

# THE COMRADE



TEACHERS AND STUDENTS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO SCHOOL.



J. Menke    J. Ebers.    J. H. Backus.    F. Griswold.    Mrs. E. G. Cogswell.    R. C. Massey.    J. A. Smith.    W. C. Benton.  
 F. P. O'Hare.    W. Prahl.    E. Backus    E. J. Taylor    A. S. Cogswell.    S. R. McDowell.    F. N. Johnson.  
 Mrs. F. P. O'Hare.    Mrs. J. Prahl.    W. T. Mills.    H. C. Schell    Mrs. R. C. Massey.    Miss L. Hoving.  
 Mrs. H. F. Mills    Mrs. V. H. F. Phelps.    Mrs. J. A. Smith.

## The International School of Social Economy.

[The International School of Social Economy is one of the most noteworthy institutions connected with the Socialist movement in this country, and it is doing a work that is much needed at this time. This brief sketch of the history of the school and its work was prepared for THE COMRADE, at our request, by a well-known comrade, who has also been a student of the school and knows its value from personal experience.—EDITOR.]

In the summer of 1900 Walter Thomas Mills was a member of a group of co-operators with whom he had been working in various enterprises for seven years. He was dividing his time between working on a farm and giving lessons to the children, and others of his associates. Since 1896 he had been a member of the Democratic party and had taken part in the campaign of that year, and in other State and municipal campaigns after that time, in behalf of the Democratic organization.

He had arranged to speak for the Democratic party in 1900, but while preparing an address for the campaign, became fully convinced that there was no longer any opportunity by any measure which either of the old parties were likely to adopt to secure such a re-organization of politics as would lead to a division of the country along the lines of the direct conflict between the wage-workers and their employers. He, therefore, telegraphed the Democratic Committee that he would be unable to speak for them.

He had before been actively engaged in Chicago for the Democratic party and had repeatedly been the subject of attack at the hands of the local Socialists. Having believed in Socialism for a number of years, and also having held that the matter of a party organization for Socialism was only a question of time, he had never antagonized nor attacked the Socialists. In fact, he had used the Democratic platform, so far as possible, to expound and promulgate the principles of Socialism. Nevertheless, he was surprised on it becoming known that he intended to vote for Debs, to be called by telephone for a speech in Chicago. He went to the city the next day, spoke at night and has been continuously at work in the Socialist party since then.

When the campaign was over, upon consultation with his associates, it was agreed by all of them that he ought to give his whole time to the Socialist propaganda. He therefore resigned his connection with the farm school and proceeded to

organize a night school in Chicago and to teach there a course of lessons in Social Economy which he had prepared for his classes in the farm school. The school grew rapidly, and very soon visitors who could not regularly attend the classes, as well as the students in regular attendance, commenced to demand the lessons by correspondence. The result was that in February of last year the correspondence department of the work was undertaken.

The Socialist press everywhere greeted the work with the strongest endorsement. A month later local classes commenced to be organized, and before the Summer was over requests began to reach Comrade Mills from various parts of the country for permission to come to the city and spend some time in the public libraries and in special study under his direction; and steps were under way to provide for a training school in Chicago, when special inducements were offered by Mr. Wayland if the first session of the training school could be held at Girard.

The Girard term of the training school opened in October, 1901, with thirty-five students, twenty-four of whom took the regular work of the course. The number of the correspondence students rapidly increased, California taking the lead of all the States in the number of correspondence students, and among them the demand arose for a training school term at San Francisco. This was undertaken, beginning on March 15, 1902, with fifty-nine students, about forty of whom are taking all the work of the regular course.

The demand for workers who have had the special training of his course has, from the beginning, been greater than the number of those able to give their whole time to the work of party. A large number of those in the course take the work not for the purpose of giving their whole time to the party work, however, but in order to improve their ability as local party workers.

Of the class at Girard the following are now State organizers:

W. C. Benton, of Kansas; Fred M. Johnson, of Oklahoma; R. C. Massey, of North Dakota.

The following are local organizers:

Lucy Hoving, Ogden, Utah; J. A. Smith, San Francisco, Cal.; Frank P. O'Hare, Kansas City, Mo.; J. H. Backus,

# THE COMRADE

Houston, Tex.; H. C. Shell, Omaha, Neb.; and all have proven most effective workers wherever engaged

Mrs. O'Hare is conducting the woman's column in the *Coming Nation*; and Mrs. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Cogswell, J. A. Smith and Elijah Backus are assistants in the training school at San Francisco.

There are now nearly fifteen hundred correspondence students, representing every State in the Union and all the provinces of Canada, Mexico, India and New Zealand. Before the summer is over, it is hoped to provide a course of lessons for children, the same to be illustrated and made available for children's schools in Socialism. There are local classes in seventy-four cities and towns, and in nearly all the States. There is an active class at Dawson on the Yukon; in fact, Alaska leads all the States and territories in the number of students as compared with the population. All classes of workers and thinkers are well represented; carpenters, blacksmiths, miners, lawyers, physicians, college professors and soldiers. There are good classes maintained by the old soldiers in two of the soldiers' homes, studying the lessons in the soldiers' home and doing missionary work in the surrounding country.

The correspondence lessons attempt to make plain the principal historic, economic and scientific arguments in defense of Socialism, covering the ground most frequently in dispute between Socialists and others. It is not so much an effort to teach Socialism as an effort to teach it in such a way as will enable the learner to use the points made in his conversations with others.

The school has never received any gifts or donations; has never drawn on the funds of the party for any share of its support, and has all bills paid to date, with the exception of a small sum of borrowed money which the earnings of the school have not yet been able to make good. This, it is confidently expected, the receipts of the school will soon cover.

The receipts of the school are and will be wholly expended in the extension of the school work.

During the coming summer Comrade Mills will devote his time to the lecture platform and to holding a series of "Training School Institutes." These "Institutes" will last for one week; day sessions will be given to "How to Work for Socialism" and evening sessions to the study of Socialism itself. The "Institutes" will attempt to reinforce and quicken the activity of the party work in the sections where held. The cities which have already asked for these "Institutes," and where they are likely to be held, include Los Angeles, Seattle, Salt Lake and Denver.

The next term in the training school will begin either at Girard, or at some point near there, the second week in November. The attendance promises to be over two hundred, more than half that number already having arranged to attend the next session. There are no available buildings in Girard which could be rented able to accommodate the school, and as building seems out of the question for the present, it is likely that the school will be held at some point as near Girard as proper accommodations can be obtained.

The co-operation of the Socialists everywhere has been enthusiastic and uniform from the start. The Board of Examiners, A. M. Simons, Chas. H. Vail, Jas. B. Smiley, Geo. D. Herron, J. A. Wayland, Peter Sissman, John Spargo, Wm. Thurston Brown, Max S. Hayes, S. M. Reynolds, J. Stitt Wilson and W. H. Wise, have rendered many services and are planning to have a larger share in the work of the school than has heretofore been possible. C. H. Lockwood has supported in many ways the work of the school; has designed its certificate, and has consented to illustrate the lessons for the children's course.

The strongest possible endorsement for this school is found in the fact that every person who has yet taken this course has become an enthusiastic worker for the extension of its work.



Max S. Hayes.



S. M. Reynolds.



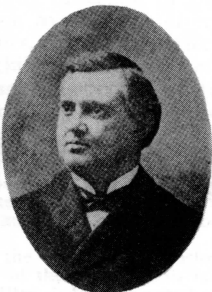
Geo. D. Herron.



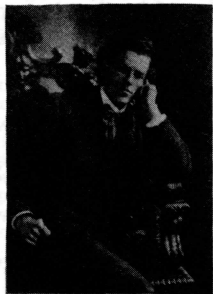
W. H. Wise.



Wm. Thurston Brown.



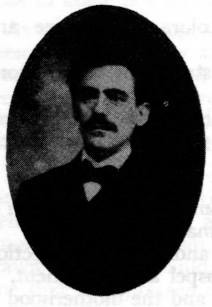
Chas. H. Vail.



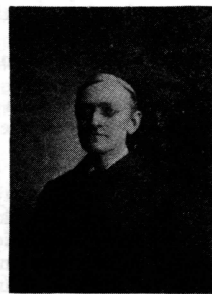
J. Stitt Wilson.



A. M. Simons.



John Spargo.



Jas. B. Smiley.

## MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF EXAMINERS.



## Before a Luini Fresco of "The Nativity."

By GEORGE D. HERRON.

It has a meaning still—the madonna there, and the effulgent child, by dear Luini painted—  
 The exquisite loveliness of soul in the mother's look—  
 The light, so white and intense, that shines from the babe—  
 The atmosphere of tender prayer—  
 The soft Italian springtime in the colors, so sincere and warm—  
 Their melodic tones, like the evening strains of the Pastoral Symphony—  
 The sweet and unsuspecting faith of the artist, of the kneeling angels, and of the shepherds by their flocks on the hills.  
 When life itself is at last believed in,  
 When our iron veils are taken away from the face and form of life, so that its love-glory may appear,  
 When we see that life is its own ideal and its own perfection,  
 When life becomes its own law and gospel and sacrament,  
 Then shall we understand the meaning and the motherhood of the Christ-child.  
 It was a glorious chance that hit upon a poor man's babe, born in a manger among the patient beasts that share the blight and sorrow of human labor, as the one fittest to bear the world's mightiest expectations.

It symbols forth a discovery—yet dim and to be unfolded—in the yearning of humanity for the perfect life.  
 It symbols forth a cosmic achievement in the ancient urge and climb of man toward the ideal.  
 It symbols forth the worship which shall enshrine every cradle when the great world-family of comrades comes—  
 Every babe received with adoration, and with glad hosannas hailed;  
 Every babe the savior and leader of the peoples;  
 Every babe the light for the feet of the nations to walk in;  
 Every babe the teacher and the altar of the wisdom of the wise;  
 Every babe the new revelation of life's eternal wholeness;  
 Every babe the better birth of humanity for the centuries;  
 Every babe the fresh and wonderful world-flower of creator-love;  
 Every babe the surer love-pledge of the world's endless growth in the beauty of liberty;  
 Every babe as immaculately conceived as the vestal rose I saw yesterday in the peasant's garden on the mountain side, or as the Athenian Parthenon, or as the love-light in the face of a woman I know.  
 Such was the picture which Luini's picture painted for me.

# Child Labor in 'Free' America.

By JOHN SPARGO.

Illustrations by Ryan Walker.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
 Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
 They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,  
 And that cannot stop their tears.  
 The young lambs are bleating in their meadows:  
 The young birds are chirping in their nest:  
 The young fawns are playing with the shadows;  
 The young flowers are blowing toward the west—  
 But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
 They are weeping bitterly!  
 They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
 In the country of the free.

\* \* \*

"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,  
 Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,—  
 Stifle down with a nailed heel its palpitation,  
 And tread onward to your throne amid the mart  
 Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,  
 And your purple shows your path;  
 But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper  
 Than the strong man in his wrath!"

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Mocking the stately phrases of the Declaration of Independence and the proud boasts enshrined in our national songs, is the terrible reality of child-slavery. From the far South comes a cry from children that know no childhood and upon whose degradation the great edifice of our commercial supremacy is being raised. Not since the early years of the last century when the great and good Robert Owen, Michael Sadler and the seventh Earl of Shaftsbury (then Lord Ashley) gave voice to the terrible condition of the mere babes who languished and toiled in British mills and factories, has such a terrible story of shame been told as that which is told of Alabama, Georgia, and the two Carolinas to-day. Little boys and girls of five, six, seven, and eight years, toiling in factories ten, and even twelve, hours a day, all unconsciously mock our "civilization" and imperil the very life of the nation.

But it is not alone in these States that child labor prevails. From almost every State in the Union the cry of the child toiler for rest, for childhood, for life, is heard. In the North no less than the South; East no less than the West, the same great problem exists—the problem of child labor co-existing side by side with a permanent army of unemployed adults. In the textile mills of the South it is estimated that there are at least 20,000 children at work under fourteen years of age. In Alabama alone there are some twelve hundred children employed, being a proportion of between six and seven per cent of all the operatives. In Georgia the proportion of children under twelve to grown persons employed in the mills is stated to be not less than 14 per cent, and in South Carolina it is at least nine per cent. The ages of these children thus classified as "under twelve" run all the way down to six and even five years!

