

No. 1.

VOL. 1.

The COMRADE

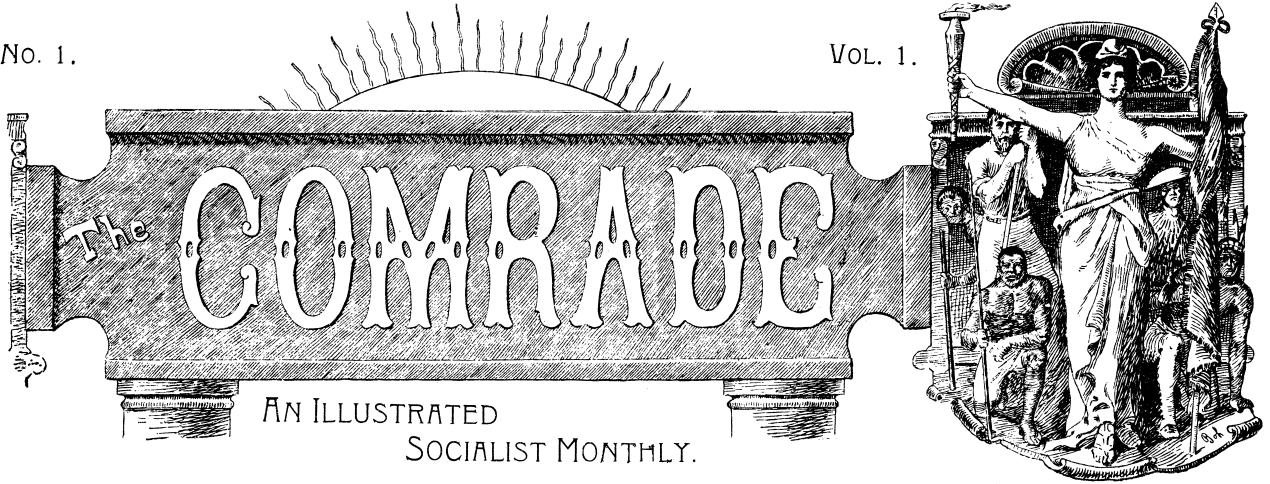
AN ILLUSTRATED
SOCIALIST MONTHLY.



We Want the Earth.

No. 1.

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We Want the Earth.



❖ The Love of Comrades. ❖

By Edwin Markham.

(Author of "The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems".)

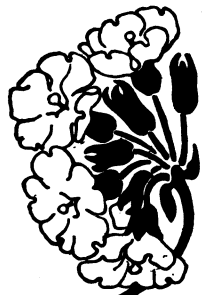
Here in the valley where the river bends
I see the great oaks standing like close friends,
Holding their frequent whispers in the high
Still privacies of sky.
I see the comrade bees of August pass
About their merry business with the grass.
I see old cart-worn horses by the creek,
Neck over neck, as though their hearts would speak—
As though it helped them bear unto the end
The unjust lash, to know they have a friend.

Down the hill-road I see three workmen walk,
Hand held in hardened hand, in friendly talk.
A light is on each face,
Light from the Secret Place;
For Love has bound them fast,
Comrades to the last.
And as they go my heart takes sudden cheer,
Knowing that in their nearness God is near!

Alas, how much sweet life is lost —
How much is black and bitter with the frost,
That might be sweet with the sweet sun,
If men could only know that they are one!
But it will rise, Love's hero-world at last,
The joy-world wreathed with freedom, and heart-fast—
The world love-sheltered from the wolfish law
Of ripping tooth and clutching claw.

It comes! The high inbrothering of men,
The New Earth seen by John of Patmos, when
The comrade-dream was on his mighty heart.
I see the anarchists of the Pit depart
The Greeds, the Fears, the Hates,
The carnal wild-haired Fates
That sunder, bruise and mar
The brothers on this star.

O world, rejoice with me,
For the joy that is to be,
When far as the bright arch of heaven extends
The world of men shall be a world of friends!



Grishka's Romance.

By M. Winchevsky.

It goes without saying that a genuine Russian military uniform in an East End Jewish "cookshop" in London was then, and would probably be even now, a remarkable phenomenon. When, therefore, I found on entering, one bleak, rainy evening in the fall of 1883, Mr. Levy's Mansell street establishment—as famous, by the way, for its pickled cucumbers as for its chess devotees—all eyes intently fixed on Grishka, I was not at all surprised.

He was a tall, tanned-faced, gray-eyed, shrewd-looking, clean-shaven specimen of Russian-Jewish humanity. From time to time there was on his face a kind of melancholy smile which, accompanied by a nervous twitch of the lips, no sooner made its appearance than it was subdued, as if circumstances did not warrant it. A cursory glance sufficed to tell the least observant that the heart of the late "Private of Infantry" harbored a great sorrow.

The chess board was deserted. A black king and a white bishop were afterward discovered in a mutilated condition under the table. The cat had it all her own way in the kitchen, while Solomon Fiddle, who had the reputation of incessantly "smoking like a chimney," had rolled a paper cigarette and applied it to his nether lip, with the evident intention of getting out his tongue, so as to moisten the paper edge, but was too absorbed in what was going on to finish the job in hand.

Grishka had apparently been talking for some time when I came into the old, dingy dining-room. He seemed to have begun his narrative in a reluctant, indolent manner, for he was getting more and more animated as he was proceeding.

Who was Grunya?—he said.—You will see presently.

Our regiment was transferred to Wilna. We were billeted with the householders. They were all either Poles or Lithuanians, or Jews. Russians? Hardly any. It was my good fortune to get into a house on Savitch street, a second-floor flat, the private residence of a well-to-do Jewish shopkeeper. He was, as I subsequently learned, a widower, whose son was in St. Petersburg, studying medicine, while his daughter was staying at home, keeping house for him. She, at that time barely out of her teens, was amiable; though not exactly beautiful, brave enough to face Osman Pasha at Plevna, and as kind-hearted as any sister of mercy in Lithuania. Her name was Grunya.

At first she fought shy of me. I noticed she was always hiding the things she was reading at my approach. I might

have been a spy, you know. But that did not last long. By inadvertance she one evening left on the table in the sitting-room a printed sheet on which there was a little revolutionary song. I read it. It sent a thrill right through me. I thought it the most bloodthirsty thing ever written. This is how it ran: *

"Hail the cutler, lads.
Who three knives made, lads—
Glory!
And the first good blade
Priests to kill he made—
Glory!
Then the sharks of trade
Slays the second blade—
Glory!
While, our prayers heard,
Lays low our Czar the third—
Glory!"

As I read it for the second time, she came in. The brave little woman gazed at me and said nothing. I, too, was silent. I gave her the paper, which she hid. What she read in my face I don't know, but she evidently made up her mind that, whatever my opinions, I was not likely to betray her.

After this she never again distrusted me, without exactly taking me into her confidence. I still was to her the soldier billeted in the house, a sort of unbidden guest who, as the saying goes, "is worse than a Tartar."

This state of affairs one day underwent a sudden change. It happened in the following manner:

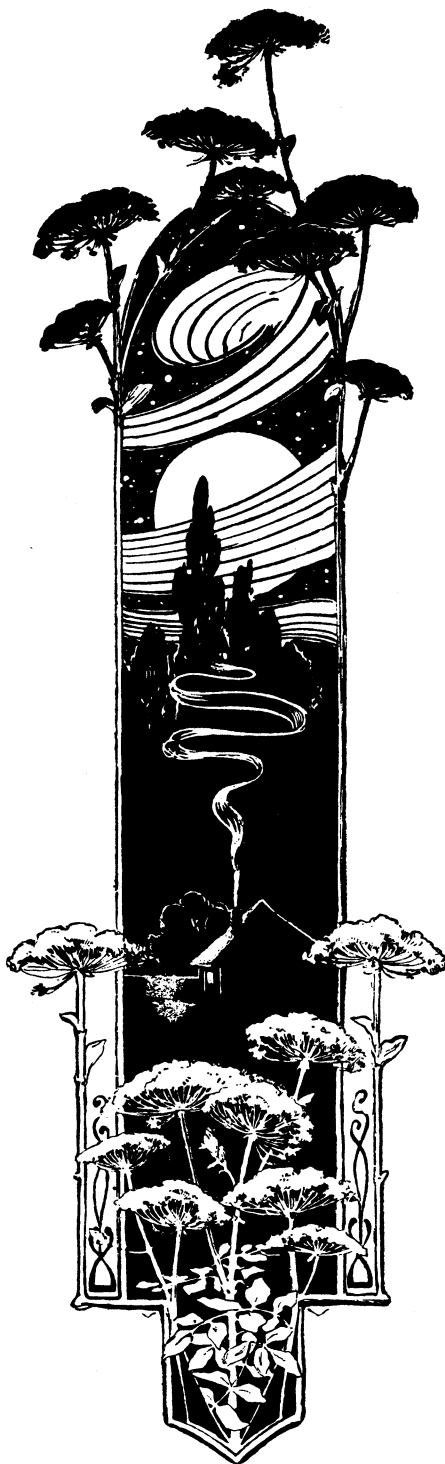
Pipe in mouth I had been sitting for an hour or so by the window, looking out into the street. All at once I jumped up, made for her bedroom, where I was sure she had some Socialist leaflets and booklets in a bureau. Full of amazement she saw me rush out of her room, all the while excitedly stuffing the bosom pockets of my *shinel*** with her "literature." Without giving her time to recover from her astonishment I, without saying a word, snatched out of her hand a pamphlet she had been reading. She was on the point of making some angry remark when the door was unceremoniously opened on the outside. I had resumed my seat by the window, and the District Police Commissioner walked in, leaving the door ajar. In the hall were three *desvatniks*.***

He saluted Grunya with a few words of mock politeness, and then proceeded to search the house. With the bunch of keys in her hand, she followed him through every part of the place, unlocking, at his command, every drawer, box

* The Song is a translation from Russian. There is no fiction about it.

** A Soldier's overcoat.

*** Sbdliers detailed to serve in the police-courts.



THE COMRADE

or closet, all of which he could not have examined more thoroughly had he been after some hidden treasure. Presently I heard voices in her bedroom. I got up and stationed myself near the door. I was afraid I might not have cleared out everything after all. The wardrobe was first opened, then the bureau. Every bit of clothing was minutely searched, pockets being turned inside out, and the lining examined. That done, he pulled the cases off the pillows, felt all the mattresses, lifted from the floor carpets and rugs, and surveyed the walls. Empty-handed he came into the sitting-room where I was. On a shelf there were some books. He took them up one by one, carefully turning the leaves, and in the case of the books that were bound, looking into the backs as he opened them in the middle and flattened them out. Having raised all the pictures on the walls, he insisted himself that he had come on a fool's errand, and looked rather sheepish.

At this point I could not help noticing a change in his manner. His politeness toward her had become perceptibly more sincere, his face assuming a kindly expression. After a while I saw Grunya turn pale at something he whispered to her. She stood aghast for a moment. Then she gave him a curt reply which clearly upset him. At once his face resumed its habitual officially-rigorous expression and, as he turned toward the constables in the doorway, he gave them to understand that there was no occasion for staying any longer in the house.

He was almost on the threshold when he retraced his steps and came up to Grunya. With an evil-portending smile he said he had reason to suspect she had some papers concealed under her bodice.

"I am sorry," he said, "to be under the necessity of asking you——"

I flared up in an instant.

"She will do nothing of the kind," I thundered, "not while I am here, at any rate! Be off, sir! You may get me into Catorga* for the remainder of my life, but this young lady will not be insulted if I can prevent it. So make haste and be off!"

I suppose he knew right well that the dirty thing he suggested was illegal, so he said nothing beyond asking for pen, ink and paper, which I gave him myself. He then took a seat at the table, drew up a protocol, setting down my name, my regiment, and, no doubt, my offence. As he got up and was about to depart he said to me in a tone of affected coolness:

"All this, my fine young man, will be made known to the proper authorities. Ye-es! Good-by!"

He was gone.

Grunya and I stood facing one another. Her gaze was too much for me. I have faced death more than once in the war with Turkey, but Grunya's look un-

nerved me. But I no sooner sat down than I felt her delicate arms around my neck and a hearty kiss on my forehead.

* * * * *

Several days elapsed. One morning, as I was amusing myself by scribbling something on a scrap of paper Grunya took a seat beside me.

"You must tell me something about your life, Grisha," she said.

So she called me Grisha! Me, who never was anything but Grishka* since I was enlisted in the army.

I tried to get out of it. What was there in my life worth telling? But she insisted, and I told her all I could think of in a rambling sort of way. How she listened! Everything I related seemed to have for her an interest bordering on fascination. She spoke very little on that as on subsequent occasions. When she did talk at all it was for the purpose of imparting to me some knowledge which she invariably did without in the least displaying her intellectual superiority. At times she would get me to talk about the people and the way they lived, and would prophesy great things in times to come.

While talking in this strain she once abruptly asked me:

"Say, Grisha, supposing the people revolted, and you were told to shoot them down?"

The thought never occurred to me before. I did not, however, hesitate in my answer, and it seemed to have made her very happy.

One evening we went out together for a stroll. On German street Grunya met lots of young men of her acquaintance. She hardly noticed them. After a while she said she felt very tired. She took my arm. As she leant on it she trembled all over. I glanced at her from aside.

* Grisha is the endearing, while Grishka is the contemptuous way of using the name Grigorij or Gregory.



