued orders that everybody having arms should bring them in and surrender them to the militia. Glover, a somewhat irascible man, wrote a letter claiming that he had guns, that they were his, that he had a constitutional right to have and bear arms and would never surrender them except through force or when the Supreme Court sustained the legality of the military order. He said some other things that were not complimentary to Governor Peabody nor to the military procedure in the district. Of course, following their custom, the military ordered his arrest. Glover was in his office; he barricaded it against the military squad. The commandant of the squad ordered it to shoot Glover if he appeared before the glass door of his office with a gun. Presumably he so appeared, and the squad fired upon him, shooting him in the arm. There is great excitement in Cripple Creek, and the question good men are asking themselves is: 'Where will it all lead to?'"

"There is some danger that the authorities forget that they are living in the United States and under constitutions and written laws. It is hardly possible to drive the spirit that resists tyranny out of the American breast, even with military orders and squads of soldiers. It will never do to hold that striking workmen have no rights that the military arm of the government is bound to respect."

The case of Victor Poole, a striking miner, has attracted so much comment, and so strikingly illustrates the condition of affairs in Colorado, that I venture to include the following somewhat lengthy excerpt from the same paper of the day following:—

"The situation as to Poole is as follows: He was arrested by the military without a charge and without warrant issued, and confined in the military bull pen at Cripple Creek. Having waited a reasonable time and no charge preferred against him, that he might obtain his freedom he sued out a writ of habeas corpus from the District Court of Teller County. After habeas corpus was issued, and before return of the writ, Governor Peabody issued a proclamation suspending the writ of habeas corpus in Poole's particular case. This suspension was the justification set up by the officers holding Poole, and under it they challenged the power of the court to interfere with the Governor's order by adjudging that Poole should be given his liberty. The military in their answer charged Poole with the commission of no crime; they held him because in their judgment he was a dangerous person.

"Of course, the district court paid no heed to such a defense, and it ordered that Poole be set at liberty. The military decline to obey the court's order and yet hold Poole in prison.

"Because the military would not obey the order of the District Court, Poole's attorneys sued out a writ of habeas corpus from the Supreme Court. The court issued the writ and Poole's military jailers have filed their defense—their justification for Poole's arbitrary arrest and detention.

"That contention, stripped of all word ornamentation, is as follows: That it is in the power of the Governor to declare any county in the State in a state of insurrection. That he may exercise this power and neither courts nor other departments of the government can interfere with his discretion in the matter. That following his proclamation he may send the military forces to the proscribed county, and the military may arrest and hold in confinement any person whom they deem "dangerous." That this may be done without charge or warrant: that those arrested may be held in confinement at the Governor's will. That the Governor may, by order,

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paralyze the hands of courts so that no writ of habeas corpus may be issued, and however causeless and illegal the courts may find arrests and detention, they cannot interfere to set the wronged persons at liberty. In short, the Governor having once declared a county to be in insurrection, the lives, the liberty and the property of every inhabitant of that county are at his mercy, until he concludes to withdraw the charge of insurrection against the county."

In Telluride the military despotism has been even greater, and scores of men have been "deported" to Montrose, seventy miles away, and ordered never to return. And this not because they have been charged with any crime or become public charges, but simply because they have exercised their legal right to refrain from working where the conditions of employment do not suit them!

An important factor in the struggle, causing much of the bitterness, is the Citizens' Alliance, an organization of business men and "good citizens" having branches in most of the cities of the State. They have formed militia companies, secured non-union workers wherever possible, found lodgings and board for all such workers, most of whom, by the way, have been professional strike-breakers, and they have prevented the mine-owners—in Telluride at any rate—from settling with the men. There the terms of settlement had practically been agreed upon when the Alliance stepped in and succeeded in persuading the employers to continue the fight. It is worth noticing, also, that the Alliance resorts to the "Blacklist" and issues a list of business houses which its members and sympathizers are urged not to support. They profess, of course, to have a perfect horror of the "boycott" and condemn it loudly. But the "Victor Daily Record" published the circular containing the list of businesses to be boycotted which the Alliance members have been circulating.

These business men have evidently become frightened. Suffering, doubtless, on account of this and other strikes, they have decided that the blame lies with the unions and they want to "wipe the Western Federation of Miners, and all such organizations, out of existence." So more than one of its prominent members has declared. The class struggle of which we who are Socialists are continually speaking is

once more exemplified. Colorado is now its storm-centre. But yesterday it was in Pennsylvania. Before that it was Chicago, New York, St. Louis—aye, a hundred other cities might be called and the list remain incomplete.

If the Western Federation of Miners should go down in defeat not a union in America can hope to escape from a similar fate. Colorado's battle is the battle of the nation. It is said by those most competent to judge of the situation that if the men can hold out another two months victory is assured. They can win provided they are not compelled by hunger to surrender. Therefore it is the duty of every organization of workers in the land to rally to their support. To withhold support from them at this time for any reason whatsoever would be alike foolish and treasonable. All the resources of the trade union movement, without regard to industrial classifications, should be made available for this struggle. Narrow indeed is the vision which regards it as the battle of the miners of Colorado alone. It is the battle of the working class as a whole—and the working class should rally as a whole to the fight.

The W. F. of M. is one of the most advanced labor organizations in the country. Its members have endorsed Socialism and declared unequivocally for the Socialist Party. But there is danger that, lacking experience, and being unfamiliar with the history of the Socialist movement, they fall an easy prey to the specious invitation to "capture" the Democratic Party. Such at least is the impression gathered from various sources. The Colorado miners must have short memories if they have forgotten how, in 1892, the Weaver Populists thought they had "captured" the Democratic Party because their electors headed the regular Democratic ticket. They soon learned, of course, that they were not the captors but the captured. So would it be in the case of these Colorado Socialists.

Socialism cannot be advanced by any shame-faced methods. Colorado needs money for the fight on the economic field and, more than all, intelligence, courage and faith for the fight in the political field.



"Lest we Forget"

By Frank Stuhlman

"Therefore he went
And humbly joined him to the weaker part,
Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content,
So he could be the nearer to God's heart."

—Lowell.



W O E to the people that forgets its martyrs. Lost is the cause when it lives so much in the present that it has no memory for those who fell under the heat and burden of the day on the toilsome road that leads to the reign of the people. The eternal combat between "old systems and the Word" only changes its battle fields. The enemy assumes new forms. But is it only one war for all time. Down the long years of recorded history every great soul who sacrificed for the All-Good agonized for us. There is only one Good, one Truth and many are the ways men come to it. When the bugles cry Forward we are too prone to forget the heroes who won no crown but the one of thorns.

When March 12th dawns let us pause for a moment of reverence and be inspired by the thought of that kingly but humble man who passed from us two years ago, a champion of Liberty in his last breath. For as surely as ever soldier

died on stricken field for freedom did John P. Altgeld give his life in battle for the right.

It is not enough to hold sacred the memory of the great ones, but we must lay our hands to the forwarding of the cause they sacrificed for. Else our commemoration is a derision and a mock. As that winged spirit, Richard Realf, who died with bruised heart and broken pinions, crushed by a soulless environment, wrote:

"Amen! I have cried in battle-time
When my beautiful heroes perished;
The earth of the Lord shall bloom sublime
By the blood of His martyrs cherished.
But I swear I will not stab my dead
With poignard stroke by giving
Amen! to the tie that seeks to spread
Its black wrong over the living."

From boyhood until death John P. Altgeld bowed at the shrine of Eternal Justice. Of him, in all truth, might the words of Tennyson be said, "Right, for Right was right he

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followed" and "Truth, for Truth he worshipped." A boy of sixteen he heard the wail of the slave. He did not try for a commission. He did not assume because he towered mentally above the average he must command. Then as ever he was willing to march in the ranks. His life held one great desire, the desire to serve. As a lawyer no client was ever refused the best of his talent or brain because of an empty purse. As a judge he judged justly. The poorest man stood level with the most powerful corporation. But the deed that marked him as a giant among the great was the superb moral courage manifested in pardoning the Chicago Anarchists in the face of a nation mob-mad. Brave was Garrison when he braved the lawless pro-slavery sentiment of the North and South, but a whole band stood by his side and the morality of the civilized world cheered him. Great was Lincoln when with pen of light he struck the fetters from the black man, but the overpowering sentiment of a conquering nation was behind him. It is a noble deed for any man, as many have done, to face contumely and persecution and have the mob for his friends and compatriots. But John P. Altgeld was braver than all these. For the sake of Justice he stood alone, maligned, calumniated, execrated by a nation drunk with the passion of hate. The anarchists were not his friends. Nay, they were his political enemies. They held to the opposite of the Socialist ideal so near to the great Governor's heart. But loyal to his creed of "Do justice though the earth perish," he freed the unjustly convicted men, and gave his reasons for it—reasons that no man has attempted to controvert. Judge Gary long afterward in the Century magazine tried to defend the "bloody assize," and the gist of his article is that "words may be crimes as well as deeds" and should be punished as such. A liberal construction of this doctrine should be acceptable to the present Powers that Be as a means to hasten the advent of the Imperial Republic. It would also be very convenient in removing Anti-Imperialists.

