

# THE COMRADE



Labor is the Idlers' Santa Claus.

## Zola the Socialist.

By Jean Longuet. From the French by Hebe.



VERY characteristic sign of the decomposition of the capitalistic world and of the wonderful progress made by our ideas in every sphere, is the fact that the greatest among our artists and writers give more or less thorough evidence of their sympathy with the leading ideas of the modern Socialistic movement. In France our two greatest contemporary writers, whose works have for thirty years most gloriously represented French literary genius throughout the world, Anatole France and Emile Zola, have undoubtedly in all their later works shown themselves to be in full harmony with the essential principle of organized labor. In some future issue I will tell the readers of THE COMRADE how Anatole France, the disciple of



Renan, with his calm skepticism and elegant humanism, came to accept even the final aims of the workingmen's movement. He whose Socialistic tendencies I wish to describe briefly now, is the great novelist, the noble citizen, whom the entire civilized world has just lost, and for whom a hundred thousand Parisian Socialists created a magnificent funeral. A great many people, both in France and abroad, think that Zola's relations with the Socialists, relations of thought and of struggle, date only from the Dreyfus affair, as the Socialist Party was the only one to support him in his heroic struggle for the cause of justice. But this is a decided mistake. Zola's entire literary work, his general views of life, and his temperament, have for a long time brought him into contact with the Socialistic movement, and from the commencement of his masterly Rougon Maquart series, "the mental and social history of a family during the Second Empire," the writer followed an analysis of facts which could only terminate in the general conclusions of our great theorists.

Evidently Zola was dominated during a great part of his life by Darwinian ideas, or, rather, by the erroneous conclusions derived from Darwinism by those who seek to justify capitalistic rule. Under the pretext of the "struggle for existence," the system of capitalistic competition was justified and declared to be the result, not of divine destiny, as during the first half of the century, but of the laws of nature. The influence of natural conditions is proclaimed above all, but the by far more important influence of economical conditions is entirely neglected. In his "Philosophy of Art" Taine judges the great masters of painting of the Dutch and Flemish schools of the seventeenth century, as also those of the Italian school of the sixteenth century, only by the physical and geological conditions of the Netherlands and of Italy.

In the same way Zola is very careful to explain the psychology of his heroes and their entire lives by the laws of atavism and heredity, which one can follow carefully traced throughout his entire "Rougon Maquart" series, from the "Fortune of the Rougons," one of the most remarkable, though the least known,—to "Doctor Pascal," the last of this series. His scientific mind, his desire to systematize, displays itself in this well grouped monument. "It is wonderful," writes Abel Hermant, "that one person should have been able to write these nineteen consecutive volumes in twenty-two years just as he had pictured them from the start, without a pause, without a single change of the original plan, without once altering the genealogical tree or the determined place of the various characters."

One finds, nevertheless, already in the first volumes of the series, a wonderful perception of social phenomena, and it is this exact analysis of economical conditions which presents itself in "The Booty," the second volume of the series. It was a picture admirably well drawn, of the furious speculations of which Paris was the scene at the beginning of the Second Empire as a result of the great works which the perfect Haussman had initiated. "Pot-Bouille" brought a description that seemed brutal, but in reality it was only the faithful image of the customs of the bourgeois, showing the low morals, the absence of culture, and their want of all ideals. In "The Ladies' Paradise" Zola gave an exact and complete description of capitalistic concentration. He was the first writer who showed in the fatal crushing of the small merchant by the large concern, the dominating feature of modern commercial life. He condemns money, "the corrupter and destroyer," throughout this work. He denounces the detestable vices of capitalistic society in "Nana," a faithful portrayal of prostitution in general, and of the theatrical world in particular; and in "The Murderer" he gives a terrible description of the passions set free by alcoholism, among the paupers degraded by misery.

But a dreary pessimism and a complete hopelessness made up the philosophy of Emile Zola. That is also the time of his life when the great writer became rich, when he seemed to have arrived at the honors of "bourgeois" society, when he was decorated with the "legion d'honneur," was induced to present himself at the "Académie Française," that conservative body of literary men, and is considered as a candidate of one of the bourgeois parties for the assemblage which holds its sessions in the "Palais du Luxembourg." But, as Abel Hermant said in the splendid oration which he delivered at Zola's tomb, "he was no less fortified against wealth than against poverty, for in the midst of luxury which would have enervated others, he maintained the noble pride of a good worker." And truly, Zola never ceased working. This ardent love of work, "work the benefactor and pacifier," he shows in the strong conclusion of his novel "The Work," where beside the grave of the hero,

## THE COMRADE.

a talented but unrecognized artist having addressed some words of comfort and hope to the few assembled friends, terminates in this exclamation: "Let us work!" Moreover the independence of Zola's character, refusing to grant the concessions and compromises which society demanded from him, the artless awkwardness with which he confessed to his advanced views in the most inappropriately chosen moments, prevented him from becoming a "regular," and made his being admitted into the Académie Française impossible. He remained a "bear," as he chose to call himself, a revolutionist.

With "Germinal," the great novelist reveals himself as a wonderful portrayer of the masses. This chapter of proletarian life of the miners, to which the great battles actually fought on both sides of the Atlantic, give a historic foundation, this struggle of the workers, "whose dreary thoughts seem to rise up from the bowels of the earth toward a light of hope and justice," has all the grandeur and beauty and power of an epic poem. In his preceding works one perceives them already, the anonymous masses. Although they do not appear in the foremost ranks one can hear their distant murmur. But in "Germinal" they hold the first place, they are really "the hero" of the novel. Together with "The Weavers," by Gerhart Hauptmann,—in which, as the "Vorwärts" of Berlin remarks, the influence of Zola is quite evident,—"Germinal" gives to the proletarians the strongest and most beautiful creation that their struggles and hopes could inspire.

With a powerful pen, but perhaps with a slightly exaggerated pessimism, the great realist describes in "The Country" the baseness and suffering of rural proletarian life, bowed to the soil, stupefied by centuries of misery and oppression; while in "The Dream" he attempts a purely idealistic novel, wishing to prove to his critics that he was capable of rising into the ethereal heights of the ideal, as well as following the trail of the realities and sufferings of human life.

"Money" then gives us another powerful study of economic conditions, which, as Marx says, are the only foundation from which the political and intellectual history of every period can be explained. The stock-jobbing, the furious war waged by money, the duel engaged in by the Catholic band of Saccard (who is no other than the famous leader of the "Union Generale," M. Bontaux) and the Jewish bank represented by Gundermann (Rothschild) the entire delicate and complicated mechanism of the money market, is splendidly and accurately described. At the end of the story Zola shows us capitalistic concentration working with the irresistible power and exactness of natural phenomena. It scatters misery and ruin, but at the same time prepares the necessary conditions for the realization of a new society, which one of the heroes of the novel, Sigismond Busch, a generous and noble minded thinker, points out as the superior one, and predicts as an event of the near future.

In the latter part of his life, even before the Dreyfus affair, Zola accentuated his social apprehensions in the two serials: "The Three Cities," and "The Four Gospels." The fourth, "Justice," was, alas, interrupted by the tragic death of the great writer. First, in "Lourdes," he gives a study of the quaint religious madness; in "Rome" he describes the separation of the young hero, the abbot Pierre Froment, from the Catholic church; in "Paris" he shows us, besides the useless attempts of dynamite throwing Anarchy, the power of science, which, in his opinion, even without the efforts of man, must free society from the evils of capitalism. Here we come to the only deficiency in Zola's social conceptions, a deficiency which is mainly perceptible where he attempted a constructive effort as in "Labor," his Utopian novel which appeared last year. Zola, who has wonderfully described the existing economical conditions, like some ancient Utopian Socialists, does not seem to understand the necessity of the proletarians assuming the point of view of class combat, in order to dissolve the inequality existing in the capitalistic organization, between the production and distribution of social wealth. That the proletarians are obliged to organize themselves as a class to liberate humanity,

seems to escape him. In "Paris" he points out the development of science as the only remedy; in "Labor" the growth of cooperative production, which by its own superiority, wins over the minds of men to recognize the new order of things, and causes the capitalists to abandon their own growing interests to the collectivistic organization which gradually encircles all humanity. Our American comrades will here recognize the same spirit which led to the formation of those quaint Western and Texas Communistic colonies, especially that of the followers of Bellamy. Here we find ourselves very close to the "New Arcadia" of Cabet, but rather far from the modern Socialism of Marx and Engels.

But it is above all the descriptive part of his writings, the faithful depicting of social conditions, which makes Zola a Socialist; as also his hatred of money, "money which does not even give pleasure to those who possess it," and his hatred of all the crimes committed by a society which is based upon money. It is also because his naturalistic philosophy has con-



Emile Zola

tributed to the modern views of life a healthful optimism, in spite of the pessimism which seems to dominate a great part of his writings. It is moreover because he incessantly proclaims the elevation and ennobling of mankind by the moral force of labor and by the love of labor, of labor which he glorifies in glowing language, and in which he sees the ideal of the modern, laboring classes. "The century belongs to labor," he writes in one of his recent novels, "for does one not already see in the growth of Socialism the social order of the future, of labor for all, 'labor, the benefactor and pacifier?'"

"What a great and healthy society will it be, where every member shall contribute his logical share of work! No more money, and, accordingly, no more speculation, no more theft, no more dishonorable dealings, no more crimes, incited by the craving for wealth. No young girls will be married for their dowry, nor old relatives assassinated for their heritage; no

## THE COMRADE.

passersby will be murdered for their purse. No more hostile classes of employer and employed, of proletarians and bourgeois, and, accordingly, no more laws and courts and armed forces to guard the unjust accumulations of one class against the hunger of the other. No more idlers of any kind, and therefore no more property owners nourished by their rent; no more people living idly on their income granted by chance; in one word, no more luxury and no more misery! Thanks to the many new hands employed in labor, thanks above all to the machines, we will not work more than four, perhaps but three hours a day, and oh! how much time there will be for enjoying life! For it will not be a barrack, but a city full of freedom and gaiety, where everyone remains free to choose his pleasures, with enough time to satisfy his just desires, the joy of loving, of being strong, being beautiful, being intelligent, of taking his share from inexhaustible nature!

"Then it will be a man in a higher type of development, rejoicing in the fulfillment of his natural wants, who will have become the real master. The schools and work shops are open. Every child chooses its profession according to its inclination. As the years pass by, careful selection is made by rigorous examinations. It no longer suffices to be able to pay for your instruction; it is necessary to profit thereby. Thus everyone will find himself halted and put to use at the just degree of his ability, as indicated by nature. Each for all, according to his capability!

"O joyous, active community, ideal community of reasonable and humane selection, where the old prejudice against manual labor no longer exists, where one can behold a great poet being a carpenter, and a locksmith being a great sage! Ah! blessed city, triumphant city, toward which mankind has been marching for so many centuries—city whose white walls glitter yonder in the light of happiness, in the radiant light of the sun!" ("Paris.")

This dazzling description of the grandeur and beauty of a communistic world, alone, made Zola one of us. His noble, courageous intervention in an embittered combat for justice, in which he rose against an insolent and brutal militarism, and against all the forces of oppression and falsehood of a bourgeois society, was one of the great battles which brought nearer the decisive hour of victory for the laboring class.

## THE BUFFOON.

By Polly Dawson.



HE had played the part of Buffoon night after night for a year, until his child heart seemed made of folly and his gentlest thought a jest. The chorus girls waylaid him in the passages, but to their girlish raillery, or to the rippling swish of their many-colored skirts, he was heedless. They called him "Little Fool," and they liked him for his soft gray eyes.

He loved the grand prima donna. He, the buffoon, loved her, loved her, I say, with such a love that he seemed to live but to spread her cloak about her proud shoulders with tender reverence. Little Fool called her "Madonna," and he served her as youth alone serves a holy thing.

One night he noticed a dark man in the box. Little Fool watched him, act after act; saw him smile with satisfaction when Madonna lifted her white throat to sing. Later on, Madonna sat down to dine with this same dark man. Buffoon could have strangled him, but he sat down in the corner of the room, playing with his bauble, and waited.

Soon the dark man drew his chair closer and closer to Madonna. She looked startled and annoyed. Little Fool shot under the table and pinched the man's leg. He pushed out from the table with an oath. Little Fool was dancing innocently across the room, jingling his bells, and singing merrily. Then he slid behind the velvet curtains and watched. They rose from the table, and the man placed the cloak about Madonna's white shoulders in mock gallantry. He leaned over Madonna, and would have kissed her mouth. Little Fool sprang at him, and struck him a blow with his small fist. The man threw him to the floor and rushed from the room.

The proud and beautiful Madonna gathered up the light form in her strong, bare arms. "My Little Fool," she said tenderly. And she kissed white-faced Folly until the red came back to his lips again.

