

Labor and Socialism—An interesting Address

By Rev. R. J. Campbell.

UNDER the auspices of the Belfast branches of the Independent Labor party Rev. R. J. Campbell, of new theology fame, delivered an address in the Ulster Hall on "Labor and Socialism." Mr. T. Henderson presided, and the hall was crowded, the lecturer receiving an enthusiastic welcome.

The chairman, in briefly introducing the lecturer, said Socialism had entered on a phase in Belfast very different from that which it had to face some years ago. A Socialist could now go out into the streets and deliver his message, and, in spite of the efforts of opponents from the manager of the tramways down or up to blinded working men, it was making progress, and would make greater progress in the future. (Applause.)

Rev. R. J. Campbell, who was cordially received, said it might be perhaps that the cordiality of his welcome was in part due to the fact that he was an Ulster man himself—(applause)—though absolutely owing to circumstances over which he had no control born in London. (Laughter.) He had been asked to come to Belfast by a great many people from time to time, and he never quite knew who was who; but when he was approached by the London representative of the society under whose auspices he would speak the following night on the subject of Socialism he consented, adding the request that if possible that society should co-operate with the local I.L.P. (Applause.) Well, he did not know why that had not been done. Perhaps it did not matter much, but when he found out that the local I.L.P. wanted an address all to itself he thought it better to fall into line. (Applause.) He did not select the subject on which he had been announced to speak that night. As a rule he had found it better in addressing audiences of Labor men throughout England to confine himself to one or at the most two practical aspects of

The Great Labor Question.

but as they had announced him to speak upon Labor and Socialism he would do the best to deal with the general question, first and the practical aspect of it afterwards, for there was a sense in which the relation of Socialism to Labor was one of great practical importance at the present day. All Labor representatives and Labor workers in the cause of economic freedom were not Socialists; but there was a practical alliance between the Labor party in the broad sense and the Socialist party in England, and he supposed it was the same in Ireland. He thought perhaps that relation needed explaining to an ordinary audience. It was his experience in England that even working men did not understand what was meant when they spoke about the Labor party in the House of Commons. Some thought they were speaking necessarily of a party of Socialists—he (the speaker) wished they were—(applause)

and others thought that Socialism had nothing to do with the matter at all, that Labor represented the class interest of the workers—that and nothing else. He hoped to show them that night that in conformity with the practical genius of the British people they had managed to strike out a useful working alliance between thorough-going representatives of Labor who were not necessarily Socialists and the Socialists who were able to march side by side with them towards a more distant goal. (Applause.) At the outset he wished to state that neither Socialism as an economic ideal nor the Labor party as a whole were to be identified with any brand of religious thought or any kind of theology—old or new. He said that because it was possible his reputation had travelled as far as Belfast. As Paul said to the men of Athens he might say to the men of Belfast in the words of the revised version—"In all things

Ye Are Very Religious.

(Laughter.) He dare not put it in the other way. (Laughter.) He had not come to put in a plea for any kind of theology, either his own or anybody else's. He was glad to be side by side on the Socialist platform with men of all denominations and of none. On the other side of the water nobody had done more for Socialism than a section of the High Church clergy, and in the House of Commons they had in the Labor party Pete Curran, who was a Catholic, and local preachers of the Methodist denomination like Mr. Henderson, and men of all sections of religious thought. There was a movement rising spontaneously in every country in the civilized world, and it had developed what one might call an "international conscience" though it had scarcely attained to self-realization—and that movement was Socialism. The Belfast Orangemen—his heart thrilled a little at the word because he once wore an Orange ribbon himself before his hair grew gray—(laughter)—if they were to go to any other country and parade on the Twelfth of July would find that no person heeded them, however strong their language about the Pope might be. (Laughter.) The people would not understand them. The party they belonged to was local and limited; it was not international; it did not matter to the rest of the world. Only to Socialism had it been left to say "We stand not for ourselves alone, but for mankind." (Applause.) They would have observed the protest made in the House of Commons against the visit of His Majesty the King to the Tsar of Russia. Whether that protest, politically, was wise or whether it was not, it sprang from the consciousness that the cause of the unprivileged in this country was the cause of the unprivileged in that country. (Applause.) There was no ignoring that movement. It had to be taken into consideration by diplomats and statesmen of all kinds and of all nations. It was a moral movement; it was not merely an economic movement, and that was why it was being preached today with all the