"Sydney Bulletin".

The Duke of York inspects an Australian Sheep Farm.

What may be the matter with the darling? I thought.

"I am all right, my friend," she said, as if she had heard me ask the question.

The following morning she got up later than usual. I felt very restless on that account. The time seemed to drag on in a dreadful manner. At length she came into the dining-room. As she greeted me I thought I had a different person before me. She was coldly polite, and there was not a vestige of friendliness in her demeanor toward me.

She sent out the housemaid to make some purchases, and then turned to me.

"Grigori Abramovitch," she said.

I was stung to the quick. It was the first time she addressed me in that formal way. How could I have offended her? I thought.

"You said last night," she went on, "your regiment was about to start from here in a few days——"

She stopped short as if out of breath, and then continued:

"When you will be gone I shall heed no dangers—— If they come again I wouldn't care whether they took me or not—— We may meet again. If we do, you must promise to be——"

"Your faithful servant, Grushenka," I said, "ready to go through flames and torrents for your sake, dear soul! You are so delicate, child, so sensitive, brave though you be. You want a fellow like me to serve and to follow you like a——"

"Don't, Grisha, don't say that," she interrupted me. "I need no servant—— Here, take this to remember me by."

With that she pulled a ring off the forefinger of her right hand and put it on my smallest finger. She embraced me, and as our lips met for the first and last time, she sobbed in a way to break the stoutest heart.

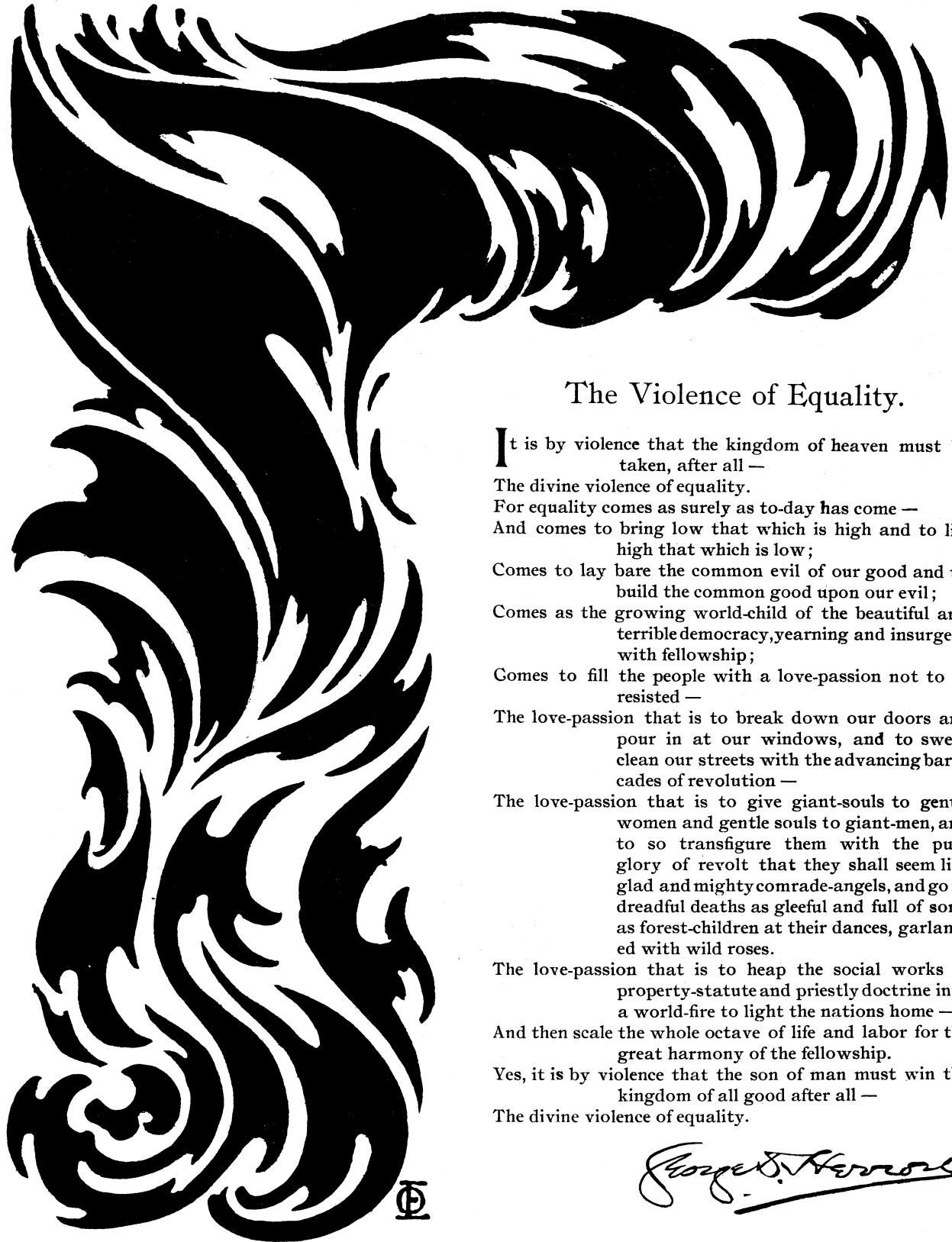
* * * * *

Grishka stopped. Somebody reached him a tumblerful of water, and he took a sip. He then proceeded with his story in short, crude sentences, as one who being exhausted, is anxious to be through with his story.

In Toula, he said, I learned that she had got arrested a few weeks after I left Wilna. I procured civilian clothes. They did not fit, but served my purpose. I packed up my uniform and bolted. She once said she might come to this free country. So here am I. Have been for some time. Who knows? She may escape and come here. Am studying and reading all I can—for her sake. I always go to the Hamburg docks whenever a steamer is due. May meet her some day. Yesterday I got drenched in the rain. Had to wait five hours. Never mind that. Would any of you like to see her ring? Here it is.

As he showed it to us two big tears stood in his eyes, and not in his alone.

* Penal Servitude in Siberian mines.



The Violence of Equality.

It is by violence that the kingdom of heaven must be taken, after all —
The divine violence of equality.
For equality comes as surely as to-day has come —
And comes to bring low that which is high and to lift high that which is low;
Comes to lay bare the common evil of our good and to build the common good upon our evil;
Comes as the growing world-child of the beautiful and terrible democracy, yearning and insurgent with fellowship;
Comes to fill the people with a love-passion not to be resisted —
The love-passion that is to break down our doors and pour in at our windows, and to sweep clean our streets with the advancing barricades of revolution —
The love-passion that is to give giant-souls to gentle women and gentle souls to giant-men, and to so transfigure them with the pure glory of revolt that they shall seem like glad and mighty comrade-angels, and go to dreadful deaths as gleeful and full of song as forest-children at their dances, garlanded with wild roses.
The love-passion that is to heap the social works of property-statute and priestly doctrine into a world-fire to light the nations home —
And then scale the whole octave of life and labor for the great harmony of the fellowship.
Yes, it is by violence that the son of man must win the kingdom of all good after all —
The divine violence of equality.

George D. Herron

The Worker with the Capitalist Mind.

By Herbert N. Casson.

Silhouettes by JULIUS BOH.

Have you ever seen the worker with the capitalist mind? If there were only two or three of him, he would be caught and put in a museum or a mental sanitarium. But he is too common to attract any such notice. In fact, he bears a very strong resemblance to the average man.

The peculiar characteristic of the worker with the capitalist mind is that he is deceived by a property-owning illusion all his life. He talks, acts and votes as if he were a capitalist, whereas he has no more property than a cockroach.

This illusion is so strong that the poor victim loses almost all knowledge of what really concerns him, and spends his life in defending his imaginary wealth and capitalistic interests. In many instances the illusion becomes even stronger than the instinct of self-preservation.

A case of this kind happened recently, when a wage-worker who found himself thrown out of employment by a lockout, at once joined the militia and shot himself.

Those who are under the influence of this singular delusion are like the monks and hermits of the Middle Ages, who imagined they were living in a state of holiness and heavenly bliss when in reality they were inhabiting dark and dismal caves that were too foul even for the wild animals of the forest.

For instance, a few days ago I sat down on a bench in Central Park and commenced a conversation with a shabbily-dressed man who was occupying the same seat. We talked

"The balance of trade in our favor last year was nearly \$700,000,000. Our national wealth amounts to \$1,200 apiece for every man, woman and child in the country. In another hundred years we'll own the earth and make even the King of England pay us rent."



With some difficulty I led him to talk on subjects on which he was sane and normal, and presently found out that he had been out of work for three months, had not a cent of money in the bank and had been obliged to sleep in the park for the last four or five nights. Yet this unfortunate worker with the capitalist mind was in his imagination a shareholder in every trust in the country.

In its last stages, this curious mental defect results in the complete paralysis of the reasoning faculties. In spite of all the ten thousand miseries of poverty, the poor enthusiast still fancies that his destinies are linked with those of Rockefeller and Pierpont Morgan. His powers of observation are blunted in some mysterious way, and his mind loses the ability to generalize from the facts that are brought before it.

More than this, and most pitiable of all, he conceives a fierce dislike for any friend who endeavors to restore his mental balance. He imagines that all who hold an opposite opinion are incendiaries and personal enemies, whose aim is to destroy what he calls his "liberty" and his "home."

As to the causes of this disorder experts differ. It is generally believed, however, that the best hint as to its origin was given by Darwin.

As to its cure, I don't know anything that promises more speedy relief than following the example of the man in the picture.



of the condition of business and so forth, and at once he began to display the peculiar mental weakness to which we have been alluding.

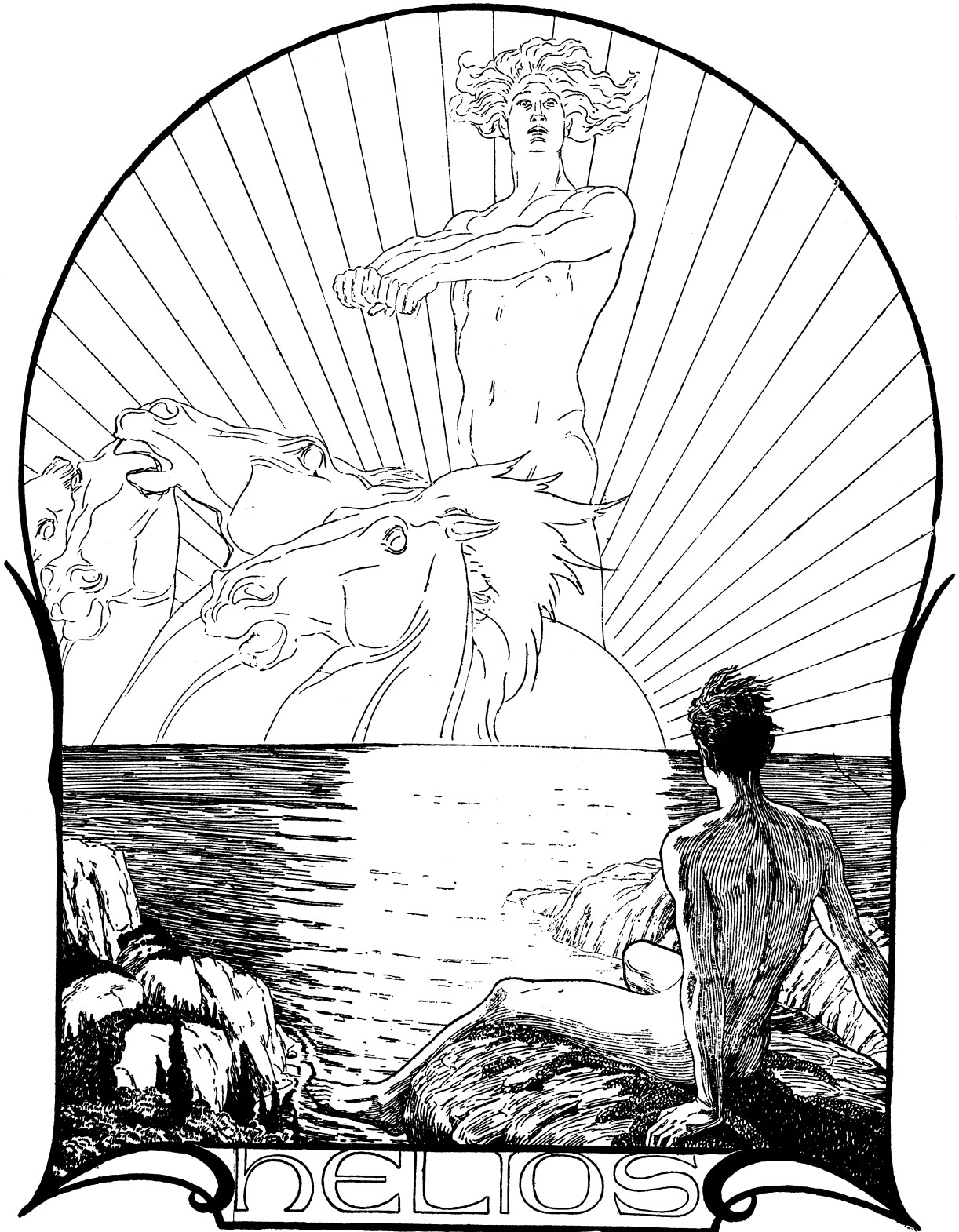
"We are the richest nation in the world," said he, throwing out his chest like a pouter pigeon.