## THE FLIGHT IN THE NIGHT.

By Paul Shvell.



AGE of rubbish, passing, passing,  
Age of servile acquiescing;  
Age of evil, age of liars—  
Hurry, hurry, feed the fires!

Sweating, sighing, bleeding, burning,  
Forward on the future yearning,  
Slowly, slowly rise the masses  
As the system passes, passes!

Upward, onward, outward, Godward,  
Eyes aflame with many a loud word  
Written, spoken—singing, singing,  
Whistles blowing, steeples ringing!

Join the masses! Join the masses!  
Sinking are the cliques and classes!  
Sinking, sinking, doomed and dying—  
See the ages flying, flying!

Quit the ages—follow, follow!  
All your tricks are hacked and hollow!  
Leave your hopes ere all be gone—  
Hurry, hurry, hurry on!

Lo! we're half way up the mountains!  
Prairies, homesteads, fields and fountains!  
What are all these scenes we're seeing,  
On to which we're fleeing, fleeing?

Misty splendors of the Morning,  
Waters, vales, and hills adorning!  
Far behind the low fires glimmer  
Where the past grows dimmer, dimmer.

Socialism! Socialism!  
Ram the walls and bridge the chasm!  
On, ye living! Cheer, ye dying!  
See the toilers flying, flying!

Wake and love, ye proud, O waken!  
Forward! lest ye be forsaken!  
Leave your wealth, and leave your worry!  
Buy ye wings, and hurry, hurry!

## The Polish Socialist Movement.

By B. A. Jędrzejowski.

Foreign Secretary of the Polish Socialist Party.



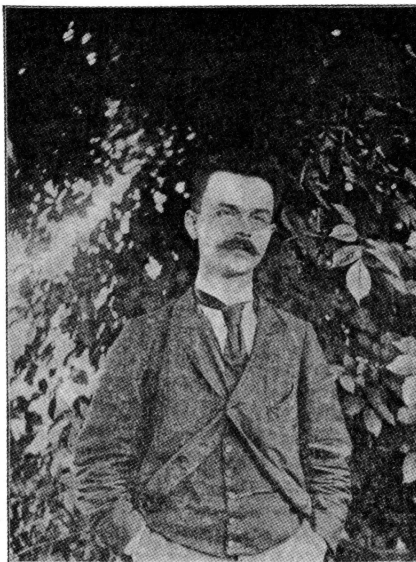
**T**WENTY-FIVE years are now just over since the beginning of the modern Socialist movement in Poland. Twenty-five years of relentless fight, of daily nameless self-sacrifices, of never weakening hopes, of often very slow, but always certain progress. Socialism has to struggle in Poland against odds unknown in any other civilized country. Even in Russia—sad as may be the lot of Russian Socialists—they know at least that they have to fight against “their own” government, the product of their own political and economical conditions. We in Poland must fight not only against our own exploiting classes, but also against foreign invasion; and we must do so while divided in three parts, groaning under the yoke of three of the most powerful military despotisms of central and eastern Europe. No hope for us to escape by any means the unavoidable bloody conflict, no hope of converting to our ideas the ranks of the army, which will defend throne and altar, property and order against our attack. The wild tribes of Eastern Russia, sent to our country, and clad with Russian military frock, will *not* refuse to shoot down Polish Socialists. And when all Socialist parties of Europe—except Russia—even while professing most revolutionary sentiments, in reality confine their thoughts to parliamentary elections and other not less peaceful and constitutional fields of action, we know and bitterly feel every day, there is no hope for our deliverance by any such means. Questions of military tactics, etc., which fifty years ago were deeply interesting the whole European democracy (among others our great masters Marx and Engels, even to the end of their lives) are now of no concern to any Socialists, except us.

Although divided in three parts in consequence of the dismemberment of Poland in 1794, and while fighting in every part of Poland (Russia, Germany and Austria) in a different way, according to the political conditions of the respective invading state, our party is, nevertheless, perfectly united by ties of identical aims, the same literature and, as far as possible, also of common action. Our aim, briefly stated, is an Independent Polish Socialist Republic. We do not think it to be possible, and we do not wish, to enter the future Socialist United States of the World under tutelage of any of the nations, which are now subjugating Poland, i. e., on any other condition but as a “free people with free peoples,” as an equal people with equal peoples. We do not believe in “free federation by means of coercion.” As members of a great nation, as representatives of its now—even nationally—most conscious class, the proletariat, as Poles, we must fight for a *free* Poland; and as workers, as Socialists, we must fight for a *Socialist* Poland. Thus the social, the political and the national revolution are for us one and indivisible; and the revolution means for us no empty sound, no mere sociological, “scientific” term.

However, as yet, we do not know when the hour of the great decisive struggle may strike, and we do not wish by any means to hurry on the index on the dial of history. On the contrary,

the later it comes, the better for us, and also the better for the general cause of mankind, because we hope that our rising will be also the signal of the general rising for the proletariat of all more or less despotically ruled European nations. Meanwhile, we do not mean to lose even the slightest opportunity of strengthening our position, or of drilling our forces in the present every-day political and economical class struggle.

The most evident results of this struggle of which we can boast have been in that part of Poland which, although (owing to the competition of the highly developed capitalism of German Austria) industrially very retrograde, at the same time has least to complain of national oppression. In Austrian Poland, in spite of reactionary parliamentary representation laws, and in spite of open bribery, frauds, and terrorism, exercised at every election by landlords, who are the ruling class of Galicia, we have one Socialist member of the Austrian Reichsrath, Comrade Daszynski, and two Socialist municipal councillors (one in each of the municipalities of both Galician capitals, Lemberg and Cracow). At the election of 1900, Comrade Daszynski, who was elected, polled in Cracow 13,158 votes, against 8,950 polled together by his adversaries. In Lemberg our unsuccessful candidate polled in the same year 4,903 votes. In five other smaller places—with indirect suffrage, and a large preponderance of peasant votes—our candidates have done well enough. To appreciate those results at their comparative value, I ought to write for American comrades a special and big treatise on Austrian electoral statutes generally, and on Galician “corrupt practices” particularly. It must therefore suffice to say here that open physical coercion, frauds, intimidation and bribery prevail at Galician elections to an extent unknown in any other country—even in Spain—and these nice ways of influencing public opinion are there at the present time directed almost exclusively against our comrades.



B. A. JĘDRZEJOWSKI.

The Socialists in Galicia must not only propagate our international communist ideals, not only are they fighting for universal and equal suffrage, for labor protection laws, etc., but they must also exert themselves in defending laws which are already existing against incessant criminal attacks on them of landlords and of their agents, government officials; they must fight for common honesty in political life. As to the education of the masses, Galician comrades were obliged to undertake—besides the proper Socialist propaganda—also the whole University Extension movement, and only later—and solely in order to compete with the Socialist Popular University lectures—was there started another, and, of course, far less successful, institution of the same kind by conservative university professors. Our comrades in Galicia have to perform many tasks which in America and England are quite efficiently and earnestly performed by the State, municipal bodies, and ordinary middle-class humanitarians. They have heavy work, but it is probably the better for their importance in national life and their general influence.

In many respects worse is the position of our comrades in German Poland. The whole public life of this province is almost absorbed by a desperate struggle against the aggressive

## THE COMRADE.

Teutonism which seeks to rob Poles even of their native language by means unheard of in any modern state. Even little college boys are treated as felons for the crime of privately and clandestinely learning their own Polish grammar, history and literature. Polish addresses on letter envelopes are prohibited and persecuted. (A postman who dared to deliver a letter addressed in the Polish language, without submitting it to the obligatory delay of from three to six days, was instantly dismissed!) Meetings are prohibited solely because of the Polish language being used by Polish speakers to a Polish audience, etc., etc. At the same time this struggle for national existence is there conducted since the beginning under the leadership of the Roman Catholic clergy, who are deadly foes of any advanced idea, and especially of Socialism. Nevertheless, at the election of 1898 to the German Reichstag, there were nearly 30,000 Polish Socialist votes. And especially since our local organ left its first publishing place (it was published in Berlin from 1891 to 1901) and was established in the summer of last year in the center of Polish Silesia, our propaganda is rapidly making headway. But at the same time the whole power of the odious Prussian despotism begins to rage against us. One were inclined to suppose that there is nobody more hated by the German Government than a German Socialist. Still the history of the last couple of years shows there is one, namely, an ordinary Polish patriot; and now we see that the best hated foe of the German Government is—a Polish Socialist, who, while being a sincere international Social Democrat, does not at the same time forget that he is a Pole. For instance, in March of this year the whole staff of our organ in German Poland was arrested (and is kept in prison to this day), and yesterday's mail brings the news that the Supreme Court has confirmed the sentence on two comrades of this staff: one and two years' imprisonment, respectively, for alleged inciting of class hatred, i. e., for alleged sale of *one* copy of a Polish Socialist pamphlet. However, all such persecutions will be fruitless; our organ will not return to Berlin, and means to stay in Poland, and we shall do our best at the coming general elections in the next year.

My space is nearly full, and I have not yet said anything of Russian Poland, the most important part of our country, and having also the strongest Socialist movement. Here is the most strongly developed Polish capitalism, and consequently a numerous industrial proletariat; here are always alive traditions of a century of revolutionary plots against the Russian Government, and of glorious national insurrections; but here is also no possibility of any—even the slightest—Socialist action by any "lawful" means. Every step of our comrades there is an outrage, mostly "high treason," against the Russian law. Beginning with literature, which must be either smuggled from abroad, or clandestinely printed in the country, and in either case secretly circulated; with strikes, which are punished by wholesale imprisonments and transportations, and, if possible, suppressed with knouts of the Cossacks, and ending with meetings, which are most strictly prohibited. Nevertheless the litera-

ture is imported in scores of thousands of copies every year from abroad; clandestine party presses are issuing two large central organs (one, in Polish, since 1894, and one in Yiddish since 1898), and six smaller local papers; all strikes are helped and controlled by the party; and as to meetings, we have, since 1898, renewed old Polish traditions, and shown that in spite of all governmental fury it is possible to arrange open-air demonstrations in the teeth of Russian military forces. Our example in this respect has taught and helped our Russian comrades.

The most important feature of our agitation in recent years is a definite start of Socialist propaganda and organization among the Polish peasants, and successful work among the Jewish population, which is large in Poland, about 15 per cent. of the whole population.

As to the trades unions, we are following a different line of action in every part of Poland. In Austrian Poland trade unions are in some respects only a sub-division of the Polish Socialist party. The German trade unions, although led by Socialists, are, as organizations, distinctly separate bodies; and Polish class-conscious workmen, while politically organized in a separate Polish Socialist party, are, for the purposes of the economical struggle, enrolled in the same general German trade unions (as it is only natural that, although Poles must have their own political aim, their economical interests are absolutely identical with those of their German comrades working in the same trade). As to Russian Poland, it is not possible to organize clandestinely any large trade union bodies there. Instead of them, therefore, we have small trade committees belonging to the party organization.

In spite of—or perhaps just because of—the national aims of our party, we enjoy the bitterest hatred of all other so-called "national" Polish parties. And the party of revolutionary middle-class nationalists (the so-called National Democratic Party), although themselves suffering from nearly the same persecutions of the Russian Government as the Socialists, nevertheless fight against us with the same virulence as against the Russian invasion. However, that is but natural, in view of our distinctly proletarian line of action on every question of the daily class struggle, and in view of our Socialist ideal of the future Polish Republic.

We have now one daily paper, four weeklies (one appearing three times every month) three fortnightlys, three monthly reviews, two papers appearing once every two months, one quarterly, and eight papers issued by clandestine presses in Russian Poland at irregular intervals. Total, twenty-three Socialist party papers (three in Yiddish dialect and twenty in the Polish language).

Branches of the party are also scattered abroad in many towns of Europe and of the United States of America. The Foreign Committee, the official representation abroad of the clandestine party organization of Russian Poland, resides in London.



## "The Spirit of the Ghetto."

A Review.\*



Do you know that wonderful region, the lower East Side? It is New York's "Ghetto"—though many a Jew will look fiercely at you if you use the word in his presence. Have you mingled with the busy throng upon East Broadway, and sipped tea in its dingy cafés, listening the while to the fierce discussions of wildly gesticulating men, who shout and clench their fists, but never come to blows? Above all, have you been down there in the throes of an election campaign?

Certain it is that Socialism is much stronger in Jewish New York than the vote indicates. You cannot move without being confronted by it. The talk in the cafés and on the streets is full of it, and even the tired work girls wending their homeward way talk of it with enthusiasm in their voices and their eyes. No marvel that Mr. Hapgood's book, "The Spirit of the Ghetto," is forever insisting upon it. It is the life of many of the people. There are two peoples in the Ghetto: the old-fashioned orthodox Jews, content to live in the spirit of the past, satisfied with dead old-world ceremonials, and the younger Jews



SUBMERGED SCHOLARS.



