

THE COMRADE



The "Profit-Sharing" Gold-Brick.

On Literary Martyrdoms.

By Horace Traubel.



WRITER has recently said that successful writing writes itself down to the level of the people. There is writing which is popularly successful. There is writing which is prophetically successful. Some writers address a future, some address a present audience.

What is successful writing? Probably the writing which succeeds in its object. If you strike out for a contemporary effect and achieve it, you are victor and the spoil is yours. If you reach ahead of your years and can survive the crises between, you have established your prophecy. The time-server may be successful. The prophet may be successful.

But all that is objective. There is another sort of success. The success of an author with himself. This author does not write down or up to the level of any public. He writes to the level of himself. He writes to please himself. He is selfish. He is introverted. The masters always write to the level of themselves. They are not looking for outside approval. They are demanding of themselves that they should be self-approved.

Yet the masters are not cold. They do not lock themselves up in themselves in order to estrange their interests from the general interests of the world. They hermit themselves in order to best serve the crowd. They know that they get into the crowd best by staying away from the crowd. In order to be honest with the world they must first be honest with themselves. They will not deliver themselves half-done to man. They will come forth prepared to pay their full tribute.

The masters who write first to please themselves finally write in the recognition of all. They get their own pitch. They grow upon the sound of their own voice. They key themselves to their own potentialities. They issue from their apprenticeship matured. It seems like a miracle. There was no miracle. There was only simple truth. Faith is hard won. The master kept faith with his own genius.

The world is not interested in hearing its old saws constantly repeated. The world is not interested in having you or me monkey ourselves into the literary backwoods. The world is not interested in having us report to it in a bundle of yeas. The world is interested in our virtues. The world is not so much interested in having my ideas right as in having my spirit right. I need not love what every man loves. But I must love.

Writers are smart enough. But are they true enough? They trust a good deal to the world. But do they trust enough to themselves? I do not blame the default. But I am sorry. For the good world or the bad world, put it where you may, is entitled to the best I can give it. Now I cannot give it my best self in an echo. I can only give it that best self in my own egotistic maturity. The world is entitled to me full weight. If I give the world anything but that unalloyed self the world is defrauded.

Whitman once showed me a letter in which an editor offered him a large sum for a poem to be written on order. Whitman said: "I needed the dollars, but the poem would not come." I do not set myself up in place of any other. I do not say that if you need the dollars you should not make the poem. I say that if you write the poem it is in too near touch with the bribe to evoke your best work. And you owe the world your best work.

Yet the world sets itself against your best work. The world makes it hard for the writer to write. This is an unconscious, but a drastic negative. The world makes writing too often a martyrdom. The world says to the writer: "I demand your last word. But if you give me your last word I will destroy your peace."

This is not evil. It is trial. The writers are tried out. The writer who can last, finally becomes the world's darling. Then you discover that the world was only fooling you. You discover that it was waiting to see if you really had anything to say for yourself. For the world reasoned that if you really had anything to say for yourself you would survive persecution. Indeed, persecution may put iron into your blood. Persecution brings you the final sanction of the spirit.

The world bids high, and you who write to please the world must choose which of its humors you will play to. And you may eat up your success in tomorrow's dinner. But you who write to please yourself will perhaps wait beyond death, till the humor which inspired your song is caught up to by the general whim. But if you are honest something will come to you. You will come to yourself. And as a reward for present or future that will be enough.

You do the conventional world a great wrong. Radical as I may be I never feel myself at odds with the conventional world. That world has a good deal to take care of. It has its own strain and struggle. And I have other things to take care of. I have acquitted myself of any risk in attending simply to my task. If I am a writer my task is to write. If I am a writer for the boudoir I get its pay. If I am a writer for the stock exchange I get its pay. If I am a writer for some generation of men unborn, I will get the sort of pay which attends my choice. We are all paid in some way. And one pay is as just as any other pay.

The quarrels of authors would shame the battles of wars. Authorship is always accusing authorship. I do not see why anybody should be accused. If you are not prepared for martyrdom you should not write the things which incite it. If you like the loaves and fishes you must do what must be done for you to enjoy them. The world never makes a false return. The world is never parsimonious. It gives with lavish hands where it thinks reward belongs. It pays out the last cent.

What right have I to assume that I am writing stuff which the world must have whether or no? Why should I front society with my odes, and demand to be recognized? Why should my any word open the larders of the world?