THE COMRADE



The Sunrise of Socialism.



The Sunrise of Socialism.

Francis Place.

A Pioneer of Trades Unionism.

By JOHN SPARGO.

On an April day in the opening year of the nineteenth century a tailor's shop was opened at No. 16 Charing Cross, London—a place destined to become famous in the political annals of the new century. It was a somewhat remarkable shop, having the largest, if not the very first, plate-glass windows in London, and the proprietor has left on record with what feelings of pride he surveyed them, for they represented to him the goal of his early ambition and hope.

Already his career had been a remarkable one. The son of a brutal and profligate bailiff who afterward became a tavern-keeper, Francis Place was at fourteen apprenticed to a leather-breeches maker—a drunken *habitué* of his father's tavern who left him free to do as he pleased, his evenings being spent in sorry fashion in consequence. He was a member of an eight-oared boat's crew, of which the coxswain was afterward transported for robbery and the stroke-oar hanged for murder! But he seems never to have been so bad as his companions, and, being fond of reading, he was more intelligent than most of them. Before he was eighteen his indentures were given up and he began to work as a journeyman at the princely wage of \$3.35 a week! Less than two years later he married a young girl of seventeen, and both of them working together could only earn \$4 a week. Place has left on record how they lived in a single room in one of the dingy courts off the Strand upon that beggarly pittance. Their landlady used to take charge of some of the Barristers' chambers in the Temple, and she brought him books borrowed from the rooms she cleaned. In that way he studied history, geography, politics, law and philosophy. In 1793 a strike for better wages took place among the leather-breeches makers, who were organized ostensibly for the purpose of providing sick and funeral benefits, but really for the purpose of providing "strike pay." Place, though a member of the Society, seems to have been ignorant of the intention to strike, but when it began took an active part and became virtually the leader. With only \$1,200 at their command, the two hundred and fifty men were beaten after a three months' struggle and the Society broken up, Place being subjected to a severe boycott; and for eight months, unable to get anything to do, he and his wife literally starved. When at last work came, they worked for sixteen or eighteen hours a day, including Sundays. But that did not last long, and in 1794 we find him organizing the Breeches-Makers' Union—under guise of a Tontine Sick Benefit Club, to escape prosecution under the Whig-made Combination Laws—becoming its Secretary at \$48 a year, winning early in 1795, without a strike, the advance they had failed to get in 1793. Having won their demands they disbanded, and Place now became a sort of general organizer to several other societies like those of the Carpenters and Plumbers.

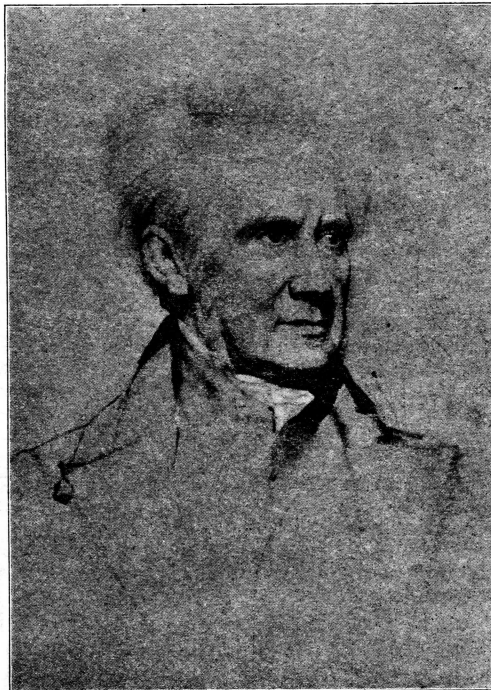
At this time "The Corresponding Society" was really the working-class wing of the advanced movement in England. It had been formed in 1791 and had for its political program

the "Plan of Radical Reform," which Major Cartwright had thought out in 1776 and which, more than forty years later, became the famous "People's Charter." Place joined this Society in 1794, an act which shows him to have been a man of great moral courage. Six months before, two delegates to the Edinburgh Convention of the Society, had been transported, and, at the time of his joining, the founder and secretary of the Society—Thomas Hardy—and ten other prominent members were awaiting trial on a trumped-up charge of "high treason." Place, far from being afraid, gave the persecution of the government as his reason for joining! From the first he seems to have been an active member and frequently took the chair at the meetings of the general committee, as can be seen from the minute book of the Society now in the British Museum. In November, 1795, the Whigs (afterward "Liberals") passed their notorious "Pitt and Grenville Acts" and suspended the *Habeas Corpus* Act, thereby making agitation practically impossible. The Society began to degenerate, and Place severed his connection with it in 1796, bringing out an edition of Paine's "Age of Reason" almost immediately after.

Meantime, Place was steadily trying to raise his position from that of a journeyman to that of an employer, succeeding, as we have seen, in opening a shop at Charing Cross in 1801. The business flourished, and by 1817 he was able to retire and hand over to his eldest son a business which brought in a yearly profit of \$15,000. He had also formed an extensive library, which he knavishly tells us he had to keep out of the sight of his patrons, who would not have admitted that a tailor had any right to be a scholar. For five years after being established in business Place took no part in public affairs at all, and when at the end of that time he began to do so it was not with the extreme Radicals as of old. Instead, he consorted with the prosperous Whigs, as became a well-to-do tradesman. That, however, was only a temporary lapse from virtue,

and we find him in the years following the notorious Westminster Election, the centre of activity, surrounded by men like Godwin, the author of the epochal "Political Justice;" Thomas Spence, the Land Nationalizer; Major Cartwright, William Cobbett, Robert Owen, James Mill, his greater son John Stuart Mill, and Jeremy Bentham. In the propaganda of the Royal Lancastrian Association, the pioneer of popular education, Place took a prominent part and was put upon the committee when Lancaster, because of his ridiculous ostentation, was deposed and the Association became the "British and Foreign School Society."

During the struggle of twenty years or so for Political Reform, Place took an active part and, reading at this time his many fierce attacks on the Whigs, it is difficult to imagine how Robert Owen could call him "the real leader of the Whigs." He took a prominent part in organizing the two Reform Campaigns and was in constant communication with the Cabinet, being now, perhaps justly, regarded as the most powerful man



FRANCIS PLACE.

THE COMRADE

outside of Parliament in the country. The stand taken against the king by the Reformers was due largely to his influence, and when, as a result of the treachery of the Whigs, who began now to call themselves "Liberals," the Chartist agitation was begun, Place, with good old William Lovett, drew up the historical "Six-Pointed Charter." Although he never accepted the class-conscious position and the more or less definitely Socialist view of Bronterre O'Brien and others, he was a warm friend of the movement until, under Feargus O'Connor, it degenerated into a mere farce.

We will return now to his connection with the Trade Union movement. In 1721 the Whigs had placed on the statute books the very first law ever passed against combinations of the workers. That law was directed against the workers in the tailoring trade, and from that time onward acts were continually passed against workers in various specified industries. But in 1820, the Tories then being in power, the crystallization of all these laws into one general anti-combination law was accomplished. Four years later, the Tories still being in power, that law was repealed and the workers given full liberty of combination. The story of that act forms one of the most interesting chapters in Trade Union history. Joseph Hume was in Parliament and Place was his Parliamentary schoolmaster, and so well did Place direct Hume's energies that the

Act of Repeal was carried without a division or a word of discussion having taken place. Such a case of smuggling an important measure through the British Parliament is without parallel in its annals. Three weeks after it was passed some weavers in Lancashire were sent to prison under the old law, and a year later the Prime Minister and the Lord Chancellor declared that they did not know of its existence! In 1825 it was modified somewhat, but the basic principles of Trades Unionism—the rights of concerted action and of collective bargaining—were retained, to be swept away five years later by the "Base, brutal and bloody Whigs," as Dan O'Connell called the Liberals of the "Reformed" Parliament.

Of Place's literary work there is little to be said. He wrote much and was a contributor to the famous "Westminster Review." But he had no literary talent or taste, and it is at best poor stuff. He died in 1854 at the ripe old age of eighty-three. As we look back over the history of the times in which he lived and realize how much good he accomplished, we can afford to be charitable in our judgments, and, notwithstanding his many errors from our point of view, we can still render a tribute of homage and reverence to the memory of the sturdy old pioneer of Trades Unionism whose life ebbed out with the coming of the New Year of 1854.



Rejected.

—
"Come, maiden fair, to my island lair,
I'll deck thee with jewels and gold.
I've builded there a palace so rare—
Come, be Queen of the Pirates bold!

'Come, hie with me o'er the sun-kiss'd sea
To my beautiful sea-girt home.
Ships of the sea bring tribute to me—
The chief of 'The Ocean Gnome'."

* * *

"Your words so fair and your palace rare
Can never win my love for thee.
Fear'd ev'rywhere, with never a care,
A police-chief shall 'loot' for me!"

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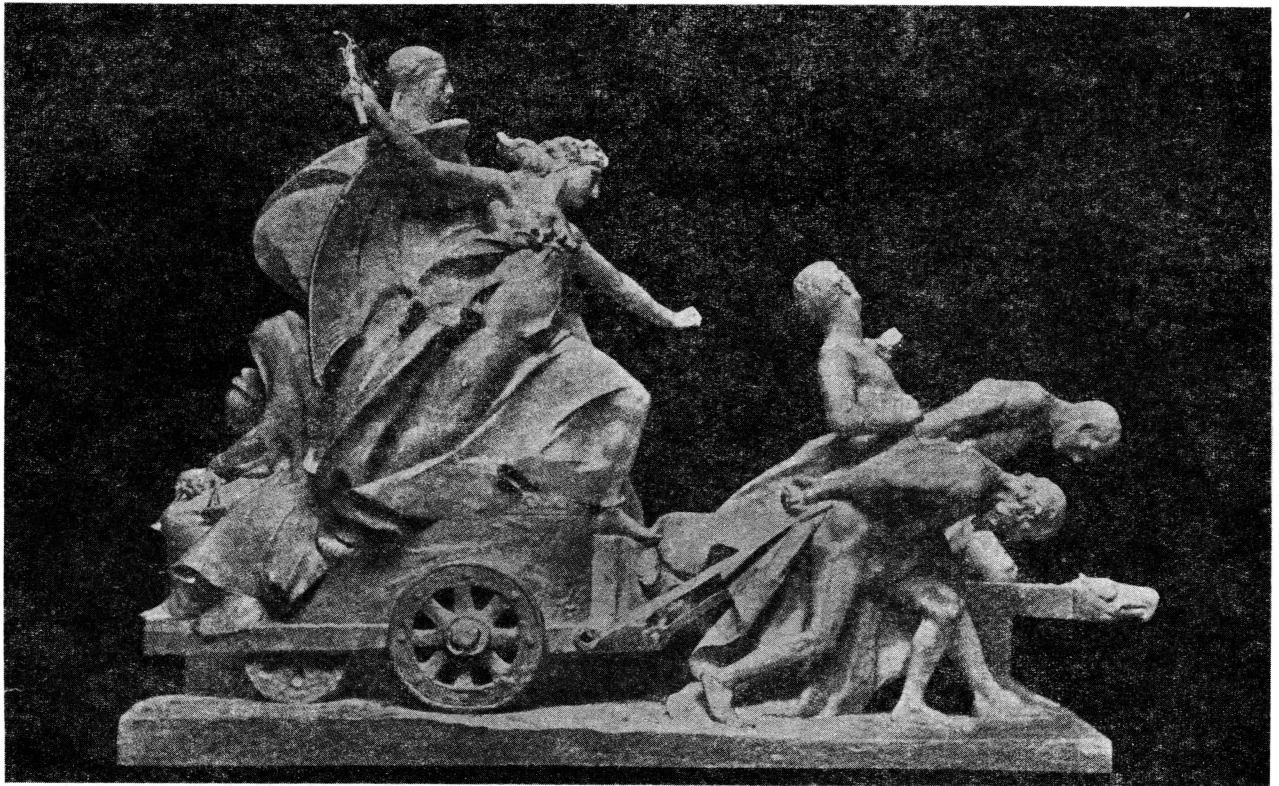
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* * *

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"DESPOTIC AGE" BY ISIDORE KONTI.

Impressions of the Buffalo Exposition.

By Frederick Krafft.

It had been raining as I approached the Exposition grounds, and the sunbeams were piercing their way through a thin veil of dispersing clouds, throwing mystic rays of light upon the vari-colored landscape with its Alhambrian architecture and making real what seemed to be an entrancing mirage; until a burst of sunlight from an open June sky revealed the panorama in its overwhelming gorgeousness.

When the first exultation of surprise and wonderment had subsided, I sank pleasantly exhausted upon one of the benches in the vicinity of the music pavilion. Melody amid such environment and far from the turmoil of every-day life is uncommonly captivating. During the intermissions ample time is afforded to study the kaleidoscopic throngs. Joy, wonderment, surprise, appreciation, perplexity, and even indifference and stupidity are plainly legible on their faces. Here comes a well-to-do merchant or man of leisure with an air of self-satisfied and matter-of-fact contentment in a rolling-chair or two-wheeled Japanese carriage, pushed or drawn respectively by some unfortunate member of the vast disinherited class of the world, panting and mopping the perspiration from a face indicative of fatigue and servile abandon.

What a sight! What an object lesson! Capital and Labor! Capital in all its selfish, merciless and insolent superciliousness, its nauseating obtrusiveness; Labor in its humble, cowed, overworked degradation and pitiable slavery. The one the peer of a god, the other a "brother to the ox."