MORRIS ROSENFELD.

For if you have witnessed the excitement of an election in this most wonderful place upon earth, and if you are a "Gentile," the population must have appeared to you to consist almost entirely of Socialists. Such crowds! And such enthusiasm!

There is little advertising of the ordinary kind, but the word is passed cheerily from passerby to passerby that there will be a meeting, and the hall is soon crowded; or, if it be in the open, an audience soon gathers. That young Russian there, speaking in fearful and wonderful English—if he spoke in Yiddish they could better understand him, but he loves to demonstrate his linguistic attainments—is the candidate of his party. He hisses out the names of his opponents; they belong to the hated capitalist class. And how they cheer him! "He will surely be elected!" they cry. "He will surely be elected!" And the prophecy goes from mouth to mouth and house to house.

The candidate himself believes it, too. But look over the returns on election night. He is not elected. There were plenty of cheers, but there are few votes. On the East Side there are thousands of shouters to a hundred voters. The poor candidate, after the first bitterness of defeat is past, will comfort himself with the thought that he has thousands of young lads in his power. He will pin his hope to them; soon they will be voters, and then Socialism will triumph!

sharing the new spirit, drinking in with avidity the "stream of tendencies" of the radical teachers in all lands. Nor is it any marvel that Mr. Hapgood, as he reveals himself in these pages, is rather inclined to fear this new spirit. He would prefer a compromise between the old Hebraic spirit and "our American institutions." And he believes the Ghetto boy's "Americanism" will be "triumphant over the old ideas and the new Socialism."

Between the two forces, the old and the new, comes a third class, the "Intellectuals" of the Ghetto. They are the "enlightened" ones who are at once neither orthodox Jews nor Americans. They are the Anarchists, the Socialists, the playwrights, the poets and actors of the quarter. "When they die they will leave nothing behind them; but while they live they include the most educated, forcible and talented personalities of the quarter." Most of them are Socialists. In face of which observations the statement that "Coming from Russia, they are reactionary in their political opinions" is sheer nonsense. Mr. Hapgood occasionally indulges himself that way.

There is a world of infinite pathos and tragedy in the lives of those unhonored heroes of the Ghetto, "the submerged scholars," as Mr. Hapgood fittingly describes them. There is Moses Reicherson, for example, "probably the finest Hebrew grammarian in New York, and one of the finest in the world; his income from his position at the head of the school is \$5.00 a week. He is seventy-three years old, wears a thick gray beard, a little cap on his head, and a long black coat. His wife is old

\*THE SPIRIT OF THE GHETTO. By Hutchins Hapgood. The Funk Wagnalls Co., New York. — Illustrations by courtesy of the Publishers.

## THE COMRADE.

and bent. They are alone in their miserable little apartment on East One Hundred and Sixth Street. Their son died a year or two ago, and to cover the funeral expenses Mr. Reicherson tried in vain to sell his *Encyclopedia Britannica*."

There are also the "poor rabbis," men of vast learning and heroic piety, pushed to the wall by "fake" rabbis, and scorned and ignored by the uptown rabbis, who are rich. The real rabbi "knows the law and sits most of the time in his room ready to impart it." If an old woman comes in with a goose he can tell whether or not it is *koshur*, whether it may be eaten or not. He is called upon to settle many of the quarrels of the neighborhood and to interpret the law of the Hebrews as it has been from the time of Moses till to-day. "The poor sweatshop Jew comes to complain of his 'boss,' the old woman to tell him her dreams and get his interpretation of them, the young girl to weigh with him questions of amorous etiquette."

Among the women the new ideas are making themselves felt. The ignorant orthodox Russian Jewess "has no language but Yiddish, no learning but the Talmudic law, no practical authority but that of her husband and her rabbi. She is even more of a Hausfrau than the German wife. She can own no property, and the precepts of the Talmud as applied to her conduct are largely limited to the relations with her husband. Her life is absorbed in observing the religious law and in taking care of her children." Such a woman is a type of the first of the two well-marked classes of the women of the Ghetto. The other class, the educated women, is in a great minority. "The term "educated women" includes even the most slightly affected by modern ideas as well as those who are highly cultivated. There are a large number of these women who would be entirely ignorant were it not for the ideas which they have received through the socialistic propaganda of the quarter. Like the men who are otherwise ignorant, they are trained to a certain familiarity with economic ideas, read and think a good deal about labor and capital, and take an active part in speaking, in "house to house" distribution of socialistic literature and in strike agitation. Many of these women, so long as they are unmarried, lead lives thoroughly devoted to "the cause," and afterwards become good wives and fruitful mothers, and urge on their husbands and sons to active work in the 'movement.' . . . As we ascend in the scale of education in the Ghetto we find women who derive their culture and ideas

from a double source—from Socialism and from advanced ideals of literature and life. They have lost faith completely in the orthodox religion, have substituted no other, know Russian better than Yiddish, read Tolstoy, Turgenieff and Chekov and often put into practice the most radical theories of the "new woman," particularly those which say that woman should be economically independent of man. There are successful female dentists, physicians and even lawyers on East Broadway." "This ruling creed," says Mr. Hapgood, "is held by all classes of the educated women of the Ghetto, from the poor sweat-shop worker . . . to the most thoroughly trained new woman with her developed literary taste—that woman should stand on the same social basis as man, and should be weighed in the same scales." In the face of this testimony of his own, I submit to Mr. Hapgood that to talk about "reactionary political opinions" and to lightly estimate as he does the constructive power of the Socialist element in the life of the Ghetto, and the important part it is playing in determining the character of its future, is rank folly. If this Socialist spirit is a major factor in destroying the old Hebraic institutions, if it is causing the men to think and read continually upon economic questions, if it is inspiring ignorant and enslaved women to an ideal of equality and independence, and they in turn are urging on their sons to spread these ideas, then, whether for good or ill, it is bound to profoundly affect the life of the Ghetto for many years to come, and is far too important an influence to be thus lightly set aside.

There are interesting chapters in Mr. Hapgood's book which deal with the Poets of the Ghetto, its Stage and its Socialist Press. Zunsner, "the Wedding Bard," said to be the first man to write songs in Yiddish, Dolitzki who writes in Hebrew and champions the ancient language and the ancient ideals, have no sympathy with Socialism. But Morris Rosenfeld, the tailor poet, sings the burden of labor's woe. "Small, dark, and fragile in body, with fine eyes and drooping eyelashes, and a plaintive, childlike voice," Rosenfeld "is weary and sick. . . . His life has been typical of many a delicate poet—a life of privation, of struggle borne by weak shoulders, and a spirit and temperament not fitted to meet the world." Through all his poems the deep pathos of the crushed life of the slums asserts itself. Abraham Wald, who writes under the *nom de plume* Lessin, is not less a Socialist than Rosenfeld, perhaps more so. Twen-



JEWISH PLAYWRIGHTS.



JACOB GORDIN.



## THE COMRADE.

ty-eight years of age, a Russian of good education, he is a true bohemian. Fond of dispute—an intellectual *débauché* one of his friends called him once—without a home, living in the café upon scanty fare, Wald writes upon a wider range of subjects than does Rosenfeld, and his moods are more varied than that of the “tailor poet.”

In the section devoted to the Socialist press, we catch a glimpse of the unfortunate divisions of which the papers have been the expression to the outer world. “The *Arbeiterzeitung* marked the beginning of the most vital journalism of the East Side.” For five years it continued its work on behalf of the working class, then came the “split” and the two daily papers the *Abendblatt* and the *Vorwärts*. The *Abendblatt*—Daniel De Leon knows!—with many another East Side Socialist paper, is no more. The circulation of the *Vorwärts* is said to be 14,000 daily and 25,000 on Saturdays, on which day the other papers do not appear. Then there are the Anarchist papers, a weekly and a monthly. Katz is one of the foremost of the Anarchist coterie and recently made a successful debut as a playwright. Janowsky, editor of the Anarchist *Freie Arbeiterstimme* “is a little dark-haired man, with beautiful eyes, and soft, persuasive voice.”

Better known to the Socialist movement are several whose names occur in connection with the defunct *Arbeiterzeitung* and *Abendblatt*, and the *Vorwärts* which still prospers,—Abraham Cahan, the novelist of the Ghetto, Louis Miller, Kranz, Feigenbaum, Winchevsky, Libin, Levin and Gordin. More or less notice is given to each of these, but I will only quote this of Winchevsky, at the risk, too, of incurring his not unpleasant wrath: “Winchevsky is a Socialist, a man who has edited more than one Yiddish publication with success, of uncommon learning and cultivation. In literary attempt he is more nearly like the ordinary American or English writer than the Jewish. Most of the Ghetto poets portray the dark and sordid aspect of their lives. Most of them do it with unhappy strength. \* \* \* But Winchevsky attempts to give a bright picture of things. He tries to be entertaining, and heartfelt, sentimental and sweet. Truth is not so much what he attains

as a little vein of sentimental verse which is sometimes touched with a true lyric quality.”

Mr. Hapgood evidently realizes the enormous impetus given to the literature of the Ghetto, and the influence upon its character, by the Socialist press. But again Mr. Hapgood trots out his bogey, that awful word “reactionary.” In the section dealing with the Socialist papers he says: “The most educated and intelligent among the Jews of the East Side speak Russian, and are reactionary in politics and religion.” Now, read carefully what follows: “Coming from Russia, as they do, they have a fierce hatred of government and capitalism, and a more or less Tolstoian love for the peasant and the working man. (*Sic.*) The purpose of the *Arbeiterzeitung* Publishing Association was to educate the people, promulgate the doctrines of Socialism, and be altogether the organ of the workman against the employer.” What a strange idea Mr. Hapgood, who is, I understand, a graduate of Harvard, has of the meaning of “reactionary!”

Mr. Hapgood idealizes some of those of whom he writes, and in general he has more of the clever reportorial gift of scenting good “copy” than of the critic’s ability to understand and value at its true worth what he discovers. Putting my personal knowledge of the “Ghetto” aside, I submit that the facts which Mr. Hapgood has collected bear a very different meaning than he gathers from them. Still the book is full of interest, and will doubtless have, as it deserves, a wide sale. One wonders at the omission from the book of all mention of certain “celebrities” of the Ghetto, equally as picturesque as any of those described. The illustrations to the book, several of which I am enabled by courtesy of the publishers to include in this article, are by Jacob Epstein, a clever young Socialist artist, who loves the Ghetto, which he portrays with much ability. The book, as is usual with the publications of this company, is a very creditable production. There are, however, several typographical errors, particularly in the rendering of Yiddish terms. From an ordinary publishing house this might have been expected, but it is hardly excusable coming from the publishers of the “Jewish Encyclopedia.”

J. S.



KATZ



VORWÄRTS OFFICE.

## THE COMRADE.



### A Tribute to Elizabeth Cady Stanton.



It gives one a new reverence for womanhood to meet such a woman as Elizabeth Cady Stanton. It makes one realize anew the potentialities of our humanity. The prevailing ideal held before women is one of self-effacement. We say that it is a woman's business to be a good wife and mother—to be a faithful understudy of her husband. But here was a woman colossal, superb; a philosopher; a writer and speaker; a pioneer; a queen by natural endowment, and not because of any baubles she held, or of any lineage she could trace.

I paid a visit to Mrs. Stanton's pleasant apartments in New York, in company with a fellow Socialist, about three years ago. She welcomed us graciously, and introduced to us her daughter, Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch. No one who has looked on Elizabeth Cady Stanton could ever forget her. I have never seen a woman's head so striking. Her brow was massive; her mouth firm and positive; her eyes full of conscious strength. She was truly a cosmic woman, one whose brain swept the whole of life, as the ship captain's glasses sweep the sea, to the very horizon. Nothing human was alien to her. She lived in the social thought, and had no being apart from it. She spent the last week of her long and honorable life of eighty-seven years writing articles on woman's suffrage and divorce problems. Dominated as she was by her ideals of woman's suffrage, champion as she rightfully felt herself to be of the woman's cause in civil affairs, she was yet much more than that. She realized clearly enough that the so-called "woman's rights movement" is inextricably bound up in the larger social movement, and that woman's problems can never be solved until she has at least the ability and opportunity to become economically independent of man. In economics Mrs. Stanton was quite definitely a Socialist, and she contributed on occasions to the Socialist press. It is worth noting in this connection that her daughter, Mrs. Blatch, acted for some time on the execu-

tive committee of the London Fabian Society. In religion Mrs. Stanton was a singularly fearless and impartial investigator, clearly thinking out her own conclusions, and never allowing herself to be deceived by superstitions, however time-honored. On the religious issue, indeed, she alienated the sympathies of some of her nearest friends; but in this, as in all other things, she had but one concern, and that was to be true to her own ideal of truth.