I must take my own risks. If I choose to write to please myself I must be willing to see the world reward to please itself. I must work on with a single eye upon myself. The winter will seem a bit colder. But I must work. And the summer will seem a bit hotter. But I must work on. And the blasphemies of the irreverent will perhaps net me an added thing. But I must work on. My whole business is in work. I must work on without quarreling with my meals or my garret. For the world is paying me that which I work for. I have the eternal right to withdraw. But I do not choose to withdraw. If I move off and outside the world's present interests I voluntarily absent myself from the world's momentary record. The instant the world finds me useful I shall be called for, alive or dead. I have no moral right to exact the terms of a more intimate relationship.

The mediocrities in literature are plays to the market. They fulfill a present purpose. But it is a dangerous task for the author to play. He gets into habits from which it is impossible to extricate himself. He may start out saying that after awhile he will have won the freedom to do his own will. But that after awhile never comes. He has been stunted in the process. His authorship has been postponed to a period in which he finds its exercise impossible. Authorship, like anything else, must be taken at its flood.

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"If you write your honest self the world will take you." That is what you tell me. But you are mistaken. As soon as the world knows you for honest it will do you its clumsy honor. It will not open its purse to you. But it will honor you. You say that the world lacks love. You are wrong. You lack love. If you will love long enough and deep enough and high enough and round enough, all earth's diameters will come up through your pasture.

Report life back to the world. Talk on the last word of the world's life. Do not worry if the world may seem not to understand you. Make it sure as sure can that you understand yourself. You will finally get the debris off your lot. Then the

world will see you. Why should the world care for you if you do not care for yourself? You do not write for the world. You write for yourself. And while it would not be true to say that an honest writer necessarily enjoys a paradise immortality, it is true to say that no honest writer ever sinks into total oblivion. Something of him is left in the final count.

If the world is cold make it your business to build its fires. If the alphabet of the market jars your muse go a little back from the clearing. Do not measure yourself against the world. Measure yourself with the world. Measure yourself with yourself.



Some Russian Revolutionary Pictures.

By Simon O. Pollock.



O movement of modern times has produced so many martyrs or has manifested so much self-sacrifice as the revolutionary movement in Russia. For a number of decades, from the year 1861 up to the present time, have the Russian revolutionists continually astonished and inspired the civilized world. This unequalled martyrdom was the more wondered at, when, on a number of occasions, the revolutionists refused to give any information that would disclose their identity, or make known their relatives or friends.

With uplifted heads and smiling faces they mounted the gallows, or tramped to hard labor in Siberia; adding the virtue of modesty to their greatness of soul; leaving to the historian of the future the task of finding out their names.

Of course, their pictures or photographs, taken only by the gendarmes, could seldom be obtained. The Russian government prosecuting the holder of the photograph of a revolutionist with the same vigor as it prosecuted the publisher of a revolutionary pamphlet, even relatives of the revolutionists often feared to acknowledge relationship, and would destroy the photographs of their dear ones, as soon as they fell into the clutches of the government. This is the reason why a photograph once preserved was held in sanctity and kept as a valuable treasure.

But the movement grew. Gradually it comprised various classes of Russian society. The laboring masses, and even peasants joined this movement. And, as the number of the participants in revolutionary enterprises has grown in enormous numbers, it has become impossible for the Russian government to impose as severe penalties upon them as it formerly did. As a matter of fact, for the last ten years, the number of exiled or imprisoned revolutionists has reached the figure of fifteen or twenty thousand (the statistics being too meagre and unreliable for definite statement) and the penalties in many instances, especially for minor "offenses," were not as severe as in former days. Not only has possession of the photograph of a revolutionist ceased to be the great crime of former days, but even the artist—the official artist—has been forced to pay his tribute to that movement and devote his best talent to it.

The painting of I. E. Repin, "On the Eve of Death," portrays A. I. Scheliaboff, in the St. Peter and St. Paul Fortress, in St. Petersburg, on the eve of his execution. The priest has come to offer religious consolation and ask him to repent. But there is nothing to repent of. No sorrow or fear of death is expressed on Scheliaboff's face, but mere surprise at the priest's arrival. The great painter does not fail in his master-work to show where dawns the light in the dark cell of the Nihilist. This painting only adds to a well-known characteristic of Scheliaboff.



On the Eve of Death. By J. B. Repin.



A Group of Polish Exiles, from a Photograph.