Yet the mighty genius of the man beat back the waves of hate. As the nation became more sane he won new friends by his stern adherence to principle, who joined the old guard of liberty lovers who stood by the Governor in the time of stress. His incorruptible honesty compelled the admiration of even those bitterly opposed to him. Chas. Page Bryan, a Republican office holder, in good standing, said: "Altgeld is an absolutely honest man. He stands with his hand firmly on the throat of those who would rob the State. I have no doubt he could have made a half-a-million at any time if he would turn his back and ignore the attempts made upon the state treasury."

And it was an open secret that the inflexible statesman might have had the million dollar fund raised by the corporations by refusing to veto certain bills. Yet he preferred to remain poor, not relatively poor, but absolutely poor.

"He scorned their gifts of fame and power and gold
And underneath their soft and flowery words
Heard the serpent hiss."

Said John Brisben Walker: "I can say now, in all sincerity, I believe him (Altgeld) to have been absolutely true to his ideals of justice and human brotherhood at every moment of his career." Mortal man can have no higher epitaph.

He lived down by the might that in justice lives so much of the unjust clamor, that in 1896 we find him the mastermind of the Democratic National Convention, holding it in a grasp of iron and forcing a change of policy upon the party. Looking upon the past with the knowledge of the present we can see that the attempt to make the Democratic party the means to bring about a new social order was hopeless.

It is not the bettering of an old regime that is the need of the

world to-day but a new system; not a reform but a revolution in methods, in ideals and in social life.

And ever Altgeld drew closer and closer to the Socialist ideal. If he had lived, no one doubts that this year of 1904 would have found him in the foremost rank of those who gather for the good old cause.

Plutocracy never hated a man more intensely, tyranny feared him more than any public man and Phariseism despised him because in the words of Emerson's noble hymn he ever strove "to help them who cannot help again."

The "respectable" press printed cartoons, the vicious brutality of which was only equalled by the venomous malice of their editorials. But he never faltered. Where there was a wronged one there went his sympathy. "The world was his country, to do good was his religion." It mattered not if the oppressed were wage-slaves of Pullman, or serfs of coal barons, or gallant Filipinos striking for liberty, or brave Boers fighting for independence, his soul and voice and hand were at their behest.

They called him anarchist when he upheld the constitutional rights of his state against the unlawful aggressions of President Cleveland! They called him traitor when he pled for the maintaining of the integrity of the American Constitution while the McKinley administration was trampling it under foot in order to crush the Philippine Republic! They called him a dangerous demagogue when he advocated the principles of the Declaration of Independence! He was tried by fire and stood the test.

As a speaker no man but Wendell Phillips equalled him in burning denunciations of wrong or bitter unmasking of hypocrisy. No one who read or heard his Toledo speech in the last presidential campaign will forget the scathing arraignment of the blustering swashbuckler now in the president's chair by accident, not by the vote of the nation.

Yet this man of iron, stern, bitter and fighter to his finger tips, was tender and loving as a child. Never the lash of money fell upon helplessness but his own naked heart quivered from the blow. It was this pitying soul that made him so relentless a foe to all who actively or passively supported wrong.

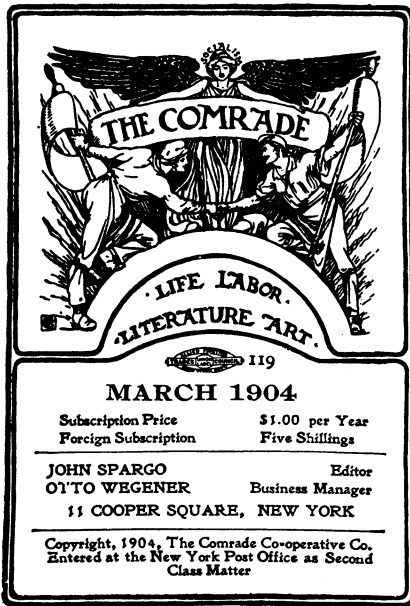
For years he had known that his life depended upon rest. Agitation meant death. Yet he fought on against his physician's advice. And in his battle harness he died. How beautiful, how noble his death!

When he was dead and the fearless voice hushed forever, then the "respectable" press could tell the truth. Then they acknowledged his truth, his honesty, his bravery and even (most of them) conceded him justified in pardoning the anarchists. Of course "to save their faces," as the Chinese say, they all added "he was a dangerous man in spite of many good qualities." And in the state house they passed resolutions of regret. Then the Governor of the great State of Illinois tendered the troops of the State to march by his bier. But those who loved him said "No." Military pomp had no place beside the body of this friend of man. But the leal-hearted came across wide states to pay their tributes of respect and the workmen and working women passed hour after hour to look for the last time upon the face of him who had loved them well.

Dead, yet it is only the dead who live forever! Dead, yet the splendor of his life lights the way before us. When defeated, as we will be again and again, when the pall of despair broods over the cause, when it seems hopeless to strive longer, let us remember these brave words—the last that ever fell from his lips and try to move the banner of humanity forward once more:

"Wrong may seem to triumph, right may seem to be defeated, but the gravitation of Eternal Justice is upward and toward the Throne of God. Any political institution if it is to endure must be plumb with that line of Justice."

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EDITORIAL



ONE of the most valued of our friends, in an earnest and kindly letter, mildly admonishes us for having based too much of our appeal for Socialism to the collective intellects of our readers rather than to their individual consciences. A recent editorial in which, incidentally, we spoke of the utter futility, as it appears to us, of any attempt to redeem the world from its thralldom and curse of ill-paid toil through any salvation of the individual, inspired this gentle criticism. Our position is, of course, that notwithstanding the fact that here and there an individual will sometimes be found rising above the level of the environment of the class to which he belongs, in the main, and for the class as a whole, that is not possible. To have argued that no individual could possibly rise above the level of his surroundings, would have been as foolish as it would have been subversive of hope and faith in human progress. Equally deadening in its effects, we think, would be the general adoption of the world-old idea of our correspondent that the building of a glad and free comrade-world can only be the result of a "successful appeal to the conscience of each individual man to cease from wrong living and to do nothing of an anti-social nature."

Our correspondent instances the case of Robert Owen as "a splendid example of what is possible for all men if rightly appealed to," but, strangely enough, he misses the whole point of

Owen's life. For it was Owen who after exhausting all his power of appeal to oppressed and oppressor alike, came to the conclusion, and taught, that our lives are mainly conditioned by our environments; and that to call upon men to live social lives while all the forces by which they are surrounded, and over which they have no control, tend to prevent them so living, is alike a waste of effort and a bitter mockery.

The message which our friend would have us take to each individual man, "do nothing of an anti-social nature," sounds well enough, no doubt, and pleases a great many people. But what concerns us is the value of the message as an ethical direction. Is it possible for man—not the picked specimen of unusual powers, but the ordinary, average man—to voluntarily and alone, without regard to what his fellows may do, adopt that principle as a guide through life? That is the real, fundamental test.

Of course not! Whatever the individual's desires or aspirations, certain anti-social conditions must make his conduct anti-social. It is right and socially desirable, for instance, that all the work which a man does shall be as well done as possible, but it is not possible for the aspiring worker in the average factory to do his work according to the best of his ability and retain his employment, his means of life. He must work according to the standards of his profit-seeking employer. So it is with the makers of shoddy or adulterated articles. Many of these are exceedingly dangerous to the health of the persons using them: their effect is decidedly anti-social. But where is escape for the man who is engaged, as a wage-worker, in their manufacture? Similarly, while all men, presumably, are agreed that the keeping of the body in health is one of the first principles of moral conduct we know well how utterly hopeless it is to expect the overworked and underpaid girl in the sweatshop to fulfil it; or the man in the ill-ventilated factory with its dust-laden atmosphere. His very work is anti-social in so far as it makes him a weakling and perhaps a dependent, or a source of infection and danger as soon as the germs of tuberculosis appear.

Individual righteousness in a world of unrighteousness is impossible—unthinkable. You might as well tell a child upon a pile of filth to be clean as tell a man to be morally clean in a world that is fundamentally and throughout immoral. The user of the oil of the Standard Oil Company can never wholly escape responsibility for the deeds of corruption and death or-

dered or connived at by the company in the pursuit of its business, the selling of oil. We cannot hope to be entirely free from responsibility for the conditions under which they work who clothe us, feed us, house us, transport us from place to place, and so on. And it is the sum total of these occasions of interdependence and responsibility which constitutes the individual an integer of the social whole, and binds him inseparably to the social fate and social responsibility. And from this there is no escape.

All that is possible in the direction of a useful appeal to the individual, is an appeal to him to recognize his and our common interdependence and the need of well-directed concerted action on the part of all for the improvement of the common lot. Therefore it is that we do not waste our time calling upon the individual to attempt the impossible by grappling alone and single-handed with the forces, socially created and maintained, which make right-living impossible for him. Instead of that, we make another appeal—for in spite of our friendly critic's misunderstanding, we do make strong appeal to the workers, collectively and as individuals.

This appeal of ours is made, primarily, to the working-class, because that class suffers most of the wrongs, and has the power to end them whenever it has the necessary intelligence and the courage. And this is our appeal—that, realizing that the great fundamental wrong of the world from which almost all other wrongs spring is the ownership of the means of life for all by a few; realizing that the private ownership of the means of the common life involves the ownership of man by man and, consequently, a denial of human brotherhood; we call upon the workers, possessors of the needed power, to end these conditions and so liberate the race.