* * *

The majority of visitors appear to be in tolerably good circumstances, largely of the leisured and middle classes, assuming

the middle classes to comprise the better-situated class of wage-earners from the mercantile and professional ranks. But—and the question is very pertinent and one that I would not fail to ask myself.

What had become of the creators of all the numerous exhibits, and where were the builders of this entrancing "Rainbow City?" Within a short distance of all these delights we can find the answer to this query. There are the thousands doomed to a wretched life of toil in the modern industrial bastiles. From early morn to late night they create, they fashion all the thousands of articles of luxury and necessity, while their children waste their innocent lives upon the dirty pavements in a neighborhood black from the fulmination of the snorting volcanoes of our cursed civilization, the factory chimnies.

* * *

In this sombre mood my eyes fell on one of the most striking pieces of sculpture in the Exposition grounds, Konti's "Despotic Age," the apotheosis of tyranny. Here is expressed the whole tragedy of the capitalist system. The poor lashed workers straining at the shafts of the chariot of civilization, with backs seared and bleeding; the stern figure of the master, implacable as Nemesis; and behind all the figures of "Justice" and "Truth" bound and gagged—here is a work of genius, which reflects the real meaning of modern society with a truth and directness that will remain in the mind when the hues of the "Rainbow City" have faded

* * *

The sun is down and dusk approaches. As the outlines of the Exposition fade in the growing darkness we are treated to

a scene such as Solomon in all his glory never even anticipated. Gradually the myriads of incandescent lights on the outlines and façades of the buildings, on the bridges, about the fountains, on the walks, in short, in every nook and corner, grow in intensity until a soft, mellow light pervades the grounds. The effect is beyond the power of the tongue; the eye selfishly imbibes this celestial radiance in rapturous ecstasy.

* * *

We take a trip upon the serpentine canals, passing in and out among many charming surprises. The effect upon the senses is deliciously pacifying. Can it be possible that we

live? Is it not all a dream? We alight, and, upon reaching the Triumphal Bridge, we take one long, farewell look at the Exposition, stretching out before us in its luminous grandeur, betokening a new era, a brighter future, the dawn of a happier day. As we listen to the fading strains of melody we see in the classic avenues with their artistic gardens, in the glistening waters reflecting the illuminated contour of graceful architecture the vision of a new city, a city of the glorious co-operative commonwealth in which all may take part in the creation of still greater scenes and all may enjoy the handiwork of a free, and as a free, a truly civilized people. A people in the image of God. Paradise regained.

How Labor Triumphed in Richmond.

By John Taylor Chappell.

Early in the eighties the politicians of the historic old city of Richmond, Va., were frightened by the appearance in their midst of a branch of the Knights of Labor, then a young organization. Hitherto they had boasted of their complete immunity from Labor agitators and strikes, and when they saw, in a city where less than three decades before human slavery had been recognized as a divine institution, an organization of 9,000 working men out of a total population of 75,000 people, pledged to a political program intended to "secure to the workers the full enjoyment of the wealth they create, sufficient

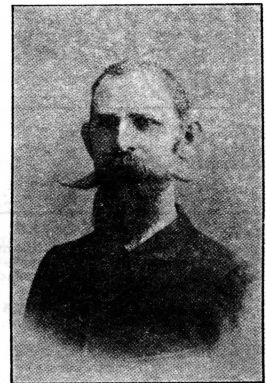
leisure in which to develop their intellectual, moral and social faculties; all of the benefits, recreation and pleasures of association; in a word, to enable them to share in the gain and honors of advancing civilization,"* they were naturally aroused to resentment.

For some years the question of building a City Hall had been agitating the citizens of Richmond, and it was that question which gave the Knights the opportunity they desired to assert their strength. The City Fathers, influenced by petty ideas of "cheapness," wanted, of course, to have the Hall built by contract labor, and when the workers pointed out that their so-called "cheap" plan would eventually prove very expensive, the wiseacres refused to listen and treated them with contempt. So, one night, a resolution was carried in the local Assembly of the Knights, calling upon the Master Workman to appoint a committee to arrange for taking action at the municipal elections. It was decided not to attempt to win the salaried positions, but to confine their attentions to the Council itself. "We want a City Hall built by Day Labor and of Virginia granite," they said. When the plans of the Knights were made known, the wirepullers of the other political parties laughed at the "folly" as they called it, of the "Mud Sills," and even on the eve of the election they affected to despise the Knights. But by eight o'clock on the day following they awoke to a sense of danger, and news was passed round that unless something was done at once the fight would be lost. Too late! By nine o'clock the Knights had polled a majority of the total votes of the city, and when the poll was closed it was found that they had a majority of over 3,000 votes.

Of course the first thing the new Council did was to face the City Hall question. Their predecessors had bought and paid for plans, but these were thrown aside and fresh plans, on a larger scale, adopted. The visitor to Richmond to-day is always shown the magnificent Hall, but the fact of its having been built by a proletarian Council is rarely stated. Electric street cars were introduced by them, and many other notable improvements affected during their two years of office.

But, alas! the workers of Richmond did not remain true to themselves and returned again to the "flesh-pots" of Capitalist politics. The movement was allowed to languish, and to-day the reign of Labor is only a memory in Richmond.

*Preamble, K. of L. Constitution.



JOHN TAYLOR CHAPPELL,
President of Board of Aldermen
during the reign of the Knights
of Labor.



CITY HALL, RICHMOND, VA.

THE COMRADE

OCTOBER, 1901.



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Greeting.

"Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,
I will make the most splendid race the sun
ever shone upon,

I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades.

"I will plant companionship thick as trees
along all the rivers of America, and
along the shores of the great lakes,
and all over the prairies,

I will make inseparable cities with their arms
about each other's necks,
By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades."

What words could be more fitting than these of Walt Whitman, the good gray Poet, as a Salutatory to our readers? The literature of the world might be searched in vain for anything more beautiful, or simple, or direct, than this Psalm of Comradeship.

We, too, would fair "make the continent indissoluble" in free and fraternal companionship. But this companionship, to be a reality, must have its roots in social life; it must rest back upon and grow out of Industrial Democracy. The fields, the factories and the machinery of society must pass out of the hands of the monopolists into the hands of the people, to be used co-operatively by all for all. Only in Socialism can comradeship find itself. At the same time, we recognize that Socialism has no monopoly of the spirit of comradeship, and we

stretch out our hands to all true soldiers in the Army of Revolt.

While we firmly believe in the importance of the economic factor, in the development of society—while, indeed, we recognize in it the basic human fact—yet we shall not directly deal with the economic. Other Socialist papers do that, and do it well. Our mission is rather to present to our readers such literary and artistic productions as reflect the soundness of the Socialist philosophy. *The Comrade* will endeavor to mirror Socialist thought as it finds expression in Art and Literature. Its function will be to develop the aesthetic impulse in the Socialist movement, to utilize the talent we already have, and to quicken into being aspirations that are latent. "In spite of the fact that Socialists have achieved distinction in all departments of Literature and Art," (as our Prospectus remarks) "we have as yet no paper of our own in the pages of which their work may be garnered to be enjoyed by the great mass of the world's disinherited, who scarcely know of the great masterpieces of Painting, Song and Story that have been created by men and women who have worked and are working for the great cause of Socialism, and love to call the poorest and downmost by that sweetest of all names—ours henceforth—'Comrade'."

That a function such as *The Comrade* sketches out for itself will become more and more important as time goes on is very apparent. The fires on the old altars are dead. The religion of to-day is impotent; the Art of to-day is parasitic; the life of to-day is stifled. Into the miasmas of commercialism is coming the breath of a new ideal. Men are growing conscious of the fact that present social forms are passing. They are beginning to understand that they can take hold of the world and fashion it anew after their desires, and it is in this instinct of creation that they become likeliest unto gods. The sensitive soul of the poet and the artist is quickest to respond to this instinct, and everywhere the artistic sense is finding expression in Socialist terms.

We have had a glimmer of Socialist Art and Poetry, and we are in the early days of a great renaissance.

This initial issue will give some idea of our aim and motive, though none are more conscious of imperfection and limitation than ourselves. How far it may be possible for us to realize our ideal will depend on the co-operation that we receive from the men and women of America, who are laying the foundation-stones for the world of comradeship that is to be. If they wish to have a magazine such as this, they can make it successful by circulating it among their friends.

It is plain that a journal like *The Comrade*, published at great expense

and sold at a very low price, must depend for its life and growth upon the interest shown by a very large and ever-increasing circle of readers. Nor is the effort of our readers in this direction all that is necessary. We also need the co-operation of all those within our ranks who, with pen or pencil, may be able to make fitting contributions to the pages of *The Comrade*.

We are able to announce, among many contributions that are promised for early issues of *The Comrade*, the following:

A Poem, by Richard LeGallienne.
A Poem, by Edward Carpenter; together with photographs of this English Socialist Poet that have never yet been published in this country.
A Story, by Jack London.
A Poem, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
A Series of Short Stories, by Gorki, translated by Dora B. Montefiore.

"The Poet of the Outcasts," a Sketch of Gorki and his Philosophy, by Eugene Limerdorfer.
"A Visit to John Burroughs," an illustrated article giving a well-known radical's impressions of Mr. Burroughs, as seen in his home on the Hudson.

A Cartoon, by the well-known Cartoonist Thomas Nast.

"A Matter of Definition," a Story by Walter Marion Raymond.

"Leaves from an Agitator's Note-Book", by Eugene V. Debs, Job Harriman, Charles H. Vail, and others.

Illustrated Articles on the Socialist Movement in Japan and New Zealand.

Studies in the Literature of Socialism, by Leonard D. Abbott, etc., etc.

Walter Crane, Bliss Carman, Clarence Darrow, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Bolton Hall, "Mother" Jones, Franklin Wentworth, Marion Craig Wentworth, Lydia Kingsmill Commander, and many others, have promised to contribute to early issues of *The Comrade*. The members of our editorial staff will also, of course, write regularly for our pages on different phases of Socialist thought.

Bernard Shaw's Greeting.

PICCARD'S COTTAGE, ST. CATHARINES,
GUILDFORD, SURREY, July 3, 1901.

Delighted to hear that that deathless Socialist paper is going to fill that empty niche again. When I was young I contributed to all its first numbers—they appeared regularly every two years or so. Now I am growing old I have to limit my help to good wishes. After all it must succeed some time; and why not this?

G. BERNARD SHAW.

The mild sarcasm of the first sentences of this greeting from London's famous playwright and critic—the one and only, the inimitable "G. B. S."—might call for a gentle remonstrance were it not tempered by the cheerful optimism of his last words. We believe that the time has come when Socialist journalism conducted in the right spirit will succeed; and we venture to predict that *The Comrade* will come to Bernard Shaw's desk during coming months with such unfailing regularity that his misgivings as to its stability will vanish, and he will beg to have his name added to the brilliant galaxy of its distinguished "list of contributors!"

William Dean Howells,

In sending best wishes for *The Comrade's* success, declares that he doesn't "like the name or anything that suggests soldiership." Mr. Howells may rest assured that he can have no greater detestation of militarism than we have. The "comradeship" of which we sing is the fraternalism of industrial peace,—never the fraternalism of military organization. We want peace so badly that, as one of our poetical contributors intimates, we are even ready to fight for it, if necessary!



Some New Books.

In this initial number of *The Comrade* it will be interesting to briefly pass in review three of the most significant of recent books reflecting the radical tendency in American life—Darrow's "A Persian Pearl, and Other Essays," Ferguson's "The Religion of Democracy," and Crosby's "Plain Talks in Psalm and Parable." None of the authors mentioned is an orthodox Socialist; two of them are even mild opponents of Socialist economic doctrine—yet all of them are men of the true democratic spirit, and all find their inspiration in the coming of a new society that shall redeem the life of the world.

Consider, first, the charming essays of Clarence Darrow, the kindly Chicago lawyer who defended Debs after the great railway strike and has pleaded labor's cause in several famous cases since that time. There are five essays in his book, three of which are devoted respectively to the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam and to the poems of Walt Whitman and Robert Burns. Of the two remaining essays, one deals, in philosophic vein, with "The Skeleton in the Closet"—that is, the secret tragedy of human life—and the other is entitled "Realism in Literature and Art," and has been published in pamphlet form. All five essays are written with a charm of diction and a sweet temper that linger long in the memory of the reader. The essay on Omar, the Persian pagan, is beautiful in its very simplicity, and is a matchless expression of the elemental religion in human nature. Here is a characteristic passage:

"Omar turned from vanity and luxury to a simpler, saner life, and found the sweetest and most lasting pleasures close to the heart of that great nature, to which man must ever return from all his devious wanderings, like the lost child that comes back to its mother's breast. What simpler and higher happiness has all the artificial civilization of the world been able to create than this:

"A Book of Verses underneath the bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise now."

It is these bright spots in life's desert that makes us long to stay. These hours of friendship and close companionship of congenial souls that seem the only pleasures that are real, from which no regrets can come. It is away from the bustle and glare of the world, above its petty strifes, and its cruel taunts, in the quiet and trust of true comradeship, that we forget the evil and fall in love with life. And Omar, our old philosopher, with all his pessimism, with all his doubts and disappointments, knew that here was the greatest place and happiness that weary, mortal man could know. In the presence of the friends he loved and the comradeship of congenial lives, he could not but regret the march of time and the flight of years, which heralded the coming of the end."

