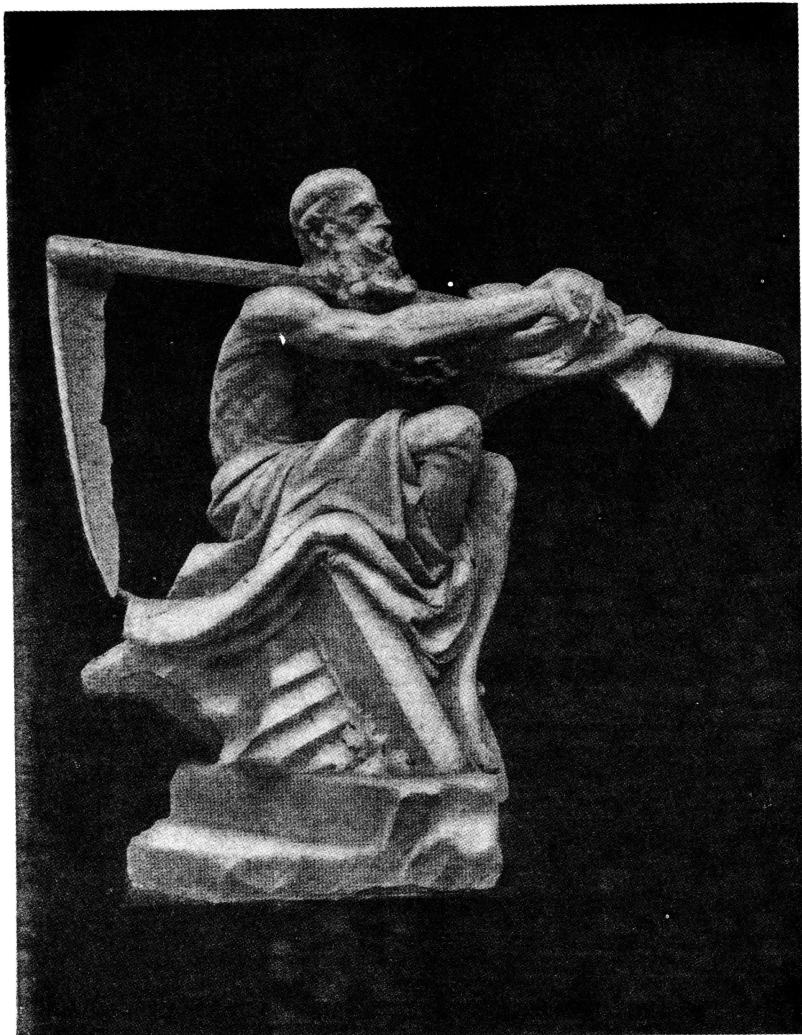


THE COMRADE



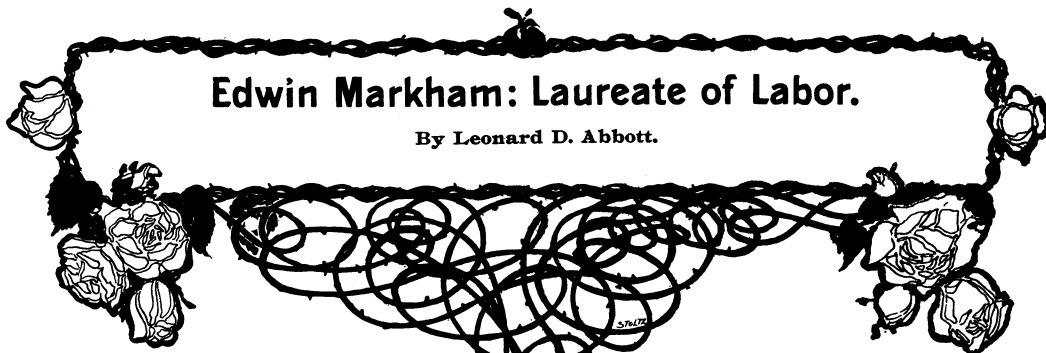
Statue by Josef Rostek.

A Promise of the Coming Years.

FATHER TIME RESTING ON THE BROKEN PILLAR OF CAPITALISM.

Edwin Markham: Laureate of Labor.

By Leonard D. Abbott.



I.

"Markham is played out," said a friend to me the other day. "He has only written one great poem, and that has been much over-rated." The view-point indicated by these remarks has found not infrequent expression, especially in the newspapers. It is based chiefly, I think, on the carping criticism of literary hacks, who write to tickle the palate of a conservative and orthodox public. Most of the "critics" were amazed, not to say chagrined, when Markham's magnificent poem of revolt, "The Man with the Hoe," won him world-wide fame. What right had this man, with his revolutionary thought, his championship of the proletariat, his terrific indictment of the "masters, lords and rulers in all lands," within the sleek and sacred precinct of letters? He has left all the beaten tracks; he has refused to confine his verse to love motives, or to trees and flowers. In his poetry is the voice of the oppressed and the outcast, and he hurls their fierce resentment in the very teeth of the "Gray Privilege" of to-day. No wonder the old-time litterateurs quaked at the vision of this portent and tried to belittle it, for in Markham they beheld a new force, and the germ of a new epoch, in literature.

Such is the feeling inspired by a reading of Markham's last book of poems, a book that is dedicated from its first page to its last to the Free Spirit of Democracy. One of the poems in this volume, "The Sower," is pronounced by no less a critic than Max Nordau to be "more than on a level" with "The Man with the Hoe;" and "Lincoln" may fairly challenge comparison with Markham's masterpiece. To this latter poem Jack London pays the following tribute:

"Not forgetting Walt Whitman's 'O Captain, My Captain,' wet with tears and halting with half-sobs, it is not too much to state that in Mr. Markham's 'Lincoln' the last word has been said. The poem itself is a 'stuff to wear for centuries.' In the centuries to come it is inevitable that it shall be coupled with the name of Lincoln. If its author had made no other bid for fame, this one bid would suffice. It is an inspired biography, an imperishable portraiture of a man, and so long as the memory of Lincoln endures will it endure."

Hardly less great is "The Sower," a poem written after seeing Millet's picture of that name and instinct with the Socialist spirit. Of this sower, who typifies the working class of the world, Markham writes:

He is the stone rejected, yet the stone
Whereon is built metropolis and throne.
Out of his toil come all their pompous shows,
Their purple luxury and plush repose!
The grime of this bruised hand keeps tender white
The hands that never labor, day nor night.
His feet that know only the field's rough floors
Send lordly steps down echoing corridors ...
This is the World-Will climbing to its goal,
The climb of the unconquerable Soul—

Democracy whose sure insurgent stride
Jars kingdoms to their ultimate stone of pride.
And ever this thought recurs, that "the strong
young Titan of Democracy" shall one day become con-
scious of his strength and power, and take his own.
The great Leader shall arise at last—

Lover of men, thinker and doer and seer,
The hero who will fill the labor throne
And build the Comrade Kingdom, stone by stone;
That kingdom that is greater than the Dream
Breaking through ancient vision, gleam by gleam—
Something that Song alone can faintly feel,
And only Song's wild rapture can reveal.

America's is to be the proud destiny of winning the
new era in human progress. Her's is the mission to
"take the toiler from his brutal fate—the toiler hang-
ing on the Labor Cross." Already Germany "hears the
great Labor Angel down the night, crying, 'Behold my
judgments are at hand!'" And France and Belgium
"feel the young pulses of the days to be, and hear far
voices call them to aspire." America shall lead them all:

But harken, my America, my own,
Great Mother, with the hill-flower in your hair!
Diviner is that light you bear alone,
That dream that keeps your face forever fair. . .
The armed heavens lean down to hear your fame,
America: rise to your high-born part!
The thunders of the sea are in your name,
The splendors and the terrors in your heart.

Edwin Markham's democracy is as inclusive as
Nature itself. All his verse is permeated by "the tang
and odor of the primal things." "The winging whis-
per of a homing bird," "the gladness of the wind that
shakes the corn," "the pity of the snow that hides all
scars,"—such are some of his wonderful phrases. He
makes us fall in love with Nature anew, and draws
us nearer to the great common life of the world. He
has written no more lovely poem than that on "The
Wall Street Pit," in which he contrasts the "surge and
whirl" of its mad faces with the sane life "on stiller
ways." He writes:

Thrice happier they who, far from these wild hours,
Grow softly as the apples on a bough.
Wiser the ploughman with his scudding blade,
Turning a straight fresh furrow down a field—
Wiser the herdsman whistling to his heart,
In the long shadows at the break of day—
Wiser the fisherman with quiet hand,
Slanting his sail against the evening wind.

The swallow sweeps back from the south again,
The green of May is edging all the boughs,
The shy arbutus glimmers in the wood,
And yet this hell of faces in the town—
This storm of tongues, this whirlpool roaring on,
Surrounded by the quiets of the hills;
The great calm stars forever overhead,
And, under all, the silence of the dead!

THE COMRADE

Edwin Markham is the first real poet of Labor. It is true that Shelley has given us some stirring revolutionary ballads, and many beautiful lines alive with the social passion. Morris, too, has bequeathed to the world a little sheaf of exquisite Socialist poems. Some of the minor poets have written "labor" poems that will live. But Edwin Markham, more than any other poet in the English language, can claim the honor of being the Bard of Labor,—the true product of the last great movement that is destined to shake the world to its base.

II.

Not long ago I spent a few hours with Edwin Markham in his Staten Island home. It was a dull winter's morning, yet not without a certain picturesqueness of its own. As we looked out from the windows of the house, we could see the thin lines left by a recent snow-storm tracing out the furrows on the fields, and the delicate tracery of waving branches stood out in clear relief against the sky-line. The log-fire crackled cheerfully before us and on the wall at my side hung one of G. F. Watts' poetic paintings.

We talked of many things that morning,—of Art, of Literature, of Music, of Socialism. I found Mr. Markham much interested in the growth and the struggles of the Socialist movement, in "The Comrade" and other Socialist journals, and in the attempts of Socialism to realize itself in the literary and artistic field.

"The only real future for Art," he said, "lies in the service of the new social ideal. It must be a democratic Art, through and through. And with this new Art ideal, a new economic ideal is beginning to demand a new world, wherein we shall ask nothing for ourselves or our children that all others cannot have on equal terms. The Book of Kings is closed, and the Book of the People is opening."

We have already had a foretaste of the new democratic art, he continued. Millet has painted it; Wagner has sung it; Tolstoy has told its stories; Hauptmann has been its dramatist; Shelley and Morris, Whitman and Carpenter, have been its poets.

"Morris was right," added Mr. Markham, "when he said that 'Art was the expression of man's joy in his work.' We need more joy in the world. Once we make humanity truly happy, the 'problems' will settle themselves. The heart of man to-day is frozen; it needs thawing out."

I asked him how he thought man might come into his own.

"First and foremost through a more just and brotherly society," he replied; "Life, to-day, is too selfish, too sordid, too individualistic. Men who spend their whole lives in the struggle for bread grow dead to the finer instincts and sympathies. We

need to divert the strenuous energies of to-day into more altruistic channels. We need to live a simpler life, closer to nature. We need to win into our social life, through co-operation, more security, more peace, more leisure. Thus we shall work out the brute-man, and work in the Christ-man. Thus we shall get a soul into the world."

"You do not think then, that it is necessary to bribe genius in order to get Art? You are not afraid that incentive will die out, if men organize a comfortable social life?" I asked.

"No," he said, "the greatest works of Art have been produced not for gain, but because men have loved their Art, and were happy in it. At the same time," he added, "too great luxury has ruined the artist, as has the worry of poverty. We want the happy mean between the two."

When I questioned the poet as to his views of future social progress, I found him something of a social agnostic.

"I think you Socialists are wrong when you lay all your stress on economic interest," he said; "It seems to me that the ethical impulse is as strong as the economic impulse, if you can appeal to men in the right way. At any rate, these social problems have appealed to me almost wholly from the ethical point of view."

"I think you are also too narrow, some of you," he continued. "Don't be too sure that the problem is going to work out just as you think it will. There are many factors contributing. The Single-Taxer is doing his part; the Social Settlement is doing its part; and there are a thousand other tendencies all working toward the same general end. I frankly confess that I do not know just what is to be our ultimate."

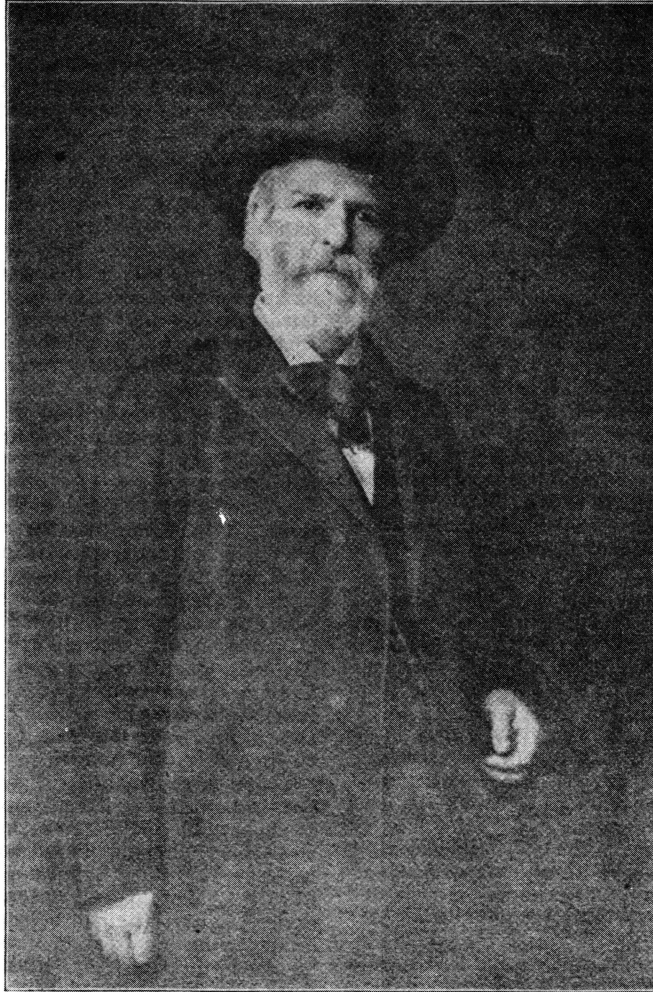
"Does it not seem to you," I said, "that Socialism is as likely to be our goal as anything else? Does not the

Co-operative Commonwealth, the great Fraternal State, fulfil your ideal?"