Without disparaging in any way the efforts of those who seek to live lives socially useful and rightly adjusted, we claim that not until the combined intelligence and courage of society makes it possible for all will righteousness of living be possible for any.

We do appeal to the individual intelligence—call it "conscience" if you will—but we appeal to it in the name of the wider social interest which, after all, is its own highest and truest interest. For the best interest of the individual is wrapped, subtly and mysteriously, but surely, in the greater interest of the race. S.

Ernest Crosby on Socialism

By Alex. E. Wight



THE January meeting of the Boston Branch of the Walt Whitman Fellowship, Ernest Crosby spoke upon the labor question, and, while advocating an essentially Socialistic solution (for it is a postulate of the Single Tax doctrine that land values are created by society, and therefore belong to society), at the same time, refused to follow his argumnets to their logical conclusion.

Society creates nothing by mere fiat—by standing around with its hands in its collective pockets and saying: "Let there be value," and thereupon value emerges from a previously existing void; on the contrary, society creates value only by means of labor. Yet labor itself is but a means to an end. Labor is the means which society takes to the end that it may sustain and continue itself. It follows that whatever value labor has is due to society, and that society, creating the value of labor, is entitled to possess that which it has created. Deny that society produces labor-value, and you must affirm that one man, working alone, can as easily make a Brooklyn bridge or an Atlantic liner as society, working co-operatively, can make them.

The Single Taxer is right in saying that society produces land values; but society just as surely produces labor values, which lie back of land values. To say that society is entitled to one of these products, but not the other, is an evidence of extreme partiality—an invidious distinction not to be tolerated by any orderly aggregation of brain cells.

Mr. Crosby told the Whitmanites that Socialists do not believe in natural law. That was a fairly safe statement to make because there are few persons who agree as to what constitutes natural law. What seems natural to one appears artificial to another. In such a dilemma, is it not safer to fall back upon the proposition that whatever is, is natural, and let it go at that?

With this assumption as a starting point, we find that the evolution of animal species, culminating for the present with man, is a process which exists, and is therefore natural. This evolution of species is accompanied by two phenomena—competition and co-operation for subsistence. These two phases of evolution nearly counterbalance each other, and for every instance of competition among men, animals, and even plants, may be adduced a corresponding example of co-operation. This is a phase of natural law which Mr. Crosby and other opponents of Socialism almost entirely ignore, and yet there is probably not a scientist in the world who does not know that co-operation is as important factor of evolution as competition. For innumerable details read Kropotkin's work dealing especially with that subject, or any recent publication upon the animal or plant world. It is Mr. Crosby himself, and not the Socialists, who does not realize the full extent of natural law—the natural and ever-active law of co-operation.

Mr. Crosby said that competition could never be destroyed, and insisted the case of a Socialist with whom he talked a whole afternoon, and who did not know he had been competing. "Emulation," remarked someone in the audience, and Mr. Crosby promptly replied that competition and emulation are one and the same. Now if a man chooses to consider competition and emulation as equivalent terms, he doubtless has a right to do so; but he is also bound to recognize distinctions made by other persons.

The sense in which Socialists use the word competition,

the only sense in which they use it, and the only sense in which they desire to absolutely abolish it, is in its application to the struggle for food, clothing and shelter. They demand that every person shall have the full equivalent of the products of his labor without struggling for it—that every man shall have his own without first fighting for it. This is the only kind of competition Socialists wish to abolish, and every other kind of competition they term emulation. The instant every man has a recognized right to his own labor-product, that instant the fangs of the competitive system are drawn, and emulation in sport, art, literature, science, administrative ability, debate and a thousand and one ways become the heritage of millions who are today struggling with their fellows for the privilege of living lives of degradation. Emulation—competition, if you choose—is beneficial just so long as it does not deal with the material basis of life, and this beneficial and natural emulation of mind and body has never been opposed by Socialists, and never will be opposed by them. So I sincerely hope Mr. Crosby will not again tell an audience that Socialists wish to abolish all competition without also stating the Socialistic limitation of that term.

Mr. Crosby told his hearers that Socialism had always failed when tried on a small scale, and therefore could not be expected to work on a large scale. He failed to tell them that Socialism has never failed when tried on a large scale by means of government and municipal ownership—imperfect examples, it is true, but no more imperfect than most of the little colony experiments which occupy so large a space in the minds of the average opponent of Socialism.

Considerable stress was also laid by Mr. Crosby upon the more "businesslike" methods of private enterprises and employes—the cleanliness and order of the bank as compared with the post office and the neatness of the boy in the bank compared with the slovenly government employe. I do not know how Walt Whitman, himself for many years a government employe, would have regarded this comparison that was so evidently acceptable to most of the Whitmanites who heard it, but I am inclined to think he would have looked a bit beneath the surface.

We all know the cleanliness of the bank—the polish of the costly fixtures, the marble floor, the ornate railings, the cages in which the immaculate clerks are confined, the studied appearance of refinement and wealth. It is certainly a very clean and nice affair—a bank. There is only one institution that can compare to it in neatness, in costly furnishings and in that general hypnotic influence which makes a man long to go in and leave his money there, and that is a saloon—a comfortable, well-managed saloon. The bank and the saloon—how many points of resemblance there are between them! Both managed for private profit; both glowing candles for the human moth; both ready to take your money for their own gain; both frequently scenes of despair, wrecked lives, blasted reputations and sudden deaths; but above all, both clean, scrupulously neat—no foam on the bar, the dead cashier's blood washed from the cash box and his revolver removed from the corner where it fell; salted foods neatly arranged on the table at the left; attractive prospectuses carefully piled on the desk at the right; how clean and nice it all is!

And then the boy, we must not forget him. He is learning the ways of the bank. He has a cash income of \$150 a year but his clothes do not show it. Men and women of wealth frequent the bank, and it annoys them when they

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see boys in well-worn clothes and the bank officers, being business-like persons, see to it that this annoyance is spared, even at the cost of a new boy. He is a nice, clean-complexioned boy. Some other boys applied for the place who needed the money more, and who, if the truth were told, were smarter boys; but they had poor complexions and were not at all the type of boy that wealthy persons ought to see about a bank. So we see a nice, clean boy in the privately owned bank.

Now we must look for the government boy. Is he in the post office? No, they do not employ boys in the post office. Is he in the fire department? No, only men work there. Is he working on the streets? No, still men. Where is he? Well, to tell the truth, I think you will have to go into the school house to find the boy you are looking for, because the people seem to have an idea that about the best work a boy can do for society is to get educated, and that is why about the only government boy you will find is working in the Socialistic school house.

That the government, as we see it here in the United States, is not a nice and clean thing is most evident, but the neat boy in the privately owned bank tells a great deal less than half the story about the effect upon personal conduct of public co-operation as compared with private profiting. In Boston not long ago we had an educational convention that was attended by public school teachers from all parts of the country, and it seemed to be the unanimous opinion of observers that they were a fairly respectable set of men and women. I think it may be safely asserted that when it comes to neatness, cleanliness and general self-poise, the teacher in the co-operatively conducted schools will compare favorably with any representatives of privately managed enterprises.

If we look into the matter still further, we may find that the "slouchy" government employe, wherever he exists, is a product of the spoils system, of private graft upon public service, of favoritism and the many adverse influences that

capitalism invariably exerts upon social organization. Co-operation under capitalistic rule must always be more or less contaminated by the virus of private profit, and in analyzing the products of these opposing forces, we must be careful to assign each effect to its proper cause—the "slouchiness" to the appointee of the spoils politician, and the self-poise to the conscientious public servant.

It is very true that the post office is rarely so clean and neat a place as the bank. How can it well be otherwise, when for every patron of the bank there are a thousand patrons of the post office? How can it well be otherwise, when the poorest and most wretched inhabitant of the slums is as welcome at the post office window as the richest man on Wall street? How can it well be otherwise, when the post office is serving all the people all the time, while the bank is serving a few of the people some of the time, and robbing all the rest? Is the interior of a street car as clean as an automobile; a school book as neat as a Roycroft book on a parlor table; or a passenger steamer as well-kept as a private yacht? Is there dishonor in the marks of social usage?

Yet truly, aside from the little superficial anti-socialistic talk which he feels is due from him as a Single Taxer, Ernest Crosby is on the right side in the class struggle. He pictures forcibly the economic plight of the worker, and sees clearly that there must be an unbinding of the chains before justice can be done. He is not ready yet to agree with the Socialist that there must be a complete unbinding of the chains, but he at least believes in making a beginning, and for that we may extend to him the hand of comradeship.

One's self I sing, a simple separate person,

Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse.

Upon this platform we must all stand at the last, with Whitman. Liberty must mean social service, and social service must mean liberty.

The Coal Miners' Strike in Colorado

By Bertha Howell Maily

Photographs by the Author



THE foothills of the Rocky Mountains, extending from Colorado Springs down into New Mexico, guard in their bosoms unlimited treasures of bituminous coal. Lying in the hollows of the hills and wedged in their bleak cañons are the mining camps composed of wretched huts, tipples, furnaces, the company stores and saloons, that all belong to the Rocky Mountain Coal and Iron Company, the Victor Fuel Company and other corporations that control the district, its wealth of natural resources, its machines and its inhabitants.