Let those who prate of our "glorious progress," and boast of our ascendant commercial power, reflect upon the terrible fact that little children, scarcely more than babies, can be found by the thousand in these southern mills working 12 and 12½ hours every day at the spinning frames for wages that range from ten to twenty cents a day. Here is a terrible account of this child slavery, written by a special correspondent of the *Cincinnati Post*, which should be sufficient of itself to shame the people of this country, and to rouse them to vigorous action. He says:

"I secured entrance to the People's mills of Montgomery, (Alabama) which manufacture sheeting for the China trade. In the spinning room, where most of the children are employed, there were 125 persons of all ages at work. Of that number between 40 and 50 were children less than 12 years old. Those who had ever been in a school house were rare exceptions. In this room I saw boys and girls so small that their efforts to perform their work were absolutely pitiful. In reaching up to join the ends of the broken threads they were obliged to strain and stretch every muscle and sinew of their frail bodies and some were so small that they were compelled to stand on their tiptoes. This was repeated every five minutes or oftener for twelve long hours. I called the foreman's attention to several little ones who I was sure could not be over six years old and was told 'they are not working,' which meant that they were not on the pay-roll, but were helping the parent or older brother or sister, or learning the machines, so as to be able to take their place in the mill."

The same writer gives a harrowing picture of the condition

of affairs in the cotton mills of Georgia. Babes of a few months cradled in the mills, in improvised cribs behind the toiling mothers, "become accustomed to the deafening noise of the machinery before they become familiar with their mothers' faces and long before they can lisp the name of 'mamma.'" As soon as they are old enough to do anything they go into the spinning-room, where, after a few weeks' learning, during which time they receive no pay, they go upon the pay-roll and are paid in coupons good at the company's store. A child usually begins by attending to one side of a frame, and receives for 12½ hours' unremitting attention ten cents. After a few months the child will, perhaps, be able to attend to two sides for which the pay will be twenty cents. How far child labor prevails in the mills may be seen from the statement of James L. Orr, a prominent manufacturer of South Carolina, who declared before the legislature that 30 per cent of his employees in the spinning rooms were under twelve years of age, and that 25 per cent of his machinery was run by them!

Irene Ashby-Macfadyen, who, under the direction of the American Federation of Labor, has done so much to direct public attention to this condition of affairs, tells of the effect of mill-labor upon the health of these children who are confined in the tightly-closed, unsanitary spinning-rooms where the air is foul and laden with flying particles of cotton. She says:

"The physical, mental and moral effect of these long hours of toil and confinement on the children is indescribably sad. Mill children are so stunted, that every foreman, as you enter the mill, will tell you that you can not judge their ages. Children may look, he says, to be 10 or 11, and be in reality 14 or 15.

A horrible form of dropsy occurs among the children. A doctor in a city mill, who has made a special study of the subject, tells me that 10 per cent of the children who go to work before 12 years of age, after five years contract active consumption. The lint forms in their lungs a perfect cultivating medium for tuberculosis, while the change from the hot atmosphere of the mill to the chill night or morning air, often brings on pneumonia, which frequently, if not the cause of death, is a forerunner of consumption."

As might be supposed, accidents occur with alarming frequency. Every now and again a child loses a hand or some portion of a hand, and in most cases there is no compensation because the child's parents or guardian had to sign a contract specifically releasing the company from any liability before the child could be employed.

Four years ago, in one of the streets of Paris, I saw in a dingy window a picture that stamped itself indelibly upon my memory. It was not a great picture, judged by the ordinary canons of art-criticism; on the contrary, it was crude and ill-drawn as if by a child, but it was so profoundly and terribly true that it impressed me far more than anything I have ever seen in the great art-galleries of the world. It was, perchance, a crude, strong, protest drawn from the very soul of some indignant worker. A woman, haggard of face and fierce of visage, representing France, was seated upon a heap of child skulls and bones. In her bony hands she held the writhing



THE CHILD OF THE WORKER MUST TOIL.

form of a helpless babe, all the while devouring its flesh with her teeth. Underneath it was written in rude characters: "The Wretch, she devours her own children!" Who shall say that the picture does not apply equally to this great nation, or that it exaggerates the evil?

And it cannot be too often repeated that conditions are little better elsewhere than in these southern states. There is danger that we overlook the presence of the same evil at our very doors. In no part of the south can conditions be worse than those which obtain in some parts of New Jersey. Recent revelations of the conditions obtaining in the glass factories of South Jersey are simply staggering. I myself recently saw, in Glassborough, little children, certainly not more than nine years of age, coming from the factories where they had been working all day. I asked one little chap his age, "Twelve," he replied quickly, though his looks belied him; they are taught to give that answer to everybody. "And how long have you worked?" I asked the little fellow. "Two years, sir," he replied. So that even if he were twelve as he said he was, he had been illegally employed for two years. For in New Jersey the law forbids the employment of children under twelve years of age. The law forbids but it does not prevent, and conditions are as bad as in any one of the five states where there are no laws upon the subject.

Recently a delegation of glass-blowers from South-Jersey appeared before Governor Murphy and told of the horrible conditions obtaining in the Cumberland and Gloucester glass-factories. They told of babies of both sexes, six and seven years of age, working seventeen and eighteen hours a day with but a few minutes intermission for rest and food; children dropping from sheer exhaustion driven back to their places

with curses and blows! It is difficult to believe these stories, but, alas! there is no room for doubt. These men who appeared before Governor Murphy had gone on strike against the horrors of which they spoke. Men do not face the hardships and privations of a strike, and the prospect of victimisation and "black-listing" afterward, for nothing. I saw a procession of children—boys—dragging themselves homeward rather than walking, and I knew that, although they did not look as pale as children in the textile factories do, they were not as healthy as children from seven to twelve ought to be. And I thought of the little picture and the cry—"The wretch, she devours her own children!"

Here in cold, matter-of-fact words, is the statement made by Mr. Charles Jonas, proprietor of the Minotola glass-factory, where the men went on strike:

"If two men apply to me for work and one has one or two or three children and the other has none, I take the man with children. I need the boys. They do work men cannot do. . . . I simply take the parents' word."

The reason why parents allow their children to go into the factories at such tender age is apparent from this callous and brutal statement. It means that unless a man is willing to "throw the children in" there is little chance of his obtaining work. Some of these factory owners, and the shareholders in others, are good "Christians," yet that does not prevent them, or their managers, forcing the parents to perjure themselves by signing affidavits that the children are over twelve, when all parties know that in reality they are far less.

The cry of the textile factory owner, often, alas! repeated by the stupid worker, and by so-called 'Labor leaders,' that adults cannot do the work which these children do, is thus taken up by the glass-factory owner, in spite of the fact that the greatest examples of textile weaving and of glass-blowing, whether ancient or modern, have been produced without child labor.

As in New Jersey so in Massachusetts where the law fixes the age at which children may be employed at fourteen. Everyone knows that there are thousands of children illegally employed there. In Fall River, Lawrence, Holyoke and Worcester, particularly in the two former cities, I have seen crowds of them who were fourteen by the factory act and the company's register, but only twelve in years. The noble efforts of the two Socialist Representatives, Messrs. Carey and Mac-Cartney, to raise the standard to sixteen years, and to provide for the adequate enforcement of the law, are continually frustrated by the efforts of those mill owners and their agents who, for the same base reasons, use all their powers to frustrate the efforts of those who would secure legislation in Alabama, Georgia and the Carolinas.

In Illinois the factory laws prohibit the employment of children under fourteen, yet in the great stock yards, of which Chicago is so proud, there are hundreds of children far below that age. As our friend, A. M. Simons, has shown, concealment is easy, certificates are easily obtained and so, for all practical purposes, the law is a dead letter. Read the state factory inspector's description of the work these children have to do:

"Some of these boys act as butchers, sticking sheep, lambs and swine; others cut the hide from the quivering flesh of freshly stunned cattle; still others sort entrails, pack meat and make the tin cans in which the goods are shipped. In several places a boy has been found at work at a dangerous machine. *Because his father had been disabled by it, and his keeping the place pending recovery depended upon the boy's doing the work during the father's absence.*"

Nor is it alone in the "yards" that child labor obtains. In the sweat shops, in the department stores, and, worse than all, perhaps, in the picture frame factories, it is common. I believe that Chicago manufactures more picture frames than any other city in the country—probably in the world. They are largely produced by child labor, hundreds of children, ranging from eleven or twelve years to sixteen, working ten hours a day un-

der horrible and indescribable conditions. It is the same in Philadelphia, New York—everywhere, from one end of the country to the other. In Philadelphia there are the textile mills, the cigar factories of the American Cigar Company, and the great department stores, not to speak of the hundreds of poor little newsboys that, in common with every other great city, it possesses. Statistics upon the subject are not very accessible and would be useless if they were. However this much is certain, that child labor is on the increase in Philadelphia and in Pennsylvania generally. And this last is probably true of New York, where, Professor Felix Adler declares, conditions are "worse than in the South." Here again the law prohibits the employment of children under fourteen, in certain industries, and under twelve elsewhere; but, as in other places, the law is not enforced as it ought to be, and nobody pretends that it is. In the great department stores children of less than twelve years of age are employed, working, in holiday times, as much as fourteen hours per day. But the most pitiful, and the most terrible, form of child labor is found in the tenement houses, where exposed to all kinds of contagious diseases, little children are compelled to labor in order to help support the family. Even in the hottest weather hundreds of little ones in the tenements of this great metropolis work from early morn to midnight. There is, and under the circumstances can be, no statistical measure of the problem, but of its existence, or of its alarming extent, there can be no doubt.

The effect of child labor upon the wages of adult workers is a serious consideration. Of course, the reason for child labor lies in its "cheapness," and the inevitable consequence is the reduction of wages all round. Ill advised and short-sighted parents are sometimes befooled by the arguments of the capitalist, or his hirelings of the press, into opposing any attempt to do away with child labor on the ground, that the children's wages help to support the family, yet the truth is that wherever child labor obtains it takes the united labor of the family to maintain the ordinary standard of comfort. Foolish people who cry out that Socialism would destroy the sanctity of family life, had better reflect that capitalism has already accomplished that by taking the wife to compete against the husband and the child against the parent. It is today that a man's foes are of his own kin and household!

These awful facts, and they might be indefinitely extended, betoken a condition that is truly appalling. This is the terrible fact: we are denying to the children of today, in ever increasing numbers, the right of childhood; we are debasing their bodies to an alarming extent; and we are denying them that mental equipment and training which alone can make them good and useful citizens. Could there be anything more dangerous, from the point of view of national pride than to stunt the bodies and minds of the children? Could there be anything more cruel, from the point of view of humane principle, than to crush hope and joy and love out of these little child lives? Could there be anything more foolish than to send the child into the factory to labor and the parent to look for work as we are doing today? These are questions for the workers of this country to face in unflinching earnest.

I say the workers advisedly, for this question, like every other social question, properly understood, is a class question, and appeals primarily to the worker *as a worker*. Let those who will, seek to deny the existence of class antagonism, here is proof enough for the man of unbiassed mind and average intellect. If we ask ourselves whose children are being crushed beneath the great capitalistic Juggernaut, the answer comes back to us: "They are ours—the children of our loins." And if we ask ourselves for whose gain are these *our* babes being debased physically, mentally and morally, the answer comes to us, born out of our inmost souls, "Their degradation, and ours, is for the gain of the idle class that preys upon us."

Now the question inevitably arises, "What must be done?" and to that question the Socialist makes no uncertain answer. In the first place the standard must be raised to sixteen years



ONLY THE CHILD OF THE IDLER CAN PLAY.

as a minimum, and certain kinds of employment, classified as "Dangerous" should be positively forbidden. When the Socialist Representatives in Massachusetts urged the adoption of sixteen as the minimum age they were but following the policy adopted by Socialists in all parts of the world. But, as we have seen, the mere enactment of laws will not avail. Laws are useless unless there are behind them the will and determination, as well as the power, to enforce them. Under the present system with the capitalist class entrenched in the government, that enforcement is impossible. Every one knows that if the factory inspectors really tried to enforce the strict observance of the law, they would soon be called upon to vacate their positions. The factory inspector is too often the pliant tool of the employer as this excerpt from the *New York Times* report of the visit of the glass-blowers delegation to Governor Murphy shows:

When an Inspector goes to the factory, the delegation declared, he first visits the office for from half an hour to an hour, and while he is there the children under legal age are smuggled out of the way and hustled out to play, and later are "docked" for the time lost.