* * *

Very different in its philosophy, yet very similar in some phases of its spirit and expression, is the Rev. Charles Ferguson's "Re-

ligion of Democracy," that strange, brilliant rhapsody emanating from the soul and being of a dreamer and a poet, as he wandered over this continent, through the teeming cities and the prairie towns and the mining camps. His dominant thought—that of a redeemed Church becoming the framework of society—will strike the Socialist readers as a rather grotesque conception of future social development, and the book is marred by its too great insistence on the theological motive, yet there are passages in "The Religion of Democracy" that are so great that they stand distinct in modern literature. "Do you wonder," he says, in a wonderful chapter on "The Revolution Absolute," "that the fine arts are overfine or underfine; that their beauty is wistful; that the literatures lapse and die, and the great Scriptures of the world, given for joy, sound in our ears only of judgment; that history swirls in dizzy, bewildering cycles; that science is full of panic and terror, and philosophy is only a wan surmise? It is to be written on the sepulchres of all the cities: They took the bread of the poor, and they despised the souls of the laborers."

Such a passage as the following reminds one of Carlyle, but it is Carlyle brought up to date:

"The stupefying spell of custom has been broken. The conspiracy of hebetude has been betrayed. Ideas, colossal, magnificent, are in the saddle, and are sailing the sea in ships. There is thunder in the air and ozone.

"Oh! democracy of dead life and suction, democracy of pull and haul, of covetousness, cautiousness and winning, they give you up at last. You are not worth while. And your sapless platitudes, your sentimental pieties and patriotisms, they spew them out!

"Allons! A new democracy—yet the oldest—shall renew the world; a democracy that shall not exclude foreigners or those that do not speak English; that shall take the earth to be its colony and the cosmic laws for statutes and ordinances. The Philippines, the Antilles and all the other islands of the sea, and the continents, coast lands and hinter lands—they shall all be taken in. We announce the dissolution of the old régime of privilege, exclusion and monopoly, and we proclaim a new constitution according to essential law."

* * *

Lastly, turning to Crosby's poems, what a relief it is to leave behind the mountains of poetic trash—of empty jingles and pretty verses—and take up this book of poems that appeal to the reader with force and honesty and directness! They remind one of Whitman, and again they remind one of Carpenter; there is Tolstoy in them and George in them, and yet they have a flavor all their own, relating quite clearly to Ernest Crosby himself and to no one else. They have all the wholesomeness of their author's breezy personality and all the passion and fire of his oratory, as he lashes the evils of modern society and pleads for justice and fraternity. There is much in Crosby's thought that is out of harmony with Socialist philosophy, notably his Tolstoyan doctrine of "non-resistance" and his anarchistic attitude toward the ballot and majority rule, yet the Socialist reader will probably be impressed more by points in common than by points of difference. What a world of philosophy there is in the poem of three lives which he calls "The Search":

"No one could tell me where my Soul might be.

I searched for God, but God eluded me.
I sought my Brother out, and found all three."

What fire in that splendid ode to Revolt, "thou spirit of life, child of eternal love—love rebelling against lovelessness, life rebelling against death!" What dry humor in the following:

"Have you always been respected by your neighbors?
Do they ask your advice on all important matters?"

Do they all speak well of you, and point you out as a leading citizen and a pillar of society?

Has no one ever said that you were beside yourself,

Or called you crazy, or a crank, or a pestilent fellow?

Have you never been accused of associating with publicans and sinners, or of stirring up the people, or of turning the world upside down?

In short, are you thoroughly respectable? Then beware! you are on the downward road; you are in bad company.

Mend your ways, or you can claim no kinship with the saints and heroes which were before you."

Another poem instinct with the Socialist spirit is this, on "The Nation's Life":

I.

"Look not in the senate halls for the life of the nation.

Their talk is the talk of dreamers;

They reel as drunken men;

They grope like the blind in the dark.

The form of life is there, but the spirit hath long since fled.

II.

Look not chiefly in the church or the press.

There indeed are dim glimmerings,

Faint hints of a possible revival,

Half stifled ones, that tell of discontent and pain;

And where there is pain, there is life.

But, alas! these signs are so few!

III.

Look rather among the discredited and outcast.

Meet with them in dingy upper rooms.

Find, under all their extravagance and error,

The sound, ringing of hope.

The stone which the builders reject will again

become the head of the corner;

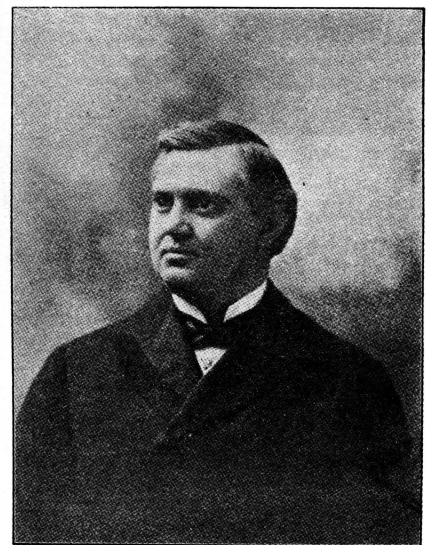
For this is the universal law of life.

Wherever two or three are gathered in love and self-forgetfulness to make the world better;

Wherever men think and feel profoundly, and then go forth to act accordingly—

Look there for the nation's life." A.

— Socialism will assassinate ignorance, the mother of anarchy, and elect knowledge to rule the world.



CHARLES H. VAIL,
National Organizer of the Socialist Party and
Candidate for Governor of New Jersey.

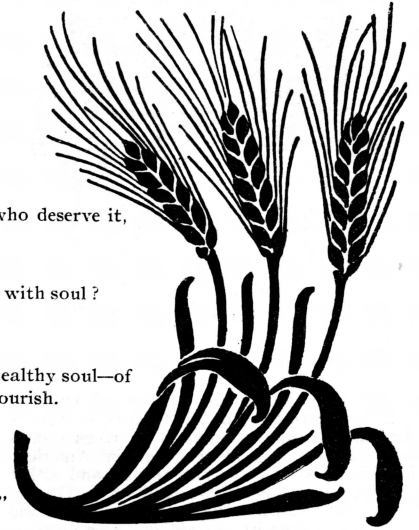
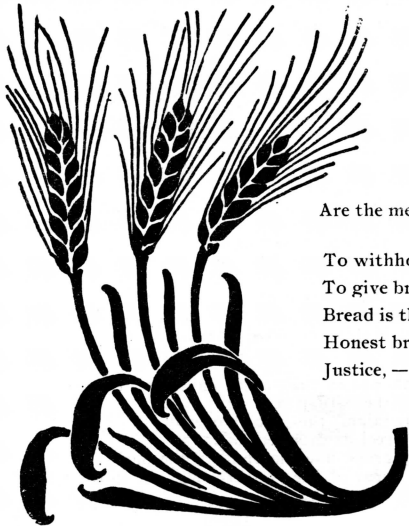
Bread.

Is the bread question so low and material?
 Are the men so very wrong who claim that with bread for all who deserve it,
 paradise would be fairly inaugurated?
 To withhold bread is injustice. Is injustice material?
 To give bread where it is due is justice. Has justice nothing to do with soul?
 Bread is the symbol of justice and righteousness.
 Honest bread is the staff-of-life of the spirit as well as of the body.
 Justice, — plain bread-justice—is the only atmosphere in which a healthy soul—of
 a man or of a people — can thrive and flourish.

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

ERNEST CROSBY,

Author of "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable"



The Worker and the Tramp.

A VILLANELLE

By JACK LONDON.

Heaven bless you, my friend—
 You, the man who won't sweat;
 Here's a quarter to spend.

If you did but mend,
 My job you would get;—
 Heaven bless you, my friend.—

On you I depend
 For my work, don't forget;—
 Here's a quarter to spend.

Your course I commend,
 Nor regard with regret;—
 Heaven bless you, my friend.

My hand I extend;
 For I love you, you bet;—
 Here's a quarter to spend.

Ah! you comprehend
 That I owe you a debt;
 Heaven bless you, my friend,
 Here's a quarter to spend.



Edwin Markham on the Future of American Literature.

Edwin Markham is now living in a pleasant country house on Staten Island, near New York. He will publish soon a new book, entitled "Lincoln and Other Poems," which will include several of his labor poems. When questioned recently as to the future of American literature, he replied:

"I believe we stand at the threshold of a great revival of literature, not in this country especially, but also in other countries as well, that will have a broader basis and deeper note than anything the world has ever seen.

"In the past the great movements of mankind have always gone in waves, and the literature of different periods was the outcome of these mental and political upheavals. Thus, at the end of the last century came the revolutionary movement in America and Europe, followed in this country by the revolutions of '30 and '48, and by the freeing of the slaves in America and in Europe, and by the American civil war. Naturally, all these great disturbances influenced the writers who lived through them or followed after them, and their works reflect the spirit of the time in which they were written. Well, the problem of the present age is the emancipation of labor, and before that is accomplished the world is likely to see such a struggle as it has never before witnessed. I don't mean a physical struggle in which blood will be shed, but it will be none the less intense. Painfully, slowly the workingman learned how to spell one word—namely, r-i-g-h-t, and now he has learned to add an 's' to it. You and I may not live to see the end of this movement, although it may perhaps come much sooner than we expect; but it is sure to bring in its train a literary renaissance that will have humanity entirely as its study. Formerly literature concerned itself exclusively with kings and queens and lords and ladies, and if our interest was ever by any chance solicited for a peasant or man of the people, he was certain in the end to turn out to be a prince in disguise. The literature of the future may perhaps discover that the workingman is the prince in disguise.



MOTHER AND CHILD.



Gathering Flowers.



Summer Brook Chalet.

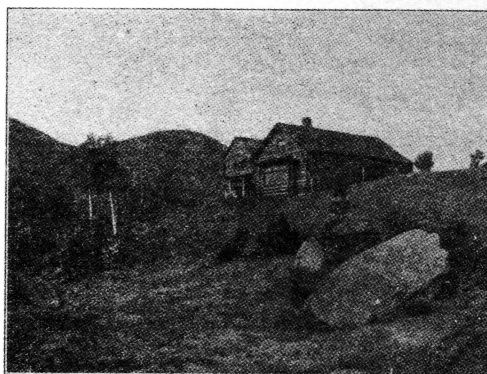
A Socialist Summer Community.



THESE pictures carry with them the free air of the mountains, the scent of the pines and wild flowers, and the sweep of scenery almost Alpine in its grandeur. They give, it is true, but the merest suggestion of any of these things. They make one keenly alive to the utter futility of the camera's attempt to transfer to paper the color and beauty of Nature. But they at least grant us a glimpse of the concrete,—a few scattered threads out of which the imagination can weave the reality.

"Summer Brook" is in the heart of the Adirondacks, half way between Lake Champlain and Lake Placid. It nestles against Mount Hurricane, and commands a vista of hill and dale stretching twenty miles north and south, backed by a ridge of mountains that at sunset become transfigured with a glow as of molten gold. The cottage and chalet (or dormitory) at "Summer Brook" strike one as beautiful chiefly because they are at once so simple and so perfectly in accord with their environment. The great hall of the cottage, with its open fire-place, its rustic furniture, its bare rafters, and its great Western window, reminds one of some baronial hall of mediaeval times; and, without, the piazza and pine table, overlooking the mountain panorama, furnish a banqueting-place fit for the gods.

"Summer Brook" is an expression of the Socialist spirit, and its owner, Prestonia Martin, has made it an instrument of service to the Socialist cause. As the visitor enters the vine-bedecked porchway, he is greeted by the face of William Morris, who may not inaptly be termed the presiding genius of this Adirondack paradise, and throughout the house are scattered designs, portraits, mottoes,



Summer Brook Farm from the West.

verses, instinct with the thought of the coming Society of Equality. The community of radicals and Socialists that gathers here from summer to summer has always been an interesting one, and has included many famous names. The "brothers" and "sisters" of "Summer Brook" live a simple, wholesome life, working at manual labor in the open air at least two hours a day, for the "Brook Farm" philosophy of menial work is implicitly accepted in this latter-day community, and the Professor and the Philosopher do not count labor in the potato-patch or the hay-field demeaning. In the evening it is the custom for all to come together in the great hall for discussion or music and snatches of song and melody drift through the door-way over the valleys.

Perhaps to some the whole experiment may savor of dilettanteism. Certain it is that life in this lovely spot is far divorced from the work-a-day world and its toiling crowds. But "Summer Brook" and its atmosphere has real value as an influence,—as a dynamic force. It is a prophecy of the Utopia that one day shall be translated into fact. When men become masters of life, instead of its victims; when Society expands and comes into its own, the human family will break down all barriers and take possession of the hills and the valleys.

They will make life beautiful, and free, and strong.

It will be the inspiration of the New Humanity, as the world opens up before it, to take hold of the rough materials of earth and shape them into noble habitations.

In those days to come the beauty of "Summer Brook" will be the rule and not the exception.

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.



Haying.

The Soldier of the Revolution.

By Morris Hillquit.

Every great historical movement produces men peculiarly alive to its needs and tendencies. As the exponents and leaders of that movement such men go down to history as the heroes of their times.

The modern movement of the toiling masses of the world has contributed to history its full share of such men.

