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EDITORIAL

WHEN this number of the *Magazine* is published the May Day Demonstrations of the international organizations of Labour will be in full swing. The celebrations will not be any the less enthusiastic for the events of the past year.

May Day

All over the world we have witnessed during that period a great revival of activities on the part of the revolutionary workers. Not the least encouraging of these activities has been the immense revival of spirited industrial warfare. True the pecuniary gain may not have been great, but the increasing spirit of solidarity displayed in the many industrial struggles that have taken place gives great encouragement for the immediate future. Once the class nature of their movement is generally realized by the workers—the end of class rule is in sight. We Britishers are not very demonstrative—unless it be in the shape of rather undue pesssimism —we are not inclined to fixed ceremonial days; maybe we take our pleasures sadly and our holidays with a chastened spirit; we are not blessed with the thoroughness of organization of our German or the exuberance of our French comrades, the spectacular effects are not for us, and yet we may doubt if any of our comrades of the International can give us points when it comes to a struggle with the powers that be, or more tenacious in holding that we have won. All this, not in a spirit of vain-glorious nationalism, but rather as a defence.

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IT is a curious thing, but nevertheless true, that the two most pessimistic groups in our midst are the ardent Tories and Imperialists on the one hand and the advanced Socialists on the other. Yet after all is it so curious? It cannot be denied that the old watchwords and causes are losing ground before the newer ideals which the economic forces are bringing into being, hence the pessimism of the reactionaries: yet the newer movement does not grow with the rapidity our young and ardent comrades demand. We are all apt to forget the long days of our own unregenerate life. The new light which proletarian science throws on the social system is so searchingly clear and strong,

Slow—but Sure

the truths revealed stand out so prominently on our mental landscape now, that we are apt to be impatient with the unconverted, and we are then more than likely to keep them from obtaining the same clear vision because of our very impatience. We too often forget to explain the elemental truths in our desire to impart information of a more advanced and intricate character.

> Better the old slow way of striving,
> And counting small gains when the year is done,
> Than to use our force and strength in contriving,
> And to grasp at results we have not won.

It is their lack of the knowledge of elementary truths of the class antagonism that will account for the rather wearying indifference of so many of our fellows to our propaganda; they think we make the exceptional (to them) the general relation between capitalists and labourers. Yet modern economic conditions often force huge bodies of men to try conclusions with the ruling class in a struggle of almost life and death intensity—witness the recent coal strike. We want to use this latent, sometimes active force to achieve our ends—the emancipation of society from classes.

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Eight! and we Won't Wait

FOR the reasons mentioned above the celebrations of Labour's natal day may leave much to be desired, from the point of view of numbers participating, here in England. While we must deplore this we have still the satisfaction of knowing that the strength of our class' consciousness of its oneness is making rapid headway. One of the regular demands of our May Day celebrations has been for an Universal Eight Hours' working day. How that idea has now reached the stage of an immediate demand, even from our rather stodgy and conservative Trade Union Congress Parliamentary Committee, is now common knowledge. The activities of the same body in seeking to give effect to the Organization by Industry resolution of the Congress is likely to be of immense importance, in awakening the giant Labour, in the not altogether unlikely necessity of an industrial struggle to obtain the Eight Hours' Day. Such a demand as the latter may not strike some of us as very revolutionary, but is it possible to over estimate the value of the lesson in discipline and cohesion which such demands call forth? It may be that we shall be first called upon to press the question on Parliament, in that event we must work with a will to secure the respectful attention of and prompt action by that dilatory and antiquated institution. If our legislators—in other words, our employers and their lackeys—are wise in their day and generation, so much the better. We shall then be free to turn our attention to other pressing matters. If they are like the foolish virgins of Biblical fame then the demand must be enforced by industrial action, in conjunction with other needed and long delayed economic changes.

THAT lusty child of three years' growth, the Central Labour College, will take the opportunity afforded by the May Day Festival of making its bow to the people along with the rest of the London organizations.

Three!

It is hoped that the new banner of the College will be carried in the procession on that memorable occasion. The motto chosen for the banner is the old-new one: EDUCATE! AGITATE! ORGANIZE! It will be the first time in any land that a purely workers' educational institution has been so represented. It is a good omen for the future success of our Cause. That the capitalist class are not altogether unaware of the gravity—to them—of this new step taken by the organized workers is shown by the many references in the Press recently to the C.L.C. All the recent Labour uprisings have been credited to the College and its supporters. Making due allowance for the panic these uprisings have caused them, our rulers are not far out in their reckoning up of the future results to them of this educational venture. The C.L.C. means business; its aims have so often been advanced in this magazine that they require no reiteration at this stage, sufficient is it to repeat that it stands for no particular section in the Labour Movement; it simply seeks to display the mechanism of the capitalist system in the sight of the hosts of Labour. To this end something has already been accomplished, but much remains to be done, and this May Day finds us facing the future with the optimism of Youth, the courage of Manhood, and the cautiousness of Age.

F. J. C.

International Peace

INTERNATIONAL intercourse is necessarily connected with the capitalist system of production. The development of the latter from the system of production for sale is intimately connected with the development of international commerce International commerce, however, is impossible without friendly relations among the States. A prerequisite for its development is that the foreign merchant be protected in a foreign country the same as he is in his own.

Through the development of international commerce the merchant himself is considerably raised in the scale of civilization, and, vice versa, his bent of thought is impressed upon society itself. But merchants have always been a fluent element; their motto from time immemorial has been: "ubi bene, ibi patria"—wherever we fare well, wherever there are profits to be made, there is our fatherland. Thus, in the same measure that the systems of capitalist production and international commerce expand, there develop in the capitalist class international tendencies—that is to say, a desire for permanent peace between nations and for their close union by brotherly bonds.

Development of International Capitalism

But the capitalist system of production brings forth the most wonderful contrasts, antagonisms and contradictions. The same as it tends to increase both equality and inequality, to push the proletariat down into ever deeper misery and yet to pave the way for its uplifting, to impart the greatest freedom to the individual while encompassing his absolute enslavement, so likewise, hand in hand with its tendency to cement the brotherhood of nations, it stimulates the tendency to increase national antagonism.