The miners of this desolate region, to the number of ten thousand, are now on strike. They have never before made any organized resistance to the authority exercised by the coal companies, and this strike is only the culmination of several years of incessant, patient endeavor on the part of the United Mine Workers' organizers. And this final result has been largely achieved by "Mother" Jones, who worked at the risk of her health and life to rouse the spirit of revolt to the striking point. Many of the strikers are living in tents, and all are receiving support from the national organization of United Mine Workers. They have been evicted from the company houses, and many from houses which they owned themselves, but which were upon company land.

The miners' demands are similar to those made in previous struggles in other mining centres of the country. An eight-hour day (enacted into a State law by popular referendum, but declared unconstitutional by the courts), semi-monthly pay, 20 per cent. increase in wages, abolition of the scrip system (which involves compulsory trade in company stores), payment for ton of 2,000 pounds instead of 2,500 as heretofore, and proper ventilation and safeguards against accidents. Many of these grievances have been adjusted in other mining states, so that the Colorado coal miners are only attempting to catch up with their brethren elsewhere.

I shall not go into detail upon these questions in this article, but only relate incidents concerning the strike which will serve to show the true conditions obtaining throughout the district.

A dance occurred at one of the mining camps a few nights before the strike was called. Agitation and organization had been going on very quietly but surely and "strike" was in the air, although the superintendent had been heard to say: "It doesn't matter if the whole region goes out, my mine will open up with a full force, not a man will quit." This mine, employing five hundred men, by the way, has been absolutely closed down since the first morning of the strike. At the party this superintendent asked a pretty Italian woman to dance with him. "What!" she replied, "you want to dance with me? No, it wont do. Your

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ideas and my ideas don't match. You'd lose your job in a few days if you danced with me, because I'm a miner's wife, and you can't be friends with us."

The majority of the miners in this region are Italians and Mexicans, many of them not understanding English. All the country knows "Mother" Jones. When she came among them she seemed to be an "Angel" sent to right their wrongs, and they called her "La Bianca Madre" (The White Mother). In the course of her organizing she reached one camp in the forenoon, two days before the strike was called. She found that the men had been prevented from leaving camp to attend the meeting, and so prepared to drive to another place, saying that she would return at four o'clock in the afternoon. Just then a carriage approached, the driver of which said that it had been sent by the company, which would like to show her and her escort around the camp and the works.

"On one condition," replied Mother Jones, who is accustomed to invitations from capitalists and knows how much they mean. "If you will afterwards let me address a meeting of all the men. Any representative of the company may be present, but you must let me have all the men."

It is scarcely necessary to say that the carriage drove back to camp empty.

In the afternoon Mother Jones returned. Five hundred men had somehow gathered for the meeting. Far down the dusty alkali road they saw the buggy and ran to meet it. They grasped Mother Jones' hands, they kissed her dress, many with tears streaming down their faces. And as they gathered on the windy hillside and listened to the recital of their wrongs, although they understood her not, they cried like children. This camp, although one of the most enslaved, was organized, and has since been one of the most loyal.

Nearly all of the mining camps are guarded by armed deputies, who are brutalized products of the competitive system and whose violence, when let loose, knows no limit.

I saw one of the striking miners brought into the hospital at Trinidad beaten and bloody. With a companion he had gone to a camp some three miles from the town. While in a cottage on the edge of the company's land, nine deputies entered. Two of these held up the companion with pistols, while the other seven forced his friend out of the cabin,

beat him over the head with a pistol, knocked him down, kicked him, and did everything short of killing him.

An incident which has not received publication in the capitalist papers was the shooting of three Italian strikers, near Segundu, one of the other closely guarded camps. The men were not on the company's land, but were returning over the hills from a hunting trip. They carried their guns and some rabbits, and were quiet and orderly. The deputies fired upon them from ambush, killing two and badly wounding the third. The funeral of the two was held at Trinidad, and 4,000 men, women and children, listened to the earnest words of an Italian organizer and to Mother Jones, who stirred the great audience of working people as few others can stir them. A heap of stones surmounted by a black cross now marks the spot where the men fell.

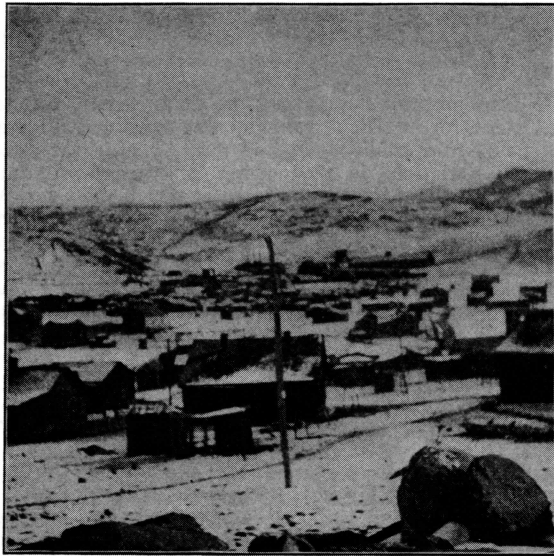
Such incidents are not entirely advantageous to a speedy and successful settlement for the company.

Some of the miners are unfortunate enough to own their own homes, although these, of course, are built on the company's land. At one such little home at Berwynd two deputies called a few weeks ago and ordered the owner to clear out. He refused, saying that the house was his. "But the land isn't, and you'd better go quick," they returned.

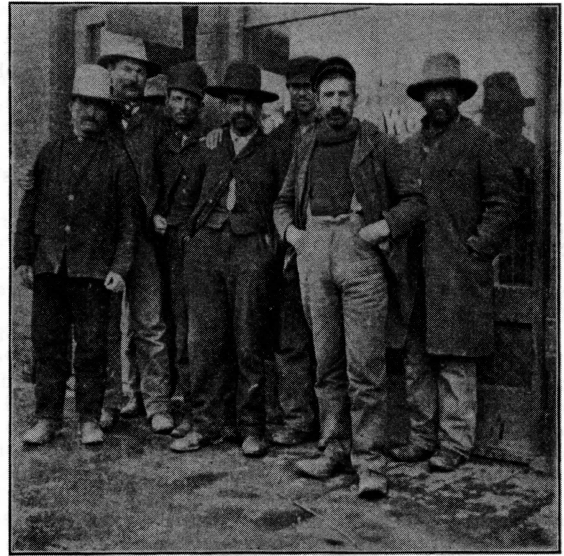
The man's daughter was in the home and was at the point of confinement, and therefore he begged and pleaded with the deputies not to put him and family out. The deputies answered by beating him over the head and throwing him out of doors. The daughter was taken ill and lay unconscious for four days.

It is these things that grind the souls and open the eyes of the miners to the naked facts of the class struggle.

The companies are making great efforts to open the mines. They are flooding the country with men from the army of unemployed and largely unorganized workers elsewhere. If these men refuse to work upon reaching Colorado and finding out the true state of affairs, the company is well satisfied to have them thrown for support upon the union. It is said to be openly advertised in the East that work is plenty, in Colorado, and that if the men don't want to work after they get there the union will take care of them. This has little effect in discouraging the strikers, however, for they know that the great majority of these imported workmen are entirely without knowledge of coal-mining,

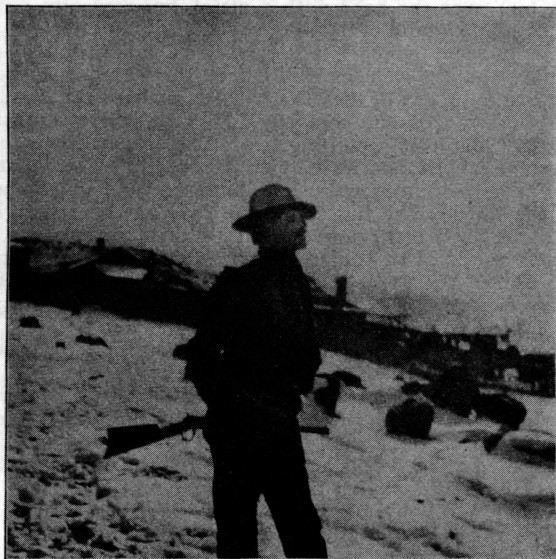


Engle—a Typical Mining Camp



A group of Strikers at Trinidad

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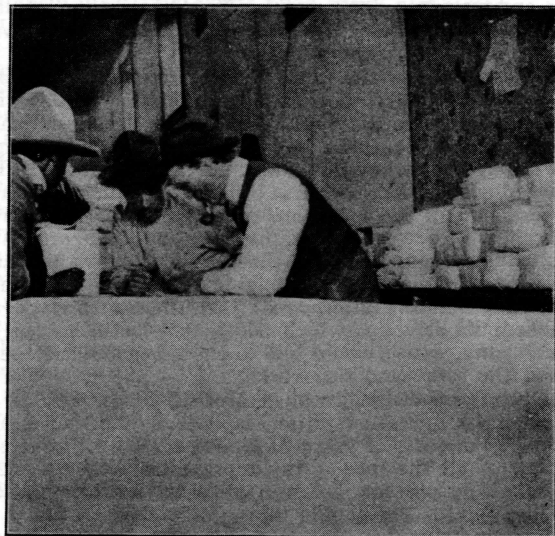


A Deputy at Engle

and that if the companies do succeed in getting them to work they will cause unlimited damage and loss. The experienced miners, almost without exception, are union men who have been secured through misrepresentation and who escape from the camps at the first opportunity.