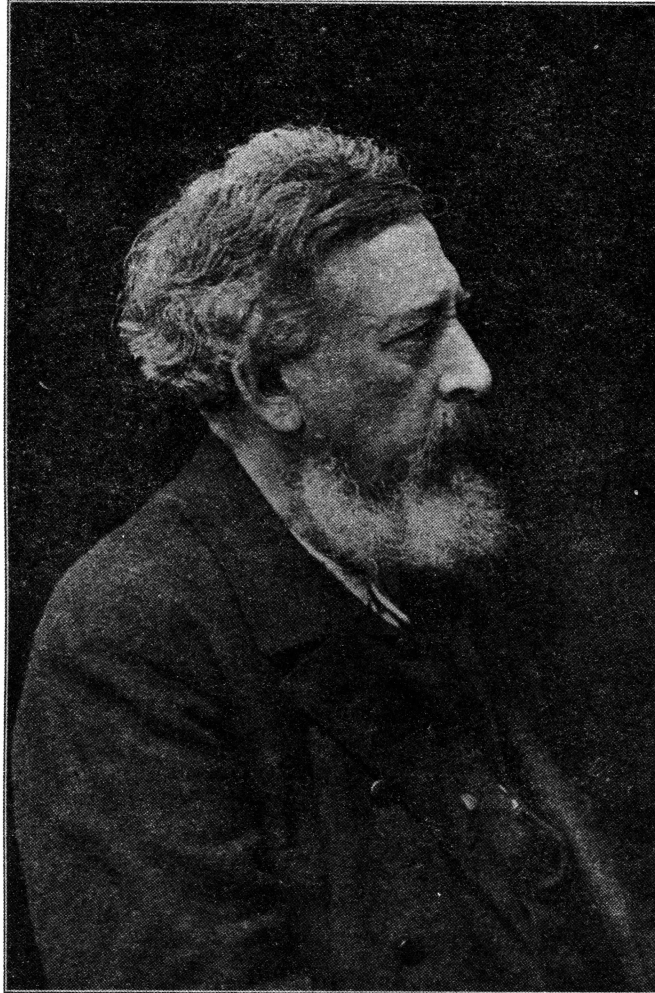
In Marx and Engels it has had its great thinkers and teachers; in Freiligrath, Herwegh and Morris, its immortal bards; in Lassalle, its gallant knight, and in Varlin and Shelyaboff, its noble martyrs.

But the man most typical of the Socialist movement in all its phases was the one so recently torn away from our midst—Wilhelm Liebknecht. Marx and Engels passed the greater part of their lives in exile, far away from the seat of the real battle; Lassalle appeared to the struggling wage slaves as a dazzling meteor; his career was eventful but brief, and he did not live to see the magnificent development of the movement which he loved so dearly and to the success of which he contributed so much.

Not so with the hero of this sketch.

Liebknecht's entire life was so intimately interwoven with the movement that it can hardly be dissociated from it. He was one of the small circle of pioneers who proclaimed the principles of modern Socialism in the days of its early infancy, and he remained its active champion when it numbered its adherents all over the world by the millions.

When the movement was new and weak and its votaries were considered harmless visionaries, Liebknecht felt the cold lash of ridicule on his own person; when studied indifference yielded to wild hatred and the Socialist movement became the object of unmerciful persecution at the hands of the governing classes, Liebknecht suffered imprisonment, exile and privation, and when Socialism finally triumphed and became a recognized power in modern society, Liebknecht enjoyed his full share of the victory. During all the trials and hardships of the movement he was in the very thick of the fight, never disheartened and never vanquished—a true and brave "soldier of the revolution," as he proudly styled himself.



WILHELM LIEBKNECHT.

An adequate biography of Liebknecht when written will involve almost the entire history of the Social Democracy in Germany. Here we can but briefly review the chief events of his life.

Wilhelm Liebknecht was born on the 29th day of March, 1826, of cultured and well-to-do parents in the small town of Giessen, Germany.

At the tender age of five years he lost his mother, and his father followed her one year later.

The orphaned boy early showed a keen mind and vivacious character, combined with an extraordinary thirst for knowledge.

At the age of sixteen we find him already at the university studying theology, philology and philosophy, and taking a lively interest in the political events of the day. At the age of twenty his communistic views were definitely shaped. It was at this time that Liebknecht formed a resolution to emigrate to the United States.

He was full of life, every fibre of his existence cried out for action, and on every turn he met with the dull resistance of the mediocre and bureaucratic institutions of his reactionary fatherland. Germany seemed a prison to the young revolutionist, and in the freedom and opportunities of the New World he hoped to find a grateful field for activity.

At the first stop on his way to America, Liebknecht reached Switzerland in 1847. There he paused. From afar the slow murmurs of revolt reached his ear; the "crazy year of 1848" was approaching. The murmur soon became a roar, and the revolt swelled on to a revolution.

Liebknecht was not the man to stay away from the field of battle. Organizing a volunteer corps of about twelve men, he hurried back to Germany, and he shared the lot of all sincere soldiers of that "glorious revolution"—bitter disappointment. The revolution of 1848 had no energetic class to rest upon. It engendered a great deal of noisy enthusiasm, but there was no definite aim and no concerted action, and while the leaders discussed the best forms of government and a number of other academic questions, every opportunity was missed and the reactionaries won the day. The great revolution degenerated.

THE COMRADE

ated into a farce, and its supporters paid dearly for their enthusiasm. Liebknecht's corps was defeated, and Liebknecht himself was made a prisoner of war in September. He was tried and acquitted in May of the next year after a preliminary imprisonment of eight months. This was his first acquaintance with prison walls; they became quite familiar to him in later years.

With the collapse of the revolution begins the migratory period of Liebknecht's life. From Germany he went to Switzerland, and when he was expelled from that country, after a stay of less than two years, he sought shelter in the place of refuge of all political exiles of that time—London.



AT THE BIER OF LIEBKNECHT.

The thirteen years of exile in England's capital were the most fruitful in the development of the qualities that went to make up the future leader of the German Social Democracy. There he met the only two men who had evolved out of the chaos of European politics a clear and scientific understanding of social law and order—Karl Marx and Frederick Engels.

How Liebknecht was admitted to the intimacy of the twin giants of modern Socialist thought, how the three men utilized the period of dullness in the political arena in indefatigable study and prepared the mighty weapons of science for the future struggles of the disinherited classes, how they toiled and battled and suffered together has been so feelingly and beautifully told by Liebknecht in his *Reminiscences of Marx*, that it need not be repeated here. The thirteen years of London schooling converted the young enthusiast swayed by fleeting ideals into a mature man with a very definite world philosophy. And when the amnesty of William I. opened the gates of Germany to Liebknecht again, he returned to his fatherland with the steadfast purpose of devoting the remainder of his life to the cause of the German proletariat.

He fully carried out his purpose. From 1862, when he returned to Germany, till 1900, the year of his death, he remained the kind adviser, trusted leader and fearless champion of the workmen of his country.

Lassalle's powerful agitation had just taken root in Germany when Liebknecht arrived, and he immediately joined the General Workingmen's Party, founded by the great agitator.

Liebknecht was, however, always an opponent of the strictly centralistic form of organization and the belief in government aid which distinguished Lassallean Socialism, and when these tendencies became very pronounced under the inferior successors of Lassalle in the leadership of the party, he withdrew from the Lassallean movement, and in 1869, he, together with Bebel, whom he had won for Socialism, organized the Social Democratic Labor Party at the Eisenach Congress.

In the meanwhile the North German Diet was created, and the right of universal suffrage for the election of its representatives decreed.

The first elections of 1867 returned seven Socialist deputies representing all factions of the Socialist movement, Liebknecht being one of the seven. Parliament opened to him a new field of battle against the capitalist regime, and Liebknecht made good use of the opportunity. His powerful indictments of government misrule and the corruption of the dominating classes, his undaunted courage, profound knowledge and ready wit, made him the most feared and hated figure on the floor of the German Diet. In 1871, when the proclamation of the Commune by the French proletariat threw all Europe into a state of the most violent reaction, and the Commune was decried by the bourgeoisie as the veritable unloosening of hell, Liebknecht and Bebel were the only ones who had the moral courage to declare on the floor of Parliament their sympathy for the revolting Parisian workmen, a declaration which provoked the insane rage of the fanatical priests and servants of capital and almost resulted in bodily harm to its authors.

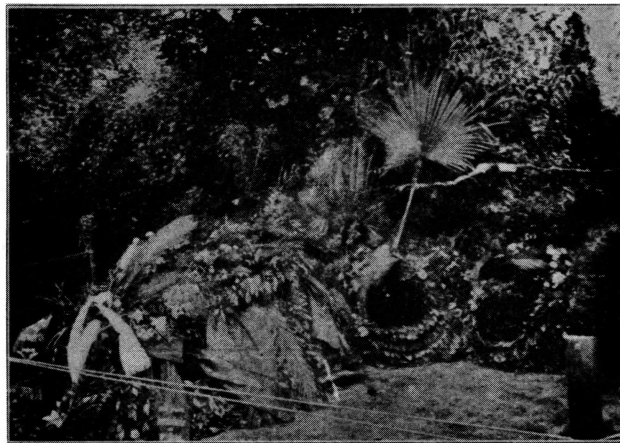
As a revenge for their fearless criticism of the Prussian powers, Liebknecht, together with Bebel and Hepner, were arrested on the charge of "Instigating to High Treason."

The trial lasted fourteen days, and the speeches made by Liebknecht in court in defense of Socialism are still considered one of the best treatises on the history, aims and methods of the Socialist movement. It was on that occasion that he earned the appellation "Soldier of the Revolution." Although the defendants were convicted to imprisonment for two years, the trial was a great moral victory, both for them and the cause they represented.

His first efforts after his release from prison were for the unification of the Socialist factions, which, largely owing to his efforts, took place in Gotha in 1875, and gave new life and impetus to the Socialist movement in Germany.

In 1871 the combined vote of all Socialist factions was little over 100,000, in 1877 the vote of the united Socialist party was about 500,000.

The German government, with Bismarck at the head, now became alarmed at the irresistible growth of the new movement, and decided upon forcible measures to repress it.



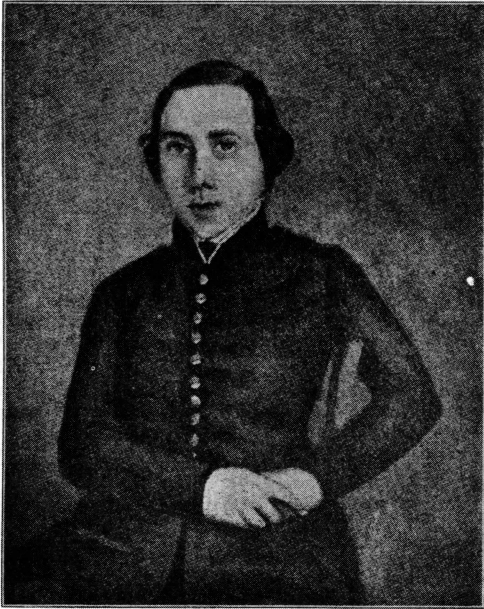
LIEBKNECHT'S GRAVE.

Two successive attempts upon the life of the Emperor, made in 1878 by irresponsible lunatics wholly unconnected with Socialism, furnished the much longed-for pretext, and the famous Anti-Socialist law was passed.

It was a trying time for Socialism and everybody connected with it. The party was dissolved, its organs suppressed, its meetings prohibited, and its leaders exiled or imprisoned.

For a short time it seemed as if the young movement had been totally destroyed—for a short time only. As soon as the first paralyzing effects of the rigorous law passed, the party recovered. An organ of communication was created in Switzerland and regularly smuggled in and distributed in

Germany. Secret party conventions were held abroad, and the propaganda of Socialism was resumed. The earnestness, persistence and ingenuity displayed by the Socialists in their struggle with the police during that period is something that has no parallel in history. Their energies were increased



LIEBKNECHT AS A REVOLUTIONARY VOLUNTEER.

a hundredfold, their courage was boundless and their resources inexhaustible. As a result the movement grew powerfully, and the 1,500,000 votes cast for Socialism twelve years after the enactment of the Anti-Socialist law demonstrated to all Germany how futile it had become, and when the hated law expired by limitation in 1890, Parliament had no courage to renew it.

The success of the Socialists under the "exceptional laws," especially in the first stage, was largely due to the courage and

good sense of their leaders. While many a man who had been a shining light in the movement in the days of its early triumph, retreated in the face of the embittered political and social persecution which followed the enactment of the Anti-Socialist law, the majority of the party leaders remained true to their trust and bravely stood by their guns in the line of the hottest fire. Liebknecht was foremost among them.

Consecutively expelled from Berlin and Leipsic, he settled in the little town of Borsdorf, which soon became the central point from which all attacks against the enemy were conducted.

After the fall of the Anti-Socialist law he was called to Berlin to assume the chief editorship of the party organ, the "*Vorwaerts*," and at that post he remained until the last day of his life.

He died suddenly on the morning of the 7th day of August, 1900.

His last words at the editorial rooms of the "*Vorwaerts*" were the admonition to his colleagues: "Always on the offensive, never permit yourselves to be forced into the defensive!" and his last warning to the working class is contained in his leaflet: "No Compromise, No Election Deals."