"I think the problem is as likely to work out that way as any other," he replied; "but, after all, we none of us know with any certainty. We are like men waiting in the dark night for the dawn. We know that the sunrise will come, and that it will be beautiful. But whether it will come with the cloudless blue, or with the banked clouds, or with the wind, or with the rain,—who can tell?"

I bade my host good-bye, and as I walked down the country road, I turned to catch a last glimpse of his bronzed figure and Viking head.

Edwin Markham is one of the hero-men, and his name will live.



EDWIN MARKHAM. Photo by Arnold Genthi, S. F.

Why he did it.

By M. WINCHEVSKI.

Dr. Binsky's spacious parlor on East Broadway was the scene of a very animated discussion one Sunday evening a few months ago. Besides several brother-physicians, attracted, I am afraid, less by the fame of their confrere than by the really charming personality of his youthful and cultured spouse, there were on that occasion a couple of journalists off duty, some married and unmarried ladies, all, needless to say, as young as possible, and a fair sprinkling of lawyers, successful and otherwise. As is always the case among what you might call the Upper 400 on the lower East Side, everybody talked Russian, had Darwin and Spencer at his or her fingers' tips, and a good deal to say about Gorki, the last Grand Opera season, and the prospective yacht-race, though in a much lesser degree.

But nobody said it. Like the rest of the world, they had little or no thought for anything except the Buffalo tragedy. The gloom which pervaded the country was visible more or less on every countenance, particularly among those of the guests who were either avowed anarchists or to some extent in sympathy with the anarchist philosophy. Not even the appearance on the table of the samovar, the genuine article, if you please, the one thing every man and woman born on Russian soil either loves or affects to love, could do aught to mitigate the prevailing depression.

For a moment, and for one only, was there something like a mirthful breeze in that evening's heavy atmosphere. It was caused by an innocent remark of Mrs. Binsky's pretty little daughter, a child about four years old, who, upon hearing the name of the dead President mentioned, wanted to know whether or not Mr. Bryan did it.

In the course of the conversation nearly every case in history bearing some sort of resemblance to the one in question was gone through. The story of Sisera and Jael was hinted at by a gentleman well versed in Bible lore, and, not finding any acceptance, owing to its palpable irrelevance, at once gave way to a consideration of other incidents in the records of the past. But neither the story of Tell, nor the tragic end of Caesar, nor that of Marat, nor the assassination of Alexander II., of King Humbert, nor any other case of that nature seemed analogous enough to throw the least light on the matter under discussion.

"It's no use talking," said one of the lawyers, laconically summing up the case, "the thing is simply unaccountable."

"Yes, absolutely unaccountable!" the hostess chimed in, and the counsellor's opinion was accepted "nemine contradicente."

At this point an elderly man came into the parlor from the adjoining room, where he had been sitting and smoking and studying the ceiling, evidently undesirous to take any part in what he must have considered a fruitless talk. As he took a seat by the table, he looked like one just arisen from a long sleep, who had dreamed of something, and felt like telling it.

"I am afraid, you are wrong," said he, addressing the lady of the house, who, without consulting his wishes, had meanwhile filled and placed before him a glass of tea with lemon,—"the thing is perfectly accountable, provided you start from the right premises. With you the only alternative seems to be: crazy or criminal, and that is where you are all wrong. Not that the man may not be either the one or the other, or both. But besides being purely hypothetical, it is, from a psychological point of view, entirely worthless. Whether you call it crime or madness, the question still remains, What was it that led the man to do it? Now, to give a satisfactory answer, even to attempt to do so, one would have to know a great deal more about the perpetrator of that deed than what can be learned from the papers, and I don't. How should I, seeing that even the anarchists dis-

claim all knowledge of him. However, I know of a parallel case which might throw some light on this mystery. It is a pretty long story. Would you have the patience to hear it?"

Most of those present now found they had some very pressing engagements elsewhere. They anticipated a very long talk, and our friend was by no means a popular talker. Those of us who stayed to the end certainly had no reason to consider their attention ill bestowed.

Here is his story slightly boiled down.

* * *

As you all know, the beginning of the terrorist movement in Russia coincided with the increased persecution of the socialists in Germany as a result of the Coercion Act passed by the Reichstag in the fall of 1878 at the instance of Prince Bismarck. Italy and Austria, anxious not to be behindhand in this matter, naturally followed suit, without having recourse to any special legislation, their existing laws proving fully severe enough. As a consequence of such a state of affairs, France and Switzerland, and, above all, England were daily receiving "reds" as fugitives from those other countries.

I, at that time, lived in Paris, and there frequently visited an international socialist gathering-place on Rue d'Arbre Sec. The German element predominating, most of the lectures were delivered in that language.

One Saturday night we had what you might call a rare treat. A charming Russian young lady, a medical student from the Sorbonne, gave us in as good German as could be desired a discourse on "Woman under Socialism." In spite of her rather faulty delivery she produced a great impression, and was voted, with one dissentient voice, a success by acclamation. That one "non-content" was a young man, decidedly good looking, well built, with a southern temper and a northern complexion. His nationality was a mystery then as afterward. In Rue d'Arbre Sec that was his first appearance. The fair lecturer had no sooner sat down than he rose, or rather jumped to his feet, and in the guise of a question roundly abused her. According to him she had been talking the rankest moonshine, was nothing but one of those milk-and-water socialists, who fooled themselves and others with the absurd notion, that a social revolution could be carried out by means of corrupt ballots. The chairman being more or less in sympathy with the young "questioner's" views (he had been expelled from his native Berlin under the "minor state of siege" then recently proclaimed by the Fatherland) the speaker went on in that strain for quite a while, his fire and fury increasing in volume all the time. Having most emphatically declared that the lecturer was nothing but a mere woman after all, he resumed his seat amid some applause.

A lively debate ensued. When all was over, the two young people had come dangerously near quarrelling, a contingency which was only averted by the lady suddenly putting on her things, and leaving the hall, escorted by one of the Russian male-students there present.

I would fain dwell a little longer on what is to follow, but, not to try your patience too much, I will just say that, as is not infrequently the case, the altercation of that evening soon led to as romantic an "intrigue" as ever was concocted by the impudent little rascal we have all of us known, mostly to our sorrow.

The day after the encounter the young man felt he had been more than unduly harsh in his attack on the young lady. He had to go and apologize, he certainly could do no less, oh, no! He made up his mind to try and meet her at the entrance of the Sorbonne as she was leaving, after her studies, but more than a week passed by without his suc-

ceeding in catching a glimpse of her. One way or another he finally learned that she was ill, and would not come back to college very soon.

While Peter (that is what we shall call him, though it was not his name) was in this plight, Agnes (by which name I shall henceforth let the young lady go) received a letter from Russia containing a piece of bad news. Her favorite brother, a student at the Moscow university had been arrested in connection with some rather serious political affair, and . . . well, you can easily imagine the rest. It was this piece of intelligence which had so upset her as to render her too ill to go on with her studies.

After the lapse of some weeks, perhaps months, I would not be certain, Peter at last succeeded in finding out her whereabouts, and one day timidly knocked at her door. To his great surprise she received him not only kindly, but even cordially, and as he stammered his excuses she interrupted him with the remark:

"You were quite right. I talked like a goose, and I know better now. The ruling classes are bent on violence, and they shall have all they want."

Peter was amazed. The girl was entirely changed. The conversation which followed revealed the reason for her transformation, as he inwardly called it; the trouble into which her brother had been plunged was at the bottom of it all.

He went away from her elated. As a full-fledged revolutionist Agnes appeared to him head and shoulders above all the women he had ever met. She was simply perfect, and in spite of the unqualified forgiveness she had just extended to him, he could have torn his tongue out for the brutality he displayed toward her that night at the reunion.

As time wore on they met more and more often.

Meanwhile his reputation in the socialist circles grew. He often took part in the discussions on Rue d'Arbre Sec, where his eloquence came to be universally recognized. One night he delivered a lecture there, taking for his subject "The Degeneracy of the Social Democracy in Germany." He went for Bebel and Liebknecht in a manner to gladden the heart of old Bakunin himself. Nothing more violent was ever heard from the platform of that meeting-place. Nothing so violent was ever so splendidly phrased.

All the time the speech was in progress Agnes' face was a study worthy the attention of a great painter. It attracted, however, only that of a single individual, a dark-eyed, ill-favored man about five years or so her senior, who had evidently come there with the set purpose of observing her. When the meeting was over, and he saw Agnes going out of the hall on the arm of Peter his mind was made up. They were in love with each other.

A few days after this Peter's lecture came up for discussion at the dinner table in Slavsky's Polish restaurant. Agnes, who was present, made no attempt to conceal her gratification at the praise so generously and generally given to Peter's spirited discourse. At the same time she could not help noticing that the individual I just mentioned was busy whispering to a lady she did not know, while occasionally glancing at herself in a mysterious sort of way.

She was on the point of leaving the house, having just settled her bill, when the following phrase, venomously pronounced, struck her ear:

"Not everybody who talks revolution is a revolutionist. In France, more than anywhere else, there is such a thing as an agent provocateur."

Without knowing why, Agnes felt stung to the quick.

In the evening Peter came to see her. She received him in a way that made him feel very happy and at the same time a little perplexed. There was an unusual amount of ostentation about her manner, a kind of exaggeration in her protestations of friendship in which he thought he could detect something like a false note. She looked a little pale, too.

"Is anything the matter with you?" he asked her.

"Nothing," she said after a moment's hesitation, "I have a slight headache."

He proposed a walk. The fresh air would do her good. She thought so too, and they went out.

They reached the Rue de Rivoli, and started to walk toward the Louvre along that busy thoroughfare.

A number of things were discussed as they walked on, and Victor Hugo's "History of a Crime" having been touched upon by Agnes, the conversation which had hitherto lacked spirit became more like what it should be among true dwellers of the Latin Quarter. At this point, however, an incident occurred which, while insignificant in itself, served to put a damper on the animated conversation of the two young people.

A well-dressed man had passed them by, walking in the opposite direction, had raised his hat and exchanged a friendly nod with Peter. Agnes stole a glance at her companion, and he appeared to her somewhat confused. She was delicate enough to ask no questions, and, as Peter did not volunteer any explanation, she made an effort to resume the "History of a Crime," but without avail. A noise of some kind, coming from a cafe close by, engaged their attention for a while, and, that over, they both agreed it was time they crossed the river to the South, so that Agnes might go home.

"He never told me who that man was," she thought as she was getting ready for her night's rest.

She recalled the man's searching look and his military gait, and the more she was brooding over it all, the more she felt convinced that Peter was acquainted with some queer persons.

In the morning she got up greatly out of sorts, having spent a very restless night.

* * *

In the spring of 1880 a free fight took place in the hall on Rue d'Arbre Sec after one of the usual lectures. I have never been able to ascertain the real cause of it. There was a rumor to the effect that an agent of the secret police, in the guise of a red-hot revolutionist, had started the whole affair. But whatever the cause, the result was disastrous. Some half-dozen of us were arrested on the spot, and a week or so afterward expelled, as foreigners, from France. Agnes and myself, the most innocent of all, were among the number.

Peter's absence on that occasion struck all of us as, to say the least, very peculiar.

On the second of April we landed in England.

In London we all joined the Communist Workingmen's Educational Club. With a few exceptions the members were all German's, so that our ignorance of the English language hardly bothered us. Agnes soon became a general favorite.

Exactly what her relations with Peter were at that time has never transpired. When, however, he joined us in London, and it was noticed that Agnes not only never came to the Club or left it in his company, but very rarely put in an appearance at all, it became pretty evident that a "rupture" must have taken place.

Not to weary you with too many details, I will just say that the more people in London saw of Peter or heard him in public, the more Agnes was praised for keeping aloof from him. And as his speeches grew in violence just in proportion as the general distrust toward him became more and more palpable to him, that same violence of language went on increasing in intensity and volubility. Thus his desire to prove himself sincere only tended to convince everybody else of the contrary, and, then, as he came to realize it more and more fully, and, owing to that very fact his face and manner with every further effort betrayed more and more a kind of uncomfortable feeling, the verdict: "guilty" was universally agreed upon. It was deferred solely because there was, after all, no direct evidence to justify its promulgation.

To the chain of circumstantial evidence the last and most important link was soon added. In the fall of the same year a letter was received from Germany conveying the startling intelligence that a man who had been the steward of the Club, and had left England to claim an inheritance in Hamburg, was arrested in that city promptly on his arrival. It being known that Peter lodged with him, there no longer seemed to be any room for doubt, and he was given to understand that his room was preferable to his company in the Club as elsewhere.

Meanwhile his passion for Agnes fairly devoured him. She now treated him with open contempt, and, as time wore on he became mentally and physically a ruined man.

After a lapse of several months, during which he almost seemed to avoid her, he one evening madly rushed into her room. Without waiting for any explanation on his part, Agnes told him to go.

"I am going," he said, "I did not come to stay—" He stopped as if to regain his breath, and then ejaculated in a manner that horrified the girl:

"I will prove to you, Agnes, that I am the only true man

in your whole crowd." Thereupon he slammed the door, and went away.

For the space of a year or so he disappeared from the surface, but our new steward, having one day run across him on the street, declared that he looked like a perfect maniac.

All the time the Fenian outrages, as they were called, were increasing in fury, terribly agitating the public mind, and finally culminating in the assassination of Cavendish and Burke in Dublin.