So we must elect men who will not only enact the laws we need, but, what is even more important, we must give the administration of the laws into the hands of those whose interest is our own—their strict enforcement. And where shall we find such men if not in our own ranks; members of our own class? But when we have our laws, and they are duly enforced, that is not the end by any means. Laws, however well enforced, are only means to an end, not the end itself. Nothing is more common than to hear it said that the Socialist ideal is law backed by the policeman; and that in the Socialist *regime* there will be a rigid authority, resting finally upon force and crushing individuality. We should be shortsighted indeed were this true. But we look farther than the statute; we go to the very cause

of the evil and seek to remove it. Laws are only the agencies with which we hope to break down the citadels of the foe. We know that child labor only exists because through it the few are enabled to exploit the many. The whole of the trouble springs from that primary cause, the individual ownership and

control of social necessities. Therefore, we seek to render that impossible. When there is no longer the incentive of private gain for one class, through the degradation of another, child labor will no longer shame and menace Society.

Socialism does not propose to encompass life—whether the life of society or of the individual—with legal enactments. So far as it proposes these, it is for the purpose of destroying Capitalist Society and its institutions, but its ultimate object is rather to render such laws unnecessary, by overthrowing private ownership and control and setting up social ownership and control instead. And that also must be brought about by legislation, for there is no other way save that of violence—a way too terrible to contemplate. So that, finally, it all rests upon the vote.



FELLOW WORKER, HOW WILL YOU VOTE.

## Judge Not.

By MARTHA ELEANOR ELKINS.

Society, institutions, churches, and individuals are even ready to judge you, my brother and sister, but I do not.

None but the gods can judge their fellows, and they *will* not; the imperfect have not the discernment for judging another.

For have we not all been lacking in the qualities of life? Have we not been base, cowardly, timid, distrustful, sensual? Have we not been vain, boastful, selfish, and covetous?

Have we not wounded the heart that trusted us, and turned from those who loved us? Have we not been pharisaical and proudful of disdain and contempt?

Thus have we all lacked the fulness of life, and courted death. None of us can throw *one* stone at another.

Rather should we seek to enter into their experiences through our imaginations—know their struggles, cover their baseness, and thus identify *our* souls with *theirs* day by day.

If we draw back from another impurity we prove ourselves impure; if we scorn another who cannot enjoy the things we enjoy, we show the venom of death within our own soul; if we seek revenge in any form, we know not the spirit of Christ; if we return evil with evil, either individually or by sanctioning a government that does so, we multiply the existing evil within our own soul and in the whole world.

Now, I know all men as brothers and all women as sisters. Whatever of good I have I share with them.

Whatever of beauty I will express it to them.

Whatever love comes into my heart shall be made manifest as life.

Whatever of truth I see shall be given freely.

All life is the expression of Truth, Love, and Beauty; whatever opposes these is death and chaos.

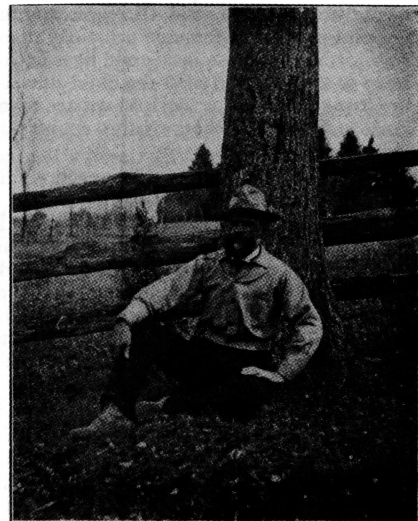
And the consummation—is it not God in Humanity glorified?

## J. William Lloyd:

Brother of Carpenter and Thoreau.

By LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

On the outskirts of the New Jersey village of Westfield stands a little farm-house, looking out over fruitful fields and pleasant, rolling country. It is the home of J. William Lloyd, Poet and Communist. Lloyd is a quiet, gentle, thoughtful man. He never blows his own trumpet. He never brags or blusters. He very seldom argues with people. He simply puts out into the world, day by day, and week by week, and year by year, his thought of truth, with the calm serenity of the sower who sows his seed, trusting the future. He is a man who combines in a most convincing way the rôle of the theorist and of the man of action. The week-day visitor will find him hard at work on the manual labor that his farm demands. "I never feel so sane, manly, right," he has recently said, "as when, stripped to my working skin, the blood of the earth on my hands, with rough weapons of work, I am beating my way through some rude conquest of physical toil. That is what Nature meant me for. To steer a plow I think infinitely more delightful than to drive a carriage. I could sing to see the fat earth curl away like a wave." Yet Lloyd never allows the body to grow so weary that the brain loses its grip. He knows when to stop; and in the evening, or on rainy days, he writes his poetry and prose, and edits *The Free Comrade*, a little eight-page monthly redolent with his personality and car-





# THE COMRADE

rying the fine motto: "The clear eye, the free brain, the red heart, the warm hand—Manhood in Comradeship."

In his forthcoming book, "The Natural Man," Lloyd sketches a man "whose inspiring thought is to live his life wholly in his own way." A poet and a scholar, this man, "with a passion for Nature and an artistic bias divided between the Indian and the Greek," who lives alone in the forest, with his horses and dogs, who makes his own house, his own clothes, his own food, his own manners, and "lives a life not only independent and simple, but picturesque and poetic, and as true to self as the exfoliation of a flower." Such words as these express a large measure of the motive of Lloyd himself. They also record very vividly the spirit of Thoreau. Lloyd is akin to Thoreau in many respects. Like the New England thinker who made his home by Walden pond, Lloyd has chosen to live the free life in the quiet country-side, rather than the feverish life in great cities. As in the case of Thoreau, there are whole tracts in his life in which he too can say that he knows "no friend so sweet as solitude." But, unlike Thoreau, who was essentially a naturalist, Lloyd is a sociologist. Thoreau could speak at times as if he wished to repudiate the social obligation altogether, but Lloyd would have the world a vast comradeship. From Thoreau's books we should hardly know that love and sex existed, while Lloyd's concept of love-relations stands at the very center of his philosophy.

If Lloyd has learned much from Thoreau, he has probably learned more from Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter. One of the most striking of his "Wind-Harp Songs" is dedicated to "Mount Walt Whitman," and its closing stanza runs:

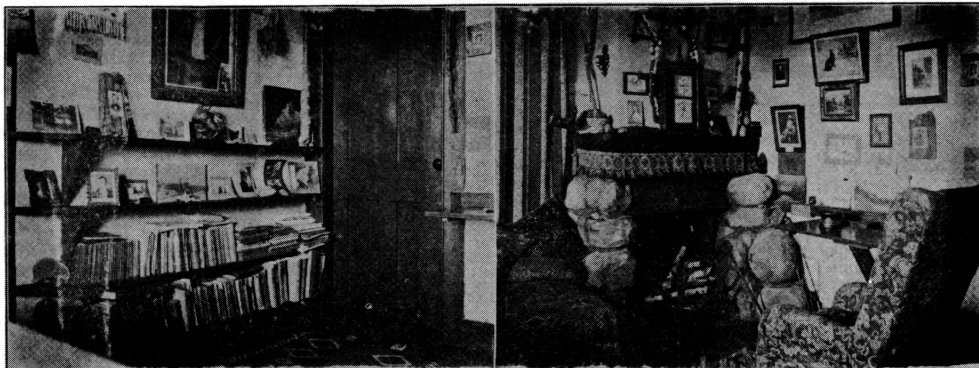
Ah, Walt, Walt, poet of Nature, comrade of free men,  
Other poets have been Olympian,  
But you are Olympus itself.

Lloyd has inherited Whitman's breadth, but his word is more definite. He is in a special sense the brother of Edward Carpenter. Lloyd's most vital book, "Dawn Thought: A Volume of Pantheistic Impressions and Glimpses of Larger Religion," has drawn a warm tribute from Carpenter. Both men are poets of revolt. Both are Free Communists, looking toward a social development through Collectivism into life without authority.

Lloyd has also accepted the message of William Morris, and believes, as the English artist did, that the work a man does should be the expression of himself. He has made the room in which he dwells "a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." It is as free and harmonious as his own character. Great boulders flank the fire-place. The spirit of the forests is here,—tan bark, wood-carving by Helena Born, stones and sticks. From the walls look down the faces of men who know,—Darwin, Thoreau, Ruskin, Morris, Whitman, Burns, Markham, Crosby, Bucke. But another's description is superfluous, for Lloyd himself has written the poem of his "den."

J. William Lloyd is brother of Thoreau, Whitman, Carpenter, Morris, but he is different from all. "I am no man's disciple," he declares, "nor do I want anyone to be mine. If a man wanted to be my disciple, I would say to him: In your own soul is a seed which never has been or can be in any other soil. Find it, appreciate it, cultivate it; and when it shall have grown into a stately and fruitful tree after its own kind—and you have forgotten me in evolving it—you will be my disciple."

## My "Den."



Ah, cozy den! my own!  
When days are bleak and chill, and  
nights are black,  
When storm-hounds prowl about  
And howl without, amid the wreck—  
Thou art my refuge, then,  
Thou and my pen.  
Alone,  
Or with some chosen friend  
Whose face talks more than tongue,  
To fill the place before the blaze  
That in the corner plays,  
The rocks among of thy rude, ruddy  
hearth,  
Would mend a fate more dark than  
mine,  
And send with smoke and spark the  
demons blue  
Upwhirling thru the flue.  
And there my devils grin,  
And dance with hooved feet,  
Their swart tails in the heat,  
And wink at every sin  
I may commit,  
And wave "Come in! come in!"  
For joy of it



On shelf, above,  
My clock's clear tick is like a friend's  
Frank voice of worth, and lends  
A charm of comradeship,  
And air of bustling, busy cheer,  
To pleasant hours that slip.

When evening ends,  
And bones regret the labored day,  
And mental task offends,  
Upon my cushioned couch  
My lazy length to lay, I love,  
And, musing much,  
Let please the bizarre treasures that  
surround,—  
The home-made desk and chair,  
The fittings rude,  
Trophies from hill and wood,  
Bird-nest and stick and stone,  
Odd fossils, found,  
Canes, clubs and crooks,  
Beloved books,  
A skull,  
Some bits of art and gifts of heart,  
Weapons uphung,  
Texts, pictures,  
Author-faces on the wall informed of  
strength,  
Writings half-done,  
Or just begun,  
The little Aztec pitcher-beast, canine,  
Gay colors flung,  
And Barye's sculptured lion roaring  
ere he crouch

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## Editorial.

"No injury can befall the people in owning and operating all industries for their own benefit and the abolition of special privileges granted to combinations of capital by legislators for private gain. Neither will the laboring people suffer by indorsing those principles and voting for them as a unit. It is a fact which cannot be denied that the leaders of organized labor and the trust magnates and politicians are a unit in their efforts to prevent the working people from uniting for political action, which proves that a secret understanding, let it be for mercenary motives or not, is in existence, and before the laboring people can become a real factor in the affairs of government they must unite for political action and weed out those so-called leaders who use organized labor to advance them to political appointments and acquire praise from the exploiting classes for their ultra-conservatism in bartering away the rights of the working man on boards of arbitration. By adopting intelligent methods along political lines and advocating their adoption with dignity and earnestness we will draw the honest, thinking people to our support, because it will prove to them that at last the laboring people have awakened to a realization of the true methods which will insure peace and prosperity to all the people, and the overthrow of the present system of monopoly."—President Edward Boyce to the Annual Convention of the Western Federation of Miners.

No more important event, and certainly none of greater encouragement to the Socialist, has occurred in recent years than the conventions recently held in Denver, Colorado.

unanimous decision of the three labor Com- That three organizations such as the Western Labor Union (or "American Labor Union," as it will henceforth be known), the Western Federation of Miners, and the United Association of Hotel and Restaurant Employees, all three meeting in the same city and in the same week, should, with such practical unanimity and enthusiasm, take such an uncompromising stand, is surely a sign and a token of the harvest of our labors so long hoped for. It is an epoch-making event in American Socialist history, and, let us hope, marks the beginning of the end of that puerile form of labor organization which is implied by the somewhat cynical phrase "pure and simple-ism"; a form of organization that is remarkable mainly for the persistence with which it hands over its strongest weapons to the enemy.