Taking her all in all, Elizabeth Cady Stanton was one of the most heroic—perhaps the most heroic—woman that this country has produced. She carried on the traditions of those great English women, George Eliot and Harriet Martineau. She was in her own person the prophecy of a coming era in which women shall be honored, in the true sense of the word, as they are not honored to-day, and in which they shall occupy a much larger place in the public life and work of the world.

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.



### THE LABORER'S REWARD.

By Edwin Arnold Brenholtz.



ELVING in the coal mines, toiling in the shops—  
Knowing well what waits him if he shirks or stops;  
Standing at the throttle, working on the farm—  
Never free a moment from grim want's alarm;  
Digging in the ditches, hewing down the trees—  
Striving to be faithful, striving still to please:

What is Labor's portion,  
What is his reward,  
When hard work's distortion  
Lays him by the board?

Many are the moments man must toil and slave  
From the breath of birth time till he finds a grave.  
Multitudes find labor an enslaving thing,  
Crushing aspirations Manhood's sure to bring.  
Thinking of the morrow, man is sure to ask  
(Idlers in life's sunshine e'er before him bask)

What is labor's guerdon,  
What its payment here?  
After all the burden  
Is there but the bier?

Everlasting pleasure in the land beyond  
Settles no arrearage in the present bond.  
Millionaires get heaven—so the preachers say—  
Earthly pleasure *also* in the present day;  
Birthright rich for one man, poverty for most—  
Damnable the system that enslaves this host!

What reward has labor  
For a life of toil?  
To be rich man's neighbor  
On the heav'nly soil?

Trudging on earth's highway, he is left behind;  
Asking but for justice, he is apt to find  
Dollars doing duty as they did of yore,  
Shutting ev'ry passage, barring ev'ry door—  
Competition strangling human thoughts in all.  
Turning from man's *justice*, he to heav'n shall call:

"This reward I'm claiming,  
Here and now, O Lord!  
System now us shaming  
MUST go by the board."

## William Penn and Samuel Sword.

By Lucien V. Rule.

I.



AID William Penn to the Red Men: "My brothers, let's deal squarely; No need to fight, I'll do the right, and treat each fellow fairly."

The Indians gazed, amused, amazed, and murmured, "Do you mean it?"

"I do," he said, "and overhead the shining sun hath seen it."

Then they shook hands, and sold him lands at really pauper prices—

The choicest parts, those honest hearts that trickery ne'er entices.

He built his town, and settled down, this man so Philadelphish, And not a life was lost in strife of passions dark and selfish.

II.

But Uncle Sam, he says to sham, and trick 'em like a Yankee; "That Quaker cuss ain't one of us; he's too confounded cranky. He prays an' sings, an' sich fool things, jes' like a long-faced preacher; Ain't got no pards nor playin' cards, an' talks jes' like a teacher.

"He wouldn't fight ef you should smite him squarely on the jaw, sir;

Nor would he sue to get the due that's give him by the law, sir. In times o' war he wouldn't dror his sword to save a sinner: An' as fer flags and soldier rags, he wouldn't cheer the winner.

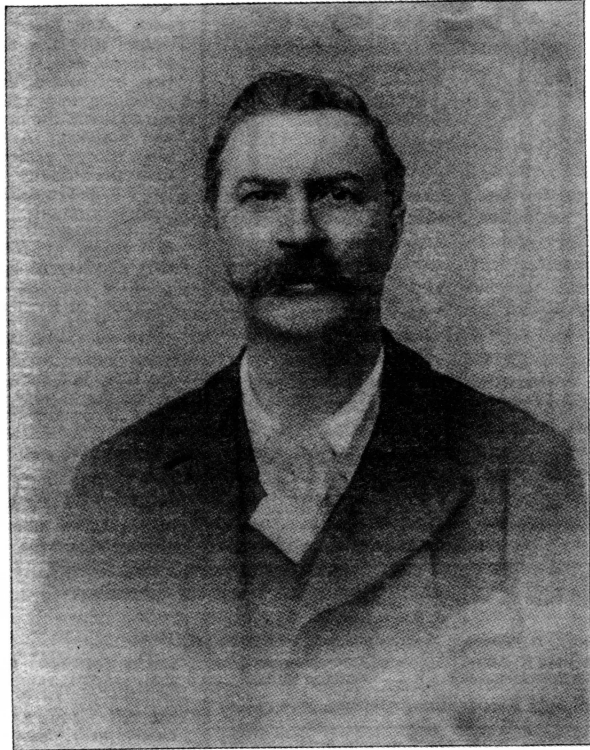
"War may be hell, but lemme tell ver, war ain't worse'n treason; An' sech a pup, I'd string him up the fust convenient season. I know what's right, an' I *will* fight, whate'er the parson preaches. Bring me my gun—that newest one—an' them star-spangled breeches.

"John Bull is out, beyond a doubt, a-huntin' Boers this minnit, An' here I stay, day after day, mild as a little linnet, I'll jine the boys, an' raise some noise in regions Oriental; This Christian calm an' Gilead balm ain't worth a continental.

"Been takin' pills to cure my ills, an' spring-time sarsaparilly, When all I need is my war steed an' some months at Manilly. This Bible biz means rheumatiz an' national indigestion; An active life, chock full o' strife, is mine beyond a question.

"There ain't no mirth upon the yearth like huntin' down the heathen; 'Tis royal sport to take a fort; it makes yer feel like breathin'. The game's all gone, as sho's yer bawn, at home—there's scarce 'n Injun.

But I declare! Jes' look a there! Why, where yer been, John? A-huntin' Boers! Ole lion roars, an' sets my Eagle screamin'. I'll jine, yer, John, at onct; doggone, ef I ain't been a-dreamin'!"



**E. Belfort Bax.**



ERNEST BELFORT BAX, whose portrait we here give, is one of the best known and most versatile and accomplished Socialists of Europe. His published works form a small library in themselves and are everywhere held in highest respect by the recognized leaders of the International Socialist movement. Perhaps the best known of his works are "The Religion of Socialism," "Ethics of Socialism," "Outspoken Essays," "Outlooks from the New Standpoint," "Life of Jean Paul Marat," "Handbook of the History of Philosophy," "Story of the French Revolution," "A Short History of the Paris Commune," and, in conjunction with William Morris, "Socialism: Its Growth and Outcome." This quite formidable list represents, I believe, less than half of his original works, in addition to which are numerous translations, including a volume of Schopenhauer's "Essays," and Kant's "Foundations of Natural Science." He also edited an edition of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," with introduction and notes.

Born in Warwickshire, England, in 1854, he studied in Germany—music first, then philosophy. The Paris Commune of 1871 aroused his sympathy and led him to study Socialism. He was one of the founders of the Social Democratic Federation in England and during the twenty odd years which have elapsed since then he has ever been an active worker in the cause. It was he who first induced William Morris to join the Socialist movement, and perhaps that fact weighed with him when he joined with Morris and others in forming the Socialist League. But, like almost every one of the others, he returned to the Federation, and ever since has been prominently identified with it. He is a familiar figure at all International Congresses of the Socialist movement. In spite of the fact that he is continually engaged in controversy in the European Socialist press, he is one of the mildest mannered and most genial, unassuming men in the whole international movement.

S.

## THE COMRADE.

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### EDITORIAL.



HE splendid vote for Socialism all over the country bearing eloquent witness to the success of our love-consecrated labor for the cause, should, and doubtless will, prove to be a most powerful incentive to still greater activity. The magnificent results in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Colorado and Montana, backed up by cheering results all along the line, are surely tokens of "the beginning of the end." Even in this State, where Mammonite Greed is more powerfully entrenched than elsewhere, the increase is full of encouragement. Henceforth, we go upon the official ballot as the third party. That in itself means much.

And because of our triumph there is a greater need than ever of abundant courage and incessant vigilance. That magnificent proletarian orator and fighter, Benjamin Hanford—too little known to the general movement by the way—voiced the truth which all the truly great heroes of the ages have expressed in some form, when, at the close of a campaign to the success of which he had so largely contributed, he declared: "Success calls for courage of the highest order. Anyone almost can be brave in defeat, but it takes the strong man to be brave in the face of his triumph." It is now that, with our great vote, we become of vast importance in national politics. We are the third party. We cannot be longer ignored, nor lightly reckoned with. The utter inability of the Democratic party to rouse the people and the consequent turning of the people to our ranks is admitted on every hand. It is the handwriting upon the political wall

which strikes the hearts of the feasting enemy with deadly fear.

And it is now that we shall be called upon to face a new danger. Men of vaulting ambition, but void of any deep rooted faith in our principles, may and probably will, try to enter our ranks in the hope that they may win power and position. And others may come to us who, though perfectly sincere, are, because of their proverbially dangerous little knowledge, liable to prove equally as little calculated, for a time, to strengthen us. Not fully comprehending the essentials of a movement to which they are drawn by force of its lovely idealism, they may try to lower our standard in deference to the prejudices of the "respectable" elements of society. We shall need courage and patience in abundant measure—courage to stand by the revolutionary principles of the great international Socialist movement, and patience, lest by any spirit of intolerance we defeat the very object for which we are striving. To quote once again from the same sturdy and indefatigable fighter as before: "We need to keep rigidly to our principles, at the same time keeping our movement broad enough that all who are sincere may find place in it." That is a task which will call for the best qualities in us. Whatever of statesmanship, whatever of character the organized Socialist movement possesses will be called forth.

\* \* \*

The action of our California comrades in their recent campaign opens up a problem which must be faced in real earnest. When the American Labor Union declared for Socialism at its convention held in Denver some time ago, that declaration was not, unfortunately, received with that cordial and unanimous approval which it deserved. In a cause of less magnitude the foolish pronouncement of the "Local Quorum" of our National Committee might well have been followed by the most disastrous schism imaginable. The Western trade-unionists, however, were too wise to attach any undue importance to that pronouncement which no considerable body of comrades endorsed.

Our Californian comrades seem to have swung to the other extreme, to a position fraught with even greater danger. The logic of the position which they have taken is that wherever the trade-unionists, having decided to enter the political arena, put forward candidates, we are bound to withdraw our candidates and to refrain from any definite political work on Socialist lines, provided only that the trade-unionists swear by that blessed phrase, "Independent political action," and do not "endorse" the nominees of capitalist parties. That the aims of many of these "Labor Parties" are often as reactionary, or at least as far from being truly progressive, as are the aims of either of the old parties, does not, apparently, affect the position.

Perhaps our comrades feel that once the unions can be persuaded to take up political action, apart from the old parties, then they will adopt the Socialist position as a logical necessity. That once they take independent action in politics they will become a revolutionary force, and that, therefore, from that point Socialism will find its best expression through them. Marx, himself, it will be remembered, was of the opinion that the English trade-unions would, with the extension of the franchise and their participation in the political struggle, become revolutionary bodies and the expression of the whole working class. That they have not so developed is well known, as is the fact that many of the larger and more powerful unions are reactionary in character. Even where they are represented in Parliament it is well understood that many of their representatives are just as much under

the control of the old party organizations as any. Some of them have openly opposed legislation to prohibit child labor (and let it not be forgotten, that there are similar "Labor Leaders" in all parts of this country) and it seems pertinent to ask what would a Socialist do in such a case? If we may not even put forward candidates because the unions have candidates, upon what grounds may the opposition of a Socialist legislator to such a reactionary "Labor" legislator be justified? To take a definite example: if the labor unions have ten members in the Assembly of any State and there is one Socialist member, what is to be the position of that one if the others pursue, upon the trust problem, say, a reactionary policy? Must he stand with them and vote against his principles? If not, upon what ground may his opposition to them be justified? If such grounds there be, do they not equally apply to the situation of the parties outside? That they support us in some ways as a return for our support, in return does not affect the principle.

This view of the question is here presented because our comrades in California seem to think that because independent Labor Parties spring up the Socialist Party must die. Independent Labor Parties have sprung into existence wherever Socialism has become a power. They have flourished or declined just according to our attitude toward them. Where we have tried bargaining and "alliances" they have prospered at our expense, where we have pursued the even tenor of our way, they have declined and the workers have realized Socialism—plain, unadulterated Socialism to be their only hope.

Socialism stands for the working class as a whole without "ifs" or "buts." The trade-unions embrace only a minority of the working class. Socialism appeals just as much to the workers outside the unions as to those within. If the unions having discovered that the strike and the boycott are inefficient, through our propaganda, decide to take up the political struggle, but, failing to comprehend fully, lose sight of the end, and mistake the means for the end, that is to be deplored. But it is not for us to go with them in their wanderings. Even if they win temporary and superficial successes, we must see to it that our light burns clear and bright and to it, sooner or later, they will turn. When they become Socialists they will join us and support us and there will be no "fusion" and no "trading." Meantime, short of that, no fusion is possible which does not involve a sacrifice of principle upon our part.