A common experience is that told me by a weary and worn-out man who came into the union headquarters at Trinidad one evening.

"There was a carload of fifty of us from Chicago. They said there was no strike on and that there was a fine chance for our wives to start a boarding-house. We could make lots of money. So eight of us brought our wives along. They took us down to Raton (New Mexico) and then on into the camp at Willow Arroya. We pretty quick seen what



Issuing Supplies at the Strikers' Commissariat

was up, and me and another fellow made up our minds we'd get out quick. Some other fellows in there told us we'd have to work enough to pay for our railroad fare, but we thought some different. We couldn't take our wives out then, but that night we watched our chance and slipped from house to house in the shadows, and we got past the company's deadline before the deputy saw us. When he did he gave the cry, and two of them started chasing us. We dodged 'em, though, and got away. We was afraid to come back to the lower roads, so we sneaked around through the hills all night, guess we've walked fifty miles to get here. Of course, I am a union man and won't scab. They'll have to let our wives out, 'cause they can't work and it will cost money to feed them. We'll stay here until we get money enough to get back to Chicago."

John Chinaman—Socialist?

By John Murray Jr.



CHINA rapidly becoming the storm centre of the social revolution?

Will she be the first country in the world forced to adopt Socialism as an economic necessity?

These questions are worth considering, for, in light of the facts which we are able to present, it may be soberly asked—"Is not a common ownership of the tools of production the only alternative from starvation for the China of to-day?"

In 1876, the Chinese government, after endless talk, pressure and diplomacy, reluctantly consented to the construction of a railroad from Shanghai to Wu-Chang, and, almost immediately upon its completion, bought it and destroyed it,—tearing up the rails and sinking the cars and locomotives in the river. These acts were no doubt counted as simple barbarisms by the European financiers, missionaries and politicians who were then in China,—for, that sound public policy might have dictated such a course to the Chinese government never entered their heads.

But however wise in their day and generation these Chinese officials may have been, they were certainly not strong

enough to continuously thwart the rising tide of Capital in the Orient, for in 1881 a tramway was constructed from the coal fields to a small river, and mile by mile extended to Tientsin, and then, in 1893, again lengthened out until it reached Shan-Hai-Kwan, the place at which the Great Wall of China comes down to the sea. In 1899, forty miles more of road were added to the original ninety, and this privately owned, "labor-saving" machine had reached Ching-Hou-So, to be extended a few miles further, in 1900, to New Chang, in order that connection might be made with the Manchurian branch of the Russian Trans-Siberian road.

Without further burdening the reader's mind with Chinese names and geography, we will sum up by stating that in 1900, and up to the time of the Boxer rebellion, China had in operation between five and six hundred miles of railroad, which, in conjunction with other foreign labor-saving machinery, was the direct cause of that uprising, as the following plain statement of facts will show:

Every schoolboy knows that the ordinary, every-day, Chinaman lives from hand to mouth and by the strictest economy—coolies receiving a daily wage of from five to eight cents—and that unusual rains or unusual drought will

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bring about the immediate death of tens of thousands. That part of China which is most capable of supporting life is packed, like herrings in a barrel, with teeming humanity, who must work to-day if they would eat to-day, and are thus helplessly tied to the place of their birth, unable to fly from pestilence or new "labor-saving" devices.

A few figures will show the terrible effect on Chinese economy upon the advent of a railroad. For centuries, coolies have been transporting goods across China by the means of a long pole, balanced across their shoulders, upon the ends of which were suspended the goods in packages or baskets. What will a man carry in this fashion? Not more than one hundred and fifty pounds. But suppose we figure upon a more liberal mode of old time freight carrying—the Chinese wheelbarrow which, unlike the Anglo-Saxon variety, has its load balanced on both sides of the wheel, and, at times, even carries a sail. This freight car will probably roll along with a maximum of two hundred pounds weight, and, if the wind is in the right direction, its human propeller might make twelve miles in a day.

Along side of the plodding Chinaman let us place a line of steel rails, and on them an average freight train of twenty cars, carrying twenty tons to the car, manned by a crew of five men. How many wheel-barrow-rolling Chinamen will these five men and their "labor-saving" machine displace? The train will transport four hundred thousand pounds two hundred and forty miles in twelve hours,—calculating that its average speed is twenty miles an hour. How many wheelbarrow loads would it take to equal the amount of freight carried by the train? Two thousand. Five men then, with a privately owned labor-saving machine, can do the work of two thousand, even supposing the locomotive pulls the cars no faster than a mile an hour. But an ordinary freight train can go twenty times faster than that, so the proportion would be increased at that ratio, and we must come to the conclusion that if all the imaginary devils in China had an actual existence, they could not inaugurate such a dance of death as that which has been brought about by the advent of the "foreign devil" with his labor-saving machinery.

And remember, the railroad is only one of the many introductions of machinery into China, so that the sum total of their revolutionary force is incalculable.

It may be said that the railroad necessitates the employment of many other men besides the freight crew, but so does the wheelbarrow rout. Wheelbarrows must be made, repaired, and the propellers thereof fed, housed and clothed. "But," say the upholders of the sanctity of commercial conquest, "railroads never created bloody uprisings in other countries in this fashion."

Not to the same extent, we will allow, because the same density of population and scant standard of living have never yet been put to the test of such conditions as exist in the China of to-day.

Starvation, however, does not necessarily mean the coming of Socialism. Historical instances are not wanting where thousands have starved without awakening to the possibilities of a co-operative commonwealth. Moreover, it is held by many sociological students that the Chinaman is by nature particularly unfit for a "Utopia." But will a state of Socialism be born from utopian minds and conditions? Far from it. Events which will usher in this new order of society will be as grossly materialistic as an empty belly, backed by two other factors, namely, that the masses are aware of the existence of the machinery whereby they can quell their hunger pains, and also that they learn the manner of organization necessary to put their class in power. Dull is the student who looks to the skies for a coming Utopia,—for Socialism, on the contrary, is a scientific deduction based upon a most exact study of human affairs,

which holds that man acts according to his surroundings, be he black, white, red or yellow. In the past China has starved, lacking the knowledge and machinery to supply her wants. But will she starve now?—with plenty staring her in the face and the tools at hand wherewith to produce food for her famine-stricken children? Surely not,—even though these machines, necessary for her life, are now in the private possession of certain "foreign devils."

No merchant of experience doubts the Chinaman's ability to be businesslike with the commercial world—in dollars and cents he is anything but utopian—why, therefore, should his common sense be doubted when it come to question of dinner or no dinner? The German working class has been face to face with this problem for some years—though not on such acute lines as the Chinese,—and as a consequence we see the powerful, ever growing, German Socialist Party. Why should not a hungry stomach in China come to the same conclusion as its prototype in the Occident? It will and it does, as witness the reports of M. Sergey Friede, a New York engineer, who went to Manchuria for the purpose of supplying railroad material to the Russian road:

"From the pioneer days of 1896," said Mr. Friede, "when I crossed Manchuria alone at the peril of my life, in tiny native wagons along trails that could never be called roads, I saw the country transformed by the expenditure of Russia's millions, cities springing up in waste places, railways racing across mountains and plains more rapidly than had ever railways been built before, and the whole land brought under the civilizing influence of the American locomotive and the Yankee electric light."

All this reads like a fairy tale in which the good fairy, Capitalism, has touched a desert land with her magic wand, causing food and ease to take the place of barrenness and hunger. But are the facts—the actual effects upon the population through the advent of Mr. Friede and his labor-saving machinery—so delightful a picture as this engineer would have us think? A little further on in his report he says:

"Americans are welcome in Manchuria, the Russians taking up eagerly our new inventions in labor-saving devices; in fact, it was the adoption of one of these, the American steam rock-drill, that brought about the first strike known in Russian Asia. I had induced the engineers to order a sample lot, and on their arrival we started them to work. The Manchurians, who had been accustomed to chipping away the rocks and boulders by hand, sullenly watched the Yankee machines thumping away, guided by invisible hands, and then at the touch of a button the charge of dynamite sent the boulders flying in every direction. It was more than they could comprehend, so they threw down their tools, refusing to work with the white man's spirit-devils. The engineers were annoyed, but, thoroughly convinced that they could complete the railways perhaps years in advance of the time hoped for by use of the American steam rock-drill, they refused to give way; the Manchurians returned sullenly to work, and from that day this Russia in the Far East has looked to us to help her out of many difficulties. The Manchurians shortly after became involved in the Boxer outbreak, and many foreigners were imprisoned in the little Russian cities already sprung up, the rails were torn up and the wooden bridges were burned by the Boxers."

Mr. Friede is a student of machinery, not of men, and he is as ignorant of the natural laws that move the masses as the Chinese are of the workings of steam. It was superstition, was it, that caused the first strike in Russian Asia? Let us see what he says at the end of his report: "Russia depends upon the natives for the work of draining extensive areas, reclaiming waste lands, and building towns, for the

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incoming population. Convicts are no longer sent to Siberia. It costs more to feed and house them than to hire Manchurians."