forced fervor of a religion. He thought there were not a few men in that hall who would say that it ought to be, because at bottom it was what the Christian religion was really aiming at—the objective of Christianity was the creation of the kingdom of God upon earth as it was in heaven, and if that was not also the objective of Socialism he did not understand the meaning of the word. (Applause.) What was Socialism, and where did it come from? It was hard to give a definition that would satisfy everyone, but then he could not get a definition of Christianity that would satisfy everyone. (Laughter.) The definition depended altogether on the point of view. It might be defined from the material point of view in

An Economic Formula.

and also from the ideal point of view. Socialism, like all great movements, started from a moral principle, "All for each and each for all." Modern Socialism began in a revolt, and though it could be proved that it had existed in the world for five thousand years it was for practical purposes only a few generations old. The theory of Karl Marx was not the theory of the I.L.P. They did not believe in the class war. They stood not for the interest, but for the emancipation, of a class. They did not believe in a revolution that would secure all they were advocating perfectly complete within twenty-four hours. They were now breeding a race of Labor statesmen, who were getting what they aimed at point by point. Instead of trying to gain their end by revolution they were trying to gain it by

Constitutional Agitation.

He could not refer to that without alluding to the debt the Labor party owed to trades unionism. That was not to say that trades unionism was Socialistic, but so far as it went, it had aided Socialistic policy. After a sketch of the effects of the industrial system, which by the concentration of capital in a few hands forbade the workman to cross the gulf, the speaker said trades unionism had had to fight its way against persecution and opposition and in the teeth of the dominant school of political philosophy, whose motto was "Each man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." They had not won the whole battle yet. Trades unionism had done great things for the aristocracy of labor, but there were sections of the population for which it had done little or nothing. He explained, some figures in regard to Belfast, which seemed to show that, and if there was a row about them he would not be there when it broke out. (Laughter.) As they all knew from Rowntree's great book "Poverty," the minimum weekly wage on which a family could be brought up with health and efficiency was 27s. 6d. The cost of living in Belfast was not less than York. Well, he found that the average wages for corporation laborers in this city were from 19s. 6d. to 21s. a week. Wages for outside laborers were from 14s. to 17s. per week, and he was informed there were thousands of

men working in the city for 15s. per week. Dr. King-Kerr, the chairman of the Health committee, pointed out the other day that the cost of providing groceries for contact cases at the isolation hospital was 1s. per day, or 7s. a week, per head. If an average family numbered five 7s. per week would mean 35s. for provisions alone out of 15s. 6d. or 25s. a week. There was still something for the combination of labor to accomplish in Belfast. Was it true that in Belfast three thousand men had been paid off during the past week in the shippards? Trades unionism had not done everything that needed to be done in grappling with the

Power of Private Property

in such a respect as that. The time was coming when the programme of trades unionism would be enlarged, as it had been enlarged in the past, for in fighting a cause like that trades unionism and Socialism need not be in separate camps. They were marching shoulder to shoulder and side by side. (Applause.) He was therefore one of those who thought that the alliance of organized labor, independent of economic theories, with the Socialism of the city or day in returning representatives to parliament was a good practical working arrangement. He said that, while at the same time hoping to live to see the day that Socialism would be a force so formidable in the community that they would be the party of progress, called by that name, and all other parties would have to muddle together for protection against them. (Applause.) He now came to the second part of his speech. He wished to say a word upon two practical aspects of the Labor party's programme. The people of Belfast were a canny race, and might want to know exactly what they proposed to do next. Well, he could not go through the whole programme, but he could tell them a little of what they were thinking about in reference to the land question, particularly as it related to housing. The land question was at the bottom of most of their social ills in that city or in any other city. (Applause.) Prominent statesmen had told them and all temporary workers, too, that if they would only grapple effectively with the drink traffic they would have solved the problem of poverty. Oh, no, no. It was not the public-house landlord they needed to deal with, so much as with the landlords. (Applause.) The question might not affect them the same way as it did in London, but had they got rid of the jerry-built houses in Belfast? Were they quite sure that their sanitation was ideal, especially in the schools to which they sent their children? (Applause.) A phase of landlordism came in there that they would have to tackle better than they were doing. An influence that was keeping back the solution of the education question in England was the influence of

The Cleric in the Schools.