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It was he who founded the "Party of the Will of the People" (Narodnaja Wolia), which for years kept the Russian government in fear of its existence. It was Scheliaboff who remained in St. Petersburg after the event of March 13, 1881 (killing of Alexander II.) although he had been appealed to to escape and thus to save his life. It was he, who, upon his arrest, for weeks denied his identity, and when finally identified and brought before the royal tribunal, said: "I deny your right to judge me. I am not *your* defendant and you are not *my* judge. I am your prisoner of war, and you may kill me, but you cannot convict me."

The painting by Malchefskey, entitled "The Death of the Girl Nihilist," is still more effective and touching. In a far-distant village in North Siberia, where the mail arrives but once in six months, in a hut built by the combined efforts of the half savage Yakut and the civilized exiles, where medical aid is a luxury, for want of care and attendance, surrounded by comrades in exile, on a stretcher, lies the dying girl Nihilist. Around her are sturdy revolutionists; they have gone through various hardships and tortures and never faltered; but here, the parting of their girl friend is too much, even for them. These men, who never knew of tears, break down at her death-bed. But this hardly conceivable picture of despair is disturbed by the ever-watching "officer of the law," whom even the solemnity of death does not restrain from forcing his way into the gloomy death-chamber of the girl martyr.

A picture of the first Polish Socialists in Russia, who were convicted in Warsaw for organizing the first labor party in Poland, the "Proletariat," shows five men (a few were convicted to be hanged in Warsaw) in their convict garb and chains, in Siberia, on their way to hard labor. Notwithstanding the chains, and the convict garb and every other attribute of convict life, this group appears more like a group of students than of criminals. As a matter of fact, most of them were professional men. Even the exposed half-shaved head of Henry Doulemba, so plainly seen in the picture, does not make him look the convict, as was intended by the placing of the chains upon his feet. It seems as if their convict garb fails in its purpose, the moment one looks at their faces.

A small picture, which recently caused a great deal of consternation in Russian official circles, is the "Monument to Muravieff, the Hangman," by an unknown artist. General Muravieff acquired the title of "Hangman" during the Polish Rebellion in the '60's, which he suppressed by wholesale hanging of the rebels. It was lately suggested in the government circle in Russia, that a monument be erected to his memory. Such a suggestion, of course, was in unison with the recent hanging of a number of revolutionists. This picture is an idea suggested to the revolutionary mind of a monument to the memory of the



The Hangman. By An Unknown Artist.

"Hangman," and as a memento to those who will follow his path.

Upon a heap of skeletons of his victims, surrounded by snakes, and adorned by the eagle and knouts, at the whipping post stands the "Hangman." On both sides stand rapidly erected gallows, with the ropes ready for his victims. There is the bench under the gallows, upon which the victim is placed, and which is taken from under his feet when the noose is adjusted around his neck—all in readiness.

This memento is most timely now, since only recently a revival of the Muravieff horrors was witnessed in Russia when Governor-Generals Von Vahl and Prince Obolensky ordered wholesale flogging of working people and peasants, and received the Czar's appreciation of their deeds by promotion to higher ranks.

This memento was followed by an even more effective warning, the rising of the working people in Rostow, on the Don, and other places, and let us hope that these uprisings will in the near future put an end to that state of affairs, which made such horrors possible, and of which these pictures give but a faint idea.



ENTRE NOUS.



EN cherish kings and other things

They have no earthly need for;

They think it nice to pay the price;

'Tis red tape that they bleed for.

Most men are fools, and many schools
Of learning help them stay so;
A little sense would save expense;
But don't you dare to say so!

LUCIEN V. RULE.



The Death of the Girl Nihilist. By Malchefskey.

Reminiscences of William Morris.

By Sophie R. Sharman.



YOU asked me if I could not write something of what I remember of Mr. Morris. This is most difficult: for those who have read of, or care for, him are familiar with the superficial points of his striking personality. The picture of the Guest in the beautiful illustrations to "News from Nowhere" gives a fair idea of him. To try to express in a few lines what he really seemed to me, to tell how his character impressed itself, so that, as the years pass, more and more I am filled with admiration, is an impossible task. It is not for me in a familiar letter to endeavor to give the keynote to his character. But the better I knew him, the longer I think of him, the deeper knowledge I gain of his work, the surer I am of the genuineness of his nature. Essentially there was nothing trivial about him.