Shortly afterward a young man attempted to kill a member of the royal family, and was consigned to a lunatic asylum without much ado.

"Tell her, I'm not a spy!" he muttered as he was caught, which was all that was ever got out of him.

Needless to say, the young man was Peter.

Turning to Mrs. Binsky, our friend added:

"Some day it will be found that this is what was the matter with the assassin of the President, this or something like it. Anyway, 'unaccountable' is a very foolish word, Madam."

A GLORIFIED GRAFTER.*)

H. Gaylord Wilshire has roused the ire of the "Philistine," a journal of art and Advertising, which is published for the elect few and has a circulation of only 110,000. The "Philistine" is got out by Elbert Hubbard, alias Fra Elbertus, alias The Pastor. From time to time there are to be found therein many preachments on the joy of minding your own business and being kind, in which the Pastor admonishes the faithful to surround their respective Egos with an aura of love and send out vibrations of loving kindness to all humanity. But when any brother scribe displeases him, the gentle Hubbard sits down to write with a Dictionary of Billingsgate at one hand and a copy of the Libel Laws at the other and he uses as much of the former as he can without violating the latter. Hubbard has done some good things in this line—we remember particularly the rhetorical roasts of the prig Professor Peck and a certain Holy Hillis—but his present attack on Wilshire is merely a series of shrieks and squeaks, with but faint facetiousness.

Hubbard's objection to Wilshire seems to be based on the fact that "Wilshire has Van Dyke whiskers, check pants, a hot vest and tan shoes." Shades of Philistia! Hubbard wears a hat of dimensions which necessitate its removal whenever he passes through a doorway, and a Chinese silk necktie which strikes him in the solar plexus. This necktie was once worn by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne as a sash. Hubbard has no hair on the top of his head, the place where the hair ought to grow, but a fringe of locks which the scythe of Time, like the scissors of the barber, has spared, falls to his shoulders, done into beautiful hand-made curls. He also sports a Soulful Gaze and a Seraph Smile. This Large, Luscious Personality is one of Hubbard's most valuable assets. And yet he bases his criticism of Wilshire on personal peculiarities! Hubbard's singular Get-up is doubtless more artistic than Wilshire's Glad Raiment—but is it not strange that a man of his fearful and wonderful appearance should criticize the personal peculiarities of a brother Unconventionalist? As a vaudeville team Elbert and Gaylord would make a notable hit.

As an advertiser Fra Elbertus is an artist. Hubbard is probably the greatest self-advertiser in the land, with Wilshire a close second and Mr. Bok a winded third. The Pastor's show of spleen savors of professional jealousy. The December number of the "Philistine" shows too many of "the loving marks of the Hammer." The Hammer and the James seem to be the only tools left in the Roycroft kit. The Roycroft Roaster should re-read a certain preachment of his own on Knocking, known as "Chicago Tongue." We admire the wit that withers or the rage that roars, if it roars effectively; but we do not enjoy the back-fence acrimony of a common scold, and it is this quality which characterizes the Pastor's recent regrettable effort.

We do not write these lines in defense of Wilshire, nor because we approve of his methods. Wilshire says so much about himself

that it is unnecessary for anyone else to add anything. But there is a principle involved. Wilshire has been made the victim of Edwin Czar Madden, Third Assistant Postmaster General, the fatuous flunkey who is trying to suppress Socialist and labor papers by a denial of second class rates. Wilshire has been denied the right of petition and his magazine has been driven to Canada, but he is not the only one who has had to suffer the persecutions arising from class rule. These outrageous violations of the constitutional rights of a free press should meet with universal and indignant protest. Hubbard thinks that Wilshire taunts Madden with having been a locomotive fireman. He errs. Madden is one of the species known as "Labor Fakirs," who used his position in the labor movement to boost himself into office under a capitalistic government. That such an individual should now be endeavoring to suppress Socialist publications is the cause of Wilshire's sarcasm.

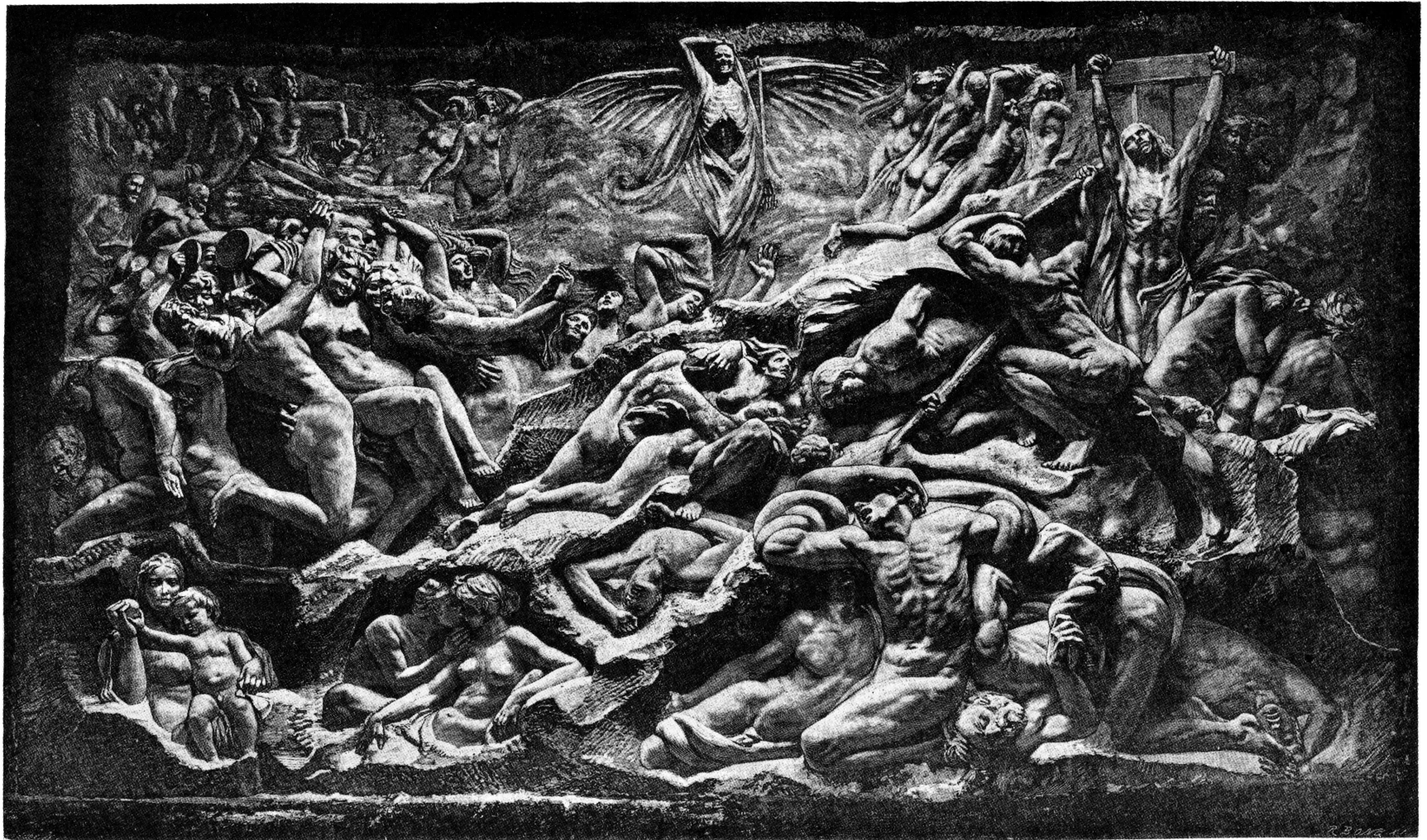
We are sorry that Hubbard has gone grievously wrong in this matter, for he has written many strong and beautiful things—and stolen some others which are even better. It is reported that Madden is going to get after the "mail order journals" next and there are those who think this might include the "Philistine"—so Fra Elbertus had better keep mum. If the "Philistine" should be suppressed, whether by Madden or Anthony Comstock, we should all mourn, for many good things have appeared therein. Wilshire's magazine was suppressed for the remarkable reason that it was published to "advertise his ideas." Now if Hubbard has any ideas he is in danger. At least he "advertises" other people's ideas, and Mr. Madden isn't likely to distinguish. For the ideas which Wilshire advertised were the ideas of Karl Marx, just as the ideas which Hubbard advertises are part of the ideas of William Morris. And by the way, William Morris was also a disciple of Karl Marx, and a Socialist agitator and member of the same Social Democratic Federation in England as was Wilshire.

Fra Elbertus has a great deal to say about Morris' ideals of work and art, but nothing to say about Morris as a revolutionist. Morris knew that work would become art and life be free and joyous only under Socialism, and he worked for Socialism as the only state of society under which the fulfillment of his ideals would become possible. But his disciple at East Aurora hobnobs with the plutocrats, and writes such things as "The Message to Garcia" for the use of the plutes who are looking for docile slaves. Hubbard doesn't want any social change. Oh no, the present Graft is good enough for him, thank you.

Fra Elbertus should take a Little Liver Pill and return to the spirit which animated his earlier days, before success had soured his style and stultified his soul.

COURTENAY LEMON.

*) Written for simultaneous publication in "The Worker" and "The Comrade".



"The Human Passions" by J. Kambeaux.

JANUARY, 1902.

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Right heartily we bid our readers "A Glad New Year" and hope that the new year will be regarded but as a fresh opportunity for service and effort in our great cause. Every Socialist will wish at the outset of 1902 that it may be a successful year from the point of view of Socialism and Socialist propaganda, and if each of us regards each of its days as a fresh opportunity to do something for Socialism, the wish will not be a vain one.

* * *

For ourselves, whilst remembering that good intentions are said to pave the way to a very undesirable place, we nevertheless declare our intention of continuing to improve "The Comrade," making each succeeding issue better than its predecessor. Upon that understanding we venture to ask for a continuance of the very generous support which has so far been accorded us.

* * *

From far and near we continue to receive the most gratifying assurances of the esteem in which this magazine is held. Our Comrade George D. Herron writes from Locarno, Switzerland: "The Comrade" is beautiful, and there is nothing to compare with it in the Socialist movement in any country. It has the morning glow about it. I am delighted with it." Edward Carpenter, in a kind and cheerful letter, says: "I like 'The Comrade' very well. You have effected a good 'blend,' and I wish the venture success." Eugene V. Debs, in a characteristically generous letter, says: "Each number

is read with profit and delight. Subscriptions should come to you in such numbers that they would have to await their turn to be fulfilled."

There are many such letters from various parts of the world, but we have only space for mention of one other. Our friend, E. N. Richardson, of the "Appeal to Reason," writes enthusiastically in praise of the November issue. "It has been said," he writes, "that there was not room for another Socialist magazine, but 'The Comrade' recalls to my mind the old axiom—There is always room at the top.'"

We, of course, have held that view from the beginning, and we think that our view has been justified. Still we are by no means satisfied and shall continue striving toward the top.

* * *

We have always regarded Rudyard Kipling as the poet par excellence of blood and hate, national brigandage, brutality and shame, and all else that masquerades under the high-sounding name, "Imperialism." Half in jest someone once called him "the Bloodyard Stripling," and there was certainly truth enough in the taunt to compensate for its lack of elegance and taste. Not even "McAndrew's Hymn" and the "Recessional" are sufficient to atone for the fact that he is the Laureate of hate and militarism—and surely never was greater prostitution of great gifts! Now, however, there is a rival for that position—we had almost said "honor"—in the person of Algernon Charles Swinburne! The turbulent singer who erstwhile sang of Revolt and whose heroes were such men as Kossuth, Victor Hugo and Trelawny ("Sea-King, Swordsman, hater of wrong"), sings approvingly now of carnage in South Africa. Swinburne, who, many years ago, went out of his way to disavow "royalism" and "imperialism," out jingoes even the greatest jingo of them all in his support of that capitalist war of aggression! In a poem in the London Saturday Review the apostate poet commemorates the death of Colonel Benson and after referring to the sorrow and pride of Northumberland in such a loss, he continues:

Nor heed we more than he what liars dare
 say
 Of mercy's holiest duties left undone
 Toward whelps and dams of murderous
 foes, whom none
 Save we had spared or feared to starve and
 slay.

Kipling himself could scarcely do better, or worse, than that!

After justifying severity in this fashion, he turns his attention to the German comments upon English methods of warfare—comments due to the provocative language of that arch-conspirator, Mr. Chamberlain, and, somewhat inconsistently, cries out:
 Alone as Milton and as Wordsworth found
 And hailed their England, when from all
 around

Howled all the recreant hate of envious
 knaves,
 Sublime she stands; while, stifled in the
 sound,

Each lie that falls from German boors and
 slaves
 Falls but as filth dropt in the wandering
 waves.

Kipling had better look to his laurels!

* * *

After the foregoing, it is interesting to recall that it used to be the fashion to sing Swinburne's verses at Socialist and anti-royalist meetings. Here is a song which surely justifies our calling him the "apostate poet." It is still sung at Socialist gatherings in England:

Clear the way, my lords and lackeys! you
 have had your day.
 Here you have your answer—England's yea
 against your nay:
 Long enough your house has held you; up,
 and clear the way.

Lust and falsehood, craft and traffic, pre-
 cedent and gold,
 Tongue of courtier, kiss of harlot, promise
 bought and sold,
 Gave you heritage of Empire over thralls
 of old.

Now that all these things are rotten, all their
 gold is rust,
 Quenched the pride they live by, dead the
 faith, and cold the lust,
 Shall their heritage not also turn to dust?

By the grace of these they reigned who left
 their sons their sway
 By the grace of these what England says her
 lords unsay:
 Till at last her cry goes forth against them—
 Clear the way!

By the grace of trust in treason knaves have
 lived and lied,
 By the grace of fear and folly fools have fed
 their pride:
 By the strength of sloth and custom reason
 stands defied.

Lest perchance your reckoning on some lat-
 ter day be worse,
 Halt and hearken, lords of land and princes
 of the purse,
 Ere the tide be full that comes with blessing
 and with curse.