Imagine men working for a less wage than will support a Russian convict—and then draw your conclusions upon the effect of "labor-saving" machinery being introduced into their midst. Surely, the foreign devil may be as strong as Samson, but he is likewise as blind.

As the capitalist class organizes and transfers its machinery of production and distribution to the land of Confucius, side by side with its every inroad will we see the working class of that country likewise organize its unions and its Socialist Party. Already, Japan has its Socialist Party, which held its first national convention on April 5th of last year.

Additional proof that the Chinese working class need but the reason and the opportunity to organize as their white brothers have done is now on record in America. In California, but a few years ago, we had an influx of Chinese, who, in their first struggle for existence in a new country, sold their labor at ruinously low prices and caused the historical anti-Chinese agitation. But what are the conditions in this State to-day—are the Chinese lowering labor values? No. They are upholding them. More than that, they are supporting and being supported by organized labor. In the

recent strike of the sugar-beet workers, in the fields surrounding the great Oxnard sugar-beet factory, the Chinese supported the Mexican and Japanese unions and also made application for a charter of their own. In Los Angeles, the County Council of Labor passed resolutions calling for the organization of all Asiatics in America. In Chicago, during a recent strike of the Laundry Workers, the Chinese laundries also struck in sympathy with their fellow craftsmen,—all of which proves that the Asiatic will adopt himself to his environment and is as quick to see and guard the interest of the wage-working class as any American mechanic.

The introduction of modern machinery into China is the last act in the drama of commercial conquest; it is the drop too much in the brimming bucket. Machinery in England, America, France and Germany has produced more goods than could be consumed at home, with the inevitable demand for foreign markets. These markets are being found in the far East, but what will happen when the Orient has its own factories and bursting warehouses? Where will China dump her surplus products, ground out by factory hands who are able to live and produce their kind on a daily wage of ten cents? This is the problem which the Chinese wage-worker will solve for himself in the same fashion as is being done in the Occident by the strike, the boycott, and finally the social revolution.

"Scum"

By R. A. Theodora Bliss



ONE afternoon, a short time ago, while walking on Broadway, Miss Soror Talker noticed a bit of white paper flying along the sidewalk, and a woman, who was carrying on her kerchief-tied head a big pack of men's or boys' unmade clothing, performing a feat of bodily contortion in trying to catch it. The little pedestrian picked up

the bit of paper and handed it to her, receiving her thanks of simple words and a beaming smile.

The woman not only had the pack of cut clothing on her head, to which she held with one hand, but also a young babe on her arm, and which snuggled close to her neck, enjoying a nap.

Just as Miss Talker had given the paper to the woman, and started to cross the street, a big, noisy, puffing automobile came along, driving her back to the curb until it should have cleared her path. Beside the chauffeur sat a contented-looking man of the Hebrew type, large in figure, wearing a shining stovepipe, and an immense diamond blazing on his faultless, white shirt-front. In the meantime the woman and babe had reached Miss Talker's side, and pointing to the automobile, exclaimed:

"Dar, ladee, is de man, he give me de name you give me here."

Her erstwhile companion then understood. The bit of paper she had rescued from the breeze's play contained the address of the man in the automobile. She watched the woman thread her way through the busy crowd that gathers on Broadway near Prince street at that time of the day; saw her hobble along happily with her double burden, till lost to sight as she turned into some cross street. The words, "Tank you, ladee," so full of sweetness, rang in her ears for some time—the reward for the little service she had rendered.

Next day Miss Talker was out on a shopping tour, and while in a shop on Fifth avenue, making some purchases, she met an acquaintance in company with some strange women and a man. After exchanging greetings with her acquaintance, she was presented to the rest of the group. Af-

ter the ladies' turn, came a big carcass surmounted by a warm full-moon face. A blazing diamond—a sort of headlight—on his polished shirt bosom, served to accentuate the shininess of his countenance.

The man, Mr. Rosenblatzein, eyed Miss Talker as if she were some great curiosity or had escaped from an asylum. Finally he spoke out, as if he had been a cork to a champagne bottle, sizzling for utterance:

"Ah, you're de lady I noticed talking to dat bundle of scum on Broadway, yesterday, on my way home. Yes, I noticed dat hat of yours," and he eyed the young lady more closely and moved nearer as though to touch her.

But before he could say more, Miss Talker indignantly said:

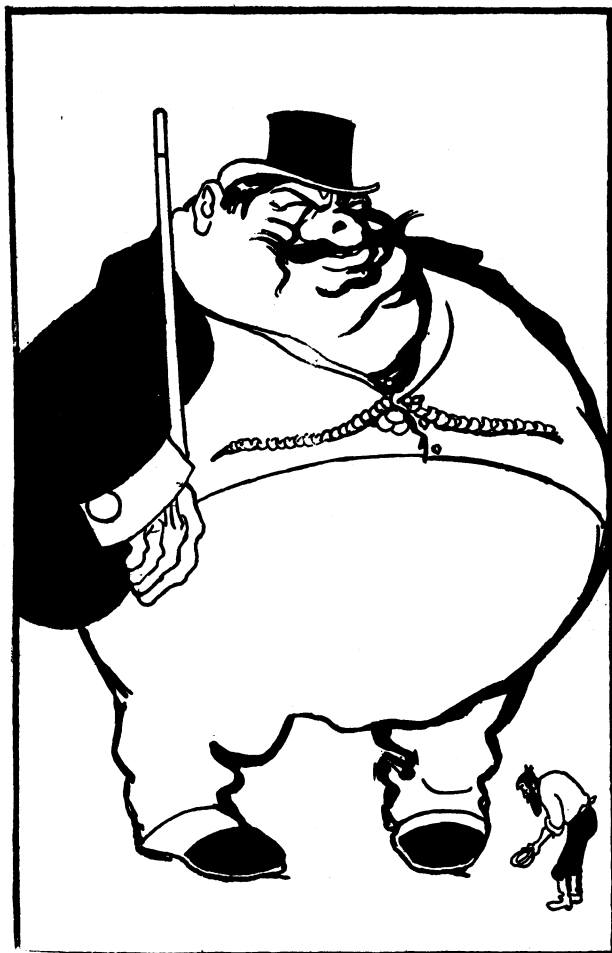
"Call that 'bundle of scum' a woman, if you please, sir; she is at least worthy that name!"

"Oh, pardon me, Miss, I mean no harm; only dat creature vas such a contrast to you, and de incident dat made me notice you and her on de street, recalled her. You see, Miss, dat same woman, she vas in mine office before I left, and she annoys me, insisting I shall write my address on paper for her, ven I told her she had it already on de slip of paper given wid her work from de forelady. But she stands and smiles and holds on to dat brat, Ach, mein Gott! till I write it for her to get rid of her, and I vas late in getting home."

But before listening to any more of his excuses, Miss Talker interrupted him, saying: "Do you know, sir, that it is just that 'woman scum' and her innocent babe's life that is your paramount capital? It is their blood you are wearing there in that diamond. It is their lives you are grinding to enrich yourself. With your grasping greed you compel human machinery to your will and profit. This you call legitimate business! Shame on you! I am glad to have met you, and have had the pleasure, sir, to tell you to your face what I think of you and your methods of treating the poor. Good-day, Mr. Rosenblatzein."

With eyes and mouth wide open he eyed his young judicial censor, and he turned toward his friends, in a half-whistling voice, she heard him exclaim, "Ge-ee whiz!—dat's a ladee!"

THE COMRADE



While Organized Labor Votes for Capitalism it must Beg



When it Votes as it Strikes it will Command

Views and Reviews



IN the publishing world novel ideas are by no means common, so far at least as the fundamental principles of the business itself is concerned. But the 'Unit Book' idea of Mr. Howard Wilford Bell certainly merits that distinction. And the idea seems to be as irresistible as it is novel.

Mr. Bell is an American who, having studied at Oxford University, won a place in the regard of English book-lovers by publishing a series of choice Limited Editions of well-known masterpieces. Success in this direction was followed by a series of cheap reprints of famous books upon the now famous 'Unit' system. This experiment proving likewise successful, Mr. Bell felt emboldened to extend the sphere of his operations to his native land.

Briefly, the 'Unit' idea is that the price of a book should be fairly and squarely determined by its bulk—the major factor in the cost of its production. Other things being equal, a book consisting of two hundred pages will cost twice as much to produce as one of only half that number of pages, paper, type and binding being the same in each

case. It is apparent, therefore, that a fair price for the one would not be a fair price for the other. Mr. Bell finds that he is able to produce books profitably, well printed upon good featherweight opaque paper, at the rate of one cent for each twenty-five pages, plus the cost of binding. For the binding of all the books a uniform rate is charged, according to style. Cloth bindings are thirty cents; leather, fifty cents. Thus the first volume on the list, "The Marble Faun," contains twenty-one 'units,' 524 pages. The price is therefore twenty-one cents in paper, fifty-one cents in cloth, or seventy-one cents in leather. The second volume, "Letters and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln," contains only sixteen 'units,' 399 pages, and the price is accordingly less.