In view of the frequent manifestations of the fact that the main strength of the Capitalist class lies in its control of the political and governmental machinery of the land, it is difficult to conceive a more foolish or disastrous policy than that expressed in the cry of "No politics in the Union"; and that the spirit of that cry should have found actual embodiment in the Constitutions and By-Laws of many labor organizations is sufficient and lamentable proof of the fact that the members of such unions have never learned the meaning, or the purpose, of organization. Menaced, as we are, at every point, by the political power of the enemy, what else remains for us save continued defeat and permanent subjection? The Courts of Justice are suborned to the interest of the capitalist; the policeman and the soldier are his to do his bidding. And the tragedy lies in the fact it is we ourselves that place these terrible weapons of our own forging in his hands.

All this is, of course, trite and commonplace enough, but it cannot be too often repeated. Think of Pennsylvania and what the anthracite miners who are now on strike might have done, had they been conscious of and true to their own interests. Had they carried the strike into the ballot box, consciously and intelligently, not all the powers of Capitalist Society could have defeated them. If instead of accepting the Quay "machine," the workers had taken firm and intelligent hold of the legislative and administrative business of the State, no Governor Stone would have worked overtime to swear in special coal police; the history of the strike would not have to be recorded in chapters of suffering and hunger, and its victorious ending would be practically certain from the first.

Of course, the policy of "No politics in the Union" is not logically adhered to. Indeed, it would be impossible to adhere to it. The very conditions by which we are confronted impose the imperative necessity of some kind of political action. And what a kind! Realizing the need of certain legislation for the advancement of labor interests, and of opposing certain other legislative proposals that menace and endanger those interests, the unions, instead of making it part of their policy to elect their own men to do these things, steadfastly discourage and even denounce the very idea; and then, when the enemies of Labor have been elected by the votes of Labor, they appoint a Legislative Committee, whose business is to "Lobby" on behalf of organized labor. This lobbying committee humbly prostrates itself and begs and petitions Congress or this or that State Legislature, to do for the unions what they already have declined to do for themselves! Nothing more ridiculous can well be imagined than this sight of organized labor seeking favors at the hands of its foes. That some of these foes, like, for instance, the arch-foe, Marcus Hanna, profess to be friends, matters not. What really matters is

that President Gompers and his associates are so supinely foolish as to accept their words in spite of their many hostile acts. And if any exception is taken to our calling President Gompers and his friends "foolish," we reply that only a more odious word is possible.

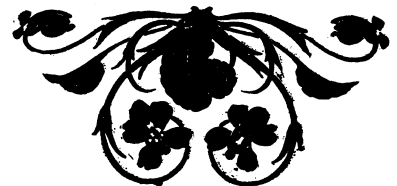
And how does this "lobbying," this prostitution of the labor movement, result? Let us judge the policy by its fruits. No one, we imagine, not even Mr. Gompers himself—and his imagination in some things is admittedly large—will claim that it has been remarkably successful. His report to the Scranton Convention last year might be summed up in the one word, "FAILURE," and there is little hope for any better record at New Orleans. The twenty-four page report of the Legislative Committee, in the June *Federationist*, dealing with the Chinese Exclusion measure, is a dreary record of failure that should shame every trades unionist in the land. The unions are "in politics" now, but, alas! in fool politics—slave politics. The work of Socialists lies in trying to get them to adopt the saner policy of honest and straightforward political action, always aiming at the elimination of the exploiter and the ownership of the labor-product of the world by the workers instead of the idlers. In a word, Socialism must be the consciously-aimed-at goal of all our organization, for by it alone can our class be made free. This, above all else, is important. Merely electing men who are themselves workers, will not avail, unless they know what we need and strive for nothing less. It is just as well to send a Capitalist to Congress as a "worker with a Capitalist mind." As well have Marcus Hanna in Congress as President Gompers.

The weighty and wise words of Edward Boyce, at the head of this article, admirably summarize the lesson which the trade unions must learn. Either Socialism or extinction, that is the position. Unlike some of our contemporaries, we do not qualify our approval of the declared policy of the American Labor Union. The struggle between the forces of Progress and the forces of Reaction was inevitable, and we do not fear the issue.

Comrades of the Socialist Party, this action of our comrades in the Rocky Mountain States, is, for us, full of inspiration and encouragement. Everywhere it should inspire us to further endeavor and sacrifice. Never were prospects brighter than to-day, or the opportunities of propaganda greater. From far and near, in the East as well as in the West, word comes that the trade unions are asking for our speakers. Sickened by long deferred hopes they turn to Socialism as the only remedy for industrial ills. Shall we not rise to the height of our responsibilities, and work as never before for the cause? Whether our powers be great or small, Socialism demands them. And let us not forget that, in the words of Lowell:

"The smallest effort is not lost;  
 Each wavelet on the ocean tost  
 Aids in the ebb-tide and the flow;  
 Each struggle lessens human woe."

S.



# How I Became a Socialist.

IV.

By PETER E. BURROWES.

I know that my answer to this will not be wholly correct. I believe that the majority of Socialists "grew" like Topsy and "grew" most when they knew least about what was happening to them; that very few Socialists, indeed, can tell when, and altogether why, they became Socialists.

In these earlier days of our movement the personal element in Socialistic dynamics plays a larger part than ever it will play hereafter. Our cause is now somewhat a Noah's ark, chuck full of energetic, high-strung agitators and soulful non-contents, who came in because they were the very choicest among kickers. In this period of intellectual kicking, the individual quality which predominates in all war is very much to be reckoned with, as well among our own as in the ranks of the enemy. Why we are here, is therefore a good thing and a natural thing to talk about as we sit around the camp-fires in the bivouac. Other comrades may be also helped in this reminiscent way by a fellow experience, and thus these biographies may be a weaving into one rope of many separate strands; a sociable and a helpful thing to do.

The one right and truly efficient personal reason for being a revolutionary Socialist I cannot give, because I was physically never fit for the labor market, and therefore, though a partner in the poverty, I was not a partner in the crushing toil of the proletariat. As a surplus body capitalism has heretofore managed to dispose of me out of its way; but as a surplus mind I am not so easily disposed of; I am part of that product which despotism cannot dispose of,—I am part of the revolution.

One of the spasms of discontent from the old French revolution, which reached from the heart to the extremities of Europe, came even over to Ireland, and there passed into history as "The Rebellion of '98." A unique rebellion it was, for Ireland, an eclectic and parliamentary affair, organized and led by a little band of men who were neither celts nor haters of England for Roman catholicity's sake; but mere parliamentary liberationists—the day dream of that time. Among this band, known as "The United Irishmen," with Fitzgerald, Grattan, Emmet, Napper, Tandy, Plunket, Burke, etc., stood one Peter Burrowes, a familiar name to readers of that uprising. The bar sinister may have deprived me of the social rank pertaining to the name; but it has not deprived me of the distinction of being a natural born rebel—and one destined to take part in a deeper and truer movement than that which terminated at Vinegar Hill.

So far as I can judge now, my way into this revolt was directed by propertyism itself, as it struck me in a little yachting town containing many aristocrats and very many wretch-

edly poor people, among whom there and elsewhere I spent all my early years. I have tramped the highways of England, with the fearful desolation of a homeless and friendless lad in my heart. I have walked for many a hundred miles, with the dirge of the telegraph wires as my company; and my only friends everywhere were the workers. I have thus grown a laboring man's brain. My Socialism is labor's struggle for the powers of government. I would as soon be a faith-healer as a Socialist who aims at less than such a revolution.

In childhood I saw, from day to day, only the shiftfulness of a poor laboring man's home; the conflict of the dole of wages which never grew, facing all other demands which ever grew. This was the sad monotone of my earliest years; while outside of our little home, and all around, were obtrusive evidences of the abundance, profligacy and wantonness of another class concerning whose private lives too much was known by us to honor them.

It was also in a country and town where stern authority was exercised over the childhood of the poor; where the brutal instincts of private property had full sway; and where gentlemen magistrates and priests consented to the public whipping of mere children for the stealing (as it was called) of a few apples. Where the schools, whether conducted by private teachers or monks, were places of violence in which the teachers, holy and unholy, brutally assaulted the children with sticks, according to Solomon's appointed method of education.

This system of brute control, as in Russia, produced many men of violence, and Fenianism drew several of its noted desperadoes from that place. But I, being of feeble frame, and afflicted with partial blindness, did all my resentment and revolt inside an angered spirit and a busy brain.

The years between fifteen and forty-five, as so many stepping-stones of mine to Socialism, I summarize thus:

I was of that temperament which makes men religious, and as the section of civilization through which I moved permitted me to know little more than religious things, or very immoral things, I physically choose the religious alternative because physically I was not strong enough, and was too timid, to become a sinner with anything like honors. This is my present explanation; it was not, of course, my conscious reason then for choosing the gentler way.

If I were to use religious phraseology now concerning that time, I would thank God that I was so very much inclined toward religion as to change my religion nine times. Romanist, Episcopalian, Darbyite, Salvationist, Methodist, Unitarian, Swedenborgian, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, and while in

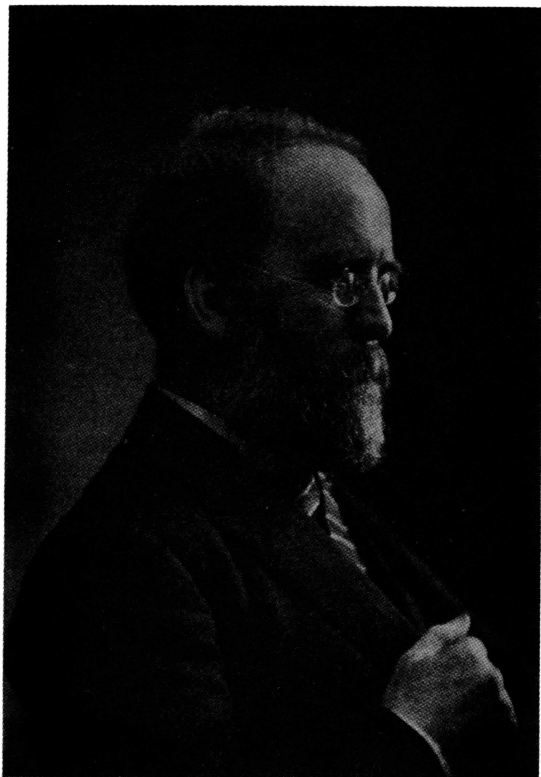


Photo by Mandelkern, New York (Copyright 1902).

Egypt I was very much inclined to become a Mohammedan. The later changes being all made in a heated desire for doing better; and I declare that I am thankful there are so many religions to choose from, and regret the wretched consistency that keeps people from availing themselves more freely of that liberty; yet even this must be qualified by the confession that I found very little practical difference between them after the changes were made. The chief good, in fact, derived to me was the courage which led to such changes, and that the tolerant temper of an averaging man, who had learned to look at man in the lump, was thus begotten in my mind. Psychologically, I consider this last to have been my introductory reason into Socialism. I had learned to move about with some freedom within the narrow limits assigned to me by the intellect rulers of my time.

I sometimes lent a chair to the speakers of the Social Democratic Federation when they came down Bermondsey way in London: I did not quite understand them, but it was a kick, and I respected a kick and resolved to read up Socialism some day when I had time.

The time hardly ever came; my sight prevented the reading-habit, and I went on thinking. By the aid of "the Socialism that was in the air" in the early eighties in New York I did some jerky thinking on the subject—about all, I fear, that I am doing now.

But I should say that to the patient, generous and obstinate enthusiasm of Comrade Matchett, more than to any other single influence, I owe my entire consecration to Socialism.

Until the economic forces, by their own development, bring the hour when capitalism is no longer possible, I feel that I can confidently appeal to the middle class as well as our own; because they, and all of us, are growing a community conscience which compels men to see and condemn the socially wrong. This is a great moral dynamic inheritance of the race, and this is my court of appeal. I believe it will compel multitudes even against their own interest to help us.

To me also has come with much force this conviction, that the really universal passion of mankind is to please. And though many perverse and evil things have been done to win the approval or admiration of our fellows, yet along the Socialist lines of the future this passion will work wonders for mankind.