I recall his various visits to our home as among my happiest memories. He made himself one of us, and I am glad to know that he enjoyed these "holiday" trips, somewhat as a boy out of school. His first visit was on October 23, 1884. He had undertaken a tour in the northwest of England to lecture on Socialism, and appeared as one of the lecturers in the eclectic course at our chapel in Percy Street. Writing to a friend in America at the time, I said: "He is very charming. Very handsome, with wavy gray hair thrown back like a glory round his fine head. He lacks height, his figure being too massive for his height. He dresses something like a retired sea captain, in loose blue serge, wears a sky-blue linen shirt, with porcelain buttons, rolling collar and cuffs—all unstarched. He talks incessantly and walks incessantly with short, quick steps, occasionally running up to some picture or other object to examine it. . . . As a popular speaker he does not do well, stammering and stumbling. But his manuscript is most beautiful, the sentences rolling off like organ music.

"It is not very long since he took up this Socialistic propaganda, and while he is in genuine earnest, I fancy that he at times is a little amused at finding himself lecturing. . . . He and I grew enthusiastic over our mutual admiration for 'Lavengro' and 'Romany Rye,' both of which he knows as well as I do."

The year after this Mr. Morris, on coming home after his

lecture, asked me how he had done. I told him I was puzzled; something had gone wrong. He laughed and said: "I am trying to become popular." But it would not do. The Oxford scholar, the purist in English, could never learn the quick, nimble wit of the stump orator.

It has been said that he was impatient in discussion. I do not agree. He and Auberon Herbert met to fight the battle of Socialism and Individualism, and never did two more courteous opponents meet in debate. One evening a workingman in his audience rose and said: "Mr. Morris, if what you tell us ever

comes true, how will you do? You are a rich man now." With an indescribably sweet smile, Mr. Morris answered: "When that time comes, I hope that I shall not be found unwilling to have less, that others may have more."

On one of his trips to Lancashire he agreed to meet Mr. Sharman at Garstang to have a walk together. The day proved rainy, with no pause in the down-pour. I supposed the walk would be given up, but no, the appointment must be kept. Mr. Sharman could not fail, nor could he think that Mr. Morris could. They met, walked by Garstang canal, through those lovely meadows fragrant with the hawthorn, and on high thoughts bent, till the rain cleared. When they reached Preston, and the prudent woman, both were soaked thoroughly. What was to be done? It was two o'clock; the evening lecture was due at eight. Mr. Morris had only the dripping clothes he wore, nor could he wear Mr. Sharman's. He looked at me for aid a little like a penitent boy. "The only thing that can be done, Mr. Morris," I said, "is for you to go to bed and let your things be dried." And so it was. As the maid and I turned and pulled and dried and rubbed before the kitchen fire, there would come from the room above great peals of laughter at the situation.

His last and longest visit was in late October, 1889. He was more than ever at home, but there was a touch of sadness like a shadow of the near future. But we had one walk over the nine fields back of Preston, and he talked of the autumn of the "tilth," in gentle and tender words.

Then came the end. The break-up of our English life—the few words in which he mourned his friend—and, on my return to England in 1897, the few words dictated to his secretary a very short time before we heard of his death.



RED HOUSE, UPTON.

William Morris's famous house lately sold by auction.



Wallace C. Ransden.

Member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.



It was my second visit to Brockton. The first was when Coulter was still mayor. I didn't go to the City Hall this time to look for him, but to the party headquarters.

I found him there in the center of a group of busy workers who scarcely noticed my entry: for this was the close of the city campaign. "To-night the last gun is to be fired. We shall win Brockton for Socialism again."

Encouraged by the election of Wallace C. Ransden to join Carey and MacCartney in the Legislature, and by the general increase in the vote, the comrades had labored as never before. And never before was their confidence so great. "We shall win!" was the universal cry.

I suppose there was something of pride in the motto upon the transparency which proclaimed: "Our Speakers Don't Ride; They Walk," and so we walked the whole distance at the head of a vast procession. But Ransden didn't walk—leastways, not in the procession—and thereby hangs a tale. MacCartney and Coulter are tall enough to emphasize my lack of inches, but Brown, whilom of Hartford, is six feet four. He was my partner, and of course somebody resurrected that ancient joke about "the long and short of Socialism." I almost longed for stilts! "Ransden is rather short," I had been told. If only he were there!