So much for the 'Unit' principle. Now as to the books themselves. The list of books already published, or announced for publication, is most catholic and inviting. It contains many old favorites and some not easily accessible to the book buyer of moderate means. And Mr. Bell invites all who are interested to co-operate with him by sending in the titles of worthy and helpful books which they desire to see revived. Mechanically, the books are very attractive. Their lightness is particularly noticeable and one

THE COMRADE

longs for the disappearance altogether of the heavy, wri-tiring books to which in this country we have so long been accustomed. The bindings are neat and durable and free from the cracking so common in books of moderate price. Mr. Bell deserves to succeed.

* * *

Just as our English cousins are suffering from what they aptly term 'Fiscalitis,' so we in New York have our epidemic which may be called just as aptly 'Parsifalitis.' It is "Parsifal" everything almost. Fortunately, we have been spared thus far from Parsifaline Breakfast Food!

In general I subscribe heartily to the view of "Parsifal" expressed by Professor Herron in the splendid utterance which appears elsewhere in the present issue. It is the old, old story of Pessimism and Infidelity in the name of Faith. I was to a large extent personally responsible for the arrangement of Mr. Herron's lecture, and until it was over felt almost as anxious as Mr. Conried must have felt before the first performance of Wagner's great music-drama at the Metropolitan Opera House. Readers of the lecture as it appears in these pages will miss the important and beautiful illustrative selections which Mrs. Herron rendered upon the piano to the delight of those of us who were favored to be present; yet I believe and hope that they will gather much inspiration from the lecture itself.

Possibly a brief list of some of the most important books which the production of "Parsifal" has called forth will not be out of place here. First, there is a literal translation of the authorized text issued in a cheap, poorly printed volume by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company of this city. The story of the festival play is told by Charles Henry Meltzer, and in addition to the translation of Wagner's text, there are comments upon its first production in New York by several well-known newspaper critics. This "padding" of the volume by including these trivial and ephemeral criticisms is, in my judgment, quite unjustifiable. Then there is a "free translation" by Oliver Huckell, published in a much more attractive volume by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Mr. Huckell also contributes a sympathetic introductory chapter. There are some admirable illustrations by Franz Stassen, and altogether the volume is one which will appeal to the average reader's taste and need. The price is seventy-five cents. The Funk and Wagnalls Company have issued, in a dainty little cloth-bound volume, a story and analysis of the drama by the Rev. H. R. Haweis. Mr. Haweis, whose reputation as a writer upon musical topics is deservedly high, heard and studied "Parsifal" at Bayreuth. The little volume is admirably illustrated and the price is only forty cents. Yet another study comes from the publishing house of Henry Holt and Company. It is a translation of Maurice Kufferath's work, "The Parsifal of Richard Wagner," augmented by a splendid introduction from the pen of H. E. Krehbiel, the well-known musical critic. This volume also is capably illustrated. Finally, there is Mary Hanaford Ford's delightful little study, "The Holy Grail," which has been issued by the Alice B. Stockham Publishing Company, of Chicago. This is quite the most satisfactory account of the various developments of the legend of the Grail which I have yet read, and I cordially commend it to all my readers. The volume has been produced in splendid style.

* * *

A new issue of the Social Science Library, imported and sold by the Scribners, is "The History of Christian Socialism in England," by Arthur V. Woodworth, Ph. D. "Christian Socialism," so-called, has never asserted itself in England as the opponent of the modern Socialist movement with anything like the degree of bitterness manifested by movements of the same name elsewhere in Europe. While there is no room for doubt that in Germany, for example,

the "Christian Socialist" movement was a deliberate attempt on the part of the ruling class to wreck the Socialist movement by adopting its name and some of its cries, in England it represents rather a well-intentioned effort on the part of earnest, but half-fearful men to save the working men of England to the Church by awakening in the Church a sympathetic interest in the workmen's condition. It was indeed, as Kingsley more than once said, a movement springing from the recognition on the part of a few working parsons of the fact that the Church had neglected the social conditions of the workers, and by so doing driven many of them into open or covert hostility to all that the Church stood for. That "Christian Socialism" was a misnomer, an attempt to reconcile and unify antithetical points of view, Mr. Woodworth is perfectly conscious. Frederick Denison Maurice, the intellectual leader of the movement, and Charles Kingsley, its most popular exponent, were both far removed from anything like what we to-day understand by Socialist convictions. As a matter of fact there never was very much of a definite "movement": it was rather one of the tributaries which flowed into the main stream represented by Chartism and the Rochdale Co-operative movements. Upon the former its influence was very slight—the latter it did influence considerably, and, I think, beneficially.

The present-day "Christian Socialist movement" in England amounts to very little notwithstanding the seriousness with which Mr. Woodworth treats it. A few High-Anglican clergymen—Ritualists, that is to say, who, while being in the Church of England adopt all the ceremonials and most of the teachings of the Church of Rome against which Protestantism stands—preach 'social sermons' of the type of those which Bishop Potter and Archbishop Ireland have made popular here. It means little more than that!

Mr. Woodworth has compiled a "Bibliography" of the movement which by reason of its errors, its inexplicable omissions and equally inexplicable inclusions, suggests that he is not nearly so familiar with the literature of the subject as its historian ought to be. Under the section "Early Christian Socialism," for example, are given Bax's "Religion of Socialism" and Ely's "Socialism and Social Reform." This sort of thing suggests an imperfect acquaintance with publishers' catalogues merely. Prof. Ely does not mention Maurice, Kingsley, Ludlow or Neale, and to class Bax's book as one of the works relating in any way to Early Christian Socialism is ridiculous. There are errors in the rendering of titles, and dates, of some important works which space alone prevents my pointing out. The history of the movement initiated by Maurice and Kingsley has yet to be written. Mr. Woodworth's book is a makeshift.

* * *

The Houghton Mifflin Company has recently issued Mr. C. Hanford Henderson's new work, "Education and The Larger Life." This is a work which I most cordially commend to the notice of the readers of The Comrade, many of whom, I hope, will find in it as much pleasure and inspiration as I have done. Mr. Henderson is one of the foremost exponents of what I venture to call the New Transcendentalism. He unites the critical perception and directness of Ruskin with the larger outlook and more definitely constructive spirit of Morris, and his literary gift is indisputably great.

As the title of the book suggests, it is a protest against the narrow conceptions of Education which have thus far prevailed. To Mr. Henderson everything which makes for largeness of life, everything which promotes physical, mental or moral well-being is properly described as education. It is not easy, perhaps not possible, to give anything like a fair idea of the book in the brief compass of such a notice as this. I hope, however, that in an early issue I shall be able to publish a selection of some of the most vital thoughts of

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the book which I garnered during a recent reading. Sometimes Mr. Henderson appears to be a thoroughgoing individualist: his whole point of view seem to be that of the complete and unfettered individual. But at other times, and I think oftener, the sentiment is as strongly social. The very innermost spirit and character of Socialism is manifested again and again, though I doubt whether Mr. Henderson would care to be labelled a Socialist. I imagine not.

What most pleases me about the book is its splendid poise. The author is neither sympathizer with the gloomy pessimism now so largely prevailing, nor with the blind optimism which refuses to admit the seriousness of some of our pressing social problems and cries that "all is well in this best of all possible worlds." He sees the ills and points to them with unerring finger, but the dominant note is hope and faith in life. He recognizes the class struggle as clearly as any Socialist, and without any apology, and to him as to the Socialist, the only hope for the elimination of class division must rest upon the success of the useful and necessary class in its struggle against the useless and parasitic class.

It is a wonderfully stimulating book, full of rich gems of thought and phrase, and I hope and predict for it a full measure of success commensurate with its sterling worth.

* * *

Now that the war between Russia and Japan has commenced, and we are in danger of associating the wonderful little country which has been called the America of the East, with militarism and aggressive territorial expansion, it is well to remember that there is another and brighter side to its development. For a long time now artists have realized that in the freedom, simplicity, and richness of color of Japanese art there is much to stimulate and inspire the art of the Western world. Turner, Ruskin and Watts have, each in his own way, made us familiar with this truth. Much has been written about Japanese art, but for the most part it has been written for the artist or the connoisseur rather than for the ordinary reader desirous of understanding and appreciating its meaning and quaint beauty.

The demand for some simple guide suited to the need of such persons has at last been met by Mr. Sadakichi Hartmann who has recently issued, through the L. C. Page Company a bright and interesting little history of the development of Japanese art. The volume is one of the Art Lovers' series issued by the Page Company, and is one of the most successful and valuable in the whole series. A keen observer and critic, Mr. Hartmann possesses the all too uncommon gift of popularization to an unusual degree. The novice to whom the literature of art is usually a sealed book will find Mr. Hartmann's book free from obscure or technical language, and as easy to read and understand as a child's primer; but at the same time comprehensive and adequate in its treatment of the different phases of the subject.