The social conception of history, in fellowship or in struggle, has reduced all minor historical classes to the two ultimate major classes, capital and labor. I have bound myself to this pillar of labor to stand or fall as a person. When the battle is all over, humanity will begin to breathe, and I, in some sort of way, expect to breathe with it forever.

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## A Vote that was Lost.

By MAY WALDEN KERR.

Georgiana was a Socialist. She hadn't always been one, for Socialism is a comparatively new thing in this country. Then, again, her father, who had always been a Republican, had looked upon Socialists and Anarchists as one and the same thing and considered them the off-scourings of creation, whom the Lord Almighty in one of his unaccountable fits of mysterious benevolence had allowed to propagate in order to upset things and harass the Republicans and the Democrats, which aforesaid parties could have run things to suit themselves without these "rag-tag and bob-tails" as he contemptuously called them.

But Georgiana's father, Mr. Brown, had the misfortune to be a retail grocer, and, in the march of events from competition to monopoly, had been "squeezed" to the extent that there was not enough business left upon which to raise his growing family without much exertion on their part, so it happened that Georgiana was obliged to quit high school and go to work.

It was no easy task for the girl to humble her pride and face her "chums" at their little parties, after having waited upon them at the lace counter in one of the department stores where she was obliged to report at a quarter of eight six days in the week.

So in order to avoid their slights and unthinking remarks, and the side glances they bestowed upon her "best" gown which steadily increased in shabbiness, she gave up going and cultivated the friendship of the other shop-girls.

One of the older women in the store invited several of the girls to go with her one evening to a meeting to hear a Socialist speaker, and Georgiana was one of those who accepted the invitation. At this meeting she found out that "there were others" beside Republicans and Democrats. That some of the "others" were called Socialists and that their mission was to help the working class. She was told that she was working hard to make profits for the owners of the store where she worked and that they got the benefit of it, while she got barely enough to

live on. She knew this already, for she had seen a daughter of one of the proprietors—a young lady her own age—being driven about in a handsome turnout, and she had paused to look after her long enough to wonder bitterly why *she*, Georgiana, could not have the same privilege.

Georgiana gathered enough from the meeting to make her decide that she was a Socialist and had been one for a good while without knowing it, so she gave in her name, subscribed for a party paper which she was told she must support if she meant business, and attended the meetings regularly thereafter. She spent all of her spare time in reading the pamphlets and papers which she borrowed when she couldn't buy, and before long she was pronounced a "clear cut scientific Socialist" by the men who kept up the meetings.

Fortune favored Georgiana, and three years later found her in a better position, as office girl in a photographer's studio. Her pay was not much better, but her work-day was shortened by fifteen minutes, and the task was lighter and pleasanter.

In this studio there was employed a young man, Jack Brandon, who had seen better days. His father, always in comfortable circumstances, had made a fortune or two on the Board of Trade, but in one final unlucky turn had lost everything. Fortunately, Jack had received his education, which had been of the best, and as he had worked at photography for years as a pastime and did not find work as an amateur, he naturally turned toward that in pursuit of a living.

The turn of the family's fortune had necessarily made Jack a little thoughtful, and his spare time had been given to the study of social problems, so that he had reached the stage usually called Socialism by people who know it only from newspaper reading.



May Walden Kerr.

Georgiana had not been long in the employ of the photographer before she and Jack found out that they took the same view of many subjects.

They agreed that the wage system was all wrong, that the things needful to make and distribute what we eat, drink and wear should belong to all of the people collectively. They agreed that the only way in which the people could get these things was by voting. But at this point the agreement ceased.

Georgiana was so ardent a Socialist that she wore a button whenever she attended the meetings, and she grieved that she couldn't wear it at her work. But she didn't dare to do it for fear of a discharge. The photographer had kept a picture of McKinley draped for six weeks and Georgiana had taken her "cue" therefrom.

Jack had needed no urging to attend the Socialist meetings when he found out where Georgiana went, but he made fun of the button and proudly stated that he was "a free man" and did not mean to be bound to any party. He avowed himself a Socialist and, at the age of twenty-three, had cast his first presidential vote for Debs. He meant to vote to better the working classes, he said, but if he took a notion to vote for municipal ownership or any like measure, and the Socialists wouldn't favor it as a party, he wouldn't vote with the party on that question.

Frequent and long were the discussions which he and Georgiana had over this point. They began talking about it six months before election, though it is not to be understood that they talked of it continuously, for there were more tender subjects which seemed to crop up naturally during the walk from the Socialist Hall to Georgiana's home.

On one especially bright moonlight night in January Jack found it positively necessary for Georgiana's health to keep her hands warm after they had passed the busiest streets, and the next morning he found himself rewarded by a brighter sparkle in Georgiana's eyes and a healthier color in her cheeks—which, however, might have been a fleeting blush at the morning's hearty greeting.

The weeks flew by, and Jack's little attentions increased, while Georgiana's attitude toward him was more confiding, until one morning the office force with nods and winks called each other's attention to a tiny twisted circlet of gold which twinkled on the third finger of Georgiana's left hand.

Jack groaned inwardly when he thought of the fine diamond he might have given to plight his troth if "the old man," as he irreverently styled his father, hadn't "busted." But he worked with more energy than ever, determined to win a higher place in the business and provide a home for "the dearest little girl in the world," as he called Georgiana in his thoughts.

Things went on in a most delightful way for these young people, and Jack had gotten into the habit of spending his evenings at the home of the Browns, and Georgiana had gotten into the habit of expecting him.

The evening before election, Jack called as usual, and after the first half hour spent in greetings after a separation of an eternity three hours long, Jack remarked, "To-morrow's election day; I mustn't forget to go and vote, so remember that I will be an hour later getting down to the office to-morrow morning."

Georgiana looked up in surprise. She knew there was no Socialist nominee on the ticket in Jack's ward. "You don't mean that you are going to vote to-morrow, Jack?"

"Certainly I'm going to vote. You don't suppose that I mean to let the chance go by of voting for municipal ownership? Why, I wouldn't let one of those gray wolves get in for anything if my vote will help to keep him out!"

"But, Jack, that won't be voting the Socialist ticket," said Georgiana remonstratingly.

"What do I care for that? Don't you suppose that I can vote for an alderman who represents my views, even if he isn't a Socialist?"

"Not if he is on one of the old party tickets," Georgiana replied with considerable spirit.

"Ah! where's the common sense in that sort of thing?" retorted Jack.

"Jack Brandon, you don't mean to say that you would go to the polls wearing a Socialist button and vote another party's ticket," demanded Georgiana excitedly. Jack had been boldly wearing a button for many weeks which Georgiana had pinned on his coat one evening, and he would not take it off because she had put it there.

"Bah, Georgie!"—Jack was getting excited now. "What difference does that make? It's your button anyhow! Let Socialism go to the dogs if that is what it is! I'm not going to give away my manhood."

Georgiana felt as if the earth were rapidly slipping away from her, but she made a mental grasp at the situation and, keeping control of herself, replied: "But I don't think it would be honorable for you to vote any other ticket, after having pledged yourself to vote only for the Socialist party ticket."

"When did I pledge that?" demanded Jack.

"When you signed your application for membership; didn't you read it?"

"Is that what it says? Well, I'll be blanked!"

"Yes, that is what it says, and I don't think you will be doing right if you go there and vote to-morrow. It will displease me very much."

"What! Look at my eyes and say that again."

Georgiana looked straight into Jack's eyes and repeated, "It will displease me very much if you go and vote that ticket to-morrow. Now, can I say it any more emphatically?"

Her voice was firm, and Jack saw that she was terribly in earnest. He was a manly fellow, and as she turned from him he sprang toward her. "See here, little girl, give me a kiss, now listen—I'll not go near the polls to-morrow! Don't you know that I'll do anything on earth that you want me to? I'd give you the last drop of blood in my body if by doing it I could please you! I'm glad to wear your colors, girlie, and I'll do anything that you want me to. But I can't change my ideas on the matter, and I won't deceive you by saying they are changed."

"Now, see here, Jack," said Georgiana gently, putting a hand on each side of his face and holding his gaze steadily, "I don't want you to do this just to please me. I ought not to have said what I did. I want you to go and vote if you think it best. I want you to stick to your principles, and not to things just because I shall be displeased. Now, you will go and vote, won't you?"

"No, I won't," he said emphatically. "You're a great girl. You are never satisfied. You've just the thing you wanted, and now you won't have it," and he smiled and tweaked her ear playfully.

"But, Jack," she protested, "while I know I am right in this matter, and that it wouldn't be honorable for you to vote another ticket when you are a Socialist, I don't want you to do this way just to please me."

"Don't you know that the greatest pleasure in my life is to please you, and that I will do anything for you that you would do for yourself if you could?"

"Yes, I know it, Jack," she answered, pleased but not satisfied.

Jack didn't cast a vote, and the "gray wolf" was beaten without it, and municipal ownership carried, so both were satisfied.

But who was right, Georgiana or Jack?



# THE COMRADE

## Lines to a Benevolent Rich Man, who is held in High Estimation for his Public Spirit.

By PAUL SHIVELL.

Half past nine, rain or shine,  
All the wealthy babies dine;  
Lunch at noon and piece at three,  
In the evening sleepy tea.

Little children of the poor—  
Their meal-times are not so sure.  
And there's many a wee baby  
That will die to-morrow maybe.

Some will starve, and one I guess  
Will be buried in its dress,  
Which is thin and will not warm  
Back to life the little form.

They are poor, but I am sure  
You, with your fine furniture,  
Are not happy in your hearts,  
You who have all your deserts.

While your rosy children eat,  
Many babies have no meat;  
You are not to blame, you say;  
But you voted yesterday.

You have given alms, but then,  
These, sir, are your fellow men;  
By what right have you so much  
That you own the cripple's crutch?

How came all in thy possession?  
Dost thou charge the man admission  
To his home, who made thee rich?  
How canst thou make women stitch?

In thy shops from dark till dark,  
And deprive them of their work?  
They have little ones to feed;  
And the clothes they make they need.

And have you and your good wife  
Lived so lovable a life  
That the Lord has blest you more  
Than he has the simple poor?

Few the comforts they can buy:  
Food is scarce and fuel high.  
Close they watch each golden cent,  
You, you know, must have your rent.

You who eat and drink and sleep  
With their money which you keep,—  
If they spend for drink when tired,  
You are not to be admired.

Every crime the poor commit,  
Thou hast thy cold share in it;  
Thou shouldst slow be to condemn,  
Who withholdest life from them.

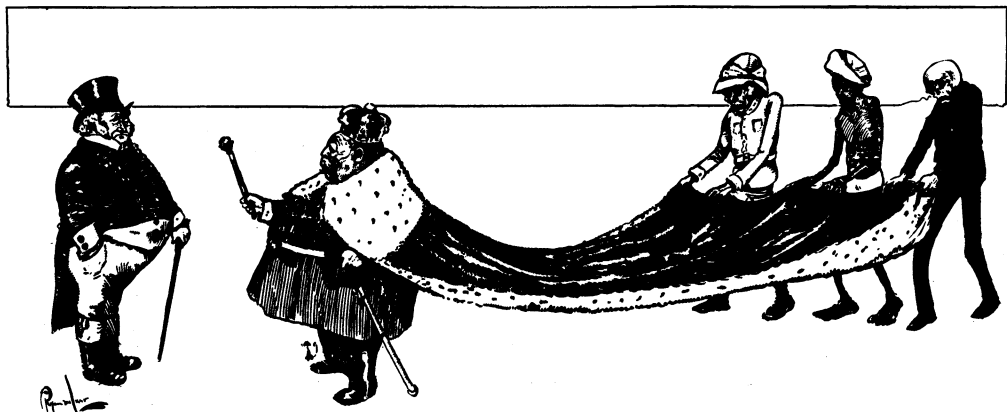
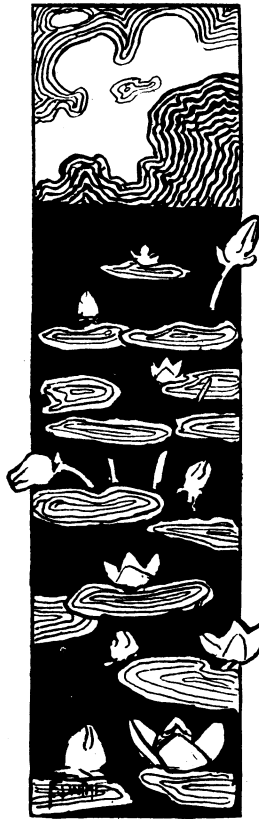
Tell me, plainly, how it is—  
Surely, what man earns, is his.  
Were you sent to be a judge  
Over men that toil and trudge?