Belfast had been growing. Had not the time come when the citizens of a great city would see that landlordism should not do as it pleased with population in congested centres?

Therefore the Labor party proposed to lay strong hands upon the unearned increment. (Applause.) They did not propose to lay violent hands on privately-owned land until they were ready to administer it, and the best and most practical way of getting their own was to make sure that speculation in land and jerrybuilding which was only another phase of it, should be put an end to. They claimed the right of the public authority to take over all land at agricultural value, and only to the community which created it should the increment go. (Applause.) With reference to the question of female labor, he would point out to them that, while organized male labor had won a great part of its battle, that was far from being the case with women workers broadly speaking. They told him that in Belfast the question of female suffrage had not excited any general attention, or where it had it was received with derision. They could laugh at him if they wanted, but he saw the economic dependence of woman upon man was unjust. The time was coming when Socialists were going to insist upon women's citizenship and the endowment of motherhood. They might have to interfere a good deal with the laws relating to marriage and divorce, not because they wanted to break up the home, but because they wanted to save it. (Applause.) In some great London houses the wages paid to women were so low that they had to eke them out by shameful means. And not only was that known to the people who profited by their labor, but they were engaged on that understanding. (Shame.) He spoke of what he knew, but he told them honestly he could not prove it. Care was taken that one could not prove it. It might be the same for anything he knew, even in Belfast. If it was not it was not the fault of those who employed women there at starvation wages. He was told—they could contradict him if it was not true—(a Voice—"Call out their names")—that they averaged from one penny to twopence an hour—sweating. Twopence an hour was considered good pay, and the rate frequently fell below a penny an hour for making the cheaper class goods. There was an instance which could be verified, and more such cases would be brought before the public before long, where a woman made shirts at twopence per garment, providing her own thread. A stranger was telling them facts that were at their own door. Let the citizens of Belfast see to it that these conditions which prevailed in every great industrial centre, not only in Ireland, but England and Scotland, were done away with for ever. (Applause.) They had to do more than talk chivalrously about women, and recognize that they performed functions for the state as important and more sacred than men. They should give to women the economic freedom they demanded for themselves, and so prepare the way for a new humanity, strong of limb, clear of head, and great of soul. (Applause.)

The meeting concluded with the singing of "The Red Flag."

General Buller's Funeral

THE funeral of General Sir Redvers Buller, which took place today at Crediton with full military honors, and amid the mourning of the whole country, will be remembered as a most notable event in the lives of those who witnessed it, writes the Exeter correspondent of the London Standard under date of June 5. All the details of the military honors—the slow, sad procession of the troops, with arms reversed, the coffin lying on the gun carriage, the flutes wailing out the Dead March in "Saul"—the guns fired as the body was lowered into the grave beneath the limes, the bugles of the Brigade sounded the "Last Post" when the Benediction had been given—all these emblems of honor to the memory of General Buller will be remembered as the last possible occasion with the tales of Drake and Hawkins, and of the Devon worthies who brought undying distinction and renown to their native country.