At the hall Ransden was waiting and I literally pounced upon him. A quiet, unassuming fellow, he would fain have escaped the ordeal of the meeting and of my questioning, so great is his dread of

publicity. But I got from him a brief account of his personal history and of the events which led him to become a Socialist.

Wallace C. Ransden is fifty years of age and was born at North Middleboro, Mass. His mother was a New Hampshire woman and a descendant of one



WALLACE C. RANSDEN.

John Whitcomb, who arrived in Dorchester, Mass., in 1632 from the English city of the same name. While still a mere boy he joined his father in making army shoes for the government and has worked at that trade ever since. In Brockton, where he has resided since 1880, he is

highly respected. In addition to the union of his craft, he is a prominent member of two of the principal fraternal societies, and of the Congregational Church. He is also a life-long abstainer from all intoxicants.

"How did you become a Socialist—what were the influences that brought you into the movement?" I asked him. His answer was brief and simple. I give it as nearly as possible in his own words:

"In common with a good many other people, I was led by the depression in trade which obtained in 1896 to study political matters more closely than ever before. I paid a good deal of attention to the money question, with the result that I voted in that year for Mr. Bryan. I saw no remedy for the evils that beset society except through the election of perfectly honest officials. Some time in 1898, or perhaps it was early in 1899, some good friend, whom I did not then recognize as such, gave me a little Socialist pamphlet, after which I was induced to read "Merrie England," and to attend some Socialist meetings. Before the last Presidential election I had become convinced that it was my duty to vote for Debs and to throw in my lot with the Socialists, who alone were working for the emancipation of my class."

A simple, unpretentious story, this, like the man himself. Ransden is no orator and will probably never be a sensational figure in the "talking shop" on Beacon Hill. Nevertheless, his presence there will mean much to the movement in the Old Bay State, and, along with Carey and MacCartney, he may be relied upon to uphold with dignity and honor the principles of the Socialist party. J. S.



France 1792 — America To-Day.



HE stood, a dainty, smiling queen
Of Beauty, Love, and Grace;
In gown of golden shimmering sheen,
With patches on her face.

One foot, a Cupid's arch, in red
And high-heeled slipper, beat
A light tattoo; she hummed the thread
Of a love song, quaint and sweet.

"What is that noise?" she smiling said
To one who stood beside;

"Princess, the people cry for bread,
And will not be denied."

She tapped him lightly with her fan,
"The people 'cry for bread'?"
Really? I don't see how they can!
Why not eat *cake* instead?"

* * *

Forgive that idler for the mock,
Her penalty is paid.
Within a month upon the block
That lovely head was laid.

But ye to-day who smiling stand
While brothers beg for bread,
Fear ye not here, in this fair land,
The Avenger's silent tread?

Not with the knife in hand he comes
Stealing upon your track;
But brave defenders of their homes,
The voters at his back.

—Ethelyn Bryant Chapman.



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Where, cried the saviour, is the light
That from my word shone brightly as the sun?
And, woe is me, the thread is lost to sight
That I from heaven unto earth have spun.

I seek in vain whither each witness went,
Each faithful one that from my blood did rise.
And Oh, where is the spirit that I sent?
Wrapped in oblivion now that spirit lies.

(Goethe.)

Blossoms and Babies.

By John Spargo.



HERE is an affinity of children and flowers. The sight of a blossom often suggests a baby to my mind, and the sight of a baby often suggests a favorite flower.

Many a mother singing lullabies to her baby calls it her "blossom."

And children, healthy children, are fond of flowers.

I saw a boy of ten once who didn't know what a flower was. He was afraid of a grassy field. He knew what each card in a pack was, and he wasn't afraid of a policeman. But he was afraid of a daisy-spangled field. London had destroyed for him all sense of kinship with Nature.

But most children, even city children, love flowers. The country child loves familiarly as it loves its own mother, but the city child loves and worships. I saw a group of little girls yesterday with their little noses pressed flat against a florist's window. "My, ain't they sweet!" they cried in chorus.

If only the flowers could reply!

I don't know Mrs. Henry Parsons. We live in the same city, but in different worlds. She does not visit us. She has a bank account.

But she and I have some things in common. Among them is a love for children and flowers. Mrs. Parsons belongs to a guild which exists for the purpose of giving such children as I saw at the florist's window flowers to tend and love. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mrs. James Keene, and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid are members of the guild, but my wife is not. She loves children and flowers, too, but the meetings of the guild are not held in our world.