What a fine house you live in!  
Back in alleys, where I've been,  
I was told you owned those hovels,  
Where I saw the picks and shovels.

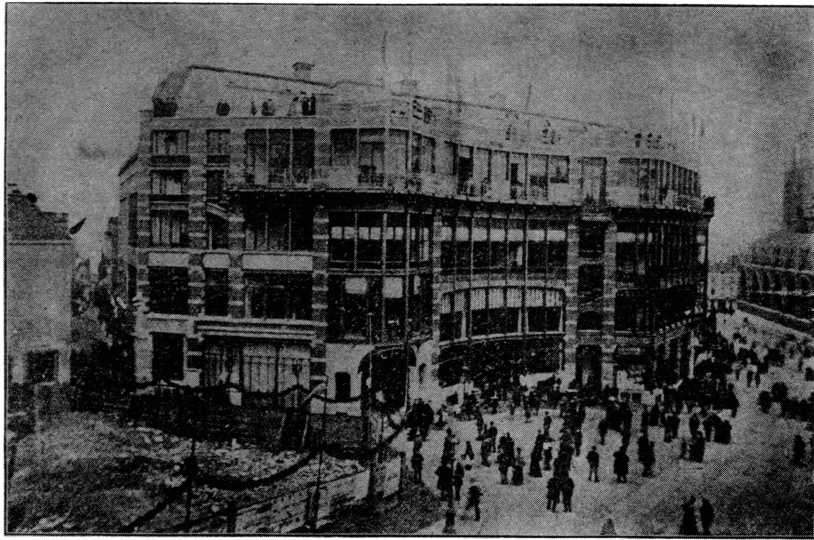
There I found a mother dying;  
Men were sad, and children crying;  
And I prayed for them and you;  
The sick woman asked me to.

And I asked, when she was dead,  
If the children had been fed.  
Sir, I will not say to you  
What they said, but it was true.

Was the difference so wide  
Between those at her bedside  
And the children that I see  
Looking from your palace at me?



King Edward (remembering his decimated army, famine-stricken India and the dead in South Africa):  
"I like the coronation, John, but I don't like the train-bearers."



## The "Maison du Peuple" in Brussels.



In Belgium the activity of the Socialist movement always centers in the Maison du Peuple. No matter whether in the modest set of rooms of the poor county districts, or in the great buildings one finds in the large cities, such as the Vooruit, in Ghent, or the Maison du Peuple, in Brussels, all the work of the party seems to be focussed there. In the recent suffrage agitation the Maison du Peuple of Brussels played a prominent part, and a brief account of the institution may be of interest to our readers.

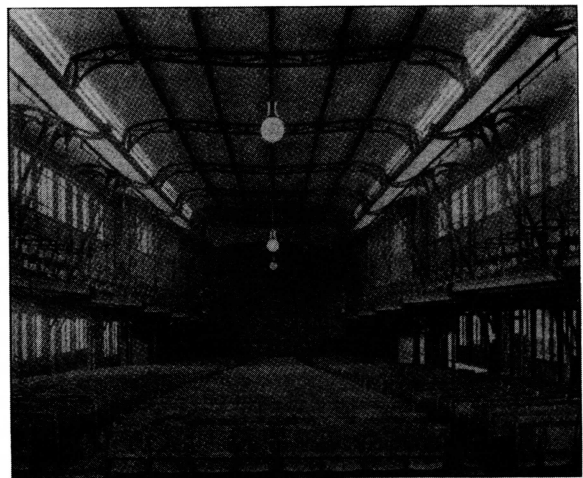
The Socialist movement in Belgium is largely dependent for its finances upon its excellently managed co-operative enterprises. The Belgian comrades have carried the co-operative movement far ahead of the standard attained in England, its home. While in England the cry is for "Dividends" for the individual, in Belgium these dividends go to the party organization, at least in large part. How rapidly the movement grows may be gauged from the fact that the comrades in Brussels commenced in 1880 with a total capital of about \$120 and a total membership of 88 families. The first meetings were held in a cellar and the first effort at co-operative production was in the baking of bread. By 1900 the business in that direction had so grown that the year's output amounted to 4,994,850 loaves, of which about twenty-two thousand were distributed gratuitously amongst the families of sick members.

By 1898 the members began to realize the imperative necessity of obtaining suitable central premises of their own, and a decision was soon made. The work of designing the building was entrusted to M. Victor Horta, the most conspicuous of the brilliant group of Belgian architects, who acknowledge William Morris as master and have introduced the spirit of his teaching into their work. That the choice of architect was a good one is evidenced by the fact that the Maison du Peuple is today acknowledged to be one of the most notable examples of modern architecture in Europe. Even such a critic as M. Octave Maus of the *Libre Esthétique* has called it "a masterpiece of national architecture, at once powerful, calm and harmonious." The same critic, in an account of M. Horta's work, said of the Maison du Peuple: "In spite of the difficulties presented to the architect by the slope of the ground and by the multiplicity of purposes which this people's club was to serve, the result is a complete success. Containing, as it does a hall capable of accomodating three thousand spectators, this

edifice, unique in Europe, is the finest and most daring triumph of modern architecture."

It is said that someone asked M. Victor Horta if he intended to have the words "Maison du Peuple" carved on the facade of the building. His reply was expressive: "Do you write 'Church' on the buildings that express your religious aspirations?" he asked. "No, you build them so beautifully and so expressively that they interpret to all comers the meaning of the edifice; and in the same way I hope to work out my design for the People's Home, that all may understand and read the symbol aright, and that the people, when they come across it, may recognize it at once as being the expression of their joys and needs."

So the Maison du Peuple stands as an expression of the Life Beautiful as it shall be, springing from the common labor and life and love of the people themselves. And never was Art called to a nobler task than to give a form of outward beauty to an ideal so eternally grand.  
J. S.



LARGE HALL OF THE "MAISON DU PEUPLE."

# News from Nowhere. ♣

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER X.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"Well," said the old man, shifting in his chair, "you must get on with your questions, Guest; I have been some time answering this first one."

Said I: "I want an extra word or two about your ideas of education; although I gathered from Dick that you let your children run wild and didn't teach them anything; and, in short, that you have so refined your education that now you have none."

"Then you gathered left-handed," quoth he. "But, of course, I understand your point of view about education, which is that of times past, when 'the struggle for life,' as men used to phrase it (*i. e.*, the struggle for a slave's rations on one side, and for a bouncing share of the slaveholder's privilege on the other); pinched 'education' for most people into a niggardly dole of not very accurate information; something to be swallowed by the beginner in the art of living whether he liked it or not, and was hungry for it or not; and which had been chewed and digested over and over again by people who didn't care about it, in order to serve it out to other people who didn't care about it."

I stopped the old man's rising wrath by a laugh, and said: "Well, you were not taught that way, at any rate, so you may let your anger run off a little."

"True, true," said he, smiling. "I thank you for correcting my ill-temper: I always fancy myself as living in any period of which we may be speaking. But, however, to put it in a cooler way: you expected to see children thrust into schools when they reached an age conventionally supposed to be the due age, whatever their varying faculties and dispositions might be, and when there, with like disregard to facts, to be subjected to a certain conventional course of 'learning.' My friend, can't you see that such a proceeding means ignoring the fact of *growth*, bodily and mental? No one could come out of such a mill uninjured: and those only would avoid being crushed by it who would have the spirit of rebellion strong in them. Fortunately most children have had that at all times, or I do not know that we should ever have reached our present position. Now you see what it all comes to. In the old times all this was the result of *poverty*. In the nineteenth century, society was so miserably poor, owing to the systematized robbery on which it was founded, that real education was impossible for anybody. The whole theory of their so-called education was that it was necessary to shove a little information into a child, even if it were by means of torture, and accompanied by twaddle which it was well known was of no use, or else he would lack information lifelong: the hurry of poverty forbade anything else. All this is past; we are no longer hurried, and the information lies ready to each one's hand when his own inclinations impel him to seek it. In this as in other matters we have become wealthy: we can afford ourselves time to grow."

"Yes," said I, "but suppose the child, youth, man, never wants the information, never grows in the direction you might hope him to do; suppose, for instance, he objects to learning arithmetics or mathematics; you can't force him when he is grown; can't you force him while he is growing, and ought'nt you to do so?"

"Well," said he, "were you forced to learn arithmetic and mathematics?"

"A little," said I.

"And how old are you now?"

"Say fifty-six," said I.

"And how much arithmetic and mathematics do you know now?" quoth the old man, smiling rather mockingly.

Said I: "None whatever, I am sorry to say."

Hammond laughed quietly, but made no other comment on my admission, and I dropped the subject of education, perceiving him to be hopeless on that side.

I thought a little, and said: "You were speaking just now of households: that sounded to me a little like the customs of past times; I should have thought you would have lived more in public."

"Phalangsteries, eh?" said he. "Well, we live as we like, and we like to live as a rule with certain house-mates that we have got used to. Remember, again, that poverty is extinct, and that the Fourierist phalangsteries and all their kind, as was but natural at the time, implied nothing but a refuge from mere destitution. Such a way of life as that, could only have been conceived of by people surrounded by the worst form of poverty. But you must understand therewith, that though separate households are the rule amongst us, and though they differ in their habits more or less, yet no door is shut to any good-tempered person who is content to live as the other housemates do; only of course it would be unreasonable for one man to drop into a household and bid the folk of it to alter their habits to please him, since he can go elsewhere and live as he pleases. However, I need not say much about all this, as you are going up the river with Dick, and will find out for yourself by experience how these matters are managed."

After a pause, I said: "Your big towns, now; how about them? London, which—which I have read about as the modern Babylon of civilization, seems to have disappeared."

"Well, well," said old Hammond, "perhaps after all it is more like ancient Babylon now than the 'modern Babylon' of the nineteenth century was. But let that pass. After all, there is a good deal of population in places between here and Hammersmith; nor have you seen the most populous part of the town yet."

"Tell me, then," said I, "how is it towards the east?"

Said he: "Time was when if you mounted a good horse and rode straight away from my door here at a round trot for an hour and a half, you would still be in the thick of London, and the greater part of that would be 'slums,' as they were called; that is to say, places of torture for innocent men and women; or worse, stews for rearing and breeding men and women in such degradation that that torture should seem to them mere ordinary and natural life."

"I know, I know," I said, rather impatiently. "That was what was; tell me something of what is. Is any of that left?"

"Not an inch," said he; "but some memory of it abides with us, and I am glad of it. Once a year, on May-day, we hold a solemn feast in those easterly communes of London to commemorate The Clearing of Misery, as it is called. On that day we have music and dancing, and merry games and happy feasting on the site of some of the worst of the old slums, the traditional memory of which we have kept. On that occasion the custom is for the prettiest girls to sing some of the old revolutionary songs, and those which were the groans of the discontent, once so hopeless, on the very spots where those terrible crimes of class-murder were committed day by day for so many years. To a man like me, who have studied the past so diligently, it is a curious and touch-





Illustrations by H. G. Jentsch.

ing sight to see some beautiful girl, daintily clad, and crowned with flowers from the neighboring meadows, standing amongst the happy people, on some mound where of old time stood the wretched apology for a house, a den in which men and women lived packed amongst the filth like pilchards in a cask; lived in such a way that they could only have endured it, as I said just now, by being degraded out of humanity—to hear the terrible words of threatening and lamentation coming from her sweet and beautiful lips, and she unconscious of their real meaning: to hear her, for instance, singing Hood's Song of the Shirt, and to think that all the time she does not understand what it is all about—a tragedy grown inconceivable to her and her listeners. Think of that, if you can, and of how glorious life is grown!"

"Indeed," said I, "it is difficult for me to think of it."

And I sat watching how his eyes glittered, and how the fresh life seemed to glow in his face, and I wondered how at his age he should think of the happiness of the world, or indeed anything but his coming dinner.

"Tell me in detail," said I, "what lies east of Bloomsbury now?"