Commerce requires peace, yet competition promotes warfare. Within the boundaries of every nation there is perpetual warfare among individual capitalists and among the several classes ; likewise, is there a perpetual state of warfare among the capitalists of different nations. Each nation seeks to extend the market for its own products and to exclude all others from the same.

The further international commerce is developed, the more important is international peace, yet, at the same time, the competitive struggle among the various nations becomes all the wider, and all the greater grows the danger of collisions among them. The more intimately international commerce draws the several nations together, the louder is the clamour of each for national exclusion. The stronger the necessity for peace is felt, the more threatening grows the danger of war.

These contradictions, that seem so insane, are absolutely in keeping with the character of the capitalist system of production. They lie latent in the earliest and simplest stages of production for sale; but not until the capitalist system of production has fully matured do they manifest themselves in the gigantic and unbearable proportions in which they are now experienced.

The spectacle of increased tendencies that make for war, going hand in hand with increased tendencies that make for peace, reveals one of the many contradictions against which the capitalist system of production will dash itself to pieces.

The proletariat does not share these contradictions. The more fully it develops and becomes an independent class, the clearer also is the evidence that, of each set of contradictory tendencies in capitalist society, it is affected by only one. For instance, the capitalist system of production brings forth simultaneously the tendency to draw together all producers into co-operative action, and at the same time to stimulate the bitterest hostilities of each other against all. Upon the proletariat the latter tendency has no effect; instead of the antagonism between *monopoly* and *competition* which draw together and yet split up the capitalists, we find only the first of these tendencies making itself felt more and more strongly in the ranks of the proletariat, and drawing its members into ever stronger *solidarity*.

As a natural result of this "one-sidedness," the tendency among the proletariat is perceptible toward ever closer international relations, while the tendency toward national exclusion and international warfare declines perceptibly and proportionately among them.

By stripping the working man of all property, the capitalist system of production has loosened him from his threshold. To-day he enjoys no fixed domicile, and cannot properly be said to have a home. With the merchant he has taken up the maxim "ubi bene, ibi patria"—wherever the conditions for work are most favourable there is his home. At present the migrations of the working class, aided greatly by our modern facilities for transportation, constitute the most stupendous migration of nations mankind has ever witnessed. Of the modern proletarian it may be said with justice that he has become nomadic; and happy may he consider himself if in his peregrinations his wife and children can accompany him instead of being torn from his side.

The same as the proletariat, does the merchant seek to become independent from his own threshold and to let himself down wherever the interests of his business require it; but he never loses touch with his native place. His station abroad, his opportunity to ply his business there and to beat his foreign colleagues, depends greatly upon the power of his own country to protect him. The merchant who is settled abroad preserves his nationality; as a rule, these gentry are the typical Jingoes; they are the first to experience the connexion between their country's power and their own purses.

Development of International Socialism

It is otherwise with the proletariat. Nowhere at home has he been humoured, either by special protection or laws concerning his interests and truly enforced in his behalf. If he emigrates from one country to another, he does not stand in need of the protection of his own fatherland. On the contrary. If he moves to a foreign country, or to a different State, he does so usually in order to escape the hard laws his own country imposes upon him, and to look for some other home in which the new conditions of life may be more favourable.

Furthermore, his new fellow toilers have no interest in depriving him of whatever protection he may enjoy; on the contrary, their own interests direct them to see to it that his power of resistance against their common exploiter be increased.

True enough, this cosmopolitan spirit among working men is accompanied at times with inconveniences and even dangers to those working men who are better conditioned, and among whom a worse conditioned set immigrates. The competition for work with the resulting lowering of wages brought on by such an immigration is a

serious check to the class struggle. This sort of competition among working men may, at times, similarly with the competition among the capitalists of several nations, sharpen national antipathies and deepen the hatred of one set of working men for another.

But this national quarrel, which among the capitalist class is a permanent manifestation, can be only a transitory one among the proletariat. Sooner or later, the members of this class must come to the recognition of the fact that immigration of cheaper labour from countries that are still backward in development is as intimately connected with the capitalist system of production as the introduction of machinery itself and the appearance of woman in the factory; and that it is as futile to attempt to stop immigration sa to stop machinery or woman labour under the capitalist system of production.

Internationality of the Class Struggle

On all sides the working man is made to perceive more and more clearly how intimately connected is the progress of his own class struggle with that of the working men in all other countries. Although the working men of one may at times be annoyed by those of another country, they are all in the end bound to perceive that there is but one effective way of removing the ill effect of the conditions of the working men in countries that are economically advanced, and that is to remove the backward conditions that afflict the former. The American working man has every reason to wish, and as far as in him lies to work for it, that the working men of European countries secure higher wages and shorter hours.

The intimate interdependence there is between the class struggle carried on by the proletariat of one country and that of the militant proletariat in all others, necessarily leads to the close union of the working and struggling proletariat of all lands.

National exclusion, the national hatreds and antipathies with which the capitalist class of different nations has imbued the proletariat, are visibly fading out among the latter; it gives ever stronger evidences of freeing itself from national prejudices; the working men, whatever language they may speak, are day by day learning the lesson that they must see in one another, not strangers or enemies, but comrades.

How indispensable the International connexions of the proletarians are to their class struggle, the moment they rise above their primitive petty ambitions and aspire to broader and nobler aims, was well understood by the writers of the *Communist Manifesto*. This document addresses itself to the proletarians of all countries, and, its closing words, calls upon them to unite.

Since 1871, the principles contained in the *Communist Manifesto* have spread throughout the world; everywhere we see the union of the class struggle and of modern Socialism, either accomplished or

in process of accomplishment. The fundamental principles, the aim and methods of the proletariat class struggle, become more and more identical in all sections of the capitalist world.

As a result of this fact, it was natural that the Socialist Labour Movement in all countries should come in even closer touch with one another, and that the sense of international solidarity should cause itself to be felt ever more powerfully. Under such circumstances, only slight provocation was needed to cause this fact to express itself visibly.

Later Evidences of International Working Class Solidarity

It is well known that this happened at the centennial celebration of the downfall of the Bastile, when the International Congress met at Paris in 1889. Two years later the International Congress at Brussels, and, in 1893, that at Zurich, and the subsequent Congresses, gave further occasion to strengthen the international touch of the militant proletariat, a circumstance that is furthermore exemplified every year by the May Day celebrations.