More than a year ago Mrs. Parsons got together 10,000 little children from the tenements of this great city of New York. And to each child she gave a potted plant in the hope that the presence of the plant would brighten the home, and its care "refine" and "spiritualize" the child.

Good, generous Mrs. Parsons!

And from each child was exacted the promise that upon a given date at the end of a full year, the plant should be brought back and placed upon exhibition. Ribbons were promised as prizes to those children whose plants should be in the most flourishing condition.

The year passed. The day of the exhibition arrived. Richly gowned women, impertinently calling themselves "patronesses," were there. They went in luxuriously equipped automobiles to smile and be condescending toward children who went in rags and were mostly hungry.

But not all the children were there. Some of them had drooped in the summer and died like flowers in parched ground.

And many of the plants were withered and dead, too.

What an exhibition, to be sure! Geraniums without fragrance. Geraniums which a year ago bore deep, rich, green leaves and bright scarlet blossoms, now straggling, wretched, pale-green—almost white—stems, with poor, sickly looking little leaves and no flowers. And many a pot containing only a withered and rotted stick, with maybe a little note: "Please, ma'am, it died because our rooms is dark."

Many of the richly gowned women wept as they looked at the long rows of pitiful flowers, and at the long rows of withered and dead flowers.

Wept? I wonder why.

I wonder if they wept and ran the risk of spoiling their complexions from a mere sense of oppression; because the sight

of so many dead flowers, and flowers worse than dead, overwhelmed them? Or had they heard the flowers tell their sad little histories?

For every one of the flowers had a story to tell to understanding hearts.

Yes, Mrs. Parsons, that tall, withered geranium stick which made you weep when you remembered how beautiful its scarlet blossoms looked a year before, when you gave it to little crippled Polly with the flaxen hair, could unfold a story, did you but understand it. But it is a story of the tenement, not of your world. And you cannot understand.

But little Polly (who doesn't understand either) can tell you enough to give you cause for tears. Real tears. Human tears.

I could tell you, for I know the tenement. It is in my world. But let Polly tell.

* * * * *

"When youse gived us th' prutty flow'r, leddy, I put 'er in our winder so's all th' kids 'ud see from th' street. An' mamma wus so proud! An' me little baby bruver jes' went wild, leddy. An' when mam wus washin' he'd stay so good and call out, so pert-like, 'Putty! putty!' An' mam said 'twus a blessin', 'cause she wus able to do th' washin' when baby wus playin'."

"But when winter comed, leddy, yer flow'r an' th' leaves wus all ded like, an' comed off. An' me mamma said 'twus th' cold. An' when I put 'er by th' airshaft she said 'twus too dark. An' so yer flow'r jes' died like, an' mamma wus so cut up washin' days, for me bruver wus teethin' an' there warn't no flow'r."

"But mam said yer flow'r 'ud come up in th' summer. So I jes' kep' waterin' and' when th' fine days comed I put 'er in our winder agin. An' it growed a bit, leddy, an' mam an' me wus so glad! But 'twus allus growin' a bit an' then dyin' like, 'cause, mam said, we didn't git no sun in our rooms. An' I used to cry in th' nights 'bout that flow'r, leddy!"

"An' when summer comed an' folks wus sleepin' 'pon their fire-scapes, I put yer flow'r outside an' watered 'er ev'ry day. But when me little bruver wus sick, an' th' doctor said he mus' go to th' country somewheres, yer flow'r jes' died an' dried up like a stick, leddy. Me little bruver died, too, an' th' doctor said he'd 'a' lived if he'd gone into th' country."

"I'm sorry, leddy, fur yer flow'r. P'raps 'twus 'cause it never went to no country place. I tried me best, leddy, but—"

* * * * *

No, don't reproach yourself, Mrs. Parsons. You didn't know. How could you know, living in another world? It was really good of you to think of the tenement children, and to give them your flowers.

Poor little children of the tenements! It was good of you to think of them. Their homes *are* squalid, and flowers *do* make the home brighter. And their little lives need the refining and spiritualizing influence of flowers.

But neither the babies nor the blossoms can flourish there. They pine and droop and die together. True, some of them live—babies and blossoms—but how?

You are a woman, Mrs. Parsons, and you love children and flowers. Tell me, did not the pale, sickly children and the pale, sickly plants impress you as even more saddening than the dead plants—or the constant reminders of dead children?

Their slow, prolonged dying is more terrible than death to me. And I love them both, children and flowers.