Said he: "There are but few houses between this and the outer part of the old city; but in the city we have a thickly-dwelling population. Our forefathers, in the first clearing of the slums, were not in a hurry to pull down the houses in what was called at the end of the nineteenth century the business quarter of the town and what later got to be known as the Swindling Kens. You see, these houses, though they stood hideously thick on the ground, were roomy and fairly solid in building, and clean, because they were not used for living in, but as mere gambling booths; so the poor people from the cleared slums took them for lodgings and dwelt there, till the folk of those days had time to think of something better for them; so the buildings were pulled down so gradually that people got used to living thicker on the ground there than in most places; therefore it remains the most populous part of London, or perhaps of all these islands. But it is very pleasant there, partly because of

the splendor of the architecture, which goes further than what you will see elsewhere. However, this crowding, if it may be called so, does no go further than a street called Aldgate, a name which perhaps you may have heard of. Beyond that the houses are scattered wide about the meadows there, which are very beautiful, especially when you get on to the lovely river Lea (where old Isaak Walton used to fish, you know) about the places called Stratford and Old Ford, names which of course you will not have heard of, though the Romans were busy there once upon a time."

Not heard of them! thought I to myself. How strange! that I who had seen the very last remnant of the pleasantness of the meadows by the Lea destroyed, should have heard them spoken of with pleasantness come back to them in full measure.

Hammond went on: "When you get down to the Thames side you come on the Docks, which are works of the nineteenth century, and are still in use, although not so thronged as they once were, since we discourage centralization all we can, and we have long ago dropped the pretension to be the market of the world.

About these Docks are a good few houses, which, however, are not inhabited by many people permanently; I mean, those who use them come and go a good deal, the place being too low and marshy for pleasant dwelling. Past the Docks eastward and landward it is all flat pasture, once marsh, except for a few gardens, and there are very few permanent dwellings there: scarcely anything but a few sheds, and cots for the men who come to look after the great herds of cattle pasturing there. But, however, what with the beasts and the men, and the scattered red-tiled roofs and the big hayricks, it does not make a bad holiday to get a quiet pony and ride about there on a sunny afternoon of autumn, and look over the river and the craft passing up and down, and on to Shooters' Hill and the Kentish uplands, and then turn round to the wide green sea of the Essex marsh-land, with the great domed line of the sky, and the sun shining down in one flood of peaceful light over the long distance. There is a

place called Canning's Town, and further out, Silvertown, where the pleasant meadows are at their pleasantest: doubtless they were once slums, and wretched enough."

The names grated on my ear, but I could not explain why to him. So I said: "And south of the river, what is it like?"

He said: "You would find it much the same as the land about Hammersmith. North, again, the land runs up high, and there is an agreeable and well-built town called Hampstead, which fitly ends London on that side. It looks down on the northwestern end of the forest you passed through."

I smiled. "So much for what was once London," said I. "Now tell me about the other towns of the country."

He said: "As to the big murky places which were once, as we know, the centers of manufacture, they have, like the brick and mortar desert of London, disappeared; only, since they were centers of nothing but 'manufacture,' and served no purpose but that of the gambling market, they have left less signs of their existence than London. Of course, the great change in the use of mechanical force made this an easy matter, and some approach to their break-up as centers would probably have taken place, even if we had not changed our habits so much: but they being such as they were, no sacrifice would have seemed to great a price to pay for getting rid of the 'manufacturing districts,' as they used to be called. For the rest, whatever coal or mineral we need is brought to grass and sent whither it is needed with as little as possible of dirt, confusion, and the distressing of quiet people's lives. One is tempted to believe from what one has read of the condition of those districts in the nineteenth century, that those who had them under their power worried, befouled, and degraded men out of *malice prepense*; but it was not so; like the miseducation of which we were talking just now, it came of their dreadful poverty. They were obliged to put up with everything, and even pretend that they liked it; whereas we can now deal with things reasonably, and refuse to be saddled with what we do not want."

I confess I was not sorry to cut short with a question his glorifications of the age he lived in. Said I: "How about the smaller towns? I suppose you have swept those away entirely?"

"No, no," said he, "it hasn't gone that way. On the contrary, there has been but little clearance, though much rebuilding, in the smaller towns. Their suburbs, indeed, when they had any, have melted away into the general country, and space and elbow-room has been got in their centers: but there are the towns still with their streets and squares and market-places; so that it is by means of these smaller towns that we of to-day can get some kind of idea of what the towns of the older world were like;—I mean to say at their best."

"Take Oxford, for instance," said I.

"Yes," said he, "I suppose Oxford was beautiful even in the nineteenth century. At present it has the great interest of still preserving a great mass of precommercial building, and is a very beautiful place, yet there are many towns which have become scarcely less beautiful."

Said I: "In passing, may I ask if it is still a place of learning?"

"Still?" said he, smiling. "Well, it has reverted to some of the best traditions; so you may imagine how far it is from its nineteenth century position. It is real learning, knowledge cultivated for its own sake—the Art of Knowledge, in short—which is followed there, not the Commercial learning of the past. Though perhaps you do not know that in the nineteenth century Oxford and its less interesting sister, Cambridge, became definitely commercial. They (and especially Oxford) were the breeding places of a peculiar class of parasites, who called themselves cultivated people; they were indeed cynical enough, as the so-called educated classes of the day generally were; but they affected an exaggeration of cynicism in order that they might be thought knowing and worldly-wise. The rich middle classes (they had no relation with

the working classes) treated them with the kind of contemptuous toleration with which a mediæval baron treated his jester; though it must be said that they were by no means so pleasant as the old jesters were, being, in fact, *the bores* of society. They were laughed at, despised—and paid. Which last was what they aimed at."

Dear me, thought I, how apt history is to reverse contemporary judgments. Surely only the worst of them were as bad as that. But I must admit that they were mostly prigs, and that they were commercial. I said aloud, though more to myself than to Hammond, "Well, how could they be better than the age that made them?"

"True," he said, "but their pretensions were higher."

"Were they?" said I, smiling.

"You drive me from corner to corner," said he, smiling in turn. "Let me say at least that they were a poor sequence to the aspirations of Oxford of 'the barbarous Middle Ages.'"

"Yes, that will do," said I.

"Also," said Hammond, "what I have been saying of them is true in the main. But ask on!"

I said: "We have heard about London and the manufacturing districts and the ordinary towns: how about the villages?"

Said Hammond: "You must know that toward the end of the nineteenth century the villages were almost destroyed, unless where they became mere adjuncts to the manufacturing districts, or formed a sort of minor manufacturing districts themselves. Houses were allowed to fall into decay and actual ruin; trees were cut down for the sake of the few shillings which the poor sticks would fetch; the building became inexpressibly mean and hideous. Labor was scarce; but wages fell nevertheless. All the small country arts of life which once added to the little pleasures of country people were lost. The country produce which passed through the hands of the husbandmen never got so far as their mouths. Incredible shabbiness and niggardly pinching reigned over the fields and acres which, in spite of the rude and careless husbandry of the times, were so kind and bountiful. Had you any inkling of all this?"

"I have heard that it was so," said I; "but what followed?"

"The change," said Hammond, "which in these matters took place very early in our epoch, was most strangely rapid. People flocked into the country villages, and, so to say, flung themselves upon the freed land like a wild beast upon his prey; and in a very little time the villages of England were more populous than they had been since the fourteenth century, and were still growing fast. Of course, this invasion of the country was awkward to deal with, and would have created much misery, if the folk had still been under the bondage of class monopoly. But as it was, things soon righted themselves. People found out what they were fit for, and gave up attempting to push themselves into occupations in which they must needs fail. The town invaded the country; but the invaders, like the warlike invaders of early days, yielded to the influence of their surroundings, and became country people; and in their turn, as they became more numerous than the townsmen, influenced them also; so that the difference between town and country grew less and less; and it was indeed this world of the country vivified by the thought and briskness of townbred folk which has produced that happy and leisurely but eager life of which you have had a first taste. Again, I say, many blunders were made, but we have had time to set them right. Much was left for the men of my earlier life to deal with. The crude ideas of the first half of the twentieth century, when men were still oppressed by the fear of poverty, and did not look enough to the present pleasure of ordinary daily life, spoilt a great deal of what the commercial age had left us of external beauty: and I admit that it was but slowly that men recovered from the injuries that they inflicted on themselves even after they became free. But slowly as the recovery came, it *did* come;

# THE COMRADE

and the more you see of us, the clearer it will be to you that we are happy. That we live amidst beauty without any fear of becoming effeminate; that we have plenty to do, and on the whole enjoy doing it. What more can we ask of life?"

He paused, as if he were seeking for words with which to express his thought. Then he said:

"This is how we stand. England was once a country of clearings amongst the woods and wastes, with a few towns interspersed, which were fortresses for the feudal army, markets for the folk, gathering places for the craftsmen. It then became a country of huge and foul workshops and fouler gambling-dens, surrounded by an ill-kept, poverty-stricken farm, pillaged by the masters of the workshops. It is now a garden, where nothing is wasted and nothing is spoilt, with the necessary dwellings, sheds, and workshops scattered up and down the country, all trim and neat and pretty. For, indeed, we should be too much ashamed of ourselves if we allowed the making of goods, even on a large scale, to carry with it the appearance, even, of desolation and misery. Why, my friend, those housewives we were talking of just now would teach us better than that."

Said I: "This side of your change is certainly for the better. But though I shall soon see some of these villages, tell me in a word or two what they are like, just to prepare me."

"Perhaps," said he, "you have seen a tolerable picture of these villages as they were before the end of the nineteenth century. Such things exist."

"I have seen several of such pictures," said I.

"Well," said Hammond, "our villages are something like the best of such places, with the church or mote-house of the neighbors for their chief building. Only note that there are no tokens of poverty about them: no tumble-down picturesque; which, to tell you the truth, the artist usually availed himself of to veil his incapacity for drawing architecture. Such things do not please us, even when they indicate no misery. Like the mediævals, we like everything trim and clean, and orderly and bright; as people always do when they have any sense of architectural power; because then they know that they can have what they want, and they won't stand any nonsense from Nature in their dealings with her."

"Besides the villages, are there any scattered country houses?" said I.

"Yes, plenty," said Hammond; "in fact, except in the wastes and forests and amongst the sand-hills (like Hindhead

in Surrey), it is not easy to be out of sight of a house; and where the houses are thinly scattered they run large, and are more like the old colleges than ordinary houses as they used to be. That is done for the sake of society, for a good many people can dwell in such houses, as the country dwellers are not necessarily husbandmen; though they almost all help in such work at times. The life that goes on in these big dwellings in the country is very pleasant, especially as some of the most studious men of our time live in them, and altogether there is a great variety of mind and mood to be found in them which brightens and quickens the society there."

"I am rather surprised," said I, "by all this, for it seems to me that after all the country must be tolerably populous."

"Certainly," said he; "the population is pretty much the same as it was at the end of the nineteenth century; we have spread it, that is all. Of course, also, we have helped to populate other countries—where we were wanted and were called for."

Said I: "One thing, it seems to me, does not go with your word of 'garden' for the country. You have spoken of wastes and forests, and I myself have seen the beginning of your Middlesex and Essex forest. Why do you keep such things in a garden? and isn't it very wasteful to do so?"

"My friend," he said, "we like these pieces of wild nature, and can afford them, so we have them; let alone that as to the forests, we need a great deal of timber, and suppose that our sons and sons' sons will do the like. As to the land being a garden, I have heard that they used to have shrubberies and rockeries in gardens once; and though I might not like the artificial ones, I assure you that some of the natural rockeries of our garden are worth seeing. Go north this summer and look at the Cumberland and Westmoreland ones—where, by the way, you will see some sheep-feeding, so that they are not so wasteful as you think; not so wasteful as forcing-grounds for fruit out of season, I think. Go and have a look at the sheep-walks high up the slopes between Ingleborough and Pen-y-gwent, and tell me if you think we waste the land there by not covering it with factories for making things that nobody wants, which was the chief business of the nineteenth century."

"I will try to go there," said I.

"It won't take much trying," said he.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The Terrible Turk follows Uncle Sam's example—  
and is grateful.



A FLANK MOVEMENT.

—Rocky Mountain News.



"Looks like Spaniard again!"