Mourners poured in from every part of Devonshire; they passed up to the little red sandstone church which dominates Crediton, and then they returned to take up their post on the route by which the long procession was to pass. Before three o'clock there was a row of people lining both sides of the route, densely packed wherever there was any point of vantage, and all or nearly all were wearing mourning, but of sorrow for the dead. The people came from miles around, some on bicycles, others by train; but it was plain that many had walked great distances, feeling it to be their duty to pay all honor on this, the last possible occasion, to their great countryman. There was a long and solemn period of waiting. Those in the churchyard could hear the buzz of conversation in the distance, never rising loud, but ever and again giving place to perfect silence as the people thought that they saw the head of the procession in the distance. From the church could be heard the organ playing solemn tunes, and the bells were chimed slowly, each stroke enforcing the solemn note of mourning for the dead. The procession started from the house there was the sound of the salutes from the gun, booming in the distance, and making the church windows rattle. The sound of the gun was still and then horns up upon the wind, came the low note of the big drum insistently punctuating the "Dead March" which was being played by the brass instruments immediately preceding the King's carriage, which was drawn by six horses, and bore the coffin. The Union Jack was spread over it and upon the top lay the late General's sword and plumed hat. Behind came Birkin, the charger on which the general rode into Ladysmith. A number of distinguished officers, including Sir Evelyn Wood, followed the coffin, then came the carriers with the principal mourners and more officers and then a detachment of the Naval Volunteers, the Crediton Rifle Brigade, the 4th Battalion of the Devonians, and the Cyclists' Corps, carriages with the servants from Downes, and representatives from the court and Cherry Chase Lodge of which Sir Redvers Buller was a member.

The scene at the churchyard impressed all who saw it by its dignity and by its magnificence. Behind lay the church, a background of red brick, flanked by rows of magnificent lime trees. Between the rows of trees, the coffin lay on a gun carriage, with arms reversed and bent heads, some with their arms present, stood the choristers and the clergy, with dark purple robes and an occasional scarlet hood setting off the brilliant whiteness of the surplices. At the head of the procession of the clergy was the crozier, and beside it stood the Bishop of Exeter. Slowly the coffin, followed by pall-bearers in brilliant armor with their breasts ablaze with medals, and the members of the family, was borne towards the church. Outside and inside the churchyard every man stood bare-headed. From within the church came the sounds of Chopin's "Funeral March." There was a slight pause, and with the sounds of the officers' scarboards rattling on the rough granite setts, and well, Englishmen who prefer to ride the royal stables are surprised to find that the thoroughbred is conspicuous among the animals attached to the royal service, and military Germany—where the needs of the army are considered first, last and all the time, and where few people except the officers ride, and primary conception of a horse, unless for racing purposes, is of regimental character. The ideal steed is one that will look well on parade, and will be able to take advantage, and is docile and easy to train, without unnecessary nerves or fine-lady feelings.

KAISER WILHELM'S HORSES

The seven or eight horses regularly ridden by the Emperor are all splendid animals of his class, and type. They include several big weight-carrying Irish and English hunters, and horses from the great government breeding establishments in Crutchen and Hanover.

The direction of the whole complicated machinery in connection with the administration, financial and otherwise, of the royal stables, is in the capable hands of Baron von Hetschbach, a Kaiser's oberstallmeister, who formerly served in a similar capacity to the late Empress Frederick. He, too, is a brilliant rider and an excellent judge of horseflesh, possessing a capacity for hard work and organization, upon which his position makes frequent demands. He it is who effectively controls the various measures for the proper feeding, exercise and training of 360 saddle horses and carriage horses and who maintains discipline and efficiency among the small army of grooms, coachmen and attendants attached to the royal service.

To explain why the stables are royal, not imperial, it must be remembered that they are part of the apparatus of the Emperor, and not of the German Empire, and all of their expenses fall on the Prussian exchequer, not that of the empire.

It is a fact that the Kaiser is able to follow hounds, but once or twice during every season he manages to attend the meet of the royal hunt at Domesday, this pack of black and silver, not foxes—they do not exist in the Mark Brandenburg—of two-year-old wild boars, which are carried over from the royal forests of Uruweh, has been known to follow English hunters, Matador and Marlborough, the gray horses both quick movers and excellent jumpers. The pack on these occasions is almost always very fast. There are no fences to jump, but the quarry makes its way over some very rough country, and plenty of opportunity is found for black and silver riding.

In the neighborhood of Potsdam and the Neuse Palais, wide, smooth, level cart roads run for many miles through the forests, and these are the open, fenceless cornfields. Their light, sandy soil makes them a fine galloping track, and they are much used by the court.—Munsey's Magazine.