Where we stand, as where you sit, scarce
 falls a sprinkling spray,
 But the wind that swells, the wave that fol-
 lows, none shall stay,
 Spread no more of sail for shipwreck: out,
 and clear the way!

* * *

A writer in our English contemporary, "Justice," has the following in reference to Swinburne's apostasy:

THOUGHTS ON SWINBURNE.

A Poet dwelt on Putney Heath
 Who looked with scorn on kings beneath,
 And gave us many a jocund feast
 Of slashed and gory pope and priest;
 But years have passed and now long since
 He loves his former self to mince,
 And ranges him among the slain
 Or prisoners of Chamberlain!

W. C. Saville.

THE COMRADE

Perhaps the most fitting memorial of the anniversary of the death of William Morris in October, though not apparently intended as such, was the appearance of "The Craftsman," issued by the United Crafts at Eastwood, N. Y. The United Crafts is a guild of cabinetmakers and workers in leather and metal formed for the purpose of promoting the principles of art and life established by Morris. In the interests of art they seek to "substitute the luxury of taste for the luxury of costliness: to teach that beauty does not imply elaboration or ornament; to employ only those forms and materials which make for simplicity, individuality and dignity of effect."

They declare also for Socialism and accept without reserve the proposition of Morris: "It is right and necessary that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome, nor over-anxious."

The first issue of "The Craftsman" was fittingly devoted to a study and appreciation of the life, work and influence of the Master himself. The magazine is printed, as might be expected from the disciples of him whose own artistic printed work will go down to posterity with the work of the Flemings, in excellent style and there are several good illustrations, though we trust we may not be thought too hypercritical if we say that, in our judgment, the portrait of Morris is scarcely equal in quality of execution to the letterpress itself. Other numbers since issued include a monograph upon Ruskin and

"A Study of the Rise of the Guild System in Europe."

The importance of art in its relation to life cannot be overstated, and for that reason we hail with satisfaction every protest against the ugliness of this commercial age in which art is so debased and enthralled; and when, as in this case, the protest is strengthened by earnest effort in the right direction, we are particularly grateful. Therefore, we wish The United Crafts every success and bespeak for "The Craftsman" a cordial welcome.

* * *

J. Lambeaux's "The Human Passions," which we reproduce on another page, is a wonderful production of the fine arts. Gigantic marble relief though it is, no one can fail to be impressed with the genius of the artist who shows us, as if in a mirror, the passions which either ennoble or degrade us. Nothing else portrays more vividly the passions which sway the human being for either good or evil. Pure love is contrasted with brutal love. Hate, avarice and envy are brought out in such a striking manner that one is unconsciously led to say with Ruskin that the sculptor "paints with his chisel." All other human passions are there carved in stone—allegorically reading a moral based on what is real in human life. That the effort of the artist is well appreciated is amply proven by the fact that the Belgian government built a Temple in Cinquantenaire Park, at Brussels, for the special purpose of exhibiting "The Human Passions," the crowning work of J. Lambeaux.

* * *

Apropos of the study in Anarchist psychology embodied in the story by M. Winchevsky, which we present on another page, it is interesting to note that at least a part of his ingenious theory has already found a striking parallel in real life. In "Free Society," the English organ of the Anarchist-Communists in this country, under the date of October 13 last, appears the following editorial notice. We present it without comment:

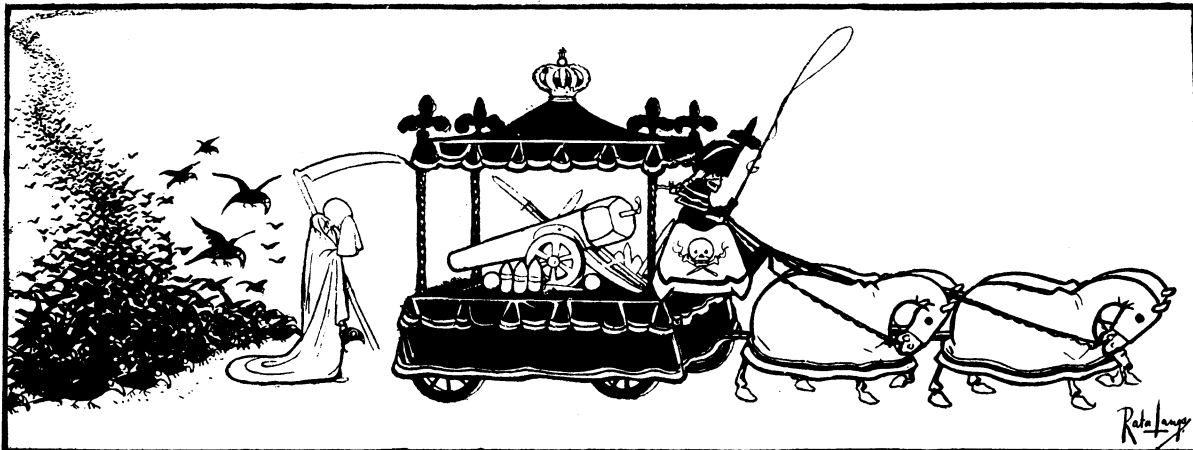
LEON F. CZOLGOSZ.

In the issue of September 1 of "Free Society," there appears a note of warning against a person as a spy. It is now practically certain that the person alluded to was Leon F. Czolgosz. Although at the time the warning seemed justified, it was an error. No matter what opinion one may have of Czolgosz, it will be admitted that he was not a spy. For that note, I offer to Leon F. Czolgosz, hated and despised as he is by all the world, an apology. ABE ISAAK, JR.

* * *

The Socialist Convention at Toronto on Thanksgiving Day was a pronounced success and there is now hope that Canada will no longer be content to remain in the rear of the Socialist movement of the world. For a couple of years or so there has been a vague and indefinite attempt at Socialist propaganda but nothing that could aspire to the dignity of a "movement." We wish our Canadian comrades every success and hope that Jonny Canuck, the young partner of the firm "John Bull & Co." will prove a tower of strength to the great world army of Socialism.





Only Death and the Vultures of Hell will weep at the Bier of Militarism!

Dialogue between the Machine Gun and the Mauser.

Overheard in the Philippines by FRANK STUHLMAN.

"H'm, h'm! Hot work and dusty," grumbled the Machine Gun, as he blew a puff of powder grime from his black mouth. "I wish somebody would swab out my throat. That's the way with men. It's good old Destroyer when I'm doing dirty work for them, but when it's done I can take care of myself!"

"Hot work? Well, I've seen a little of it to-day myself," shrilled a voice by the side of the Gun, as a Mauser swelled to emulate his larger companion.

"Well, little brother," sniffed the Machine Gun, in contempt, "what have you done in the cause of civilization and humanity?"

"O, not so much as yourself, great Destroyer, but quite a bit in my small way. Our captain went out to find an insurgent camp. We found them all right," and the Mauser leered. "One volley, and a charge sent them flying to the bush, the cowards! True, they had only bolos, and our command was armed with brothers of mine—and we send a ball through a man a mile away. Small good did it do them, the rebels! We surrounded the jungle, and some of us beat the tangle, driving the savages out in the open. Then there was fun. We popped them over as fast as they ran out. And the captain honored *me* by employing my services himself. The captain is a good hunter, but he said it was the finest sport he ever had. Like knocking over jackrabbits. Still it didn't seem just right to me to kill them just because they wanted independence. 'A thing very precious to Americans,' I heard the general say in a speech."

"You don't understand," growled the Machine Gun. The Anglo-Saxons are the chosen people, and the other races were made to be exploited by them. Any who do not submit to be governed and taxed by the elect are desperate savages, and those who resist having the blessings of a Christian civilization thrust upon them are vicious barbarians, and must be exterminated!"

"It may be so! "It may be so," piped the Mauser. "But tell me of your work in extending freedom."

"Well, my throat is pretty sore. Don't feel much like talking. My deeds speak for me. However, you seem to be a good little fellow, so I'll tell you a bit. About three hundred men left Cavite yesterday morning for the purpose of pacifying the country. I was taken out and burnished and oiled until I worked like a watch. O, I'm a great pacifier! Ha! Ha! The rebels I meet are always peaceful afterward. Then the colonel gave the order, and away we went. A score of men with ropes pulled me over mountains that are impassable for a horse. How the men cursed and growled as they toiled and sweated in dragging me along! But I repaid them well. Well, this morning, as we neared a village, a bullet hurtled out of the jungle, and down went a soldier who was walking by my side, with a hole

drilled through his lungs. There, you may see a splash of his blood near my muzzle! Then the colonel swore an oath that he would teach the wretches a lesson, and he threw a cordon about the village. Then he ordered me brought up and placed so as to rake the clustered dwellings. I began to be impatient. How slow the gunner was! At last all was ready. How I leap to my work! The mad joy of destruction thrills me with wild exultation. I send out the balls in a perfect hurricane. Through the frail huts they crash, destroying all in them. Household goods, and living men, and women, too, I pierce, and they lie in a mass of wreckage together. From one hovel to another I am trained, leaving ruin in my track. The first house I swept was a little more substantial than the rest, and in it a woman crouched with an infant cradled in her arms. Crashing, tearing, rending, I sent a fury of deadly missiles through the flimsy walls, and one rent a great gaping wound in her side. She gasped once, and fell over upon the earthen floor. After a while the little brown baby crawled out from beneath the prostrate woman and dabbled its tiny hands in the crimson blood that was forming a pool by the side of the dead. Then, with cooing sounds, it strove to awaken the silent mother. Ah! she was so still! The gray terror stole over the little dawning soul. Why did not the loving arms gather it to her bosom? It was so alone, so forsaken, so helpless! Then the horror became articulate, and it wailed. I had swept the other homes from existence. Then the colonel ordered: 'Give that first hut another volley or two!' The gunner pointed me about. The wail of the child hurt me. O! if I could only make the men hear that cry! But the ears of the men were deafened by the concussion from the guns' reports. For a moment I hesitated. 'The gun is jammed!' cried the colonel, with a black curse.

"Then I thought that I was only a thing of iron and steel, while men had hearts of flesh and blood; and besides *they* were doing the work of a great Christian nation; a work supported by a great majority of the Christians of that nation, or we would not be killing in this country, little brother. Then I bent to my duty again. At the first volley I brought down a portion of the hut and sent a bullet across the little one's throat, and the weeping ceased. The 'niggers' had been taught a lesson!"

"Great work! Great work!" squeaked the Mauser, but I heard the chaplain say that America was the foremost nation in the world in carrying to the races dwelling in darkness the gospel of Christ. Do you think, Destroyer, that the deeds you and I do are according to Christ's gospel?"

"It is very evident that one of your small caliber cannot understand the duty of a Christian nation toward an inferior people," said the Machine Gun to the Mauser.



Two Lights are Extinguished

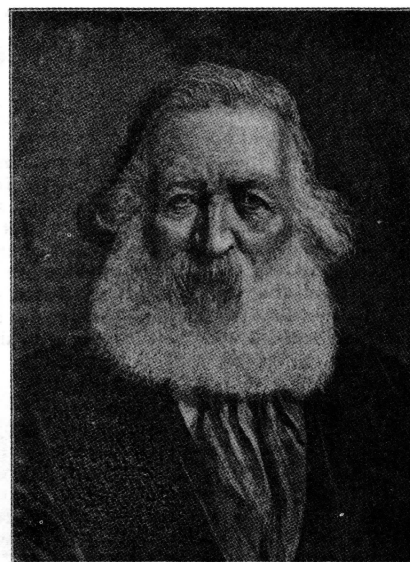
"Time rolls his ceaseless course" —

BRUNO
SCHOENLANK

[1859—1901]

KARL
BUERKLI

[1823—1901]



The comrades of Germany are mourning the death of one of the most interesting personages in the Social Democracy—Bruno Shoenlank. He was one of the intellectuals, respected and loved by all who came in touch with him.

Bruno Shoenlank joined the movement when quite young. At the age of twenty-three he received his Doctor degree, after having studied at Berlin, Leipzig and Halle. Among friends and acquaintances he was looked upon as a highly cultured young man with a brilliant future before him.

About this time, the German progressive workingmen were at war with Bismarck and his notorious "exception laws," which were passed with a view of crushing Socialism. Every invertebrate or half-baked socialist in the movement was frightened away by the Bismarckian measures, and only the revolutionists remained to bear the brunt of the battle. Bruno Shoenlank, young proselyte that he was, hastened to extend a helping hand to the heroic comrades.

Full of enthusiasm, armed with science and an extensive literary education, Bruno was of invaluable aid to the cause of Social Democracy. Occasional "excursions" to prison had little effect on his activity, and he never for a moment relaxed his aggressive campaigns against the government. Finally, Bismarck was beaten by the socialists, the "exception laws" were repealed, and Social Democracy was recognized everywhere as having come to stay—thanks to the unceasing work of such men as Shoenlank.

Bruno Shoenlank was a writer of exceptional ability. For a number of years he was on the editorial staff of the Berlin "Vorwärts," which is to-day one of the most influential daily papers in Germany. He was a frequent contributor to the columns of "Die Neue Zeit," the scientific weekly of the German Social Democracy. However, not till 1895, when he was appointed editor-in-chief of the "Leipziger Volkszeitung," did Shoenlank give full expression to his great talent as a journalist. He was recognized at once as one of the foremost newspaper men in his Fatherland.

That the deceased enjoyed the confidence of his comrades is evident from the fact that he was the representative of the Breslau Social Democracy in the Reichstag.

Devoted to the socialist cause, ever ready to sacrifice himself for the good of the movement, with a heart true and brave—such was the man who on the thirtieth of October closed his eyes forever.

Karl Buerkli! Among the picturesque hills of Switzerland the name was a watchword during many a political struggle for democracy. Buerkli was the strongest opponent the bourgeois elements ever had to deal with. Gifted by nature with the power of oratory, combined with an original humor that was often turned into sharp sarcasm, he was a leader among men.