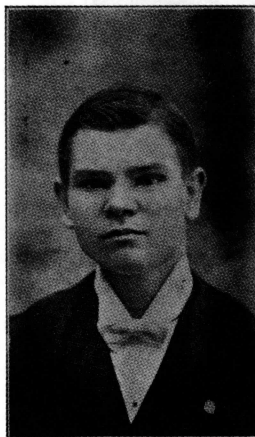
"Ow! Ow!"

## A Motto.

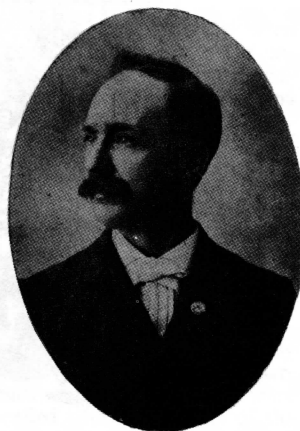
Ours is the cause that comes adown the ages,  
 Like a great river wid'ning to the sea—  
 Once the faint hope of Earth's great seers and sages,  
 Now the ASSURANCE of Humanity. G. W. S.

## Portrait Gallery of Socialist Worthies.

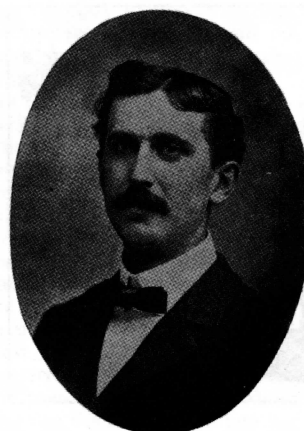
IV.



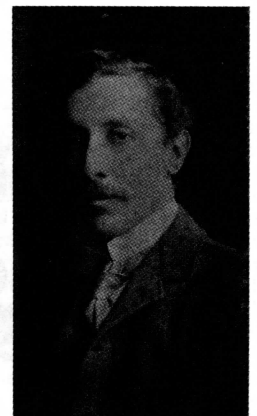
D. J. JEANNERETT'  
 An active comrade in Ann Arbor, Mich.



A. B. OUTRAM,  
 Secretary Socialist Club, Chelsea, Mass.



J. G. ROTH,  
 Chairman and Organizer,  
 Local Wilkesbarre, Pa.



JOSEPH GILBERT,  
 An untiring worker for Socialism in  
 Spokane, Wash.

## Views and Reviews.

Memorial volumes have, as a rule, little or no interest for the general reader. A person dies and friends damn his or her memory with "faint praise" couched in dreary platitudes: that is all. Let the reader who doubts the justice of this sweeping generalization mentally review all the memorial volumes that have come to him before challenging it.

All the greater, therefore, is the pleasure that a volume so beautiful as that issued by the friends of the late Helena Born, president of the Boston branch of the Walt Whitman Fellowship, gives the reader. Helena Born was a noble woman, one of those rare spirits whose lives radiate "sweetness and light," and draw unto themselves the companionship of the brave and free. Under the title "Whitman's Ideal Democracy" a few of her friends and co-workers have published a limited edition of some of her writings which have been gathered together by the loving hand of Helen Tufts who also contributes a charming biographical sketch of her dead friend. The volume itself is simple but beautiful; at once a fitting memorial and a splendid example of the modern printer's art.

Helena Born whose death last year came as a great shock to her friends, was a Socialist—one of a bright group that the Bristol (Eng.) Socialist Society gave to the movement. And what a group it was! There was Miriam Daniell, brave, impetuous and lovable; Dan Irving, still in the fight; John and Robert Sharland, the former lately laid in the Avon View Cemetery after long and loyal service; "Bob" Gilliard; Frank Sheppard; W. R. Oxley, and good old "Tom" Phillips;—a brave band! Helena Born I never knew; Miriam Daniell I met twice. The others I knew well and loved them all. When the history of Socialism in England is written the Bristol Socialist Society will surely be accounted a great factor in its growth. An enthusiastic letter, quoted in Helen Tufts' biographical sketch, says: "There was never such an institution as the Bristol Socialist Society. Whitman sings beautifully of loving comrades, but his verses do not begin to touch upon the real delight of the actual bliss of comradeship in practice." Aye, that was ever the "B. S. S.": "Comradeship in practice."

I have called Helena Born a "Socialist." She called herself a "Socialist" unto the end of her days, though from the time she left England she seems more and more to have drifted away from, and to have distrusted, the Socialist movement. She seemed to have feared losing her "individuality" in the organized movement. That was her limit. Good as she was; broad as she was, she was not yet great enough to transcend that common misconception of an organized expression of a great ideal. There are many who, like her, feel themselves too great to conform to an organization, when, in truth, they are not great enough to comprehend the basic truth that the fullest individuality is most possible in organization for common support—Democracy. True, in the brief paper on "Individualism Versus Organization" there are passages which seem to indicate that she did comprehend, but against the logic of the mind must be set the logic of the life.

These nine essays now gathered together as a comrades' memorial were, for the most part, read before the Boston branch of the Walt Whitman Fellowship, and they touch upon a variety of topics. They may not be great literature, yet they possess that quality of sweetness which marked their author's life. The world is the better for Helena Born's life and work.

Another book of alluring beauty is a delightful edition of William Morris' "PRE-RAPHAELITE BALLADS" which has been issued by

the A. Wessels Company of this city. Only six hundred copies have been printed, of which one hundred are large paper copies printed upon imperial Japanese paper, the remaining five hundred copies being upon "old Stratford" deckle-edge paper. This book will delight the lover of Morris and the most fastidious bibliophile can scarcely fail to be charmed with it. Morris himself would have hailed it with gratification. "Damned American Atrocity," he said to me once—the phrase being probably an unconscious pun upon "Armenian Atrocity"—with reference to a cheap "pirated" edition of Tennyson I was reading. This edition of his own early ballads would have drawn from him a word of satisfied pleasure just as hearty. The work has been carried out in the spirit of his own glorious Kelm-scott work, and reflects great credit upon the publishers. There are a number of illustrations, borders, and rubricated initials, specially drawn for this edition by H. M. O'Kane, some of which must be regarded as notable examples of book-decoration. Especially beautiful is the illustration and border which accompanies "The Gilliflower of Gold." More elaborate editions of the works of Morris there are, but scarcely any more truly beautiful, and certainly none so beautiful at so low a price.

The same firm are the agents for Aylmer Maude's remarkable book, *TOLSTOY AND HIS PROBLEMS*, which has been received with general approbation alike in Europe and this country. Others have sought to explain Tolstoy piecemeal, so to say, but there has always been a grave doubt as to the value of the interpretation. Those who desire to read with understanding the later writings of Tolstoy cannot do better than preface their studies by a careful perusal of this book. Maude is the only Englishman who in recent years has had the advantage of an intimate acquaintance with the great author, and, in a measure, one feels that generally it is only Tolstoy speaking through Maude to secure a fairer audience. The book is not by any means written to praise Tolstoy, but rather to explain his views. It consists of a series of essays, most of which first appeared in various magazines, and several of which secured Tolstoy's warmest approbation. Obviously, it were quite impossible to discuss with the necessary frankness and fulness Tolstoy's "Problems" in these brief notes. What is the true Socialist estimate of Tolstoy? I once hazarded the opinion in a discussion upon the respective merits of Tolstoy and Ruskin, that both alike were, as social reformers, above all things superficial: mere plowers of sand. The audience, I remember, seemed to be shocked: some because of the audacity of what they considered to be my "joke"; others because it seemed to approach blasphemy. Yet a sincere and careful study of Mr. Maude's book rather strengthens that impression. No Socialist loves the "armed peace" of our present life. Tolstoy, no less than Herbert Spencer, entirely fails to comprehend that the Socialist ideal is not to surround the unit of society, nor society itself, with laws and means of enforcing those laws. Indeed, the Socialist ideal is not less than Tolstoy's or Thoreau's: "that government is best which governs least." Or, better still, that life is best which needs no external government. But if that life is rendered impossible by conditions that wise government can remove, then wise government is better than no government. Morals must be expressed always in terms of resistance to the immoral. A world without wrong or wrong-doer certainly is the final ideal, but while we have the wrong and the wrong-doer, true morality is alone expressed by wise resistance. That there may be, and are, various forms of resistance is true, but non-resistance is not the less the very emphasis of morality. His views upon the relation of the senseless Tolstoy to be, as a social reformer, superficial even to the limits of grotesque absurdity and

his view of Socialism scarcely less so, while his "non-resistance" theory is open to the even weightier objection of being, however attractive to some minds, subversive of all progress. The experience of the world writes this moral precept in burning letters: "To refrain from any possible resistance to wrong is to become responsible for the wrong itself."

Yet, however we may disagree with Tolstoy, there can be no denying his great genius or his influence. He challenges the attention of every thinker and particularly of the Socialist thinker. Mr. Maude's book contains a careful exposition of his views that no student can afford to miss. Moreover, the master's approval gives it a value that no other work upon Tolstoy possesses.

Another book of permanent interest to every Socialist, is Dr. John T. Codman's *BROOK FARM MEMOIRS* published by the Alliance Publishing Company. Although this book has been published for a few years, no apology is needed for calling attention to it at this time. When the *COMRADE* was launched by its promoters it was announced that, from time to time, old books as well as those of recent date, would receive attention. That announcement was as frank as it was unconventional. In face of the vast loads of puerile trash with which the literary market is flooded to-day it would be a distinct relief if many of our critics would turn to some of the less known but worthier work of days gone. That, however, in parenthesis. A still weightier reason for this notice of Dr. Codman's book is that nothing that concerns the early history of Socialism in this country can fail to be of interest to present-day Socialists. And in all the varied history of Social Utopias in this classic land of such Utopias there is no chapter of such entrancing interest as that which deals with the Brook Farm Experiment. Alike from the character and fame of the more distinguished of its members, and the beauty of its ideals, Brook Farm stands out as the most splendid of all the many experiments which followed in the wake of the Owen movement in the early eighties. Mr. Codman whose reminiscences are simply charming, has given us a history of Brook Farm that must be accorded an abiding place in our literature. His style, whilst not brilliant, is graceful and lucid, and there can be no question as to the accuracy of what he writes. His memories of Robert Owen, Margaret Fuller, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Albert Brisbane and others make exceedingly good reading. It is in every way an admirable work and deserves a wide circulation. J. S.

## Books Received.

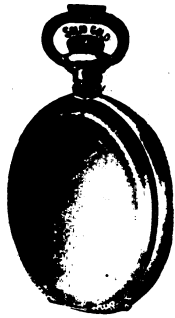
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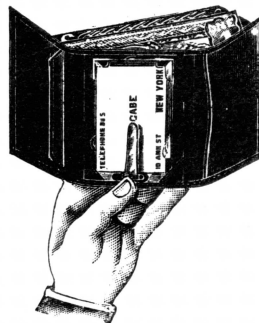
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The present issue of THE COMRADE will, we think, be found exceedingly useful as an agency of propaganda by our Comrades everywhere. We re-print in this issue the new Child-labor pamphlet by John Spargo. This pamphlet ought to be circulated by the tens of thousands in every State in the Union. It consists of sixteen pages and in addition to the illustrations by Mr. Ryan Walker published in this issue, we have re-printed as frontispiece the striking cartoon "Suffer the Children," by J. H. Morier. This pamphlet is, like "Where we Stand," well printed upon good paper and is a marvel of cheapness. Send in your orders at once. Prices: 10 copies, 15 cents; 25 copies, 25 cents; 50 copies, 40 cents; 100 copies, 75 cents; 500 copies, \$3.00; 1000 copies, \$5.00.

In our next issue we shall publish, among other items, a Fable by Prof. Stansbury Norse; a striking story by Dorothea Goebeler; "How I became a Socialist," by A. M. Simons, and an article by the Editor on the work of Constantin Meunier, the famous Belgian Sculptor and Painter, whose pictures of

modern industrial life are unequalled. We also have in preparation a "Ruskin issue," to be devoted largely to the life and work of John Ruskin. We believe that such an issue should be of great value and interest, and it will, in all probability, be followed by others devoted to Karl Marx, Ferdinand Lassalle, William Morris, Walt Whitman, and others equally notable.

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This cut shows size and appearance of our new Emblem Button, artistically executed in five colors. Organizers and secretaries tell us that it is the prettiest button of our collection of 30 different Socialist Campaign and Portrait Buttons, and that it sells allright. They are going fast—order now.

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