I honor your tears, Mrs. Parsons. They proclaim you to be possessed of a human heart. But you are a misfit in your sphere. Your place is in our world.

You mean well, but your guild is only a toy. The problem is not to be solved so easily. If you would help solve it, you must give something more than plants. You must give yourself.

And this is the work which calls for your service and sacrifice:

To bring blossoms and babes together where both can thrive. To restore the child-sense of kinship with Nature, that to every child may come the joy of understanding Nature's eternal harmonies. To bring the freedom and beauty and companionship of beast and bird, flower and tree, mountain and ocean, stream and star, into the life of every child.

It is a big task, madam; flower shows and ribbons and tears will not fulfill it. If you are serious you will find more serviceable things to do.

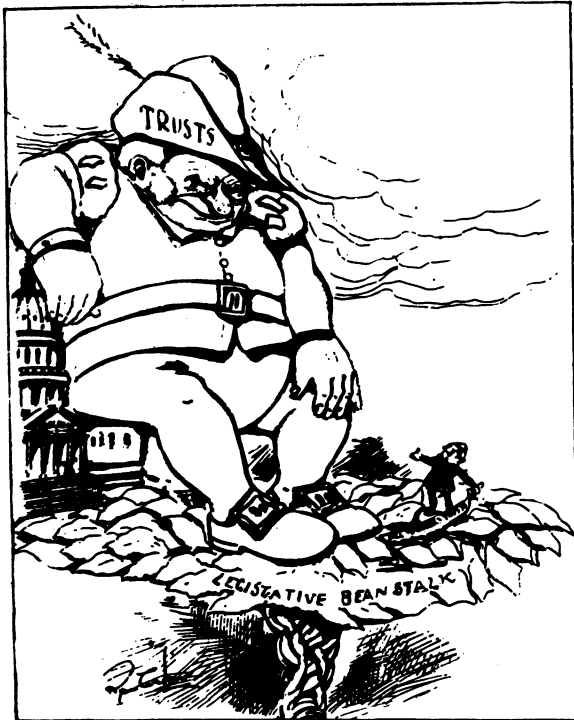
Some there are, the despised builders of Humanity's temples, who are laboring to give this vast heritage to the children of all the world. They build patiently, for they have faith in their work.

And this is their faith—that the power of the world springs from the common labor and strife and conquest of the countless ages of human life and struggle; that not for a few was that labor and that struggle, but for all. And the common labor of the race for the common good and the common joy will give blossoms and babes the fullness of life which our sordid commercialism with its blight makes impossible.

Are you of the faith of the builders? Are you a builder?



Jack and the Beanstalk Up-to-Date.



Senator Hoar does not frighten the Trust Giant.

A Trade.

By Edward Carpenter.



IN a little stinking shop, hardly seven feet square—just one room in a London backstreet where nearly every room lodges a family; with two or three little paraffine stoves in, and bowls and pots horribly steaming, for dyeing gloves. A man, some forty years old, burly and well-brained, but broken

down and bloated with drink, plying a trade.

"Do you see?" he says, "I buy these white evening kids, what have been cast off, from the shopdealers, at so much a score, then I gets a woman to mend 'em and put buttons on, and then I dyes 'em black, in these 'ere pots. As good as new, d'you see? See how they shine when they're got up; and the black'll never come off. Then I goes out into the markets—Leather Lane and the street markets, I mean—and sells them at sixpence a pair. Yes, and I mean to get a stamp and stamp 'em inside; then they'll be *just* like new.

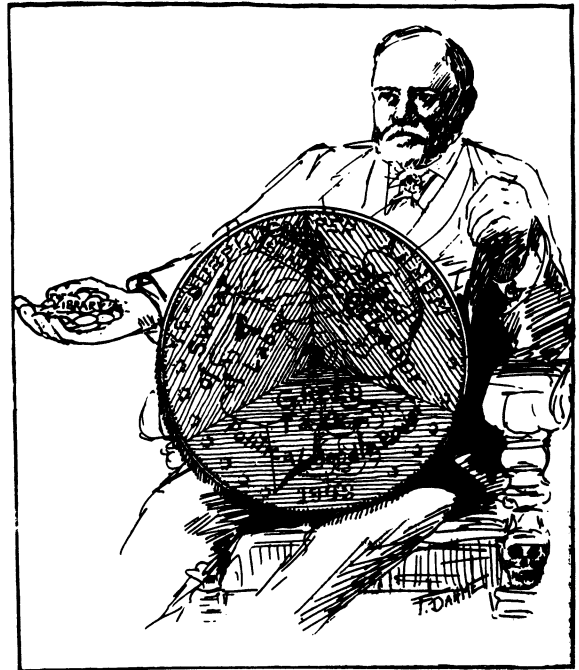
"O, it ain't so bad in mild weather, but when it's like this, cold and rainy, folk won't stop to buy nothing, they won't."