The men who meet at these International Congresses are not eccentric thinkers and dreamers out of touch with their fellows, such as we see at the "Peace Congresses" of the capitalists; they are the representatives and spokesmen of hundreds of thousands, yea, of millions, of working men and working women.

These congresses, together with the May Day celebrations, bring out clearly the fact that it is the masses of the working populations, congregated in all the large industrial centres of all capitalists countries, who are conscious of the international solidarity of the proletariat, who protest against war, and who declare that so-called national antagonisms are in fact not antagonisms of peoples but antagonisms of their exploiters.

Such a bridging over the chasms that have so long divided nations from nations, such as international solidarity of the masses, is a spectacle that the world's history has never until now presented. This spectacle is all the more imposing considering that it takes place under the heavy clouds of war which capitalist interests cause to thicken over the heads of mankind.

Weekly People, September 30th, 1911.

To the timid and hesitating everything is impossible because it seems so. Scott.

There should be no limit to any man's liberty, till it begins to limit any other man's. E. M. Hives.

Working-Class Germany

INTERNAL Organization is a dominant characteristic of Germany. Internal Organization may be classified as Positive and Negative.

Positive Organization has for its object commercial development.

The State's activities are clearly seen in the operations of Railways, Schools, Canals, and indirectly in Municipal undertakings. On the people's side it is industrial, political and technical advancements with their attendant institutions and largely aided by the co-operative spirit which is an increasingly important psychic factor in German circles.

The function of Negative Organization is to counteract social evils resulting from an ignoranace or maladjustment of economic forces.

It has been said that when Germany was as far developed as England her problems would be as intense and as far reaching. This tacitly implies some meliorative factors because these problems are already in existence.

Take the question of Unemployment, which is a permanent feature in the life of the skilled German artisan.

Ignoring the small percentage who return to the land from time to time, there is still an unemployed problem to be solved. In coping with the periods of depression, afforestation plays an important part. The State owns very extensive forest lands and receives from them an income of £15-20 mill: A large section of people is usually thus engaged; about 150,000 people are employed and can be augmented when required. Many Municipalities have also acquired lands, thereby scooping unearned increments to the town's exchequers, and at the same time providing material for relief works of a practical character. Relief works may be looked upon as being mainly for unskilled and unorganized labourers, but arrangements are often made enabling Trade Unions to pay subscriptions to the Local Authorities who add 50% to unemployed benefits.

The methods of Insurance are factors of considerable importance in steadying economic disturbances. Local and State Insurance embraces Sickness, Unemployment, Invalidity &c., The scale of payments and benefits vary according to the respective section of workers and the class of Insurance. This certainly tends to palliate the problem, and at the same time minimizes the chance of some of the workers becoming immediately destitute.

To-day, Labour Exchanges and their operations are fairly well known. They are by no means a remedy for unemployment. Nevertheless they are valuable in eliminating the general waste incurred by workman and employer in their industrial relations.

The statistical knowledge, made available by this branch of State organization, is invaluable in many ways. Nearly every German town of any importance has its Arbeitsamt (Labour Exchange) with methods similar to the Labour Exchange in England.

I also fully appreciate the Waifs' Homes, Baths, Hospitals, Schools, &c., in so far as these institutions palliate, relieve, modify or cure the evils and effects of modern Society.

The first was a well organized and practical reform as opposed to patronizing charitable institutions. The second an example of municipal progressiveness. The third a concrete expression of scientific development. The fourth a practical admission of the beneficial effects of education and an appreciation of the child's value to the State.

These foregoing remarks will probably give a clearer insight into Germany's social problems and indicate the methods of dealing with them. So much for the State aspect.

What efforts to cope with these problems are made by the working class?

I come to the conclusion that, although England was the birthplace of the Trade Union Movement, our German colleagues did not only take their lead from us but they improved upon it. Industrial Organization is the keynote of Working Class progress. Failures are not due to the principles underlying Trade Unions, but to the reluctance to push these principles to their logical conclusion. In every large town the centre of Trade Union life is the Volkshaus. Here one may find the offices of the various trades whence copious statistics, reports, &c., are issued, resulting in an enormous saving of time, energy, and expense of its members when desirous of changing their jobs or tramping the country, apart from the Wander Yahre which is a customary feature in the life of the young German artisan.

The social life is catered for in a way unknown to the English "Working-Man's Club," "Trades Hall," &c.

In many of the Volkshauser the Trade Unionist can not only be catered for by way of liquid refreshment, but meals and sleeping accomodation are to be had at moderate charges. They are educationally active by the presence of fairly well equipped lending libraries of which full advantage is taken.

In consequence, largely no doubt of the pressure on the cost of living by the rises in food stuffs, rents, &c., the German worker has become his own producer and consumer.

The German "Spar and Konsum Verein" and "Consum Genossenschaft 'Hoffnung,'" which are the German versions of the Co-operative Society, cannot be ignored when considering the factors which exercise a modifying influence on the conditions of the worker.

Descriptions of German working-class conditions have been largely confined to the industrial sphere. As every one knows a certain section of every modern nation is engaged in another branch of production. Industrialism is one phase of a people's activity, agriculture is the other, equally important, equally fundamental to Society's economic prosperity.

In consequence of tariffs has German agriculture been encouraged? Following the great changes caused by the entire abolition of feudal vestiges in 1848, came an epoch of freeholding farmers. "At the foundation of the new German Empire about two-thirds of its population lived in rural districts, to-day only two-fifths do so."