He lived to the age of seventy-four. With the exception of the last few years, his life was a constant struggle with dire poverty and persecution. He spent about six years in prison, but withal his life was an enviable one. He lived and worked for a great idea, and was strong in the confidence of its ultimate triumph. He saw Socialism grow from a mere theory into a live and powerful movement, branching out into almost every country, irresistibly possessing itself of the millions of toilers and threatening the very foundation of perennial slavery and oppression.

He whose house had in 1870 been mobbed by the very workmen to whose cause he devoted his life, and who had for years been an outcast of society on account of his conviction, toward the close of his days had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts gratefully appreciated by the exploited of all tongues and nations.

And when the news of his death sped over the electric wires from country to country it brought a feeling of profound and sincere grief to the hearts of the oppressed of the entire civilized universe, who had lost a dear friend and powerful champion in him.

His funeral became a demonstration of such dimensions and grandeur that his contemporaries had never seen its equal. His memory will forever remain sacred to the working class.

"Topsy", or The Discovery of a Poet.

When William Morris went to Oxford with the intention of becoming a clergyman he was nicknamed "Topsy" by his associates on account of his dark curly hair and the name, sometimes shortened to "Top", stuck to him throughout his life. Canon Dixon, who was one of his fellow students at Oxford, has told the story of Morris's first poem and its fate.

One evening in 1854 Dixon and Mr. Cromwell Price went to Morris's room at Exeter College. As they entered, Burne-Jones—afterward Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the distinguished Artist—shouted excitedly: "He's a big poet!"

"Who is a poet?" asked both men in unison.

"Why, 'Topsy'," came the reply and then they made Morris read them his first poem, entitled "The Willow and the Red Cliff."

Morris was a beautiful reader though his style was somewhat unusual and when he had finished the three friends were enthusiastic in

praise of the poem, whereat Morris exclaimed: "If this is poetry, it is very easy to write!" From that time onward he wrote constantly. Unfortunately there is no copy of that first poem in existence now. It seems that when Morris published "The Defence of Guinevere", he burnt the manuscript of a number of his early effusions, "The Willow and the Red Cliff" amongst them. Finding that the volume of verse named had made him famous, he seems to have destroyed some of his earlier work to prevent its publication in after years—a course which Tennyson always regretted he had not adopted in youth.

But just as Morris was no ordinary poet that first poem was no ordinary crude production and its destruction was, apparently, a great misfortune. Those who heard it read always declared that it was a poem of exceptional merit and that its destruction was a loss to English Literature.

Canon Dixon has said of the poem: "As he read it I felt that it was something the like of which had never been heard before: perfectly original, whatever its value, and sounding truly striking and beautiful, extremely decisive and powerful in execution..... He reached his perfection at once, nothing could have been altered in "The Willow and the Red Cliff", and in my judgment, he can scarcely be said to have much excelled it afterwards in anything that he did."

How one wishes that burning might have been prevented now that the author of "An Earthly Paradise" is no more! How much would we not give to recover that first poem of the great Poet, Artist and Comrade of whom Lord Cadogan said: "Had I known that the villain would turn Socialist, I would never have had him bound in Russian!"



THE LASH OF HUNGER.

Butties.

By William Maily.

At the close of a summer's day two men trudged along the railroad track into a Western mining camp. Their faces were streaked and their hair stiffened with sweat and dust. Their eyes were bloodshot. Dirt stuck to their shabby clothes and their shoes were ragged.

Their feet stumbled from time to time against the ties and slag. They were tired out, and, what was worse, they were hungry. Their heads were dizzy; a keen ache pinched their stomachs. Thrown off a freight train by a cranky brakeman early in the day, they had tramped for many miles. This was the first camp they had reached since then. They were looking for work.

At the mine tippie one sat wearily down upon the end of a railroad tie and fanned himself with his tattered hat, while the other reconnoitered for the mine boss. The day's run was over, and the hoisting machinery was stilled. Black smoke rolled lazily from the boilers' smoke stacks. The air was close, and daylight fled swiftly.

The tramp met a man leaving the engine-room.

"Say, cap, where's the boss?"

"I'm the boss. What do you want?"

"A job. Any show?"

The boss peered at him critically.

"Where'd you work before?"

"Cold Run, Missoori. Shet down two months ago. Been hoofing it ever since. There's a pair of us. On the hog fer fair."

"Where's your butty?"

"Over there on the railroad, by the dump," with a jerk of his arm.

The boss surveyed the darkening landscape for a moment before he spoke. Hesitation increased his importance. The tramp waited patiently.

"Just got work for one man. Fellow got hurt yesterday. One of you can have his place until he's all right again, unless something else turns up. Whoever wants it, can show up in the morning. Can get what tools you need at the store. I'll leave word to-night."

He marched off without looking back.

The tramp scratched his head thoughtfully as he returned to his butty. That individual was sitting drooped over in a hopeless attitude. It would be a miracle if they had struck work at last.

There was silence for some time after the news was told.

Finally the man who had interviewed the boss broke out:

"Guess you'd better hitch up here, Jack."

Jack was married and had a waiting wife and several children back home. The other man was single and had no family ties.

"And whater you goin' to do?"

"Guess I'll make tracks further on. Hate to leave you, but two of us can't fill one job."

There was silence again for awhile. With the death of day lights began to glimmer here and there throughout the

camp. One cluster indicated what they knew must be the company boarding-house. There was rest and something to eat there. The hollows in the haggard faces deepened with the darkness. Above them the mine tipples was fast becoming an enormous shadow.

"So you don't want the job?" asked Jack.

"Nope. You need it more'n I do. You've Mary and the kids to think of. You don't know when you'll get another chance. I'll make out all right."

Pete arose and stretched himself painfully.

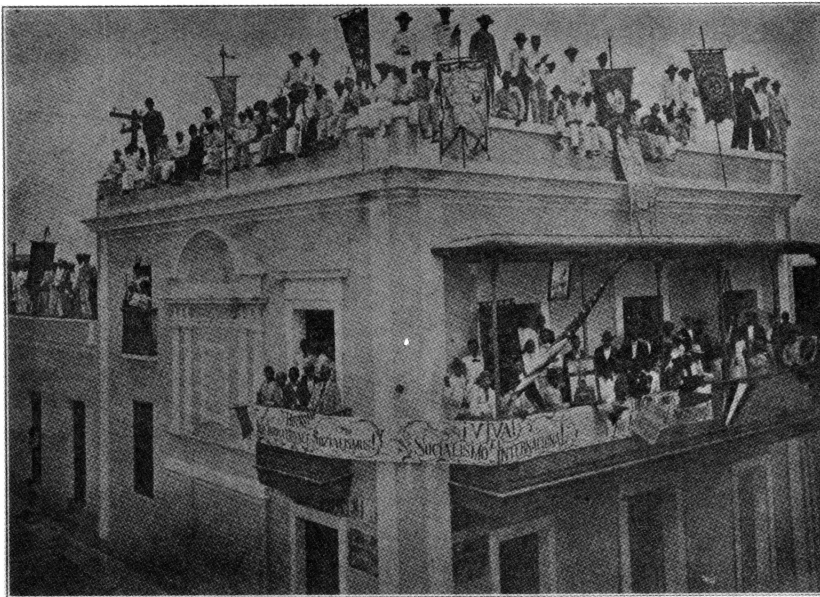
Then Jack also arose and swore lustily and with deep feeling.

"You will, eh? Well, I don't know so much about that. What d'ye take me fer, anyway? Ain't we come down the

pike together fer two months, eh? We've beat freights, dossed in box cars, got pinched, chewed skilly and legged it in the chain gang . . . they said we was bums." He swore again, more eloquently than before. "And we've tamped ties and starved together. We ain't goin' to split now. Think I'm goin' to take that job and see ye hoof it by yerself? Not much, I aint. . . . Dammed if I do! Mary wouldn't like it any more'n me. She's scratched along so far; her'n the kids 'll hold out a while longer." He waved his hand toward the camp. "See that beanery over there? We'll hit it fer sumthin' to eat, get a doss, and let 'em charge it to ther bloomin' company. We'll pound gravel again to-morrow."

Before sun up next morning two men were again counting railroad ties together.

The Socialist Movement in Porto Rico.



After the Strike.

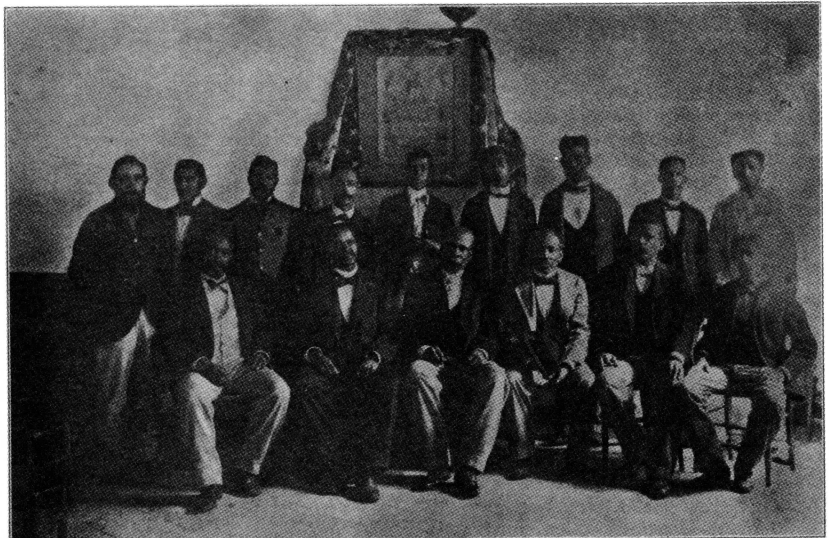
The story of the Socialist movement in the Island of Porto Rico covers only a brief period of time, less than a decade, but it is full of interest and heroic deeds. The annals of the great world-wide Socialist movement abound with instances of oppression met by devoted self-sacrifice, but nowhere to greater extent than in that unhappy little island, alike under its Spanish and American rulers.

In 1894 Santiago Iglesias, who had been converted to Socialism years before in his native land, Spain, moved from Cuba to Porto Rico, intent upon spreading there the principles of Socialism. Three times before he had made the journey, but never with such an important mission. For more than two years he labored, almost alone, and then on May Day, 1897, the first visible sign of success appeared in the form of a newspaper, edited by himself, called the "*Ensayo Obrero*." His first associates were Ramon Romero, Jose Ferrer y Ferrer, Fernando G. Acosta and Eduardo Conde. Ferrer was the first to suffer persecu-

tion at the hands of the Spanish authorities, being sentenced to two months' imprisonment for a caustic article in the "*Ensayo Obrero*" against the Civil Government. Iglesias was the next to suffer, being arrested and imprisoned without trial no less than three times during the next few months upon various pretexts.

In March of the following year, being afraid of the effect of the Socialist agitation, and in view of the near approach of the elections, the authorities decided to imprison all the leading Socialists. Accordingly the officers called at the office of the paper to arrest Iglesias, but he escaped and was not captured until a month afterward, when he was thrown into prison, remaining there until the formal occupation of the island by America in October, being then released by General Brooke.

By some it was thought that under American rule there would be greater freedom to agitate and build up a political party than before, but, alas! for such hopes. Just as they had been oppressed by Spanish, they were now oppressed by American rulers. Their meet-



First Executive Committee of the First Federation of Workingmen in Porto Rico.

THE COMRADE



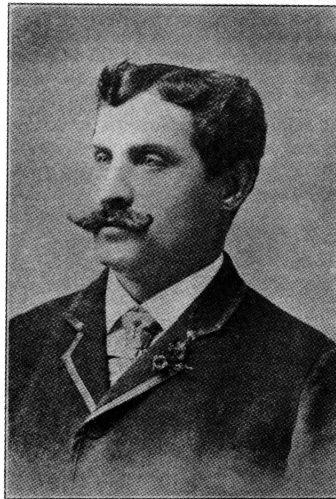
SANTIAGO IGLESIAS.

ings were broken up, and just as the "Ensayo Obrero" had been suppressed by the former, so its successor, "El Porvenir Social," was suppressed by the latter; and when Iglesias and others issued a protest they were imprisoned. Iglesias often tells of an interview between General Brooke's secretary and himself. The secretary said: "You are provoking revolutionary agitation, and it must cease. Either you must stop this sort of thing (pointing to the 'Manifesto' protesting against the action of the authorities) or we will stop you." And in vain did Iglesias plead constitutional rights.

But the "Federation Libre" which had been formed soon after his release from prison in October, 1898, was growing apace in spite of everything. In 1900, owing to a reduction in wages consequent

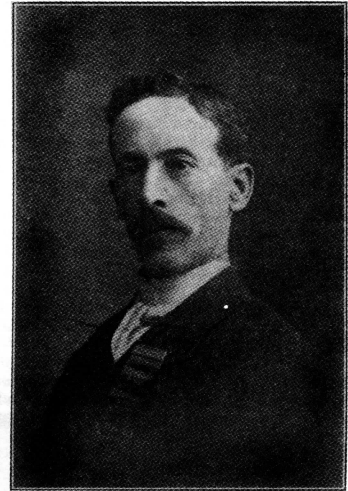
upon the change of currency from Spanish to American money, there was a general strike in all industries, when the Government outdid their Spanish predecessors. All the members of the executive of the Socialist party and of the trade unions were arrested and put in jail, but in spite of all this the workers made considerable gains. In Porto Rico the trade unions are largely Socialist and most of the prominent officials belong to the Socialist party.

Soon after the strike the elections took place, but there was only one party—the



ALWIN HASCHER.