While continuing to show the unions, at every opportunity, our entire friendship, and cheerfully aiding them in all their struggles, we must not think of truncating one jot or one tittle of our principles. The Californian comrades have set a dangerous precedent. Fortunately, it has not proven very alluring in its immediate result!



THE COMRADE.  
**The Cotton Mill.**

By Ernest Crosby.

Author of "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable", "Captain Jinks", &c.



OGRE dread!  
Slavery raised from the dead!  
I see you—not in the fields as of yore—  
But stalking the factory floor,  
Cracking your whip overhead,  
While pale-faced children droop in the rumbling

roar,  
With tiny fingers twining the hateful thread,  
And dreaming of bed.

Half gone is the night.  
To left and right  
An acre or more of dim-lit whirr extends.  
For six dull hours' interminable length  
These babies have strained their strength;—  
Another six must wear away  
Before, at break of day,  
Their torment ends.

What is that piercing cry?  
Only another thumb and finger crushed;  
Another little hand awry.  
The cry is hushed.  
The girl has fainted, but the surgeon comes;  
How skillfully he cuts and binds and sews.  
Fingers to sever, and thumbs,  
How well he knows!  
Carelessness maims and kills,  
And children will be careless in the mills!  
Now he leads her out, never to climb  
Those stairs again to earn her nightly dime.

Yes, in this dismal hall  
Broods the angel of death.  
Many his shapes.  
He lurks in their very breath—  
In the cloud of cotton-dust that hangs like a pall

Over all.  
Strange that a child escapes,  
For dropsy, the wasting sickness, the fatal cough,  
Crouch, ready to carry them off.  
In a dozen years from to-day  
Half of these infant slaves  
Will sleep in forgotten graves,  
More happy there than those who stay,  
Still bound to the wheel of the mill,  
And racked and tortured still.

Will a monument ever rise to attest  
How they fell at the Ogre's behest?  
Yes, far away in the North  
Will a Herod's palace set forth  
Why they labored and died;  
For its splendors will hardly hide  
Its foundation laid on their tombs,  
And the walls of its sumptuous rooms  
Cemented with children's blood, where lingers  
The trace of bruised and wearied flesh and mutilated fingers.

Murder will out;  
And the palace will tell  
How its corner-stone stands firm in hell  
With a shout!  
And, who knows? our Herod may build  
With the gold of the killed  
A church to his devilish god—his Moloch, who, from his throne,  
Gave him the world, as he thinks, for his own.  
And asylum, and hospital, too,  
May spring from the bleaching bones  
Of these innocent ones,  
Crying to heaven the truth  
Of their massacred youth,  
And the story of Herod anew  
In an epitaph true.

These be thy triumphs, O Trade!  
Triumphs of peace, do they say?—nay, of war!  
At the cannon's foul mouth afar,  
Sore afraid,  
Brown men, and yellow and black,  
Buy what they never would lack  
When the Ogre says "Buy!"  
And with white lands as well it is war that we wage.  
Let them die!  
Their trade must be shattered to naught in this age  
Of the dollar supreme.  
We must conquer. Our dream  
Is a beggared world at our feet.  
So we draw up the armies of trade  
And invade,  
With the children in front, to fall first, as is meet—  
Children of mill and of sweat shop and mine—  
And behind them the women stand,  
Jaded and wan, in line;  
Then come the hosts of the diggers and builders, artisans,  
craftsmen and all.  
It is fine!  
It is grand!  
Let them fall!  
We are safe in the rear, with the loot in our hand.

And you, makers of laws!  
Who are true to the gold-bag's cause—  
Who will not interfere—  
To whom commerce alone is dear,  
And who pay any price—  
Child's life, or woman's, or man's—  
For its plans—  
Makers of devil's laws, breakers of God's,  
Open your eyes!  
See what it means to succeed!  
Confess once for all that you worship the Ogre of Greed.  
And then  
Turn again!  
For know, there are scorpions' rods  
Of remorse, and dishonor, and shame,  
In the wake of his name.  
Ogre dread!  
Send him and his slavery back to the dead!



## THE COMRADE.

# How I Became a Socialist

IX.

By Ernest Untermann.



My career on this globe began in Prussia in 1864, the year of the war with Denmark. When I made my first tottering steps, the war with Austria broke out in 1866. And when I had just opened my first primer, the Franco-German war in 1870-71 swept me away to France. The strongest impressions conveyed to my young mind during these first six years were martial music and the marching of troops; tumultuous cheering amid the sobbing of mothers, wives and sweethearts; carnage, burning homes, and crumbling walls; the roar of victorious exultation mingled with groans, prayers, and curses of wounded and dying; mangled corpses in fertile fields trampled down in the fullness of the harvest. Add to these impressions the effect of a pronounced military environment for the next six years. Intensify this by byzantine and severely patriotic training, supplemented on the spiritual side by "religious mysticism and devotion." Season this formula with German fairy tales, ancient mythology, Robinson Crusoe, Cooper's and Marryatt's Indian and sea stories, together with the usual college course of a German "Gymnasium," and you have the sum total of the intellectual equipment with which I started out to solve the riddles of life and my relation to society.

I was practically on the dead level of equality, occupied by the average patriotic and religious fanatic who is ever ready to sacrifice his life on the altar of devotion to royalty, fatherland, or dogma—for the benefit of the devotees of Mammon to whom royalty, patriotism, and religion are simply so many cloaks of respectability to cover the bald covetousness of their alleged civilizing activity.

This comatose state of mind was luckily offset by alert physical senses. Whatever may be said of the stunting tendencies of bourgeois instruction, the ruling class certainly bestowed great care on the development of the body. True, their "mens sana in corpore sano" was only an axiom, not a fact. For "mens sana" meant to them a mind that would use manly prowess for the benefit of commercial supremacy, even to the point of killing others in peace or war for private profit.

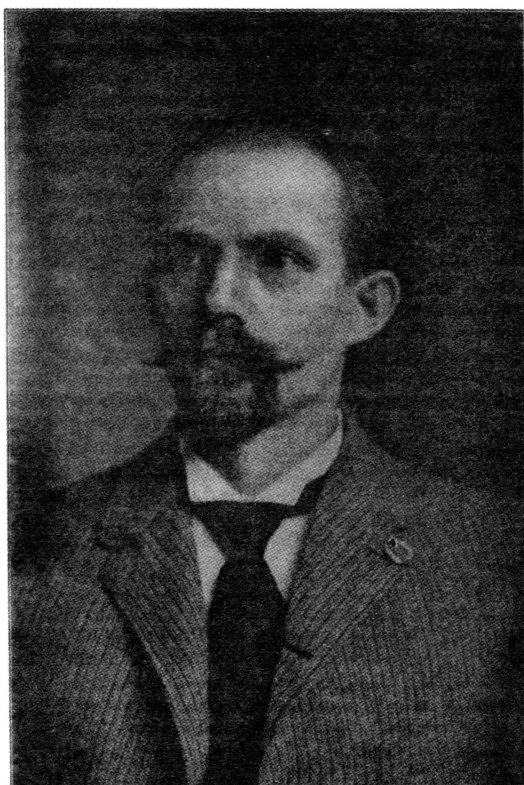
Thanks to the careful training of my physical senses, capitalist environment quickly sent a flood of reflexes to my mind on which it began gradually to react; feebly at first and with many relapses into its stupid bourgeois prejudice, but ever more readily and more objectively.

First of all, my eyes were forced to see scenes that had none of the beauty, harmony, prosperity and bliss which should have reigned according to the current theories. I saw some of the former heroes, now heroes no longer when they were not

needed, standing on the street corners with their grindorgans, tottering about on wooden legs, broken in body and soul by diseases contracted on the field of glory and soliciting alms. They were objects of pity and contempt. I saw others, decorated with brilliant stars and gaudy sashes, riding on prancing steeds or in resplendent carriages. And they were objects of universal admiration. Still I remembered that they had all been cheered when marching against the enemy and scoring victory after victory. Riddle number one which my mind set about to solve.

The next reflection, still arising out of the memories of my childhood years, was suggested by my dearly beloved Bible. Thou shalt not kill! was a thousand year old commandment.

Yet in this world created by an allwise and omnipotent Being, slaughter seemed to be the main purpose of all living creatures. More curious still, I had seen soldiers carrying the Bible in their knapsacks, alongside of the cartridges for killing the enemy and of the whiskey bottle, the contents of which goaded them into murder. And most curious of all, I had heard ministers and priests imploring their Creator to assist them in slaying the enemy. Riddle number two which proved far more difficult to solve than number one. When I had finally solved it, after years of the most excruciating mental struggles, I stood on the brink of nervous prostration, in spite of all physical training. The Bible had become an object of horror to me, and for many years I could not think of it without cursing it for the fearful tortures which it had caused me and others. Only when the materialist conception of history began to dawn on me, I again drew the Bible forth from its dusty hiding place. Though discarded as a spiritual guide, it became a treasure grove for the student of human history.



ERNEST UNTERMANN.

The completion of my college course placed me face to face with riddle number three: the struggle for existence. In solving this, I also found the solution of riddles number one and two. It was not long before I found that a college training was rather a heavy handicap for a young man without means and without a social pull. I was drafted into the great army of the unemployed before I had done a stroke of useful work. Society had trained me for intellectual tasks, but had failed to provide for employment.

At this stage, Robinson Crusoe, Leatherstocking, and Midshipman Easy asserted themselves. One fine morning, I found myself as deckhand in the forecabin of a German Lloyd steamer bound for New York. In the following years, the lessons of the class struggle unfolded themselves on several trips around the world on board of German, Spanish and American sailing vessels. One fact stood out in bold relief as the result of

## THE COMRADE.

this seafaring life—that human nature is found at its best in the lower strata of human society. Three shipwrecks were especially instructive in this respect. The first one cast me ashore in the Philippine Islands. After I had vainly appealed to the representatives of civilization for assistance, I found brotherly sympathy, tender care, and boundless hospitality among the lowest class of Tagalos, with whom I spent two years of the happiest time of my life. The second shipwreck threw me on the shores of China and resulted in similar experiences. The third and last wreck cost me my own vessel through the carelessness and treachery of my first mate. Only the devotion of a sixty year old sailor and a young man from the slums saved us all from a watery grave in the icy waves of the North Sea.

The next touches were put to my education for Socialism by the German navy and army. I had learned the truth of economic determinism and of the class struggle without knowing these terms. But I still clung to the illusion of patriotism. The drillmasters of Billy the Versatile cured me of that. The class line in all its brutal nakedness became visible to me. The tyrannical and insolent arrogance of the demigods with shoulder straps roused my spirit of independence to its climax. An affront, a blow, a courtmartial, closed my military career and fixed in my mind one aim—the abolition of the ruling class.

A short post graduate course at the Berlin University showed me the rottenness of the intellectual elite of Germany. At the same time it pointed the way to the execution of my aim. A stray copy of "Vorwärts," a few Socialist campaign leaflets, and a number of conversations with Socialist students revealed

to me the fact that I had several millions of allies. Marx's "Capital," the "Communist Manifesto," and some more copies of "Vorwärts" did the rest.

I stood at the outlet of the maze of bourgeois philosophy and stepped into the light of a new world movement. The fearful waste of bourgeois training and its shocking cruelty were clearly exposed. The world is moving toward co-operation and freedom, and bourgeois teaching had been trying to lead me there by way of individualism and mental imprisonment. It was like going from New York to Chicago by way of the Atlantic Ocean, the Trans-Siberian railroad and Alaska. If our whole training had been in the direction of economic evolution, what a waste of mental and bodily energy might have been spared to me! The wish to destroy the ruling class gave way to the desire to build the new comrade world and make possible for others what had been denied to me. With all thoughts of revenge gone, I stepped into the ranks of the cosmopolitan army that is destined to create the conditions on which alone can be built the temple of freedom and brotherhood.

*Yours fraternally,  
Ernest Untermann.*

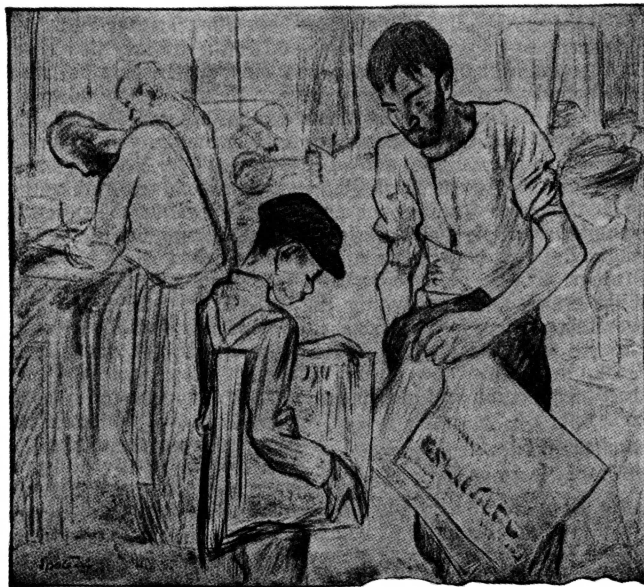


## GHETTO TYPES.

By Jacob Epstein.\*



INTENSELY SERIOUS.