At an early age Karl Buerkli was sent abroad to gain a wider acquaintance with men and things. He came to Paris. There he employed himself most diligently in studying social problems. He became acquainted with enthusiastic utopians, chiefly of the Fourier school, among whom Victor Considerant played an important role. Before long, Buerkli was a most ardent advocate of a better social order, based on pure democracy.

The unexpected death of his father brought our enthusiastic student back to Switzerland. Karl Buerkli was full of "ideas," and he hurried to Zurich with intentions of realizing at least some of the teachings of his master, Charles Fourier. Without much preparation he plunged in agitation for a number of democratic measures, and in 1851—fifty years ago—he was elected to a legislative office on a platform which demanded the Initiative and Referendum and a progressive inheritance tax.

In 1856, Buerkli and some thirty companions joined Considerant in the United States, where Socialism was to be "tried in practice." A colony in Texas proved a failure, of course! Buerkli absented himself from the Old World for almost ten years, during which time he learned much of life, became less utopian and more scientific. About the time he returned home he joined the famous International Workingmen's Association.

Switzerland is considered the most free and democratic country in the world. With the Initiative and Referendum to protect the rights of all the people and with proportional representation to safeguard the rights of those in the minority, every Swiss citizen may proudly look upon his native land as the most liberal country in the world; and Karl Buerkli is the man who did much to make Switzerland the free and democratic country it is to-day. As the movement of the class-conscious proletariat began to assume definite form, Buerkli fell in line. The happiest moment of his life was when, in 1893, he extended greetings in the name of the Swiss Social Democracy to the International Congress at Zurich.

Now the venerable veteran is no more. At the honorable age of seventy-eight that which was mortal of Karl Buerkli was reduced to ashes.

W. E.

Noblesse Oblige.

By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

I.

I was well born
A wise free maiden grew to womanhood
Guiding and training her young life for me;
With splendid body, vigorous and strong;
A heart well used; a brain of fluent power.
She gloried in the crown of motherhood
And chose a father fit to share her reign;
And the two, reverent, passionate, devout,
Gave me my entailed heritage full store,
The better for their loyal stewardship.

II.

I was well trained.
My schooling opened with my baby eyes,
Was breathed with my first breathing. Purest air,
All sunlight and sweet winds and waves were mine.
Life came to me translated to the tongue
That I could understand and profit by.
I drank in wisdom with unconscious sense;
Long centuries of labor, glorified
Into profound simplicity by art,
Grew mine in brief bright hours of playtime there.
They taught me—all who ever lived before—
Taught me free use of body, use of brain,
And set me forth a full developed man,
With easy mastery of all his powers.

III.

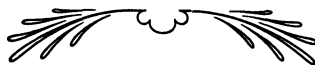
And I am rich.
I revel in immeasurable wealth;
Sitting, weary of one day's delight
And picturing my endless treasures:
Those I have counted—those I draw from now—
And those beyond exhaustion still to come:

Running my fingers through the heaps of gems
And tossing them, for gifts, till hands are tired.
So rich, so rich beyond all fear or doubt
That no desire for my own private need
Can ever enter my untroubled mind.
I am secure as rolls the easy sun,
And there remains but this: To Act! To Do!

IV.

Shall I not work?
I, who am wholly free and have no care;
I, with such press of power at my command;
I, who stand here in front of human life
And feel the push of all the heaving past
Straining against my hand!
Immortal life,
Eternal, indestructible, the same
In flower and beast and savage, now in me
Urges and urges to expression new.
Work? Shall I take from those blind laboring years
Their painful fruit and not contribute now
My share of gifts so easy to our time!
Shall I receive so much, support the weight
Of age-long obligation. and not turn
In sheerest pride, and strive to set my mark
A little past the record made before?
Shall it be said "He took, from all the world,
Of its accumulated countless wealth,
As much as he could hold, and never gave!
Spiritless Beggar! Pauper! Parasite!"

Life is not long enough to let me work
As I desire. But all the years will hold
Shall I pour forth. Perhaps it may be mine
To do some deed was never done before
And ease my obligation to the world!



The Disinherited.

By JOHN KEARNES WHITE.

I.

HISTORY.

Up from the dust, thro' the desolate ages,
The tramp of their marching is heard.
Mark the groan and the toil; the slaughter of
sages;
The enthronement of murder—the role of the
fighter,
The sweep of the smoke of the barbarous
battle—
The clank of the chain of the innocent captive!
The struggle of selfishness thunders and rages.

II.

PROPHECY.

The light of the dawning begins to awaken.
The City of Thralldom is bidding its doom.
The gates of the Stronghold of Hate have been
shaken.
The voice of the people is speaking is speaking.
The Heart of the People is beating, is beating!
Oh, sobbing of joy, oh, weeping of laughter,
The city is taken, the city is taken!



H. G. Jentsch.

Bebel's Fight Against "Hunger Duties".

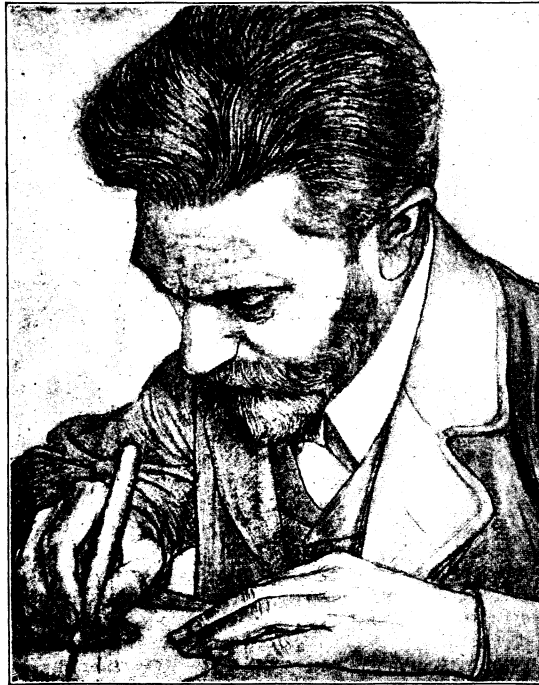
By WILLIAM EDLIN.

During the last month the German Social Democracy added an illustrious chapter to the history of labor's struggle against oppression. The government of the Don Quixotic Kaiser fought a battle royal with the resolute Socialists and lost it, thanks to the ingenious maneuvering and able generalship of August Bebel.

It happened over the tariff bill, which was presented to the Reichstag by Chancellor von Buelow. The Social Democrats, anticipating the measure, had passed denunciatory resolutions at their convention in Lubeck last September. And more! An unmistakable protest, in the shape of a monster petition, had been decided upon, and at the opening of the Reichstag about 3,500,000 signatures were presented to the government by a group of socialist parliamentary leaders.

To say the least, the Kaiser and his Chancellor were dumfounded. On more than one occasion during the past three decades the Social Democrats had forced the government to accept defeat. But for a number of reasons the conservatives of the Fatherland had little dreamt that their most decisive opponents were now stronger than ever.

The tariff bill of the government, under the pretence that it furnished a better weapon for future commercial treaty negotiations, aimed to increase the taxes on imported necessities of life, such as breadstuffs and manufactured articles. "Hunger Duties" is the characteristic name given by the socialists to the proposed taxes. With all the vitality and fervor of an inspired, revolutionary party the Social Democrats rallied to their support the vast army of sympathizers and even many disinterested but honest persons; and Bebel's brilliant speech in the Reichstag marked a turning point in the entire proceedings. Even the enemy was for the moment spellbound by the eloquence and magnetism of the speaker, who said, among other things: "There are two nations in the German Empire—



AUGUST BEBEL.

Drawn by JAN VETH.

turner shop at Leipzig, out of which he made a comfortable living. But the incessant persecution he was subjected to by the police, the frequent arrests, and the pressing demands of the movement on his time forced Bebel to leave "business" and turn to journalism for a living. He is now one of the great literary men in the German State. His "Woman: Past, Present and Future" created a furor when it first appeared, and it had the widest circulation of any serious work printed in recent times, having been translated into more than twenty languages.

August Bebel is now in his sixty-second year. May his useful life be prolonged to guide the proletarian army to victory!

the plunderers and the plundered. The Imperial Chancellor, Count von Buelow, spoke for the former, I am speaking for the latter. The proposition of the government is to lay a tax of between 600,000,000 and 700,000,000 marks on food, in order to make more profitable the occupation of 15 per cent. of the people. The late Dr. von Miquel in an official declaration three years ago said German agriculture was prosperous. The Prussian Crown knows it is prosperous, because it is now investing 3,000,000 marks in new agricultural holdings. If any landlord is not getting on well now, it is because of large hunting parties, gambling, well-filled wine cellars, sons in crack cavalry regiments, and town houses in Berlin."

The great land owners of Germany were hit as never before. The man who dared so frame this indictment against them was once a turner by trade, but by sheer force of self-culture has become one of the greatest political leaders in Germany. Since Liebknecht's death about a year and a half ago August Bebel has been at the head of the great German Social Democracy. For almost thirty-five years August Bebel has been unceasingly battering away at capitalism—from the time he was elected to the North German Parliament. Until 1885 Bebel had maintained a

THE FAIRY GIFTS.

From the French of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

Some Fairies who had been invited to the christening stood around the cradle of the child. With grateful hearts the parents were listening to all these good wish-gifts which were being bestowed upon their little one:

"You shall grow to beautiful manhood, and you shall wear a glittering crown!"

"You shall become a hero!"

"A thousand throats shall ring their acclaim of your deeds!"

"Your admirers, intoxicated with enthusiasm, shall drag your chariot themselves! The people will laugh and cry, quiver with rapture, and quake with anxiety for every thing you do!"

"Poets shall strew your path with their works; minstrels shall sound their harps in accord with your narratives!"

"You shall win countless hearts!"

"No malice shall harm you; no dagger's cold steel pierce your bosom!"

"Your fame shall be higher than mountains; it shall spread beyond the seas!"

Overcome with gratitude, the mother knelt before them. At that moment the Fairy of Immortal Renown, who had been forgotten at the feast, appeared, standing in the doorway.

"The gifts which my sisters have brought to your child," she cried, "I am powerless to take from him. Nevertheless, to punish you for your neglect, this is my wish:

"His glittering crown shall be a crown of tinsel, he shall laugh, weep and love for the entertainment of others, not when his heart wishes it. Those who will applaud him shall be those whom the renowned of the land will not deign to recognize. Those who have

made him their idol shall drag him down from the summit he has occupied in their hearts, and the jubilation they shall have given him one day shall be re-voiced for a newer hero, to whose chariot they shall flock in a new triumph. The laurel-berries which shall be placed on his brow as a sign of immortality shall wither, and alone and forgotten shall he die, and nothing of him remain!"

"What terrible end is he coming to?" cried the father in agony.

"He shall be an actor!"

Then appeared the Fairy of Death and said:

"I will avenge you, little one. After your death the remembrance of your accomplishments shall crush the glory of those who would deck themselves with your lustre!"

Gardner C. Teall.

News From Nowhere.

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

Continued.

As for me, I was a little puzzled, but I laughed also, partly for company's sake, and partly with pleasure at their unanxious happiness and good temper, and before Robert could make the excuse to me which he was getting ready, I said:

"But neighbors" (I had caught up that word), "I don't in the least mind answering questions, when I can do so; ask me as many as you please; it's fun for me. I will tell you all about Epping Forest when I was a boy, if you please; and as to my age, I'm not a fine lady, you know, so why shouldn't I tell you? I'm hard on fifty-six."

In spite of the recent lecture on good manners, the weaver could not help giving a long "whew" of astonishment, and the others were so amused by his naivete that the merriment flitted all over their faces, though for courtesy's sake they forbore actual laughter; while I looked from one to the other in a puzzled manner, and at last said:

"Tell me, please, what is amiss: you know I want to learn from you. And please laugh; only tell me."

Well, they did laugh, and I joined them again, for the above-stated reasons. But at last the pretty woman said coaxingly—

"Well, well, he is rude, poor fellow! but you see I may as well tell you what he is thinking about: he means that you look rather old for your age. But surely there need be no wonder in that, since you have been travelling; and clearly from all you have been saying, in unsocial countries. It has often been said, and no doubt truly, that one ages very quickly if one lives among unhappy people. Also they say that Southern England is a good place for keeping good looks." She blushed and said: "How old am I, do you think?"

"Well," quoth I, "I have always been told that a woman is as old as she looks, so without offence or flattery, I should say that you were twenty."

She laughed merrily, and said, "I am well served out for fishing for compliments, since I have to tell you the truth, to wit, that I am forty-two."

I stared at her, and drew musical laughter from her again; but I might well stare, for there was not a careful line on her face; her skin was as smooth as ivory, her cheeks full and round, her lips as red as the roses she had brought in; her beautiful arms, which she had bared for her work, firm and well-knit from shoulder to wrist. She blushed a little under my gaze, though it was clear that she had taken me for a man of eighty; so to pass it off I said—

"Well, you see, the old saw is proved right again, and I ought not to have let you tempt me into asking you a rude question."

She laughed again, and said: "Well, lads, old and young, I must get to work now. We shall be rather busy here presently; and I want to clear it off soon, for I began to read a pretty old book yesterday, and I want to get on with it this morning: so good-bye for the present."

She waved a hand to us, and stepped lightly down the hall, taking (as Scott says) at least part of the sun from our table as she went.

When she was gone, Dick said: "Now, guest; won't you ask a question or two of our friend here? It is only fair that you should have your turn."

"I shall be very glad to answer them," said the weaver.

"If I ask you any questions, sir," said I, "they will not be very severe; but since I hear that you are a weaver, I should like to ask you something about that craft, as I am—or was—interested in it."