Now the depopulation of rural areas is a vital question. Whatever be the cause, the fact remains that Protection has *not* prevented it. It would not even be safe to say that Protection has retarded this exodus. I was given to understand that Wurttemburg was favourable to the growth and development of agricultural pursuits, the small freeholder being much in evidence as opposed to the large landed estates and the *Junkers* of Northern Germany. Here the same convincing facts met me at every turn. People told of the steady migration of their sons and daughters to the towns to help to make up the living, and who in times of industrial depression came back home to help the parents to eke out a precarious existence on the land. Stories of debt and difficulty were not wanting. In cases where the freehold is divided at the death of the father the alloted portions are often insufficient to maintain the family. The consequence is, conditions become more acute. A debt is contracted to tide over difficulties, and finally the holding is taken to liquidate the debt, or the owner sells out at once and goes to swell the ranks of surplus labour. The end is the same; a dying agriculture, a poverty ridden area, a growing mass of unskilled labour. As I came through Southern Germany, fields after fields of agricultural produce lay under water owing to the heavy rains. The peasants, men, women, and children, from early morning until late at night were working up to their knees in water trying to save what they could. I called to mind one who told me that they "usually dined on bread and salad." Dined forsooth! I wondered what would be their fare now that in addition to the economic blight, a natural blight had fallen on them. "The price of land is rising against the cultivator, and the increased value is being taken out of the land by those who do not remain on the soil at all." The result is Expropriation for the most people, Appropriation for the some people.

The Co-operative Factor

Germany's seeming apparent prosperity must be placed in correct historical perspective before comparisons of any value can be made. A general clearing of protectionist weeds had to take place preparatory to the unification of the States in 1871, resulting in the

German Empire. With the advent of untrammelled exchange of commodities between the federated States, industries were developed, state railways introduced, natural resources utilized, the potential faculties of the Nation cultivated and encouraged by a comprehensive Educational system.

To-day the result is a gasping on the part of the Britisher at the sight of this commercial comet and a feeling that the end of the world is not far distant.

This movement speaking generally has been in existence about fourteen years and is developing rapidly. Its activities are mainly confined to distributive work by means of the local stores, although bakeries, mineral water factories, &c., are included in its undertakings. Various reports indicate that the Co-operative Societies have modified the rise in prices. In the various towns I visited, the conditions of the Co-operative Employers compared favourably with those of private capitalists; Cologne, Frankfort, Mainz, Stuttgart, Strazburg, show Societies in a healthy progressive state. Their political and educational forces are not yet on strictly working-class lines. Once realized, then the rate of progress will be accelerated. In my many conversations with German work people I found a general tendency in all organizations, whether Co-operative, Trade Union or Socialist, to further the interests of the working-class unity, nationally and internationally.

Educational Facilities

There is one factor which has wielded considerable influence in the evolution of the German people. Parallel with the organization in town and country, in national or civic life, is to be found the educational influence. Organization of course is ingrained in the German. It strikes the visitor and investigator wherever he goes. In the laying out of streets and Municipal operations generally. In the schoolroom, it is latent. In the military service it comes to fruition and finds itself finally in bureaucracy on the one hand with its repressiveness, on the other, in workman's organizations with their democratic tendency.

Organization in Germany is Prussianized. That is to be regretted. Yet organization is possible without this disagreeable element. The basis of all organization is educational. This the German nation has consciously realized and materialized in its schools. "Prussia has had gratuitous compulsory education, not mere superficial instruction, for more than one hundred years." An influence of this kind cannot be ignored. The general educational demands are met by the Volkschule and other local schools, Gymnasien and University Stuttgart is well equipped, and it may be of interest to know that the principle of child feeding together with the medical clinic are features of its educational activities. These schools have to some extent their English counterparts.

The Fortbildungsschule has I think no such English equivalent. Its function begins when the boy leaves the day school.

"As the time for his leaving the day school draws near the town authorities and his teacher show their interest in the boy's choice of calling. The parents will perhaps have been invited to an informal conference to have the intention and procedure of the labour bureau explained to them, they will have received a pamphlet informing them of the various trades and employments in the district, and the prospects in each. No pressure is exercised on them as to the choice of occupation, but the school does sufficient to awaken them to the evil of letting their children drift into irregular employment, and the authority of the school master is exerted to insist on the children going to the bureau repeatedly until they have found a post." An apprenticeship is entered upon, and during the two or three years following, he must attend this school several hours during the week to study the technical and theoretical side of his occupation. Fees are paid by the employers and grants are made by the Government and Town Authorities. Strasburg, one of the towns I visited, was one of the first to adopt this system of compulsory attendance. The linking up of the Strasburg Continuation School with the Labour bureau has the effect of organizing, scheduling, and directing juvenile labour at a very critical stage. Girls are often in voluntary attendance at these schools taking commercial subjects, languages, &c. So far as I was able to ascertain the element of compulsion had not yet been put into operation for the commercial education of girls. Such then in broad outlines are the dominating educational influences at work in Germany.

Of no mean educational value are the facilities for a rational recreation. The long shady "Anlagen," "Rings," the beautiful parks, the large open squares, "Platze," where often at mid-day and evening the Municipal Band renders selections of music; easy access to the Opera and Playhouse, Museums, Art Galleries, Natural Science Cabinets, all help to develop and add culture to the German people.

Such then are my impressions of Germany and its people, the Germany I saw, the Germany I understood. Germany is neither better nor worse than England when viewed fairly and squarely without the fiscal film across one's eyes.

Germany and England are individualized expressions of Economic forces manifesting themselves externally in unemployment and other social evils, but developing internally their own negation, their own solution. Such is the sociological truth portrayed in the development and comparisons of these two modern nations. No political charlatanry will make it otherwise.

MEREDITH F. TITTERINGTON.

Paganini

AT last there appeared on the stage a dark figure, which seemed to have risen from the under-world. It was Paganini in his black dress suit; the black evening coat and black waistcoat, of an appalling cut, were probably such as are prescribed by infernal etiquette at the court of Proserpine, while the loose trousers flapped vexatiously on the thin legs of the Maestro. His long arms seemed to grow yet longer, as he held the violin in one hand, the bow down in the other, and almost bowed to the ground as he bestowed on the public his unheard-of reverence. In the angular bending of his body there was a fearful woodenness, and at the same time something foolishly brute-like, which would have caused laughter at his salutation; but his face, which, in the strong orchestral illumination, seemed more corpse-like than ever, had in it something so bashfully modest that a shuddering pity suppressed our desire to laugh . . .