BUYING A NEWSPAPER.

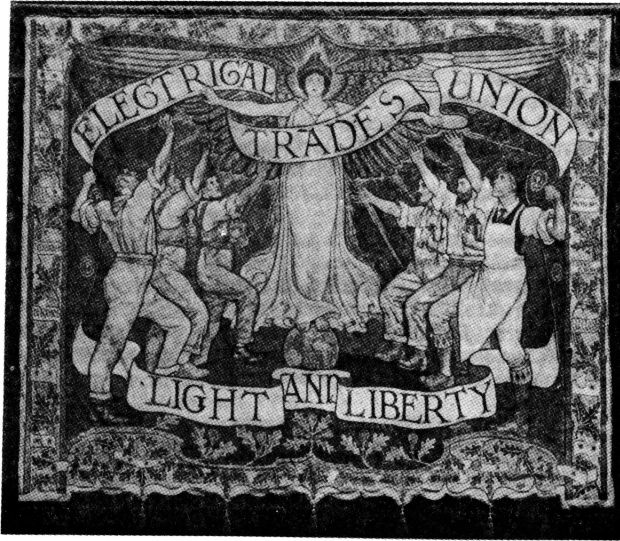


JANOWSKY,  
Editor of "Freie Arbeiterstimme".

\*Courtesy of the Funk Wagnalls Co.

## THE COMRADE.

A Trade Union Banner by Walter Crane.



## News From Nowhere.

By William Morris.

(Continued.)

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### THE BEGINNING OF THE NEW LIFE.



WELL," said I, "so you got clear out of all your trouble. Were people satisfied with the new order of things when it came?"

"People?" he said. "Well, surely all must have been glad of peace when it came; especially when they found, as they must have found, that after all, they—even the once

rich—were not living very badly. As to those who had been poor, all through the war, which lasted about two years, their condition had been bettering, in spite of the struggle; and when peace came at last, in a very short time they made great strides toward a decent life. The great difficulty was that the once poor had such a feeble conception of the real pleasures of life; so to say, they did not ask enough, did not know how to ask enough, from the new state of things. It was, perhaps, rather a good than an evil thing that the necessity for restoring the wealth destroyed during the war forced them into working almost as hard as they had been used to before the Revolution. For all historians are agreed that there never was a war in which there was so much destruction of wares, and instruments for making them, as in this civil war."

"I am rather surprised at that," said I.

"Are you? I don't see why," said Hammond.

"Why," I said, "because the party of order would surely look upon the wealth as their own property, no share of which, if they could help it, would go to their slaves, supposing they conquered. And on the other hand, it was just for the possession of that wealth that 'the rebels' were fighting, and I should have thought, especially when they saw that they were winning, that they would have been careful to destroy as little as possible of what was so soon to be their own."

"It was as I have told you, however," said he. "The party of order, when they recovered from their first cowardice of surprise—or, if you please, when they fairly saw that, whatever happened, they would be ruined, fought with great bitterness, and cared little what they did, so long as they injured the enemies who had destroyed the sweets of life for them. As to 'the rebels,' I have told you that the outbreak of actual war made them careless of trying to save the wretched scraps of wealth that they had. It was a common saying among them, Let the country be cleared of everything except valiant living men, rather than that we fall into slavery again!"

He sat silently thinking a little while, and then said:

"When the conflict was once really begun, it was seen how little of any value there was in the old world of slavery and inequality. Don't you see what it means? In the times which you are thinking of, and of which you seem to know so much, there was no hope; nothing but the dull jog of the mill horse under compulsion of collar and whip; but in that fighting time that followed all was hope: 'the rebels' at least felt themselves strong enough to build up the world again from its dry bones—and they did it, too!" said the old man, his eyes glittering under his beetling brows. He went on: "And their opponents at least and at last learned something about the reality of life, and its sorrows, which they—their class, I mean—had once known nothing of. In short, the two combatants, the workman and the gentleman, between them—"

"Between them," said I, quickly, "they destroyed commercialism!"

"Yes, yes, yes," said he; "that is it. Nor could it have been destroyed otherwise; except, perhaps, by the whole of society gradually falling into lower depths, till it should at last reach a condition as rude as barbarism, but lacking both the hope and the pleasures of barbarism. Surely the sharper, shorter remedy was the happiest."

"Most surely," said I.

"Yes," said the old man, "the world was being brought to its second birth; how could that take place without a tragedy?"



## THE COMRADE.

Moreover, think of it. The spirit of the new days, of our days, was to be delight in the life of the world; intense and overweening love of the very skin and surface of the earth on which man dwells, such as a lover has in the fair flesh of the woman he loves; this, I say, was to be the new spirit of the time. All other moods save this had been exhausted; the unceasing criticism, the boundless curiosity in the ways and thoughts of man, which was the mood of the ancient Greek, to whom these things were not so much a means, as an end, was gone past recovery; nor had there been really any shadow of it in the so-called science of the nineteenth century, which, as you must know, was in the main an appendage to the commercial system; nay, not seldom an appendage to the police of that system. In spite of appearances, it was limited and cowardly, because it did not really believe in itself. It was the outcome, as it was the sole relief, of the unhappiness of the period which made life so bitter even to the rich, and which, as you may see with your bodily eyes, the great change has swept away. More akin to our way of looking at life was the spirit of the Middle Ages, to whom heaven and the life of the next world had such a reality that it became to them a part of the life upon the earth; which accordingly they loved and adorned, in spite of the ascetic doctrines of their formal creed, which bade them condemn it.

"But that, also, with its assured belief in heaven and hell as two countries in which to live, has gone, and now we do, both in word and in deed, believe in the continuous life of the world of men, and, as it were, add every day of that common life to the little stock of days which our own mere individual experience wins for us; and consequently we are happy. Do you wonder at it? In times past, indeed, men were told to love their kind, to believe in the religion of humanity, and so forth. But look you, just in the degree that a man had elevation of mind and refinement enough to be able to value this idea, was he repelled by the obvious aspect of the individuals composing the mass which he was to worship; and he could only evade that repulsion by making a conventional abstraction of mankind that had little actual or historical relation to the race; which to his eyes was divided into blind tyrants on the one hand and apathetic, degraded slaves on the other. But now, where is the difficulty in accepting the religion of humanity, when the men and women who go to make up humanity are free, happy, and energetic at least, and most commonly beautiful of body also, and surrounded by beautiful things of their own fashioning, and a nature bettered and not worsened by contact with mankind? This is what this age of the world has reserved for us."

"It seems true," said I, "or ought to be, if what my eyes have seen is a token of the general life you lead. Can you now tell me anything of your progress after the years of the struggle?"

Said he: "I could easily tell you more than you have time to listen to; but I can at least hint at one of the chief difficulties which had to be met, and that was that when men began to settle down after the war, and their labor had pretty much filled up the gap in wealth caused by the destruction of that war, a kind of disappointment seemed coming over us, and the prophecies of some of the reactionists of times past seemed as if they would come true, and a dull level of utilitarian comfort be the end for a while of our aspirations and success. The loss of the competitive spur to exertion had not, indeed, done anything to interfere with the necessary production of the community, but how if it should make men dull by giving them too much time for thought or idle musing? But, after all, this dull thunder cloud only threatened us, and then passed over. Probably, from what I have told you before, you will have a guess at the remedy for such a disaster, remembering always that many of the things which used to be produced—slave wares for the poor and mere wealth-wasting wares for the rich—ceased to be made. That remedy was, in short, the production of what used to be called art, but which has no name among us now, because it has become a necessary part of the labor of every man who produces."

Said I: "What! Had men any time or opportunity for cultivating the fine arts amidst the desperate struggle for life and freedom that you have told me of?"

Said Hammond: "You must not suppose that the new form of art was founded chiefly on the memory of the art of the past; although, strange to say, the civil war was much less destructive of art than of other things, and though what of art existed under the old forms, revived in a wonderful way during the latter part of the struggle, especially as regards music and poetry. The art of work-pleasure, as one ought to call it, of which I am now speaking, sprung up almost spontaneously, it seems, from a kind of instinct among people, no longer driven desperately to painful and terrible over-work, to do the best they could with the work in hand—to make it excellent of its kind; and when that had gone on for a little, a craving for beauty seemed to awaken in men's minds, and they began rudely and awkwardly to ornament the wares which they made, and when they had once set to work at that, it soon began to grow. All this was much helped by the abolition of the squalor which our immediate ancestors put up with so coolly, and by the leisurely, but not stupid, country life which now grew (as I told you before) to be common among us. Thus at last, and by slow degrees, we got pleasure into our work; then we became conscious of that pleasure, and cultivated it, and took care that we had our fill of it; and then all was gained, and we were happy. So may it be for ages and ages!"

The old man fell into a reverie, not altogether without melancholy I thought, but I would not break it. Suddenly he started, and said: "Well, dear guest, here are come Dick and Clara to fetch you away, and there is an end of my talk, which I daresay you will not be sorry for; the long day is coming to an end, and you will have a pleasant ride back to Hammersmith."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE DRIVE BACK TO HAMMERSMITH.



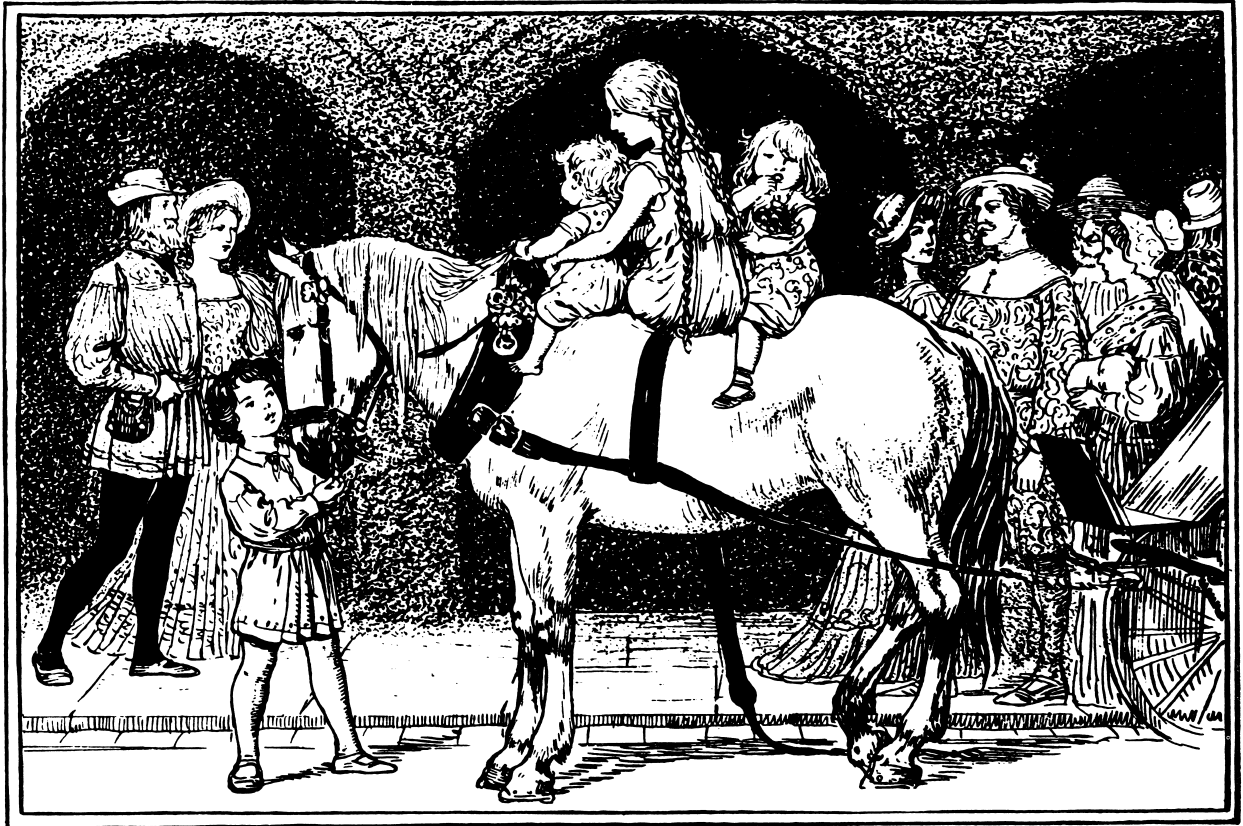
said nothing, for I was not inclined for mere politeness to him after such very serious talk; but in fact I should like to have gone on talking with the older man, who could understand something at least of my wonted ways of looking at life, whereas, with the younger people, in spite of all their kindness, I really was a being from another planet. However, I made the best of it, and smiled as amiably as I could on the young couple; and Dick returned the smile by saying, "Well, guest, I am glad to have you again, and to find that you and my kinsman have not quite talked yourselves into another world. I was half suspecting, as I was listening to the Welshmen yonder, that you would presently be vanishing away from us, and began to picture my kinsman sitting in the hall staring at nothing, and finding that he had been talking a while past to nobody."