"Oh," said he, "I shall not be of much use to you there, I'm afraid. I only do the most mechanical kind of weaving, and am in fact but a poor craftsman, unlike Dick here. Then besides the weaving, I do a little with machine print-

ing and composing, though I am little use at finer kinds of printing; and moreover machine printing is beginning to die out, along with the waning of the plague of book-making; so I had to turn to other things that I have a taste for, and have taken to mathematics; and also I am writing a sort of antiquarian book about the peaceable and private history, so to say, of the end of the nineteenth century,—more for the sake of giving a picture of the country before the fighting began than for anything else. That was why I asked you those questions about Epping Forest. You have rather puzzled me, I confess, though your information was so interesting. But later on, I hope, we may have some more talk together, when our friend Dick isn't here. I know he thinks me rather a grinder, and despises me for not being very deft with my hands: that's the way nowadays. From what I have read of the nineteenth century literature (and I have read a good deal), it is clear to me that this is a kind of revenge for the stupidity of that day, which despised everybody who could use his hands. But, Dick, old fellow, 'Ne quid nimis!' Don't overdo it!"

"Come now," said Dick, "am I likely to? Am I not the most tolerant man in the world? Am I not quite contented so long as you don't make me learn mathematics, or go into your new science of aesthetics with my gold and steel, and the blowpipe and the nice little hammer? But, hillo! here comes another questioner for you, my poor guest. I say, Bob, you must help me to defend him now."

"Here, Boffin," he cried out, after a pause; "here we are, if you must have it!"

I looked over my shoulder, and saw something flash and gleam in the sunlight that lay across the hall; so I turned round, and at my ease saw a splendid figure slowly sauntering over the pavement; a man whose surcoat was embroidered most copiously as well as elegantly, so that the sun flashed back from him as if he had been clad in golden armor. The man himself was tall, dark-haired, and exceedingly handsome, and though his face was no less kindly in expression than that of the others, he moved with that somewhat haughty mien which great beauty is apt to give to both men and women. He came and sat down at our table with a smiling face, stretching out his long legs and hanging his arm over the chair in the slowly graceful way which tall and well-built people may use without affectation. He was a man in the prime of life, but looked as happy as a child who has just got a new toy. He bowed gracefully to me and said—

"I see clearly that you are the guest, of whom Annie has just told me, who have just come from some distant country that does not know of us, or our ways of life. So I daresay you would not mind answering me a few questions; for you see—"

Here Dick broke in: "No, please, Boffin! let it alone for the present. Of course you want the guest to be happy and comfortable; and how can that be if he has to trouble himself with answering all sorts of questions while he is still confused with the new customs and people about him? No, no: I am going to take him where he can ask questions himself, and have them answered; that is, to my great-grandfather in Bloomsbury: and I am sure you can't have anything to say against that. So instead of bothering, you had much better go out to James Allen's and get a carriage for me, as I shall drive him up myself; and please tell Jim to let me have the old grey, for I can drive a wherry much better than a carriage. Jump up, old fellow, and don't be disappointed; our guest will keep himself for you and your stories."

I stared at Dick; for I wondered at his speaking to such a dignified-looking personage so familiarly, not to say



curtly; for I thought that this Mr. Boffin, in spite of his well-known name out of Dickens, must be at the least a senator of these strange people. However, he got up and said, "All right, old oar-wearer, whatever you like; this is not one of my busy days; and though" (with a condescending bow to me) "my pleasure of talk with this learned guest is put off, I admit that he ought to see your worthy kinsman as soon as possible. Besides, perhaps he will be the better able to answer my questions after his own have been answered."

And therewith he turned and swung himself out of the hall.

When he was well gone, I said: "Is it wrong to ask what Mr. Boffin is? whose name, by the way, reminds me of many pleasant hours passed in reading Dickens."

Dick laughed. "Yes, yes," said he, "as it does us. I see you take the allusion. Of course his real name is not Boffin, but Henry Johnson; we only call him Boffin as a joke, partly because he is a dustman, and partly because he will dress so showily, and get as much gold on him as a baron of the Middle Ages. As why should he not if he likes? only we are his special friends, you know, so of course we jest with him."

I held my tongue for some time after that; but Dick went on:

"He is a capital fellow, and you can't help liking him; but he has a weakness: he will spend his time in writing reactionary novels, and is very proud of getting the local color right, as he calls it; and as he thinks you come from some forgotten corner of the earth, where people are unhappy, and consequently interesting to a story-teller, he thinks he might get some information out of you. Oh, he will be quite straightforward with you, for that matter. Only for your own comfort beware of him!"

"Well, Dick," said the weaver, doggedly, "I think his novels are very good."

"Of course you do," said Dick; "birds of a feather flock together; mathematics and antiquarian novels stand on much the same footing. But here he comes again."

And in effect the Golden Dustman hailed us from the hall-door; so we all got up and went into the porch, before which, with a strong grey horse in the shafts, stood a carriage ready for us which I could not help noticing. It was light and handy, but had none of that sickening vulgarity which I had known as inseparable from the carriages of our time, especially the "elegant" ones, but was as graceful and pleasant in line as a Wessex waggon. We got in, Dick and I. The girls, who had come into the porch to see us off, waved their hands to us; the weaver nodded kindly; the dustman bowed as gracefully as a troubadour; Dick shook the reins, and we were off.

CHAPTER IV.

A MARKET BY THE WAY.

We turned away from the river at once, and were soon in the main road that runs through Hammersmith. But I should have had no guess as to where I was, if I had not started from the waterside; for King Street was gone, and the highway ran through wide sunny meadows and garden-like tillage. The Creek, which we crossed at once, had been rescued from its culvert, and as we went over its pretty bridge we saw its waters, yet swollen by the tide, covered with gay boats of different sizes. There were houses about, some on the road, some among the fields with pleasant lanes leading down to them, and each surrounded by a teeming garden. They were all pretty in design, and as solid as might be, but countryfied in appearance, like yeomen's dwellings; some of them of red brick like those by the river, but more of timber and plaster, which were by the necessity of their construction so like mediæval houses of the same materials that I fairly felt as if I were alive in the fourteenth century; a sensation helped out by the costume of the people that we met or passed, in whose dress there was nothing "modern." Almost everybody was gaily dressed, but especially the women, who were so well-looking, or even so handsome, that I could scarcely refrain my tongue from calling my companion's attention to the fact. Some faces I saw that were thoughtful, and in these I noticed great

nobility of expression, but none that had a glimmer of unhappiness, and the greater part (we came upon a good many people) were frankly and openly joyous.

I thought I knew the Broadway by the lie of the roads that still met there. On the north side of the road was a range of buildings and courts, low, but very handsomely built and ornamented, and in that way forming a great contrast to the unpretentiousness of the houses round about; while above this lower building rose the steep lead-covered roof and the buttresses and higher part of the wall of a great hall, of a splendid and exuberant style of architecture, of which one can say little more than that it seemed to me to embrace the best qualities of the Gothic of Northern Europe with those of the Saracenic and Byzantine, though there was no copying of any one of these styles. On the other, the south side, of the road was an octagonal building with a high roof, not unlike the Baptistery at Florence in outline, except that it was surrounded by a lean-to that clearly made an arcade or cloisters to it; it also was most delicately ornamented.

This whole mass of architecture which we had come upon so suddenly from amidst the pleasant fields was not only exquisitely beautiful in itself, but it bore upon it the expression of such generosity and abundance of life that I was exhilarated to a pitch that I had never yet reached. I fairly chuckled for pleasure. My friend seemed to understand it, and sat looking on me with a pleased and affectionate interest. We had pulled up among a crowd of carts, wherein sat handsome healthy-looking people, men, women, and children very gaily dressed, and which were clearly market carts, as they were full of very tempting-looking country produce.

I said, "I need not ask if this is a market, for I see clearly that it is; but what market is it that it is so splendid? And what is the glorious hall there, and what is the building on the south side?"

"Oh," said he, "it is just our Hammersmith market; and I am glad you like it so much, for we are really proud of it. Of course the hall inside is our winter Mote-House; for in summer we mostly meet in the fields down by the river opposite Barn Elms. The building on our right hand is our theatre: I hope you like it."

"I should be a fool if I didn't," said I.

He blushed a little as he said: "I am glad of that, too, because I had a hand in it; I made the great doors, which are of damascened bronze. We will look at them later in

the day, perhaps: but we ought to be getting on now. As to the market, this is not one of our busy days; so we shall do better with it another time, because you will see more people."

I thanked him, and said: "Are these the regular country people? What very pretty girls there are among them?"

As I spoke, my eye caught the face of a beautiful woman, tall, dark-haired, and white-skinned, dressed in a pretty light-green dress in honor of the season and the hot day, who smiled kindly on me, and more kindly still, I thought, on Dick; so I stopped a minute, but presently went on:

"I ask because I do not see any of the country-looking people I should have expected to see at a market—I mean selling things there."

"I don't understand," said he, "what kind of people you would expect to see; nor quite what you mean by 'country' people. These are the neighbors, and that like they run in the Thames valley. There are parts of these islands which are rougher and rainier than we are here, and there people are rougher in their dress; and they themselves are tougher and more hard-bitten than we are to look at. But some people like their looks better than ours; they say they have more character in them—that's the word. Well, it's a matter of taste.—Anyhow, the cross between us and them generally turns out well," added he, thoughtfully.

I heard him, though my eyes were turned away from him, for that pretty girl was just disappearing through the gate with her big basket of early peas, and I felt that disappointed kind of feeling which overtakes one when one has seen an interesting or lovely face in the streets which one is never likely to see again; and I was silent a little. At last I said: "What I mean is, that I haven't seen any poor people about—not one."

He knit his brows, looked puzzled, and said: "No, naturally; if anybody is poorly, he is likely to be within doors, or at best crawling about the garden: but I don't know of any one sick at present. Why should you expect to see poorly people on the road?"

"No, no," I said; "I don't mean sick people. I mean poor people, you know; rough people."

"No," said he, smiling merrily, "I really do not know. The fact is, you must come along quick to my great-grandfather, who will understand you better than I do. Come on, Greylocks!" Therewith he shook the reins, and we jogged along merrily eastward. (To be continued.)



Song of Hate.

By F. REFIE.

Great love, great hate, of each an equal part—
These are the riches of the human heart.
A God can view the struggle from the skies,
Smile and forgive: Man shall not compromise!
There rests a curse upon the present state,
Against this curse I sing the song of hate.
Gold—like a germ invading brain and heart,
Debasing language, and degrading art—
Is tempting man to spill his brother's blood.
Around its throne all kneel, the wise and good
Are not exempted, though their souls rebel;
There comes a time when man will break its spell.
Scribes work in all terrestrial parts and climes

To variate the same old timeworn rhymes
Of flow'rs and love, and maidens in distress:
I sing the song of hate and bitterness.
Till men arise and raise the iron shaft
To intercept the wheels of coin and graft;
Till men regard with horror and disdain
That cursed blot, the burning brand of Cain;
Till men behold, as I behold it now,
The slayers mark upon the warriors brow—
I sing of hate while human rights are sold
And all commandments sacrificed for gold,
I sing of hate; a hate that shall forsooth
Upbuild the road for justice and for truth.

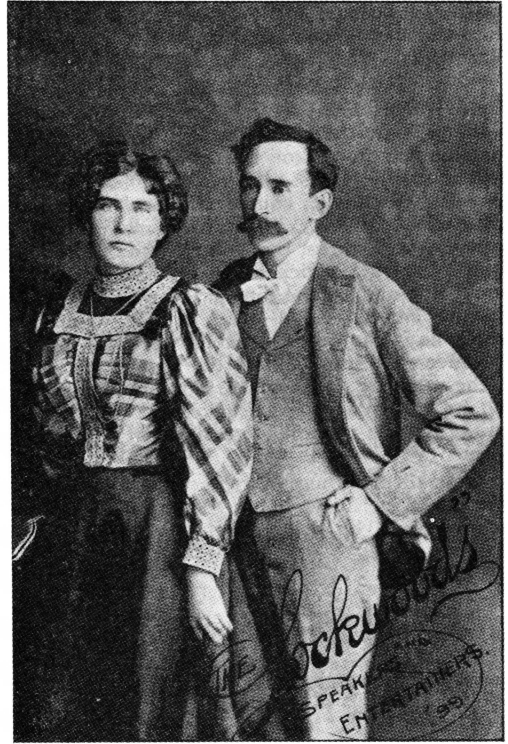


"The Lockwoods".

Socialist Propaganda With the Aid of Automobile Lecture Wagons.

How to reach the vast population scattered in the towns and small cities—is certainly a problem worthy of any socialist's consideration. To be sure, the socialist movement in the United States has not as yet assumed that proportion in the large, industrial centers to make propaganda in the country a matter of pressing necessity. But the movement, although small, must from the very start take cognizance of all kinds of conditions and lay the foundations accordingly.

It is in this light that recognition must be given to Guy H. Lockwood and wife, who are at the head of a movement to build and equip automobile lecture wagons, designed to travel from town to town in the service of the socialist movement. To spread Socialism is, of course, the aim. The Lockwoods are convinced that much propaganda can be carried on among the farmers, provided socialism is presented to them in an "acceptable" form. The automobile, it is claimed,



is the cheapest and most attractive means to accomplish the work.

Guy H. Lockwood is very enthusiastic over his scheme. He feels quite sure that it will be a success, and his experience during the past few years ought to count for much. Since 1897 he has been travelling in a wagon drawn by a pair of horses and preaching Socialism under great diversity of circumstances.

The "van method" of reaching the masses is not by any means original with the Lockwoods. In California the socialists have tried it with much success. Previous to his coming East, Job Harriman, Vice-Presidential candidate of the S. D. P. in 1900, was in full charge of a well-equipped wagon mission, and his splendid work as speaker and organizer was a great factor in giving the socialists of the Golden State a handsome increase of votes in 1898.

The Lockwoods do not restrict their work to any one particular State. They move along in any direction that offers an opportunity of getting a hearing. Their outfit includes an organ, a violin and other musical instruments. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood possess considerable musical talent, and their musical entertainment, which is a prominent feature of every meeting's programme, never fails to attract a big and interested audience.