Republican—admitted to the official ballot. The Federal party, composed mainly of business men opposed to Government from outside, and the Socialist party both applied to be placed on the "ticket,"



EDUARDO CONDE.

but were denied that "privilege," being told that "the Republican party is good enough for Porto Rico," in spite of the fact that out of sixty-six municipalities the Federals held forty-four and the Republicans only twenty-two! Such is American Liberty in Porto Rico!

Some time ago two comrades—Hascher, a German, and S. Raines, an American—were sent to prison for protesting against the cruel treatment of workmen in the prison at San Juan, and recently Hascher was clubbed in the streets while reading a protest against the same inhumanities. But notwithstanding all obstacles the movement grows. This is the day of its trial and suffering—the day of its triumph will come, and is nearer perhaps than we think. Speed the day!

J. S.



LAUGHTER, A GIFT OF THE GODS.

"Oh, glorious laughter! thou man loving spirit, that for a time dost take the burden from the weary back—that dost lay salve to the feet, bruised and cut by flints and shards—that takes blood-baking Melancholy by the nose, and maketh it grim despite itself—that all the sorrows of the past, the doubts of the future confoundest in the joy of the present—that maketh man truly philosophic—conqueror of himself and care. What was talked of as the golden chain of Love was nothing but a succession of laughs, a chromatic scale of merriment, reaching from earth to Olympus."—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

* * *

If you have any envy in you, my melancholy friend, envy the man who can enjoy a laugh which is begun and ended all inside of himself. I suppose there are a few such creatures left; though in the nature of things there cannot be many, for laughter is so completely a social habit that the laughing hyena, because it laughs alone, is the most fearful of animals. Laughter is so entirely social that no man on the street who wants to laugh ever so dares to venture without looking round him, and

then, while gazing into an ash barrel, searching as it were for something just dropped, he relieves himself of his exclamation. Grief may be solitary, but laughter is ashamed of itself when alone.

Old Ben Butler, a sort of Yankee Caesar, jurist, general, commentator and politician, had the faculty of producing a laugh by spontaneous combustion. The counsel on the other side was pleading, when a sound like that of several half-strangled geese was heard from somewhere near the lower end of Benjamin's vest; then the buttons began to undulate and sparkle with the volcanic motion; then Ben's face got red, then purple; then the laugh was swallowed back and kept for another time.

* * *

I am afraid the widespread habit of solemnity is to be laid in great part at the door of printed books. This great continent has not yet found a style, a quality, or a purpose for its distinctive literature. America has no literature yet. She is keeping it for the Socialist age. It will be a free, laughter-loving literature, anchored in the collective life away

far from the shoals and quicksands of individualism.

Laughter is the most disconcerting challenge which can be thrown out into the darkness, where impostors, witches and soul-riders are preparing their caldrons of deceit. Oh, had we acquired the art and courage of laughing on high occasions, how many chains were spared to humanity! For instance, when Schwab, of the Steel Trust, was delivering himself of that solemn eulogy on getting the best of each other before the boys of the East Side of New York city some time ago, why did nobody laugh? One well-timed, well-toned laugh then given would have caused the orator's buncombe to tilt, grow flabby and drop down to the stalest of good nights.

It was for the defense of mankind against solemn chicanery of all sorts that man alone was taught by nature to laugh. To be sure, there is a horse laugh, so called; but it is only a figure of speech for that strong laugh with which a man rides over an absurdity; that sort of a laugh with which the Socialist cavalry will yet ride into the industrial commonwealth.

PETER E. BURROWES.

THE COMRADE

A SCHOLAR'S IGNORANCE OF SOCIALIST TEACHING.

(A Reminiscence.)

In the fall of 1899 Dr. Lester F. Ward, called by many academicians "the American Spencer," delivered a special course of lectures on Pure and Applied Sociology at Leland Stanford Junior University. Among the small number of students that registered for that course were three Socialists, including the writer. We made it our point to take as much of our sociological work together as possible.

It goes without saying that the course of lectures by Dr. Ward was excellent and instructive in many ways. All who joined the class considered it a privilege to listen to the venerable old man on a topic so full of human interest. Himself a man of broad knowledge and a big heart, his two lectures every day breathed a spirit of intense devotion to the cause of human welfare and manifested a burning love for that human progress which Socialists are striving to attain—progress that includes human happiness as well as the achievements that make up our modern capitalistic civilization.

We were particularly delighted with the lecture on "Applied Sociology." The last few lectures were a sort of resumé, and in language strong and clear the scholarly author and scientist proved beyond doubt that Socialists were the only rational beings in the present irrational order, the only persons that aimed to bring about a social state in which the human species would best be preserved. But to the great mortification of our little coterie Dr. Ward expressed his advocacy of Socialism in a manner that was far other than complimentary to the Socialist movement. He stated that he did not agree with the many organized Socialists who aimed at a grand "dividing up" system; that, according to his own philosophy, in order to make the achievements of man subservient to human interests, it would be necessary to establish a system of collective ownership.

One of the group, who is now well known in the movement, put the following questions to the distinguished lecturer:

"Dr. Ward, will you kindly tell us which organized Socialist movement or standard Socialist book advocates a system of 'dividing up' the property of this nation? Is it not true that your sociological conclusions are embodied in the platform and literature of the Socialist movement?"

To which Dr. Ward made the following naive reply:

"I am not acquainted with Karl Marx's 'Capital,' and I never had the time to make a study of Socialism. 'Merrie England' is the only book on Socialism I ever read, and I endorse every word of it. More than that I do not know."

To say the least, we were astonished. Dr. Ward's unpretentious answer explained why there are so many learned men who oppose Socialism.

As a memento of the occasion, the Socialist group presented Dr. Ward with a copy of Prof. Sombart's "Socialism and Social Ideals in the Nineteenth Century." *Wm. Edlin.*



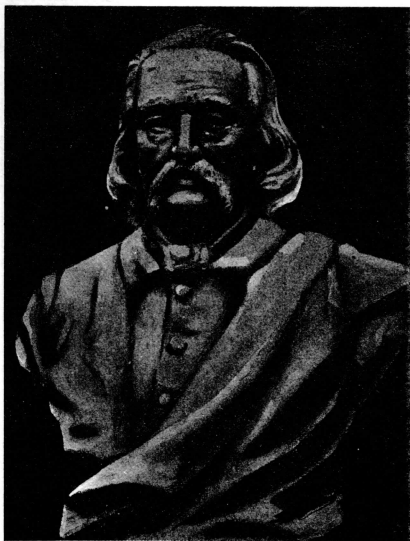
AGAINST

THE CURRENT

THE COMRADE

TO THE MEMORY OF CONSIDERANT.

Fifty years ago the Parisian journals were laughing at "the visionary folly" of Fourier and Considérant, the great Utopian Socialists, and few would have dared prophesy at that time, that half a century later men would rear monuments of bronze or marble to perpetuate their memories. Yet, such is the irony of history. A statue of Fourier has long stood in the Boulevard des Ballignolles, and, one Sunday, recently, a bust of Victor Considérant, by Madame Seymour-Gagneur, was unveiled in his native town of Salins, in the Jura mountains, near Besançon.



Considérant, though not so well-known as Fourier, was really a remarkable man deserving of honor. He was born at Salins on October 12th, 1808, and, having graduated at the Ecole Polytechnique, became a Captain of Artillery in the army, a fact which explains the presence of General André, Minister of War, as president at the unveiling ceremony. He resigned from the army in 1831 in order to assist Fourier in the spread of his theories. He took part in the abortive attempt to establish a Socialist Colony at Condé-sur-Végre in 1832 and was associated with Fourier as editor of "*La Phalanstère*." In 1834 he published "*La Destinée Sociale*," his first important work, and when Fourier died he became the leader of those who held his ideas, and edited the "*Démocratie Pacifique*." He was elected to the National Assembly in 1848 as representative of Loiret, and in the following year he was elected to the Legislative Corps, where he fought strenuously against the schemes of the Prince President Louis Napoleon, which culminated in the *coup d'état* and the Second Empire. In this he followed the ex-

ample of his close friends, St. Simon and Louis Blanc. His indiscretions, however, caused him to flee from the country. He went first to Belgium, then, in 1853, to Texas, where he founded the ill-fated Reunion Colony, near San Antonio. He became a naturalized citizen during his stay in Texas, but returned to France in 1869 to enjoy the rest of his days in peaceful quiet. Although an old man, he became a student of philosophy at the Sorbonne, where his long, thin body and the gray curls which hung over the collar of his old-fashioned coat attracted much notice.

The Parisian art journals are loud in their praises of Mme. Seymour-Gagneur's bust, declaring it a masterpiece of the sculptor's art.

J. S.

They Met in the Better World.

"What cheer?" asked Lord Beaconsfield. "Well," said Mr. Gladstone, "without wishing to appear to—to desire to express what might be termed a controvertible and—and from a certain point of view possibly unwarrantable opinion, one, I should say, calculated to produce, at all events to encourage among that portion of the community which by the inscrutable dispensation of an all-wise Providence is deficient in the faculty of approaching questions in connection with the matters affecting the body politic—to produce, I say, the impression—"

"Say," interrupted Lord B., rather rudely, "are you still up to your old tricks? Tell me, how is the good old Liberal party?"

The Grand Old Man looked around. He satisfied himself that the place was not the House of Commons, there being no Speaker, no mace, no sergeant-at-arms, no Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, nor anybody or anything else of an awe-inspiring nature.

"Well," he said, "to be plain with you, I think, I may say, though it ill becomes me to give utterance to the thought, seeing that—"

Ben once more lost patience with him. "Look here, old boy," said he, "this will really not do. It's true we have eternity before us, but I want no equivocal, circumlocutory statements, and there I see Her Majesty coming toward us, so, pray, be brief."

"Very good," said the G. O. M.; "it would seem, then, that the body we knew as the Liberal party, having lost, through my demise, its head, and with it its tongue, is now gradually losing all its other members, too."

M. W.

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"Heavenly Father," prayed the Czar, "take from me Manchuria, but vouchsafe me a son." "Is he to be like you?" asked a Voice from above.

"Like me, Great God; just like me."

"Then apply to Belzebub."

"Which means," said Pobiedonostsev, "Go to the D——" and the Head of the Holy Synod heaved a sigh.

M. W.

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THE COMRADE

Economics in Epigram and Proletarian Paragraphs.

By COURTENAY LEMON.

The corporation is not a creature of the law, the law is the creature of the corporation.

To ask the capitalist to grant freedom to the workers is to ask him to commit economic suicide.

The materialistic conception of history may be summed up in the saying: "Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

It's a wise slave that knows his own master—and votes against him.

Honesty may be the best policy, but monopoly is a sure thing.

The middle-class fool and his small business are soon parted—in these days of trusts.

"All's well that ends well" is the only thing that can be said in behalf of capitalism—and even that observation will not be apropos until after the social revolution.

Necessity of defending capitalism from revolution is the mother of many inventions by subsidized statisticians and the exponents of erroneous economics and sophistical sociology.

The "reformer's" bark is infinitely worse than his bite.

About election time the politician's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love for the working class.

"The right to work."—The right of others to work for him is a right of which the capitalist is very solicitous. The Socialist is not satisfied with the mere right to work. He also demands that which his work produces.

"We fear the Greeks though bearing gifts," said the Trojans, and so the workers should beware of the capitalist, though he come bearing free libraries. A capitalist is a capitalist for a' that. Philanthropy is the last refuge of a parasite.

If you don't believe in the private ownership of land—you can get off the earth. It belongs to others, and you have no right to be on it.

In the old days when men believed in the divine right of kings, the cry was: "The king can do no wrong." Nowadays, when we believe in the divinity of dollars, it is: "The capitalist can do no wrong."

The individuality produced by capitalism is the individuality of the criminal, the degenerate, the tramp, the prostitute, the miser, the wage-slave and the hog. How picturesque they are! Of course, we need all these types so that society may not be reduced to a dull dead level of equality.

The capitalist has stopped shouting "Socialism would destroy the family" long enough to advise the workman not to marry "until" he can afford the extravagance of a wife. There are so many single men willing to work for less, you know! Meanwhile the dividend-drawing debauchees continue to maintain their hired harems out of the profits fleeced from the workers.

Misery begets the largest part of humanity. Ignorance rears it, Humbug educates it, Tradition enslaves it, Fashion cripples it, Ambition governs it, Greed despoils it, Need kills it, Hypocrisy buries it. M. W.



Fellow Citizens:

The wages of sin is death. Capitalism is a sin, and its wages are naturally fatal.

If the working class would hang together as the ruling classes hang together, the ruling classes would hang together—from the nearest suspension convenience.

When men are out of work they are soon out for work.

Many poor make one rich, but one poor man will not make many rich men.

The young are taught that honesty is the best policy. Upon leaving school they learn that dishonesty leads to success.

The loafers at the Stock Exchange made three days of Labor Day, while a great many toilers were unable to celebrate it at all, or if they did, paid for it.

King Capital insists that Labor and Capital have mutual interests, but he knows that even a Morganatic marriage with Miss Labor is impossible.

Every now and then the blood of America's toilers is spattered upon the Stars and Stripes. As soon as it is blood-red Socialists will plant it upon the dome of the Capitol.

The flags of all nations are assuming the hue of the flag representing the brotherhood of man and the emancipation of the wage slave.

F. K.



"Tramp", New York.

As Capitalism expands, Labor goes to the wall.

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