I felt rather uncomfortable at this speech, for suddenly the picture of the sordid squabble, the dirty and miserable tragedy of the life I had left for a while, came before my eyes; and I had, as it were, a vision of all my longings for rest and peace in the past, and I loathed the idea of going back to it again. But the old man chuckled, and said:

"Don't be afraid, Dick. In any case, I have not been talking to thin air, nor, indeed to this new friend of ours only. Who knows but I may not have been talking to many people? For perhaps our guest may some day go back to the people he has come from, and may take a message from us which may bear fruit for them, and consequently for us."

Dick looked puzzled, and said: "Well, gaffer, I do not quite understand what you mean. All I can say is, that I hope he will not leave us; for don't you see, he is another kind of man to what we are used to, and somehow he makes me think of all

## THE COMRADE.



Illustrations by H. G. Jentsch.

kind of things; and already I feel as if I could understand Dickens the better for having talked with him."

"Yes," said Clara, "and I think in a few months we shall make him look younger; and I should like to see what he was like with the wrinkles smoothed out of his face. Don't you think he will look younger after a little time with us?"

The old man shook his head, and looked earnestly at me, but did not answer her, and for a moment or two we were all silent. Then Clara broke out.

"Kinsman, I don't like this; something or another troubles me, and I feel as if something untoward were going to happen. You have been talking of past miseries to the guest, and have been living in past unhappy times, and it is in the air all around us, and makes us feel as if we were longing for something that we cannot have."

The old man smiled on her kindly, and said: "Well, my child, if that be so, go and live in the present, and you will soon shake it off." Then he turned to me, and said: "Do you remember anything like that, guest, in the country from which you come?"

The lovers had turned aside now, and were talking together softly, and not heeding us; so I said, but in a low voice: "Yes, when I was a happy child on a sunny holiday, and had everything that I could think of."

"So it is," said he. "You remember just now you twitted me with living in the second childhood of the world. You will find it a happy world to live in; you will be happy there—for a while."

Again I did not like his scarcely veiled threat, and was beginning to trouble myself with trying to remember how I had got among this curious people, when the old man called out in a cheery voice: "Now, my children, take your guest away, and make much of him; for it is your business to make him

sleek of skin and peaceful of mind; he has by no means been as lucky as you have. Farewell, guest!" and he grasped my hand warmly.

"Good bye," said I, "and thank you very much for all that you have told me. I will come and see you as soon as I come back to London. May I?"

"Yes," he said, "come by all means—if you can."

"It won't be for some time yet," quoth Dick, in his cheery voice; "for when the hay is in up the river, I shall be for taking him around through the country between hay and wheat harvests, to see how our friends live in the north country. Then in the wheat harvest we shall do a good stroke of work, I should hope—in Wiltshire by preference, for he will be getting a little hard with all the open-air living, and I shall be as tough as nails."

"But you will take me along, won't you, Dick?" said Clara, laying her pretty hand on his shoulder.

"Will I not?" said Dick, somewhat boisterously. "And we will manage to send you to bed pretty tired every night; and you will look so beautiful with your neck all brown, and your hands, too, and under your gown as white as privet, that you will get some of those strange discontented whims out of your head, my dear. However, our week's haymaking will do all that for you."

The girl reddened very prettily, and not for shame, but for pleasure, and the old man laughed, and said:

"Guest, I see that you will be as comfortable as need be, for you need not fear that those two will be too officious with you; they will be so busy with each other that they will leave you a good deal to yourself, I am sure, and that is a real kindness to a guest, after all. O, you need not be afraid of being one too many, either; it is just what these birds in a nest like, to have a good convenient friend to turn to, so that they may re-

## THE COMRADE.

lieve the ecstasies of love with the solid commonplace of friendship. Besides, Dick, and much more Clara, likes a little talking at times, and you know lovers do not talk unless they get into trouble, they only prattle. Good bye, guest, may you be happy!"

Clara went up to old Hammond, threw her arms about his neck, and kissed him heartily, and said: "You are a dear old man, and may have your jest about me as much as you please; and it won't be long before we see you again; and you may be sure we shall make our guest happy, though, mind you, there is some truth in what you say."

Then I shook hands again, and we went out of the hall and into the cloisters, and so in the street found Greylocks in the shafts waiting for us. He was well looked after, for a little lad of about seven years old had his hand on the rein and was solemnly looking up into his face; on his back, withal, was a girl of fourteen, holding a three-year-old sister on before her; while another girl, about a year older than the boy, hung on behind. The three were occupied partly with eating cherries, partly with patting and punching Greylocks, who took all their caresses in good part, but pricked up his ears when Dick made his appearance. The girls got off quietly, and going up to Clara, made much of her, and snuggled up to her. And then we got into the carriage, Dick shook the reins, and we got under way at once, Greylocks trotting soberly between the lovely trees of the London streets, that were sending floods of fragrance into the cool evening air, for it was now getting toward sunset.

We could hardly go but fair and softly all the way, as there were a great many people abroad in that cool hour. Seeing so many people made me notice their looks the more, and I must say my taste, cultivated in the somber grayness, or rather brownness, of the nineteenth century, was rather apt to condemn the gaiety and brightness of the raiment; and I even ventured to say as much to Clara. She seemed rather surprised, and even slightly indignant, and said: "Well, well, what's the matter? They are not about any dirty work; they are only amusing themselves in the fine evening; there is nothing to foul their clothes. Come, doesn't it all look very pretty? It isn't gaudy, you know."

Indeed that was true, for many of the people were clad in colors that were sober enough, though beautiful, and the harmony of the colors was perfect and most delightful.

I said, "Yes, that is so. But how can everybody afford such costly garments? Look! There goes a middle-aged man in a sober gray dress, but I can see from here that it is made of very fine woolen stuff, and is covered with silk embroidery."

Said Clara: "He could wear shabby clothes if he pleased—that is, if he didn't think he would hurt people's feelings by doing so."

"But please tell me," said I, "how can they afford it?"

As soon as I had spoken I perceived that I had got back to my old blunder, for I saw Dick's shoulders shaking with laughter; but he wouldn't say a word, but handed me over to the tender mercies of Clara, who said—

"Why, I don't know what you mean. Of course we can afford it, or else we shouldn't do it. It would be easy enough for us to say, we will only spend our labor on making our clothes comfortable, but we don't choose to stop there. Why do you find fault with us? Does it seem to you as if we starved ourselves of food in order to make ourselves fine clothes, or do you think there is anything wrong in liking to see the coverings of our bodies beautiful like our bodies are, just as a deer's or an otter's skin has been made beautiful from the first? Come, what is wrong with you?"

I bowed before the storm, and mumbled out some excuse or other. I must say I might have known that people who were so fond of architecture generally would not be backward in ornamenting themselves, all the more as the shape of their raiment, apart from its color, was both beautiful and reason-

able—veiling the form, without either muffling or caricaturing it.

Clara was soon mollified, and as we drove along toward the wood before mentioned, she said to Dick:

"I tell you what, Dick, now that kinsman Hammond the Elder has seen our guest in his queer clothes, I think we ought to find him something decent to put on for our journey tomorrow, especially since, if we do not, we shall have to answer all sorts of questions as to his clothes, and where they came from. Besides," she said slyly, "when he is clad in handsome garments he will not be so quick to blame us for our childishness in wasting our time in making ourselves look pleasant to each other."

"All right, Clara," said Dick, "he shall have everything that you—that he wants to have. I will look something out for him before he gets up to-morrow."

### CHAPTER XX.

#### THE HAMMERSMITH GUEST-HOUSE AGAIN.



MIDST such talk, driving quietly through the balmy evening, we came to Hammersmith, and were well received by our friends there. Boffin, in a fresh suit of clothes, welcomed me back with stately courtesy: the weaver wanted to buttonhole me and get out of me what old Hammond had said, but was very friendly and cheerful when Dick warned him off; Annie shook hands with me, and hoped I had had a pleasant day—so kindly, that I felt a slight pang as our hands parted, for, to say the truth, I liked her better than Clara, who seemed to be always a little on the defensive, whereas Annie was as frank as could be, and seemed to get honest pleasure from everything and everybody about her without the least effort.

We had quite a little feast that evening, partly in my honor, and partly, I suspect, though nothing was said about it, in honor of Dick and Clara coming together again. The wine was of the best; the hall was redolent of rich summer flowers, and after supper we not only had music (Annie, to my mind, surpassing all the others for sweetness and clearness of voice, as well as for feeling and meaning) but at last we even got to telling stories, and sat there listening, with no other light but that of the summer moon streaming through the beautiful traceries of the windows, as if we had belonged to time long passed, when books were scarce and the art of reading somewhat rare. Indeed, I may say here, that though, as you will have noted, my friends had mostly something to say about books, yet they were not great readers, considering the refinement of their manners, and the great amount of leisure which they obviously had. In fact, when Dick, especially, mentioned a book, he did so with the air of a man who has accomplished an achievement, as much as to say, "There, you see I have actually read that!"

The evening passed all too quickly for me, since that day, for the first time in my life, I was having my fill of the pleasure of the eyes without any of that sense of incongruity, that dread of approaching ruin, which had always beset me hitherto when I had been among the beautiful works of art of the past, mingled with the lovely nature of the present; both of them, in fact, the result of the long centuries of tradition which had compelled men to produce the art, and compelled nature to run into the mold of the ages. Here I could enjoy everything without an afterthought of the injustice and miserable toil which made my leisure; the ignorance and dullness of life which went to make my keen appreciation of history; the tyranny and the struggle full of fear and mishap which went to make my romance. The only weight I had upon my heart was a vague fear as it drew toward bed time concerning the place wherein I should wake on the morrow, but I choked that down, and went to bed happy, and in a very few moments was in a dreamless sleep.

(To be continued.)

## Views and Reviews.



WHEN William Morris died, in 1896, there were a few critics who urged that the universal laudation of our great comrade was premature, and, in part, insincere. "His was a temporary glory; he will soon be forgotten," they said. It is, perhaps, too soon to attempt to determine with any degree of accuracy his true place as one of the forces in modern art and literature, but this much is certain: his influence was never so great and far-reaching as it is to-day. He is the great inspirer of thousands of souls.

Not the least interesting of the many signs of the ever-widening influence of Morris, and the growing interest in the man and his work, is the appearance of yet another biography of him. What with the biographies by Vallance and Mackail, and such little sketches as that of James Leatham, together with innumerable magazine articles, one would naturally suppose that there would be little likelihood of an existing demand sufficient to guarantee the publication of another. Yet such a sagacious firm as the Putnams have just published a beautiful volume of nearly three hundred pages, entitled "William Morris: Poet, Craftsman, Socialist." Like most of the works of the Knickerbocker Press, and as befits the subject, it is a beautiful specimen of modern typography. No lover of the book beautiful could fail, it seems to me, to be charmed with its well-printed pages and the simple charm of its cover design. The very appearance of the book is an invitation to the reader.

The author of this new "Life," Miss Elisabeth Luther Cary, is well and favorably known on account of her careful and sympathetic studies of Browning, Tennyson, and the two Rossetts. She does not attempt a detailed biography: that has already been done by J. W. Mackail. To quote her own words: "My own endeavor has been to present a picture of Morris's busy career, perhaps not less vivid for the absence of much detail, and showing only the man and his work as they appeared to the outer public." Within these self-imposed limits Miss Cary has, upon the whole, succeeded. To those of us who knew him, the picture she gives of Morris cannot appeal with the same vividness as to those who never enjoyed that privilege.

The weakest point of Miss Cary's work, I think, lies in her almost slavish following of Mackail's work, which, excellent in so many respects, is, nevertheless, lacking in insight, and even in sympathy, in its treatment of Morris' Socialist career. So much that is pertinent to that phase of his life has been ignored by Mr. Mackail that I had hoped to find it set forth by Miss Cary. Everyone who knows the part played by Morris in the English Socialist movement, knows that his interest in the cause, and his activity in its propaganda, were much greater in the last two years of his life than Miss Cary's account of those years would indicate. Everyone knows, too, how completely he abandoned the attitude which led to the unfortunate break with the Social Democratic Federation, and how complete was the reconciliation. His speech at the New Year gathering of the latter body, in January, 1896, the year of his death, was perhaps one of the most enthusiastic he ever made. There is yet opportunity for an account of Morris, the Socialist, which, while it may show him to have been possessed of very little political judgment, will add greatly to the glory and honor of his memory. Incidentally, it will also vindicate the character of men yet living, no less noble than himself, and of a movement greater than himself, or any man or number of men.