Mr. Lockwood's manner of explaining socialism is unique. Being by profession an artist, he gives "chalk talks" instead of a dry discourse on socialism. That is, "he talks while he chalks; and chalks while he talks." His programme is a sort of crazy patch-work, uniting with hem-stitch, Kensington, wig-wag or overlay fragments of John Billing's "filosfy," and Remington's bronchos; Bill Nye's satire and Gibson's society sets; Shakespeare's tragedy and Oppen's nonsensicalities. Usually much literature is disposed of at every meeting.

Mrs. Theodocia Lockwood, who is a typical Southerner minus the "narrowness" characteristic of those hailing from

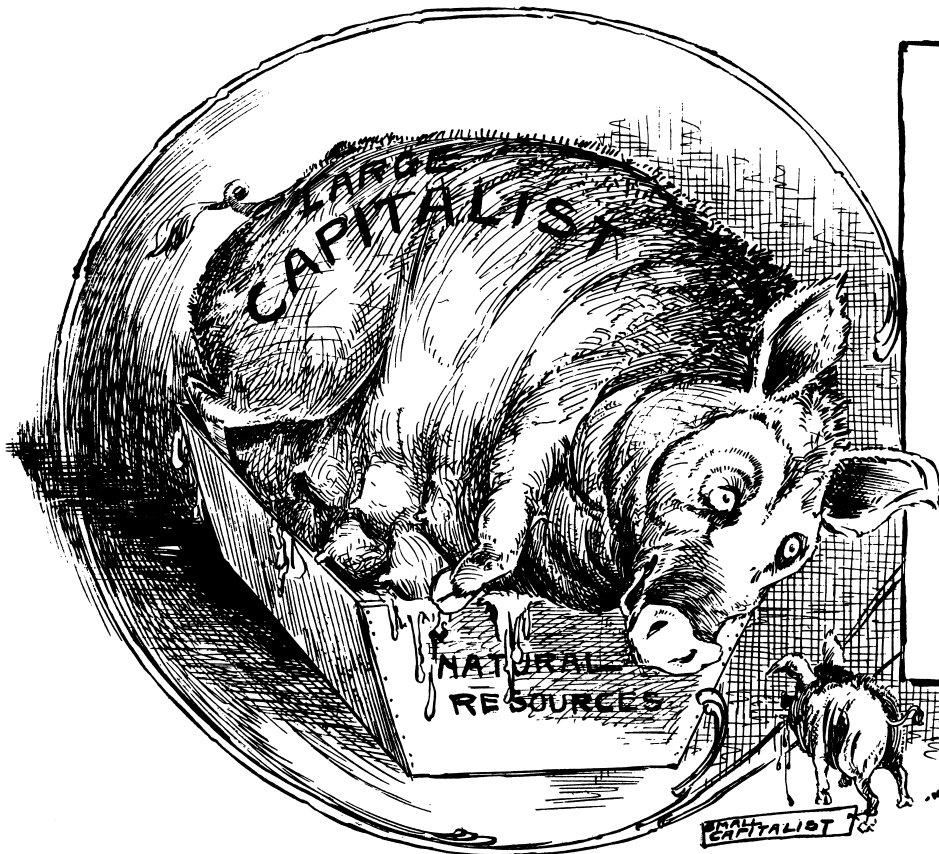
THE COMRADE

the South, deserves much credit for her efforts in the wagon mission. She married Mr. Lockwood in July, 1898, and since then she has helped her husband to spread the gospel of Socialism.

The Lockwoods have issued an open letter to the socialists of America, in which their plan is unfolded. "Our experience," say the promoters of the auto plan, "has shown that the wagon method is a most effective way to reach the people of all classes. Besides its effectiveness in drawing crowds (which is, of course, the most important point to be taken in consideration), the wagon method is economical, providing a home for the lecturer and his assistant; it makes them practically independent and enables them to go into new fields and do the pioneer work which is so necessary. Another point. Good lights, music, and a rostrum with which he is thoroughly familiar, are items of no small importance to a speaker, and the wagon method provides all of these. . . . A socialistic automobile lecture wagon will call crowds as large as a speaker can talk to, and there is no estimating the amount of good it will do under proper management."

Socialists throughout the country will do well to study the plan of the Lockwoods. Perhaps the automobile lecture wagon could be used effectively in every State of the Union.

W. E.



Will this hoggish
greedy sinner
Drive the other
hogs away?
No! a score or more
for dinner
He is eating
every day. —

When his brothers all
are taken,
Then his hoggish
race is run,
Socialists will cook
his bacon
And the reign of greed
be done.

J. E. NASH.

Drum Taps for Socialist Agitators.

By Peter E. Burrowes.

Socialism gives concert pitch to all the oratory of labor. No matter what escapes thy lips, let not capitalism escape them.

The repose of knowing what, gives the power of telling how.

Not for five minutes should you deprive your audience of socialism.

Are you glad, sorry, angry about it? then you are not yet its orator.

Put your will, experience, knowledge into it, but not your tears.

Paint with a great voice the sombre picture of the proletarian.

Not a man of miniatures are you, but of broad canvasses, a painter of giants.

Though you miss your party's name, none who hear you miss its aim.

The voice that directs the world's labor directs the world.

With a will in your words, your words become the will of many.

By the force of your words the silent slaves shall find utterance.

He who consents for sake of argument gets many arguments and few consents.

Are you troubled with self-consciousness? try voice consciousness.

Keep the vocal cart-wheel rolling and your thought will surely reach home.

Is your voice a strong, smooth plank on which the timid thought may tread?

The best thought always chooses the way of the best words.

The socialist orator has nothing for his audience but a point of view.

If you are practising to be a messenger you should practise on your feet.

The orator is a voice writer; his scroll is the great firmament.

You are a will of words pushing men from one point of view to another.

Of all words in the brook pick the roundest and smoothest for socialism.

A phrase and your evolution of it, let that be your speech-making.

Are there many verbal chips in your workshop? Well, speech is coming.

By the wrongs of ages the lost man ordains you prophet.

Failure is an increasingly easy thing to those who indulge in it.

The socialist orator is God's crier ringing for the lost man.

Be thou a storm of strong reproaches, an arch of hopeful sentences, a passion of true words.

Through his own ear let the orator cultivate an acquaintance with himself.

Never mind pinions, but sharpen your beak and smite.

To the rascal an audience is as brain, eye and ear of divinity, judging him.

Before an audience, whether you know it or not, you are soon known.

Mark how soon he gets near down to his dimensions before an audience, this king of ours.

The path of the socialist agitator is the roughest and holiest of all human ways.

The Gods reserve one bright arrow for the oppressed, without money and without price—oratory.

Great peril can always use the tongue; it is the smaller evil that employs the pen.

The doom of the despot reads thus: "Be sure your crimes will find out orators."

The voice and audience are the nerve and muscle of the speaker.

Weight, momentum, flash, intensity and space vocalized, this is oratory.

As a well from a torrent, so differs the book agitator from the public speaker.

The process of success in agitation is the exchange of private for public speech.

He is eloquent whose speech moves along the shining rails of experience.

To think at a distance with our longest voice, this is what we are after.

Get vigor first, then get reach; and elegance will get itself.

Give your mind more voice and body more will; then it will keep itself in words.

A teacher must show the parts of his subject; an orator may conceal them.

What was that great oration? A continuous movement—one unbroken line of words made vital.

An agitator speaks but once; he never spoke before; he is the voice of now.

Rules are afterthoughts to control future thoughts by present thoughts.

An agitator's experience can teach only himself; get your own.

The agitator's speech is the whole of society's lost man gathered, willed, uttered.

Fact, imagination, resolution, exhortation are the fire of the agitator's speech.

Some speakers move the heart, as it is called; the agitator moves the whole lump.

Hitherto socialism has produced but one agitator for ten expounders.

Centuries of sermons, miles of elocution have appealed to meanness, but oratory never.

A voice, coming out of the commercial wilderness, preaching the class struggle; this is you.

The economist drills us, the politician marches us; but the agitator enlists us.

When a man delights to see an audience before him he is either an orator or a fool.



THE COMRADE

The Guides Gone Beyond.

Written by CHARLES GOODRICH WHITING
For "The Comrade".

The old boys are going away,—
Just over the way!—
But not one of us feels gay
When we say good bye to the gray
Pioneers of the glorious day.

Farewell, John Swinton! Farewell, Richard Hinton!
The stamp of God's mint on your souls was as clear
As the dawn far appearing which long ere its nearing
Your prophetic hearing divined was just here!

For so work the seers away;
They see over the fray,
While in the mellay
We drift and delay, hesitate, stay,
And doubt of the glorious day.

Courage, John Swinton! Courage, Dick Hinton!
Your lives shed a glint on the path that we tread.
That path is the clearer, that dawn is the nearer,
And less is the fear or the failure ahead.

Not ye the Christs of the ray,
With full light for the way;
Ye are those that display
The guidons that may lead the legions that slay
The foes of our glorious day.

Hola! strong Lassalle! Hola! Marx and all
Who from your heights call to the hosts ye inspire!
Hola! Bellamy! Hail, Gronlund, and ye
The rest who are free from the frost and the fire!

In the name of the dead we essay;—
Nay, the living are they!
Lives not Liebknecht to-day?
They lead the array for our brothers astray
And beacon our glorious day!

SPRINGFIELD, Christmas, 1901.

The Socialists to the Trade Unionists.

Ye doughty men instinct with brotherhood,
Come, come with us scorned soldier-sons of sires
Who struck the master's flag from Church and State;—
Come, come and fight with us, stanch brethren dear,
Until we strike this flag from Field and Shop,—
And Trade's proud Lords dethroned shall brothers be.

Oakland, Calif.

FREDERICK IRONS BAMFORD.

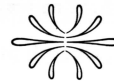


The Common People.

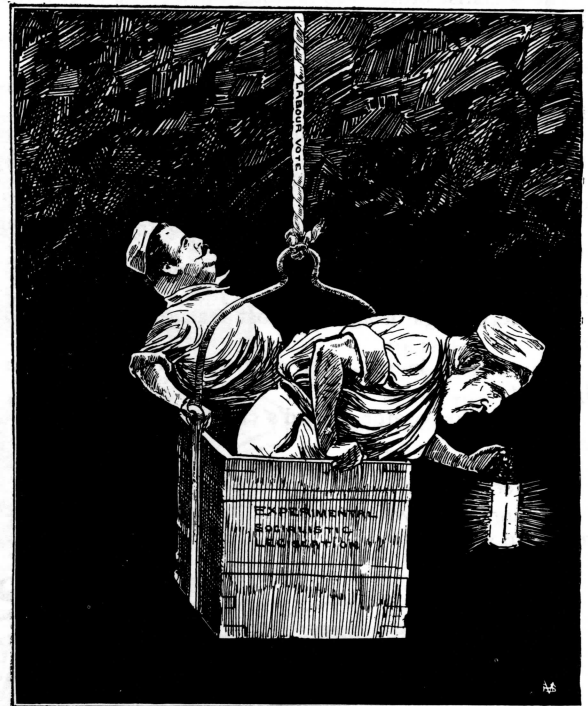
The common people,— —why COMMON people?
Does it mean common life, common aspirations, community of
interests, communion of man with man?
Does it not imply the spirit of communism, of fellowship, of
brotherhood?
Does it not suggest that human life down at the bottom is more
fluid and intermingled and social than up at the top?
Is not all this hidden away in the words "common people?"

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

ERNEST CROSBY.



Time weaves her web of memory
Round the quick-fleeting years.



"New Zealand Graphic".

IN THE COAL HOLE.

Premier Seddon: "By Jupiter! Joseph, if that rope broke, where should we be?"

THE COMRADE

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Farewell, John Swinton! Farewell, Richard Hinton!
The stamp of God's mint on your souls was as clear
As the dawn far appearing which long ere its nearing
Your prophetic hearing divined was just here!

For so work the seers away;
They see over the fray,
While in the mellay
We drift and delay, hesitate, stay,
And doubt of the glorious day.

Courage, John Swinton! Courage, Dick Hinton!
Your lives shed a glint on the path that we tread.
That path is the clearer, that dawn is the nearer,
And less is the fear or the failure ahead.

Not ye the Christs of the ray,
With full light for the way;
Ye are those that display
The guidons that may lead the legions that slay
The foes of our glorious day.

Hola! strong Lassalle! Hola! Marx and all
Who from your heights call to the hosts ye inspire!
Hola! Bellamy! Hail, Gronlund, and ye
The rest who are free from the frost and the fire!

In the name of the dead we essay;—
Nay, the living are they!
Lives not Liebknecht to-day?
They lead the array for our brothers astray
And beacon our glorious day!

SPRINGFIELD, Christmas, 1901.



Time weaves her web of memory
Round the quick-fleeting years.

The Socialists to the Trade Unionists.

Ye doughty men instinct with brotherhood,
Come, come with us scorned soldier-sons of sires
Who struck the master's flag from Church and State;—
Come, come and fight with us, stanch brethren dear,
Until we strike this flag from Field and Shop,—
And Trade's proud Lords dethroned shall brothers be.

Oakland, Calif.

FREDERICK IRONS BAMFORD.

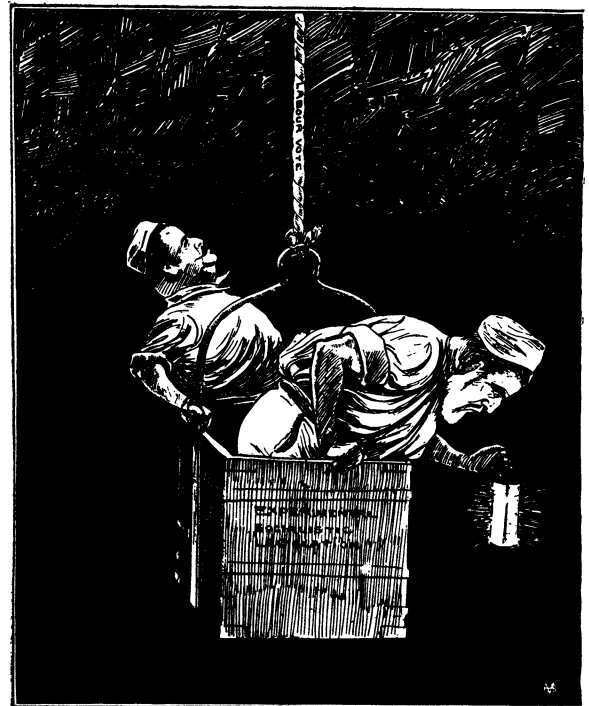
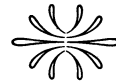


The Common People.