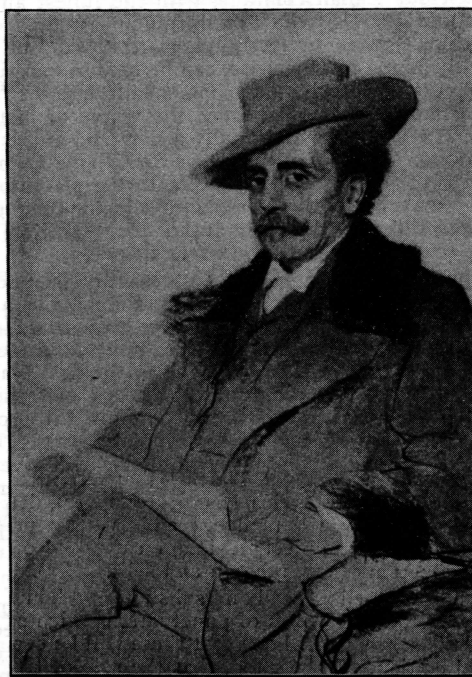
As in Europe, primitive art in Japan was deeply religious in its nature—gods and goddesses, with large halos against dark-blue grounds. As in Italy, for instance, before it became realistic, art in Japan was embodied in the decorative panels of its temples. And as in Europe again, the feudal period in Japan was marked by the domination of its art by the interests of its feudal lords. Its pictorial art glorified the feudal rulers, and its architecture changed from the glorification of the temple to the glorification of the castle. The parallel with European development goes further than this. The feudal period was followed by its renaissance, and again by a period of realism, strangely like unto the familiar story of the art development of the Western world. Of these various epochs, and of the decorative arts which flourished for so many centuries in the land of chrysanthemums, the many admirable illustrations—some of them beautifully

colored—give the reader a better idea than hundreds of pages of text could do, no matter how cleverly the text might be written.

The awakening of modern Japan to the dream of world-power which has followed quickly upon the opening up of the country to Western commerce and ideas, has, naturally, profoundly affected native art. Mr. Hartmann thinks, and he is probably right, that the effect has been far from wholesome. Forsaking the old traditions, which, mellowed by centuries of adaptation, have come to them from China and from Ancient India, a new school has arisen which sees good in little else but the ideals and methods of the admired Western civilization. Yet another school would modify the old native art by linking its methods to Western ideals: and, in either case, Japanese art suffers. And the world suffers thereby. Of course, there are still the Conservatives who cling to the old, and they may save to the world the spirit and the beauty of all that is best in Japanese art. So Mr. Hartmann hopes. One fears, however, that the hope is well-nigh vain. The nation which would follow Commerce must give up all its traditions and glories to it. The demand is inexorable—and Japan has chosen, irrevocably, to follow Commerce.

* * *

Antonio Labriola's work, "Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History," translated by Charles H. Kerr and published by the firm of which he is the head, is one of the most important works recently issued by any Socialist publishing house in America. So much it is perfectly safe and only fair to say, though one may not at all agree with the claim which the publishers make for it as the "most important contribution to the literature of International Socialism since Marx's 'Capital.'" It would be too much, I think, to expect such a work from anyone of the intellectual leaders of the Italian movement, brilliant and able as they undoubtedly are. Italian scholarship in general lacks thoroughness, detail and solidity, but is prolific in suggestion: and the



Antonio Labriola

THE COMRADE

scholarship of our Italian Socialist writers is no exception to the rule. This book, like Ferri's "Socialism and Modern Science," is a splendid example of that fertility of suggestion, left as suggestion and undeveloped, or nearly so, which seems to me so eminently characteristic of the Italian mind. Of course, it is only fair to remember that the author expressly disclaims having attempted a work of authoritative scholarship and himself regards his work as an attempt at popular exposition merely.

The first of the two essays which comprise the book is an interesting and stimulating historical study of the Communist Manifesto and the causes which made it possible. The second, and by far the more important essay, is a study of the materialistic conception of history which is the vital part, the spirit, of the Manifesto. This section of the book is somewhat discursive, and the discursiveness impairs its usefulness as a popular treatise. Indeed, Professor Labriola cannot be said to have achieved any very distinctive success as a popular expositor of the cardinal principle of modern Socialism. Professor Seligman's book, for example, is much more intelligible to the ordinary non-academic reader. Still, for all that, by reason of its richness of suggestion, and the critical attitude of the author, it is an important and well-nigh invaluable work which meets a distinct need at this time when so many crude and uncritical statements of the theory are heard, suggesting that the warning of Marx and Engels—particularly of the latter—have fallen upon deaf ears.

Professor Labriola has little but good natured contempt for the too cocksure Socialists who undertake to expound the theory of historic materialism by the cant phrase "Everything, ethics, art, religion and science are the productions of economic conditions." In this fashion a great principle which, even by our opponents, all unconsciously very often, is being applied to the study of history and the elucidation of some of its most important problems with splendid results, is made ridiculous, and the very pivotal doctrine of Socialism turned into an anti-Socialist weapon. This much our Italian comrade, with the fullest authority of Marx and Engels, who first formulated the theory, to support him, makes perfectly plain—that no one factor whether economic or otherwise, can be held to explain fully the whole of the complex development of history. "In this way the simpletons might reduce the whole of history to commercial arithmetic; and finally a new and authentic interpretation of Dante might give us the Divine Comedy illustrated with the process of manufacturing pieces of cloth which the wily Florentine merchants sold for their greater profit!"—in this way does our author dispose of an all too common crude exposition of a great theory.

I cannot, I think, conclude this necessarily brief notice of this important work better than by quoting the pith of the author's conclusions as stated by him on page 201. He says: ". . . the form of production of the immediate means of life, determines, on an artificial field, in the first place, and directly, all the rest of the practical activity of those associated, and the variation of this activity in the process which we call history . . . the corresponding struggles relative to law and morality . . . in fine, that which gives birth to the state and that which constitutes it. It determines, in the second place, the tendency and in great part, in an indirect fashion, the objects of imagination and of thought in the production of art, religion and science."

The book is well printed and substantially bound. I notice, however, a few errors of punctuation which somewhat obscure the sense, and I hope that these will be corrected in a second edition. I hope, too, that the sale of this edition will imperatively necessitate a second at no far distant date.

* * *

The Funk & Wagnalls Company has issued the first volume of a new and complete edition of Tolstoy's collected works edited and translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude, most competent and indefatigable of all translators of the great Russian's works.

The first volume of the series is a collection of Tolstoy's military sketches, "Sevastapool and Other Military Tales," in which are recounted the author's military experiences during that most noted siege of modern times when the beleaguered Russians held out for eleven months against the combined assault of Great Britain, France and Sardinia.

In these sketches Tolstoy unmasks the terrible realities of war with a keenness and force unequalled by any writer known to me. The whole psychology of the war spirit and atmosphere is analyzed and exposed with remarkable skill and illumination. With wonderful vividness he describes the final assault upon Sevastapool when he was present. Reading his description of that event as he witnessed it, we seem to see the awful carnage enacted before our very eyes.

Perhaps the principal reason for this new edition of his collected works lies in the fact that Tolstoy more than almost any other writer has suffered greatly at the hands of incompetent and, in some cases, unscrupulous translators. The present translators seem to be the only ones whose work has ever satisfied Tolstoy himself, and of their fidelity there can be no question. The volume is illustrated, and is in every way a most satisfying production. Paper, type, presswork and binding are uniformly excellent, and if the remaining volumes of the series are equally good the edition is certain to win favor amongst those who care to own—and who does not?—a moderately priced, definitive edition of Tolstoy's works.

* * *

Just as this issue goes to press word reaches me of the death of Professor Labriola. For a long time he had been unwell and unable to attend to his work. His inability to lecture in the University of Rome as was his wont distressed him greatly, and the publication of the American edition of his "Essays" greatly cheered him in his last days. He had for a long time cherished the hope that he would sometime make a lecture tour in this country. Now, in the full morning of his power he is suddenly cut down by the Grim Reaper. Love and Honor to his memory! J. S.



Books &c. Received

- THE MARBLE FAUN. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Cloth; 524 pages; Price 51c. New York: Howard Wilford Bell.
- TALES OF MYSTERY. By Edgar Allan Poe. Leather; 507 pages. Price 71c. New York: Howard Wilford Bell.
- LETTERS AND ADDRESSES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Paper; 399 pages. Price 16c. New York: Howard Wilford Bell.
- SEVASTAPOOL AND OTHER MILITARY TALES. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. Cloth; illustrated; XCVIII 326 pages. Price 1.50 net. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.
- PARSIFAL. By H. R. Haweis. Cloth; illustrated; 66 pages. Price 40c. net (postage extra.) New York: Funk & Wagnalls.
- THE HOLY GRAIL. By Mary Hanaford Ford. Cloth; illustrated; 155 pages. Price \$1.00. Chicago: Alice B. Stockham Co.
- THE STORY OF PARSIFAL. Translated from Wagner's authorized text. Paper; 127 pages. Price 50c. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.
- EDUCATION & THE LARGER LIFE. By C. Hanford Henderson. Cloth; 386 pages. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- UNDER THE CZAR AND QUEEN VICTORIA. By Jaakoff Prelooker, Editor of the Anglo-Russian. Cloth; illustrated; XXIV 240 pages. London (Eng.): James Nisbet & Co.

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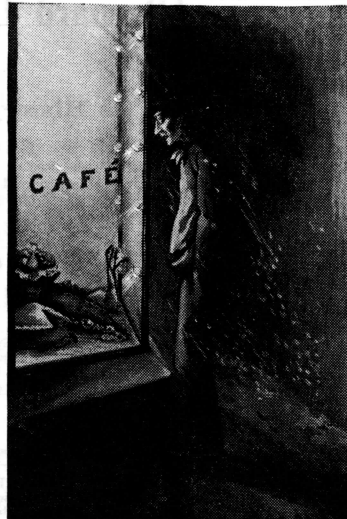
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