On page 189, Miss Cary rashly enters upon a field of criticism foreign to her spirit and training. "His Socialist principles are," she says, "easily torn to ribbons by the political economist in possession of facts showing the increasing prosperity of the working classes, and their increasing interest under existing conditions in the arts and in education." Morris himself,

more than once, met this roseate view in a manner which Miss Cary would not be able easily to rebut. He was truly no political economist, and, in the early days of his Socialist life, he would "refer that question to my friend Hyndman" if it involved a knotty point in economics. But it must be remembered that he afterward made a fair study of the subject, and even included the "Capital" of Marx. With characteristic modesty he underrates his abilities in this direction, but I do not hesitate to say that he could have fairly demonstrated that his Socialist principles were amply supported by the greatest political economists. It is interesting to remember that Morris himself attributed his conversion in large part to a careful study of those posthumous essays against Socialism by John Stuart Mill—an economist who, before his death, discovered that his studies in political economy had made him a Socialist.

But, taken all in all, this story of the life of the great poet-craftsman who was our comrade, who gave us of his best, and bore his share of the hard, unrequited toil of the movement in which we toil, is one that should be cordially received, and for which I hope and predict a large sale proportionate to its merit.

No notice of the book can be considered satisfactory which omits mention of the graceful style in which it is written. Miss Cary's literary abilities are above the average, and the reader is captivated by her manner of telling the story of Morris's varied history almost as much as by the history itself. There are a number of familiar illustrations, and some that are new—all produced in superb style. No better gift to a friend could be selected than this magnificent volume.

\* \* \*

I have received from Mr. Frederick Keppel, the well-known art connoisseur of this city, a set of the dainty little booklets which he has published under the title of "The Keppel Booklets." Nothing of the same nature has ever given me such genuine pleasure as these little brochures, and I cordially recommend them. There are five booklets enclosed in a box, and the subjects are: "Sir Seymour Hayden, Painter-Etcher," by Mr. Keppel; "Dry Points by Paul Helleu," by Frederick Wedmore; "Concerning the Etchings of Mr. Whistler," by Joseph Pennell; "Jean François Millet, Painter-Etcher," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, with a brief sketch of the life of Millet, by Mr. Keppel; and "Joseph Pennell," by Arthur Tomson. Each booklet is illustrated by several examples of the work of the artist of which it treats, and when I say that they were printed at the De Vinne Press it is quite superfluous to add anything concerning their typographical merit. The set is sold for twenty-five cents, and as it bears the legend, "First Series," it is to be presumed that there are others to follow. A few such sets would be an education far above anything which has hitherto been possible for any but the privileged few. Thank you, Mr. Keppel!

\* \* \*

The Bibliophile who is also a Socialist will look forward with a good deal of interest to the next publication of the Cranbrook Press. Mr. Booth announces for publication an edition of the world-famed "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More, limited to 210 copies. With his usual rare good judgment, Mr. Booth will keep to the translation of Burnet, and the edition of the Foulis Brothers, published in Glasgow in 1762. It will be in large quarto form, as most of the Cranbrook publications are, and it is safe to say that it will be a valuable addition to the already large number of fine editions of this noble work.

No Socialist, and no one interested in the great social problems which confront us, should fail to read and re-read the

## THE COMRADE.

"Utopia." No Socialist's library is complete without a copy—but, alas! most of us must be content with the substance in commoner and cheaper dress.

\* \* \*

Mr. Julian Ralph's novel, "The Millionairess," possesses the essential merit of being very interesting. It is brimful of incident, and holds the attention of the reader from cover to cover. But when that is said the tale is told. It is one of the many books that the world soon reads—and forgets. It deals with the ways of fashionable society—devious ways of revelry and debauchery, relieved here and there by lives of real heroism and goodness. Whether Mr. Ralph writes from intimate knowledge of the "Four Hundred," or from hearsay, I do not know. I suspect, however, that he is a harsh critic.

"The Millionairess"—the word is abominable—is Miss Lamont, a young and beautiful woman of lofty ideals, whose inherent goodness saves her from more than one perilous situation. Most of the scenes are set in her beautiful mansion on the Hudson. She is alone, and constantly torn by dread of the moral peril by which she is surrounded, her greatest support being the comfort and advice of Courtlandt Beekman, a perfect type of the Anglo-Saxon ideal of manhood. In the end the two are united, and the love scene in the final chapter is the best in the book. Of course the chief interest centers around these two, but there is one other character in whom one's interest becomes almost equally great. Bryan Cross, a young man of good position, enters upon a moral crusade against the wrong doings and the degeneration of high society. He is a great orator, a sort of Father Ignatius, but without the latter's profound intellect and intense moral courage. Upon the whole he is a weak and pitiful creature, afraid of his own soul: his one strong trait being his love for an invalid sister. He becomes pastor of the Knickerbocker Baptist Church, but his flock soon tires of mere glittering oratory and fervid denunciation. It's the "old-fashioned gospel" the church wants, and he finds that he does not believe in the fundamentals of that gospel. He tries, however, to preach as if he did, but the strain is too great. He goes away a while, his sister being dead, to return soon, a helpless, hopeless mental wreck. But death is kind, and claims him.

It is throughout the work of a very observant and talented journalist, with too much of a disposition to preach. And the sermons are generally as unconvincing as those of poor Bryan Cross. There are some excellent illustrations in color by C. F. Underwood.

\* \* \*

Two little publications of more than passing interest, and deserving of longer notice than is here possible, come from the press of Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. The first, a well-printed and dainty little pamphlet, is entitled "Crime and Criminals," being a stenographic report of an address delivered to the prisoners in the Chicago County Jail by that brilliant and good man, Clarence S. Darrow. Surely never was such an address given to a lot of prisoners! I wish Mr. Darrow, who is a lawyer, could deliver a similar address to an audience of justices, and I'll wager he himself has already wished that he might. It is a brilliant and profound utterance, which should be read by every Socialist.

The second of the publications referred to is the "Career and Conversations of John Swinton," by Robert Waters. Mr. Waters, who was a life-long friend of John Swinton, has given us in a little book of 84 pages an interesting account of that brave old fighter in so many of the "advanced" movements of his time. Mr. Waters has many qualifications which fit him to be the biographer of Swinton, and I hope that some day in the near future there will be an adequate biography worthy of so good and true a man, and so brave a warrior for justice. Meantime, this little sketch is eminently worth reading. J. S.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

WILLIAM MORRIS, POET, CRAFTSMAN, SOCIALIST. By Elisabeth Luther Cary. Ornamental cloth, large 8vo, illustrated; pp. ix—296. Price, \$3.50 net (postage extra). New York: G. Putnam's Sons.

THE SPIRIT OF THE GHETTO. By Hutchins Hapgood, with cover design and many illustrations by Jacob Epstein. Cloth, pp. 312. Price \$1.35 net (postage extra). New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Company.

THE KEPPEL BOOKLETS. First Series. By various authors. Five booklets in box. Paper; illustrated. Price, 25 cents net. New York: Frederick Keppel & Co.

THE SPENDERS. By Harry Leon Wilson. Ornamental cloth, pp. 512; illustrated. Price, \$1.50. Boston: The Lothrop Publishing Company.

THE MILLIONAIRESS. By Julian Ralph. Ornamental Cloth, pp. 442; illustrated. Price, \$1.50. Boston: The Lothrop Publishing Company.

EAGLE BLOOD. By James Creelman. Ornamental cloth, pp. 470. Price, \$1.50. Boston: The Lothrop Publishing Company.

CRIME AND CRIMINALS (pamphlet). By Clarence S. Darrow. Price ten cents. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

CAREER AND CONVERSATION OF JOHN SWINTON. By Robert Waters. Paper, pp. 84. Price, 25 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.

\*COMMUNISM IN CENTRAL EUROPE IN THE TIME OF THE REFORMATION. By Karl Kautsky. Translated by J. L. and E. G. Mulliken. Cloth, pp. 293. Price, \$3.00 net. International Publishing Company, New York.

\*GERALD MASSEY: POET, PROPHET AND MYSTIC. By B. O. Flower. Cloth, 113 pp. Price, \$1.00. New York: The Alliance Publishing Co.

\*OUR BENEVOLENT FEUDALISM. By W. J. Ghent. Cloth, 282 pp. Price, \$1.25 net (postage extra). New York: The Macmillan Company.

\*WAR AND WORSHIP: A POEM. By Henry Bedlow. The Truth-Seeker Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.

\*Awaiting Review.



## The Grand Raffle.



Uncle Sam: "Gee! that beats my 'Prosperity' bird".

# THE COMRADE.

## A Terrible Sum.



### TO OUR READERS.

The study of Zola's works in this issue by our esteemed comrade and friend, M. Jean Longuet, of Paris, will doubtless appeal to a large circle of our readers. Comrade Longuet, who is, by the way, a grandson of Karl Marx, is one of the best known of the younger journalists in the French Socialist movement, and we heartily welcome him as one of our contributors.

\* \* \*

The frequency with which contributions from our pages are reproduced in those of our many contemporaries at home and abroad is, of course, as evidencing the growing popularity of *THE COMRADE*, very gratifying to ourselves. We feel, however, that our contemporaries do themselves scant justice by continually reprinting from our pages articles and poems without assigning us the slightest credit. For the most part, this is cheerfully—even generously—done, but there are a few papers which are continually sinning in this respect.

We would remind these appreciative but not too generous friends that *THE COMRADE* is a copyrighted magazine. The various poems, articles, translations, cartoons, and other contents are copyrighted in the interest of our contributors. In the case of editorial contributions and those by members of the advisory committee whose names appear on the editorial page, no objection whatever will be raised if, in reproducing them, our friends will acknowledge the source. Permission to reproduce other special features should be asked, and, in most instances, would be readily granted.

\* \* \*

In our next issue we shall publish, among other things 'How I BECAME A SOCIALIST' by Father McGrady, and a contribution from our esteemed comrade and friend, Robert Rives La Monte, giving his impressions of that much lauded Land of Reform, New Zealand. This article, which will be profusely illustrated, will, we believe, interest a large number of people. Of Mr. La Monte's sincerity there can be no doubt whatever, nor of his abundant qualifica-

tions. The translator of Ferris's "Socialism and Modern Science," and of "The People's Marx," and other standard Socialist works, his name is universally known and respected among English-speaking Socialists.

\* \* \*

Our friends will have noticed that we have seen fit to issue another magazine, *THE AGITATOR*. As its name implies, it is intended to be used for general propaganda, and in view of the enormous growth of our vote and the resultant activity we confidently expect that *THE AGITATOR* will speedily take rank as the best and most vital "agitator" in Socialist literature. Small in size, so as to be easily carried in the pocket, or enclosed in a letter to a friend, and published at a remarkably low price, it fulfills all the requirements of the active, "live" propagandist better than any pamphlet could do, because of its many and varied illustrations and the number and range of the articles which it contains. The demand for something of the kind was so great and pressing that we felt obliged to meet it to the best of our ability.

\* \* \*

We have also issued in neat pamphlet form "Socialism the Basis of Universal Peace," by Dr. H. A. Gibbs, of Worcester, Mass. This is a paper which was read by the author at the thirty-sixth anniversary of the Universal Peace Union at Mystic, Conn., in August last, where it excited much favorable comment. In view of the widespread revolt against militarism and imperialism, such a pamphlet should have a wide circulation as placing the Socialist position squarely before the people. It is an attractively printed little booklet of 32 pages, with a neat cover, and will be sold at the following rates for cash: One copy, 5 cents; 10 copies, 35 cents; 25 copies, 80 cents; 50 copies, \$1.40; 100 copies, \$2.50.

\* \* \*

We have also ready for immediate issue a new 16-page pamphlet by Charles H. Vail on "Socialism and the Negro Problem." This is a clear statement by a competent and convincing writer of the Socialist position upon a most important question. We have other important publications for early publication, too. The price of "Socialism and the Negro Problem" is: Single copy, 5 cents; 10 copies, 20 cents; 50 copies, 75 cents; 100 copies, \$1.25.

\* \* \*

To those of our readers who were kept waiting unduly for the bound volumes of *THE COMRADE*, we offer our sincere apologies. Owing to a series of unavoidable occurrences over which we had no control the work of binding was for a time delayed, but the volumes have now, in most cases, been sent out. All who have seen the binding have proclaimed their entire satisfaction and we believe that the volume will be a highly valued possession in every Socialist home. We can still supply these bound volumes at \$2.25, express paid.

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