The common people,— —why COMMON people?
Does it mean common life, common aspirations, community of
interests, communion of man with man?
Does it not imply the spirit of communism, of fellowship, of
brotherhood?
Does it not suggest that human life down at the bottom is more
fluid and intermingled and social than up at the top?
Is not all this hidden away in the words "common people?"

ERNEST CROSBY.

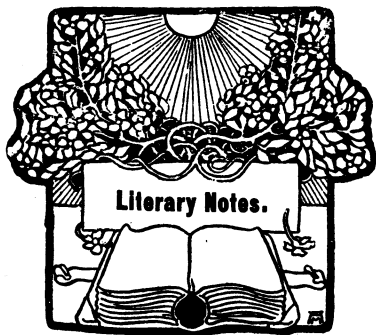
Rhinebeck, N. Y.



"New Zealand Graphic".

IN THE COAL HOLE.

Premier Seddon: "By Jupiter! Joseph, if that rope broke, where should we be?"



"A DAY WITH A TRAMP AND OTHER STORIES," by Walter A. Wyckoff. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1901.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Wyckoff's "The Workers" will find in "A Day with a Tramp" additional interesting information regarding the life of those who "work and have such pay as just keeps life from day to day." Mr. Wyckoff talks sympathetically of the lower stratus of our civilized society; his simple narrative style and frankness of expression lend great charm to a work which deals with subjects unpopular and unromantic. Few care to read about the life of the "hoboe," the disgruntled farmer or the typical habitue of the slums. The general impression is that there is little romance, if any, in the life of the very poor. But Mr. Wyckoff's book is based on personal experience, the author having "worked" his way from Connecticut to California about ten years ago, and his description of the road, the prairie, or the city slums reads like fiction.

"A Day with a Tramp and Other Stories" consists of five separate narratives, named as follows: A Day with a Tramp; With Iowa Farmers; A Section-Hand on the Union Pacific Railway; A "Burro-Puncher;" Incidents of the Slums.

The author, who is now Assistant Professor of Political Economy in Princeton University, draws no hasty conclusions from his "practical experience." There is, however, one thought which runs through the entire book: "That a man who is able and willing to work can find employment in this country if he will go out in real search for it." Exception is made of the man who cannot leave his wife and children or the man who misses the chance of employment because he is so far weakened by the strain of the sweating system that he is "incapable of the strain of hard manual labor." . . . "However little the fact may have applied to the actual 'problem of the unemployed,' it nevertheless was true, as shown by my experience, that there was a striking contrast throughout the country between a struggle among men for employment and a struggle among employers for men."

Mr. Wyckoff does not share the optimism of those who "tell us that things were getting worse, and that hope lies that way, because it points to ultimate dissolution and a new order." Still he does not "doubt that, with the problems of production so widely solved,

the genius of the race is turning surely to the subtler question of fairer distribution."

"THE PASSING OF CAPITALISM," by Isador Ladoff. Standard Publishing Co., Terre Haute, Ind.

This book of 160 pages contains much food for the mind. Not every one of the thirty-five chapters into which it is divided is equally brilliant, but on the whole "The Passing of Capitalism" is one of the best of the educational books for Socialists and their sympathizers. Some of the author's statements, indeed, invite controversy, but just for its originality in treating the general aspects of the modern Socialist movement does the work deserve a wide circulation among those whose aim is to establish a social order based on truth and righteousness.

W. E.

Following close after Miles Menander Dawson's "Poems of the New Time," comes "An Age Hence," by George Theodore Welch, M. D. The latter is issued in exquisite binding from the press of Peter Eckler, 35 Fulton street, New York.

Dr. Welch's poems are of the solemn Miltonian order and at times almost rise to the sustained grandeur of "Paradise Lost." They bear witness that the writer is a man of large ideas, who surveys the selfish scramblings of the human race with calm and slightly cynical interest.

The strongest poem in the book is entitled "Mortals and the Immortal," in which he describes how the Spirit of the Universe became wearied of loneliness and eternal sameness and created man for his amusement. The strenuous activities of the tiny, transient, human insects are portrayed with powerful strokes, while the Spirit of the Universe "Alone in immensity leans forth admiring. Aroused from his ennui and shaken with laughter."

Many of the poems concern themselves, however, with the welfare of this little race of earth-mites, and have a clear humanitarian ring. Again and again he insists on the folly of building our hopes on either past or future.

"Why should I bend to times antique,
Nor dare to trust this soul of mine?
When through my tongue the ancients speak,
Their glories in my actions shine."

The poet displays a grim humor in his dialogue between two "Friends of the Midnight." For instance:

"The least said, the best said,
A truce, we won't quarrel—
A man who's been long dead
Is exceedingly moral."

Dr. Welch is a thorough rationalist. He never allows the exigencies of rhyme to lead him into any "spiritual" or theosophical foolishness. Even where he hints at a consciousness beyond the grave, he does so in words that the reason can accept.

"Who shall tell when thy dust turns flower,
And I in the wind go driving by,
If each feel each in that lonely hour,
Love-drawn in the silence nigh!"

H. N. C.

The Standard Publishing Company of Terre Haute, Ind., are publishing another pamphlet from the vigorous and facile pen of that indefatigable writer, Father McGrady. Its title is "A Voice from England," and it is a critical review of the brochure of the English Jesuit Priest, Father Rickaby, in which he denounces Socialism as "the crying evil of the age." Father McGrady very completely and vigorously exposes the weakness of this attack.

J. S.

Books Received.

TOWARDS DEMOCRACY. By Edward Carpenter. Cloth \$1.75. Chicago, Stockham Pub. Co.

A VISIT TO A GNANI. By Edward Carpenter. Chicago, A. B. Stockham & Co.

THE CHURCH OF THE RECONSTRUCTION. An Essay on Christian Unity. By Rev. Edward M. Skagen. New York, Thomas Whittaker.

SOCIALISM, What it is and what it seeks to accomplish. By Wilhelm Liebknecht. Price 10 cts. Chicago, Charles H. Keer & Co.

ORGANIZED SELF-HELP. A History and Defence of the American Labor Movement. By Herbert N. Casson. Paper 25 cents; Cloth 75 cents. Peter Eckler, New York.

AGGRESSIVE COMMON SENSE; or, Rights of American Workers in the Dawn of the Twentieth Century. E. E. Harding, Tracy, Minn. 50 cts.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN REASON AND SUPERSTITION; or, Theology viewed by the Light of Modern Science. By T. C. Widdicombe. The Truth Seeker, New York, 28 Lafayette Place.

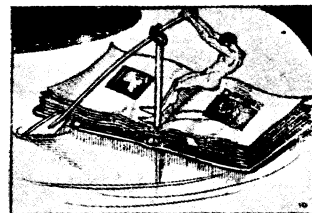
HOW TO CONTROL FATE THROUGH SUGGESTION. By Henry Harrison Brown. Price 25 cts. Now Publishing Co., 1423 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

BETTER - WORLD PHILOSOPHY. By Howard Moore. The Ward Waukegan Company, Chicago.

"WHAT ARE WE HERE FOR?" By F. Dundas Todd. The Photo-Beacon Co., Chicago.

USEFUL PRINCIPLES OF LOGIC. By Thomas Beresford. Tageblatt Publishing Society, San Francisco, Calif.

SOCIAL JUSTICE. Edited by Frederick G. Strickland, Yellow Springs, O. Bi-monthly, 50 cts. a year.





The death of John Swinton removes a notable figure from the world of advanced thought in New York. He was not a Socialist, true, but he was a singularly honest and fearless defender of the interests of the working class as he conceived them. There are few such men and the world is made poorer by his death. Honor to his memory! Younger men taking up the fight and advancing far beyond his position, shall find inspiration to noble service in that memory!

"The elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world 'This was a man!'"



The Kaiser's Lackey: "Is it my fault that they elected Socialists for the City Council?"

— BE CAREFUL in selecting your propaganda literature. Use only such leaflets as are bound to attract attention. We have reprinted from our October issue Herbert N. Casson's article "The Worker with the Capitalist Mind", illustrated by 4 Silhouettes and shall send you 100 of these leaflets on receipt of 10 cents in one cent stamps. Address "The Comrade", 28 Lafayette Place, New York

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Publisher's Announcements.

A New Story by Tolstoy.



We are able to announce for our next issue the opening chapter of a new story by the world-famed Russian novelist, Leo Tolstoy. It is entitled, "Forty Years" and is based on a well-known popular legend of Little Russia, of which several versions exist. Nicolas Kostamaroff, a Russian historian of repute, published one shortly before his death some seventeen years ago. Several years later, Tolstoy, attracted to the central idea of the legend, re-wrote Kostamaroff's version, giving it a fresh literary setting and an entirely different ending, but otherwise following the incidents closely. Thus, though the names of both authors are associated with the present version, there was no collaboration in the ordinary sense. This is the first appearance of Tolstoy's rendering in any language. The story is a remarkable one, full of penetrating interpretation of Russian peasant life, and alive with that spirit of democracy which is the distinctive note of Count Tolstoy's genius. "The Comrade" is in direct communication with Tolstoy's literary agent in England, from whom we have secured full serial rights. We can promise our readers that this serial will appear without abridgement in our pages until its conclusion, and that it will not suffer any such untimely fate as did Tolstoy's serial, "The Resurrection," at the hands of the editor of one of the leading American magazines.

Next month we shall also publish a new poem by George D. Herron, "From

Gods to Men." It strikes a new note in contemporary literature, and is certain to arouse the widest interest. No more noteworthy literary contribution has ever come from Comrade Herron's pen.

Those of our readers who have shown such a keen appreciation of the story "Twenty-six and One" by Maxim Gorki, which appeared in our December issue will be afforded another treat by our publication, next month, of another sketch by the same powerful writer.

We regret that owing to the intervening holidays and the accident of a fire which interfered with the printing of the present issue we are rather later than usual in making our appearance. For this we crave the indulgence of our readers everywhere and for our part will do all in our power to prevent its recurrence. In future we hope to be even ahead of time.

No reader of 'The Comrade' should overlook the excellent little sketch "Machine Gun and Mauser, A Dialogue overheard in the Philippines" by Frank Stuhlman, which we print in this issue and which in a masterly manner depicts the horrors of the war, now being carried on by the American Rulers "in the cause of civilization and humanity." We are reprinting this sketch in leaflet form and if you think it ought to be read by everyone, send a dime and get a bundle of fifty copies.

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THE COMRADE

PUCKERBRUSH ALLIANCE.

All You Comrades:—

Precher Gard ain't been to several meetins, but he cum to the last one and brung with him a paper containin' the President's message. As soon as he got a chance he red the part about anarky, labor and kapital, an' about seven times he red that part what sed: 'First, we shud aim to exklude absolutely not only all persens who are known to be believers in anarkistick principles or members of anarkistick societies, BUT ALSO ALL PERSONS WHO ARE OF A LOW MORAL TENDENCY OR OF UNSAVERY REPUTASHUN.'

Well, sir, you just auter herd that man of God lambaste us Socialists. He sed we was the kindergarten fer anarky, but he fergot how speedy the Amerikan people is, and they are more speedy fergettin than most anythin else, an there was not so much patriotism present as sum weeks back. He sed he was in favor of not only keepin out peple with low moral tendencies and unsavory reputashuns, but he was in favor of sendin out of the country all peple of that klass what was here.

Up jumped Miss Smart the skool techer, an ast precher Gard to let her take the paper a minit. She took it and red out of the same presidents message where it sed: "It shud be as much the aim of those who seek fer social betterment to rid the biznes world of krimes of kunning as to rid the entire body of politikal of krimes of violence," en then she sed the Socialists was the only ones what was after both of these rongs, an had the only way to settle the matter, then she piked up a big magazine printed in New York City, kalled "Municipal Affairs," for June, 1901, an red a piece by a Philadely lawyer tellin about how U. S. Senator Matt Quay and U. S. Senator Penrose helped to steel the franchises in that city. The lawyer sed: "I challenge any kcommunity in the United States to equal such a rekord of indifference to publick sentiment, profligicy with publick assets, disregard of publick trust and the subjeckshun of the law and law-making power for selfish private ends. If there is eny city, large or small, which can show a similer rekord I want to lern of it, simply to relieve the feelin of degradation I now feel." Then she red frum a newspaper about what a bully time U. S. Senator Quay was havin with sum friends at his winter home down in Florady, an frum another paper she red of a speech made by U. S. Senator Penrose before the Penselwany League of Republikan Klubs, about what he was goin to do to keep anarkists out of the country, as chairman of the emigrashun kommite of the U. S. Senate.

Say, talk about upper cuts, knock outs and such other things used in the bizness of prize-fites. Why, they aint in it with the way Miss Smart trimmed up precher Gard on low moral tendencies and unsavory reputashuns. When she got thru everyboday—except precher Gard—hollered and hooped. I wish all skools durin the day and the wise guys between times.

Yours to the end,

JONAS HARRISON.

Puckerbrush, Ohio, Last Saturday.

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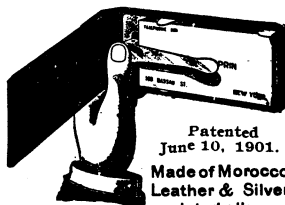
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EDITED BY A. M. SIMONS.

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