How One Hero Died

OWARDS evening of a day in the late spring of 1903 two men pushed their jaded horses into the shifting ford where the Dalton trail crosses the Kicking Horse River, just above the point where the latter empties into the Chilkat, and marks a point on the international boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia. The pair bore the trappings of a pack train. The crossing, always dangerous, was at its worst. The river, at flood height from melting snows, was surging by, its foam white surface tossing and rolling like top waters and galloped off. Part of the firm bar of the ford was washed away, and in its place heaved a bottomless bed of quicksand, and rolling like the waters of a boiling caldron. The horses, always dangerous, were at their worst. The river, at flood height from melting snows, was surging by, its foam white surface tossing and rolling like top waters and galloped off. Part of the firm bar of the ford was washed away, and in its place heaved a bottomless bed of quicksand, and rolling like the waters of a boiling caldron. The horses, always dangerous, were at their worst. The river, at flood height from melting snows, was surging by, its foam white surface tossing and rolling like top waters and galloped off. Part of the firm bar of the ford was washed away, and in its place heaved a bottomless bed of quicksand, and rolling like the waters of a boiling caldron. The horses, always dangerous, were at their worst.

away another huge mass in the bowels of the sand bed, and he pulled himself back and reached a stable footing. In time to see his comrade, his horse set features relaxing into a smile of farewell, sink out of sight under a spinning patch of yellow foam.

The following day this brief entry was made in the record book of the Northwest Mounted Police at Pleasant Camp, under date of May 19, 1905: "Constable Frederick Hillier met death by drowning at the ford of the Kicking Horse river while returning from border patrol duty at 11 p.m. yesterday. The report, brought in by Constable John Harford, reached here too late to go on record of 18th. Immediate application was made to the Major, Major Barlow, Atlin Division, for a substitute, the minor trouble at Fortupine making imperative the maintenance of the full quota of men at this station."

This entry, together with the incident which it records, reveals the two great elements which have conspired to make the mounted police of the Northwest the most efficient body of men of its kind in the world today, if not in history.

A Story of Another Kind

The following story of Bismarck may serve as a companion picture to the foregoing: Bismarck was out shooting with a friend, when the latter slipped into a bog and cried for help. "I'm afraid I cannot help you unless I also die," said Bismarck, "and that would be no advantage to either of us. But rather than see you, my buddy, lingering death I will shoot you through the head. Now, keep still for the love of heaven or I may miss you."

With this he raised his gun to his shoulder and took steady aim. The sinking man was so horrified that he made one sudden and terrific effort, and was free.

"There you are, my boy," said Bismarck, "you see you could get out alone. To have attempted your rescue would have meant suicide for me."—L. R. Freeman, in New York Tribune.

Among the Canadians who are making a name for themselves in the United States is the Hon. Edmund E. McKinlay, member of the House of Representatives, for the second district of California, says Toronto Saturday Night. Born that brought up in the neighborhood of Orillia, Ont., Mr. McKinlay, who is still a few years on the right side of fifty, left Ontario twenty-five years ago for the Pacific Coast, where he won both fame and fortune. A Republican in politics, he is a warm friend and ardent admirer of Balfour, and has been one of the Secretary's chief lieutenants in his fight for the Presidential nomination. An eloquent speaker and effective stumpster, Mr. McKinlay is likely to be more prominent in the Presidential campaign, in which he is booked to tour in the East as well as in his own state.

Mr. McKinlay recently visited his home town to fulfil an engagement, made some time ago, but broken through illness, to address the Orillia Canadian Club (through illness, to address the Secretary's chief lieutenants in his fight for the Presidential nomination. An eloquent speaker and effective stumpster, Mr. McKinlay is likely to be more prominent in the Presidential campaign, in which he is booked to tour in the East as well as in his own state.

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Lincoln Steffens is't Bryan that ture, steeper, qu his doctrines are, this is a remark From the mo "cross of gold," leadership of the had against him ganization, and h have you ever the Democratic d zation methods, I appealed to the themselves, and counted. Like Follette and Fol power of public o this power he has day in and day o and preaching, p he has been wat —best test of all defeated and defe

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