But all such thoughts flitted afar when the wondrous master set his violin to his chin and began to play. As for me, you know well my musical second sight—my gift of seeing with every note which I hear its corresponding figure of sound; and so it came that Paganini, with every stroke of his bow, brought visible forms and facts before my eyes; that he told me in a musical picture-writing all kinds of startling stories; that he juggled before me at the same time a show of coloured Chinese shadows, in all of which he with his violin was chief actor. Even with the first note from his bow the scene changed; he stood all at once with his music-desk in a cheerful hall, which was gaily and irregularly decorated with curved and twining furniture in the Pompadour style; everywhere little mirrors, gilt cupids, Chinese porcelain, an exquisitely charming chaos of ribbons, flower garlands, white gloves, torn laces, false pearls, diadems of gilt sheet metal, and similar celestial theatrical properties, such as one sees in the sanctum of a prima donna. Paganini's external appearance had also changed, very much indeed to his advantage. He wore knee-breeches of lilac satin, a silver embroidered white waistcoat, a coat of light blue satin with buttons wound with gold; and little locks of carefully curled hair played round his face, which bloomed with the roses of youth and gleamed with tenderness when he eyed the pretty little dames who stood round his music-desk while he played his violin.

Indeed I saw by his side a pretty young creature, in old-fashioned dress of white satin puffed out on the hips, the waist seeming for that all the more piquantly narrow, and powdered hair friséd aloft, the pretty round face flashing out all the more freely with its dazzling eyes, its rouged cheeks, court plaster beauty-patches, and impertinent sweet little nose. She held in her hand a white scroll of paper, and by the movements of her lips, and the coquettish movements of her

form, seemed to be singing, but I could not hear one of her trills, and it was only by the playing of the violin with which the youthful Paganini accompanied the charming child that I could imagine what she sang, and what he himself felt in his soul while she sang. Ah! those were melodies such as the nightingale flutes in the twilight, when the perfume of the rose intoxicates his sympathetic heart, inspired by Spring with deepest longing. Ah! that was a melting, voluptuous, deep-desiring happiness! There were tones which kissed, and then, pouting, turned away, and again laughing, embraced and melted together, and then lost, enraptured intoxicated, died away in one. Yes, the tones mingled in gay sport, like butterflies when one in jest flies from another, hides itself behind a flower, is found and hunted out, and finally, light-hearted and trifling, flutters up with the other—up into the golden sunlight. But a spider—a vile spider—can bring about a dire tragedy for such enamoured butterflies. Did the young heart divine aught like that? A long melancholy sighing tone, like the permonition of a coming evil, slid slowly through the most enrapturing melodies which flashed from Paganini's playing; his eyes became moist; worshipping he knelt before his Amata—but oh! as he bowed to her feet he saw beneath the bed—a little abbé! I do not know what he had against the poor man, but the Genoese became pale as death; he grappled in rage with the little fellow, gave him boxes on the ear and not a few kicks, hurled him headlong out of doors, and then drawing a stiletto from his pocket, plunged it into the breast of the young beauty.

At this instant cries of "Bravo! Bravo!" rang from every side Hamburg's inspired men and women paid their tribute of the most roaring applause to the great artist, who had ended the first part of his concert, and who, with more angles and contortions than ever, bowed before them. It seemed to me that in his face was a more imploring humility than before, but in his eyes flickered a tormenting fear like that of a wretched sinner.

"Divine!" cried my neighbour, the fur-dealer; "that piece alone was well worth two thalers."

When Paganini began to play again it seemed to be dark before my eyes. The tones did not change as before into bright shapes and hues; the form of the Master wrapped itself in gloomy shadows, from whose depth his music came wailing in the most cutting accents of sorrow. Only from time to time, as a little lamp which hung over him cast a feeble light on his features, could I see his pallid countenance, which still retained traces of youth. His garb was strange indeed—divided into two parts, one red, one yellow. Heavy fetters hung to his feet. Behind him grimaced a face whose physignomy indicated a jovial, he-goat nature; and I saw long, hairy hands which seemed to belong to it, moving now and then on the strings of the violin which Paganini played, often guiding his hand, while a floating, applauding laugh accompanied the tones which welled forth more

painfully, and as if bleeding, from the violin. They were tones like the song of the fallen angels who had wooed and wantoned with the daughters of Earth, and had been banished from the kingdom of the blest, and fallen, with cheeks burning with shame, into the under-world; tones in whose bottomless abyss there was neither comfort nor hope. Should the holy in heaven hear such music the praise of God would be mute on their pale lips, and they, weeping, would hide their pious heads. Ever and anon, when in the melodious torments of this piece the obligato goat-laughter came bleating in, I saw in the back-ground a multitude of little female figures, who, spitefully merry, nodded their horrible heads and rubbed their breasts in mocking mischief. Then there came in hurried crowds from the violin sounds of pain, and a terrible sighing and gasping such as no one ever heard on earth before, and perhaps will never hear again, unless it shall be in the Vale of Jehoshaphat, when the tremendous trumpets of the last Judgment ring out and the naked corpses creep from their graves to await their doom. But the tormented violinist suddenly drew his bow so madly and desperately that his rattling fetters burst, and the diabolical ally with the mocking demons disappeared.

At that instant my neighbour, the fur-dealer, said, "Pity! pity! he has burst a string. That comes of his constant pizzicato!"

Had a string really burst on the violin? I do not know. I only observed the transfiguration of the tones, and then it seemed to me as if Paganini and all his surroundings were again suddenly changed. I could hardly recognize him in the brown monk's dress, which rather disguised than clothed him. His wild and wasted face, half-hidden by the hood, a rope round his waist, Paganini stood on a cliff overhanging the sea, and played his violin. It seemed to me to be twilight tide; evening-flame glowed over the broad sea, which grew redder and redder, and rustled and roared more gaily and wildly in mysterious and perfect harmony with the violin. But the redder the sea became so much the more pallid grew the heaven, and when at last the waving water looked like bright scarlet blood, then the sky overhead became ghostly clear, all corpse-white, and out came the stars—and these stars were black, black as shining anthracite. But the tones of the violin grew more stormy and bolder, and in the eyes of the terrible player there sparkled such a mocking delight in destroying, and his thin lips moved with such appalling rapidity, that it was clear he was murmuring ancient forbidden witch-spells with which storms are called up and those evil spirits evoked who lie imprisoned in the sea's abyss. Many a time did he, when stretching forth his long lean bare arm, and sweeping the bow in the air, seem to be in sooth and truth a wizard who, with a magic staff, commanded the elements, for then there was a mad, delirious howling in the depths of the sea, and the furious waves of blood leaped up so madly on high that they almost besprinkled the pale heaven and its black stars with their red foam.

There was howling, crashing, crackling, as if the whole world was breaking to fragments, while the monk played more wildly on his violin, as if he would, by the power of his raging will, burst the seven seals wherewith Solomon closed the iron jar in which he imprisoned the demons whom he had subdued. That jar the wise king cast into the sea, and it seemed as if I heard the voices of the demons when Paganini's violin growled out its angriest basso notes. But after a while I thought I heard the joyous cry of those set free, and I saw rising one by one out of the red waves of blood the heads of the unchained demons, monsters of incredible hideousness, crocodiles with bat's wings, serpents with stag's horns, monkeys capped with conch shells, seals with patriarchal long beards, women's faces with breasts instead of cheeks, green camels' heads, wild hybrids of inconceivable composition, all glaring greedily with cold crafty eyes, and grasping, with long webbed feet and fingers, at the fiddling monk. Then in the raging zeal of invocation his capote fell back, and the ringlets flying in the wind curled around his head like black serpents.

It was all so maddening that not to utterly lose my mind I stopped my ears and closed my eyes. Then the enchantment disappeared, and when I looked again I saw the weird Genoese in his wonted form making his usual bows, while the public applauded rapturously.

"That is the celebrated performance on the G string," remarked my neighbour. "I play the violin myself, and know what it is to have such mastery over the instrument!"

Fortunately the interval was not long, else my musical fur-dealer had certainly involved me in a tiresome talk of art. Paganini set his violin leisurely to his chin, and with the first touch of his bow, there began the wondrous transfiguration of tones. But now they were neither so startling in colour nor so marked in form. They came forth calmly, majestically, waving and rising like those of an organ choral in a cathedral; and all the surroundings seemed to have expanded to a colossal space, such as no bodily vision but only the eye of the spirit can grasp. In the midst of this space swept a burning ball, on which stood a man of giant stature and godlike in pride, who played the violin. Was this sphere of light the sun? I know not. But in the features of the man I recognized Paganini, ideally beautified, celestially refined, atoned for divinely, and smiling. This body was fresh and fair in vigorous manliness; a light-blue garment was about his now far nobler limbs, the black hair flowed in shining locks on his shoulders, and as he stood there, firm and confident, like the sublime statue of a god, and played the violin, it seemed as if all creation obeyed his tones. He was the man-planet round whom the universe moved, ringing with measured joy and in happy rhythm. Were those great lights which swept so calmly gleaming round him stars of heaven? Were those sweet-sounding harmonies which were caused by their motion, the music of the spheres, of which poets and seers have told so much that is bewildering and strange? Sometimes,

when with an effort I looked forth and far into the dim distance, I seemed to see white waving garments, in which colossal pilgrims wandered in disguise with staves in their hands; and, strange! the gold heads of their staves were those same great lights which I had taken for stars. These pilgrims went in a vast procession around the great player; the heads of their staves flashed reflected light from the tones of his violin; and the chorals which rang from his lips, and which I had taken for the noise of the spheres, were really only the reverberating echoes of his violin. An ineffable, nameless passion dwelt in these sounds, which often quivered almost inaudibly, like mysterious whispering on water, then again swelled up sweetly-terrible, like the fanfare of hunters' horns by moonlight, and then burst out into unbridled rejoicing, as though a thousand bards were sweeping the strings and raising their voices in a song of victory. That was such music as no ear has heard; only the heart can dream it when by night it rests against the heart of the beloved.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Capitalism and Art

IT is the boast of capitalism that it gives free scope to the individual to develop his faculties and apply his talents, and thereby give society the best that is in him. If the boast were true, we to-day would not need to go back to the artistic creations of Greece or of the Middle Ages in Europe in order to indulge our tastes for the beautiful; we would have masterpieces and noble conceptions right in our own age of capitalism. Not only in the line of art and æsthetics, but also in the crafts, if we would admire skilful workmanship. Capitalism has destroyed all individual impress on a piece of work.

The difference in point of art, between our times and those of the Middle Ages, is aptly described in a passage below from the *Summary of the Principles of Socialism*,* by H. M. Hyndman and William Morris. These writers show how all handiwork, before the present era, showed some particular genius, some equisite finish. To-day we no longer have that, everything is a dead monotony. Yet the reader must form no false conclusion. The Socialist does not say, let us go back to the age of feudalism; not at all. Capitalism possesses certain virtues; it has had a mission to perform in the order of this world; it has made it possible for man to attain a stage where he can live in leisure; where he no longer need plod for the essentials of life as he anciently did. And therefore whatever of good the present order possesses, must be saved for the race. But whatever evils and hindrances it gives birth and live to must be stamped out. And one of these latter is the stifling the development of art and genius; everything is put upon a commercial basis, a

*Twentieth Century Press, Ltd., Price 2d.

basis of profit; no profit, that is, no gain, then no production. Regulated by such a standard, where, again, cheapness is the determining factor, a factor which militates against a man's devoting the time necessary to an artistic creation, art, individual talent, has no chance. And it is false, therefore, to maintain that capitalism is the guardian of individual initiative.

Turning to the pamphlet of Hyndman and Morris mentioned, and taking up what they say about the flourishing of art a few hundred years ago, we read that under the craft-guilds of the latter Middle Ages the industrial arts were rigidly divided into corporations, but inside those corporations division of labour was yet in its infancy; so that each fully instructed craftsman was master of his own handicraft, and was by all surrounding circumstances encouraged to be an *artist* whose labour could not be wholly irksome to him. By this means the taste and knowledge of what art was then possible were spread widely among the people and became instinctive in them, so that all manufactured articles as it were grew beautiful in the unobtrusive and effortless way that the works of nature grew. The result of five centuries of this popular art is obvious in the outburst of splendid genius which lit up the days of the Italian Renaissance: the strange rapidity with which that splendour faded as commercialism advanced is proof that this great period of art was born not of dawning commercialism, but of the freedom of the intelligence of labour from the crushing weight of the competition market, a freedom which it enjoyed throughout the Middle Ages.

The exquisite armour of the knights, their swords and lances of perfect temper, the splendid and often humorous decorations of the stone and woodwork in the cathedrals, churches and abbeys, the illuminations of the missals, the paintings of the time, the manner in which beautiful designs and tracery nestled even in places where it might be thought that the human eye could rarely or never reach, nay, even such fragments of ordinary domestic furniture and utensils as have been preserved, all show that the art of the Middle Ages, like the art of Greece, was something loved and cherished and made perfect for its own sake, that beauty welled up unbidden from the spontaneous flow of the ideas of the time. But just at this period of the fullest individual perfection the necessities of competition, arising out of the economical changes in the condition of labour which have yet to be traced, gradually turned the workman from the mediæval iartist-craftsman into the mere artisan of the capitalist system, and almost entirely destroyed the attractiveness of his labour; so that when about the end of the seventeenth century the workshop system of labour which had pushed out the guild system was struggling to perfect its speciality, the division of labour, namely, where the unit of labour is not a single workman but a group, it found the romance, the soul, both of the higher and the decorative arts, gone, though the commonplace or body of them still existed.

How then was the artist-craftsman thus turned into a mere artisan? How did the competition arise in such shape that not free rivalry in the creation of beauty but fierce antagonism in the greed for gain became the rule of production? Once more the economical forms changed and destruction of the old society was the inevitable result.

As the feudal system was introduced into different European countries at different periods, as again the gradual conversion of serfs into free yeomen and life holders was by no means simultaneous in every nation, as further the formation of the craft-guilds varied, so the decay and final disruption of the feudal system took place at widely separated periods of time. In England the end of the wars of the Roses saw the commencement of this rapid disintegration. During those wars the barons had largely increased the number of their retainers, and had thus impoverished themselves, the people as a whole standing aloof from the bootless and bloody civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster. Many of the ancient nobility were utterly exterminated in the course of the struggle; and the successors to their estates, when peace was finally proclaimed on the accession of Henry VII, carried on a process, which had begun even earlier, of turning out their now useless retainers to shift for themselves. These people formed the first set of vagrants and wandering bands who, without house, home, land or any recognized position in, or claim upon, society, roamed through the country in search of labour and food. The monasteries, however, were still in full organization and provided to a large extent for these wanderers.

But at the same time pressure was brought to bear upon the innumerable small farmers and yeomen. Common land was ruthlessly enclosed, and the nobles adopted every conceivable device to enrich themselves at the expense of those who had a better title to the land than they had. Hence more vagrants, more homeless, and a manifest decay in the real strength of the kingdom. Here again the reasons of the change were economical. The nobles wanted money to pay the debts which they had incurred during the wars, and also to maintain themselves at Court, which they now more regularly frequented; just at this time, too, the Flanders market afforded a most profitable outlet for wool. Hence it was advantageous for the landholders in every way to remove men and substitute sheep, since pasture farming needed fewer hands han arable and sheep paid better than human beings. This process of expropriation therefore went relentlessly on during the whole of the latter part of the sixteenth century in spite of numerous statutes against such action and the never-ceasing protests of men like More, Latimer, &c., against the mischief that was being done. Thus by degrees a landless class was being formed with no property beyond the bare force of labour in their bodies; and these people were slowly driven into the towns, where they formed the germs of our modern city proletariat.

It is worthy of remark, also, that during the whole of the sixteenth century the attempts made to stop the uprooting of the people from the soil by law were absolutely unavailing. The class now gaining power in the country, namely the landlords with bailiffs, and the large farmers, who both regarded the land only as a means of making gain, rode rough-shod over the enactments of Parliament in favour of the poor, though they took care to give full force to all those which tended in any way to strengthen their own power.

The increasing amount of capital also needed for success in business as the markets grew, and the town supplied not only the country but foreign lands, gradually broke down the democratic constitution of the trade-guilds. It was no longer a matter of course for a capable apprentice and journeyman to become in due time master of the craft. On the contrary, the minority, the capitalist masters, exercised increasing authority within the guild and turned its machinery to the disadvantage of the poorer members. Thus, between the landless proletariat, which was being created by social and economical oppression, and the landlords letting land for money-rentals in place of the old feudal services due to the nobles, the middle or capitalist class, the bourgeoisie, was growing up, whose bitter antagonism to the landlords has been carried on, as the necessary result of economical progress, even to our own day. Farmers who farm for profit, and merchants and manufacturers who employed their men to gain a profit from their competitive labour, quite replaced the simpler economy of the Middle Ages, when nearly all were farming or producing for direct use.

Marpessa

Marpessa: by STEPHEN PHILLIPS (London: John Lane).

IT was while standing under the shadow of the gods,* on a wild March afternoon, that I first met Marpessa, a maiden whom a god had wooed in vain! She appeared before me daintily draped in green and gold, as befits the time when Spring is hovering on the threshold, impatiently waiting till hoary Winter has cleared away his last remaining withered sticks. Marpessa was standing between Wordsworth and Thackeray—both old enough to be her grandfather—and, as I thought, looked rather bored in such chilling company. Having nothing better to do, I took her for a walk. We wandered through the Parks, hand in hand, listening to the song of birds mating, and revelling in the March breeze. Eventually I took her home with me to tea. This was a very rash thing for me

* The carved heads round the Sheldonian Theatre. Learned antiquaries tell us that these heads do not represent gods at all, but Cæsars. I prefer to think they are gods, for surely nothing human was ever half so hideous.

to do, for am I not a bachelor? There was not even an elderly lady in the house to chaperon her! Besides, I live in a neighbourhood which is *so* respectable. Mrs. Grundy lives quite near and keeps a watchful eye on me. Marpessa, however, did not seem embarrassed in the least, so I did not mind. I prepared tea, and we settled down cosily before the fire ready to exchange confidences.

I asked Marpessa to give me a little of her history. She began by saying that when her maidenhood had reached its full ripeness she was wooed by the beautiful god Apollo, and the earth-born swain Idas was his rival. On seeing a look of bewilderment over-spread my face, she paused and gave me a questioning, "yes"? I apologized for the interruption, and informed her that, as I had not received a classical education, I should have to look up Apollo's pedigree before I could properly appreciate her story. I consulted a classical dictionary, that prototype of Burke's *Peerage*, Kelly's *Landed Gentry*, and the somewhat plebeian, but more interesting, *Who's Who*.

On turning up Apollo, I found a whole column devoted to him, but there was no mention of his suit for Marpessa's hand. Probably as his suit turned out unsuccessfully he did not think it worth while to menti on it to his biographer. I found, however, that like many earth-born lovers, he had several aliases. These generally connote bigamous or burglarous inclinations. I fancy Apollo was troubled with the former. I next looked up Idas. His biography may be summed up as "the short and simple annals of the poor." It simply stated that he was born, that he married, and that he died. How could such a lowly mortal expect to succeed against a lovely immortal god? We shall see.

Marpessa's father allowed her free choice in the matter, and it was arranged that she and her two lovers should meet in a beautiful garden when:

. . . . . .

The summer day, was at her blue deep hour
Of lilies musical with busy bliss,
When every light trembled as with excess,
And heat was frail, and every bush and flower
Was drooping, in the glory overcome;
They three together met; on the one side,
Fresh from diffusing light on all the world,
Apollo; on the other without sleep
Idas, and in the midst Marpessa stood.

Apollo pressed his suit first, and after stating that neither trouble nor pain can ever touch him, begins by appealing to her vanity. He tells her that he imagined woe on seeing so fair a flower as she standing on the brink of earth-sorrow, which would engulf her, and lay waste her beauty in a few short years.

He exclaims—

Thy simple doom is to be beautiful.

Leave to your less fortunate sisters, he says, in effect, the pain of having to attend

At Passion's funeral in decent garb.

And the desolation of lying awake

Beside that stranger that thy husband is.

Or the more poignant grief,

The fierce ingratitude of children loved,
Ah, sting of stings!

Apollo then goes on to promise her that she shall share with him the ecstacy of warming the earth, ripening the grain, painting the flowers and fruits with ruddy hue, bringing back the bloom of health to the cheeks of the sick, and

With slow sweet surgery restore the brain,
And to dispel shadows and shadowy fears.

Now comes Idas' turn to plead his suit. He says:

After such argument what can I plead?
Or what pale promise make? Yet since it is
In woman to pity rather than to aspire,
A little I will speak. I love thee then
Not only for thy body packed with sweet
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,
That jar of violet wine set in the air,
That palest rose sweet in the night of life;
Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged
By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair;
. . . . . .
Not for this only do I love thee, but
Because Infinity upon thee broods;
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearnéd up the cliffs to tell;
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
. . . . . .
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for though I know not when,
It has been sung of I know not where.

As Idas ceases speaking, Marpessa takes his hand in hers and turns to Apollo, informing him that she chooses the man rather than the god, and why. Limits of space forbid quoting the beautiful lines in which she states her reasons. Briefly summed they are these;—Marpessa thinks that sorrow and pain are by no means

an evil, providing the individual is free to choose his own way of living, but on the contrary they are productive of great good, bringing out traits of character which would otherwise lie dormant. Her idea of married life is based on equality between the sexes. She looks for a companion, not a lord and a jailor.

> But if I live with Idas, then we two
> On the low earth shall prosper hand in hand
> In odours of the open field, and live
> In peaceful noises of the farm, and watch
> The pastoral fields burned by the setting sun.
> And he shall give me passionate children, not
> Some radiant god that will despise me quite,
> But clambering limbs and little hearts that err.

The woman-problem seems to have reached an acute stage. The present, therefore, seems to the writer to be a fitting time to bring before our readers this beautiful poem in which Mr. Stephen Phillips has, with such poetic insight and grace of diction, presented to us the nobility of Womanhood. Woman has been forced by circumstances over which she has had no control to live a most unnatural life. In the East, Man pens her in flocks in a Seraglio; in the West he chains and rivets her to his own hearth or drives her forth in herds to prostitute her body on the streets, but the spirit of Marpessa still animates her breast. Many workers of both sexes see in our present economic system the cause of her degradation in the West. The upholders of this system produce, as a red herring, the ravings and slanders of a Sir Almroth Wright to turn her would-be emancipators from the track. Sir Almroth depicts woman as an unclean, lascivious animal with whom it is unsafe for man to work unless she is fettered and manacled by her present restrictions. Sir Almroth forgot, evidently, that while slinging his pseudo-scientific muddy lees at woman he was befouling his own mother! Such sentiments which he expressed in his letter to *The Times* are unworthy of any man, and doubly deserving of censure when sheltered under the cloak of Science. What a contrast is his picture to that of the poets! To them

> She's as virgin as dawn,
> And as fragrant as musk.

W. G. E. P

> Who is there that can say, "my part is done
> In this: now I am ready for a law
> More wide, more perfect for the rest of life"?
> Is any living that has not come short?
> Has any died that was not short at last?

H. E. HAMILTON KING.

The Tramp

(*With apologies to Tennyson*).

I COME from haunts of toil and turn
From out a sqallid alley,
And make my bed amid the fern
Within a sheltered valley.

At dawn, a cock invites me look
Inside a neighbouring hen house,
The eggs from which I pinch and cook
While sleeps the simple farm chouse.

I steal by towns where peelers lurk,
And choose the rural village;
I tell a tale of lack of work,
Or how employers pillage.

I ne'er despise a humble brown,
But much prefer a shilling;
And tell maids' fortunes for a crown,
Whene'er I find them willing.

I steal from orchards apples red;
I poach his grace's covers;
Curses I rain on miser's head;
I bless good-natured lovers.

The folks I've fleeced 'neath twinkling stars
Have caused me some hard labours:
I've viewed the moon thro' prison bars
With fleas and bugs for neighbours.

In prison garb, I've looked askance,
To see the happy swallows
Go wheeling round in merry dance,
Or perch upon the gallows.

And out again I turn and go
A free and happy rover;
For wealth may ebb and wealth may flow
So I may sleep in clover.

W. G. E. P.