And there were the gloves, shriveled, black, and hanging in rows on stretched strings like the corpses of weasels and moles strung by gamekeepers in the woods. And there was the filthy, suffocating odor of the den and the chemicals, and the intelligent eye of the man wavering in slavery to his protruding lower lip.

"Lor'!" he said, "I often stay here at nights as well as days. I don't live with my wife now. She's a regular bad 'un.—From *"Who Shall Command the Heart?"*



The Unclean Dollar.



Degrading him who gives and they who take.

The Anniversary Memorial of his Mother's Death.

By Z. Libin.

Translated by J. Schneyer.



R. and Mrs. Ginsburg's first child died with pneumonia when it was two years and three months old. The young couple were in a high degree of despair, and both earnestly thought of suicide. But, as not all human intentions are accomplished, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Ginsburg had courage enough by their own free will to plunge into the cold arms of black and ugly death. This terrible state of mind lingered till a new-born child reconciled them to life again.

This child was a little girl, and they named her Dora, after Mr. Ginsburg's dead mother. Both Ginsburgs were freethinkers in the fullest sense of the word, and the fact of naming their child after a dead person had nothing to do in any way with superstition. It was very simple: "Dobe, how shall we call our daughter?" queried Mr. Ginsburg. "I don't know," answered Dobe. "Nor do I know!" said Mr. Ginsburg. "Let her name be Devora, or Dora, a name after your mother," suggested Dobe, automatically, gazing at the sweet little baby, not thinking of her suggestion. Had Mr. Ginsburg any objection? So the infant's name remained Dora.

When their first was a year old the parents made a party and invited many friends to celebrate together its first birthday. But it was not so with their second child.

The Ginsburgs loved their little Dora; they loved her painfully and passionately; they loved her "with a love that was more than love," but nevertheless her first birthday they did not celebrate at all. It seems to me there is no exaggeration in saying that the Ginsburgs dared not do it; that a hidden fear somewhat possessed them.

Little Dora was a remarkable child; she was clever, sweet, and very handsome; she constituted their entire happiness, making bright and cheerful every nook and corner in the house. Not infrequently she gave them worlds of pleasure and merriment, but it was not that pleasure and delight which their first child had bestowed upon them. Then these pleasures had been free and devoid of grief and anguish, and now it was entirely different; in the very midst of their bliss, there would rise before them terrible pictures of death—their child's death—and a deep and heavy sigh would interrupt their joy. Here are the happy parents in the highest state of ecstasy over their child; they kiss and hug her; they laugh, sing, play; they forget the entire world. Suddenly, they unconsciously recall that so very recently there was another child, also a little girl, who would pour forth the very same silvery laughter. Where is

she? Dead! Oh, how their hearts seem to break! And in the midst of rapture the poor parents would get pale, tears would flow from the mother's eyes, and the father would sadly droop his head. "Who knows?" Mrs. Ginsburg would say, heavily sighing and looking at her dear little Dora; "who knows? who knows?" Mr. Ginsburg comprehended the meaning of the words "Who knows?" keeping silent and fearing to reply to his wife's questions.

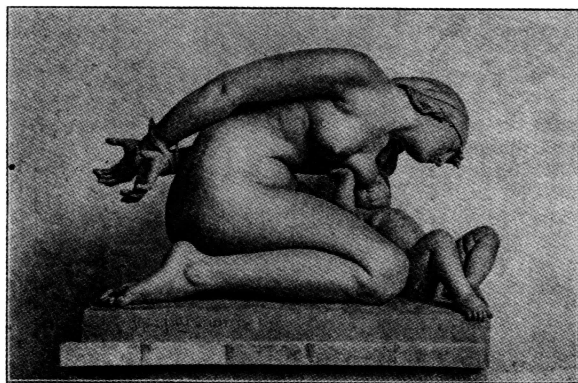
Oh, it seems to me that the parents who lost their first child can never be happy!

The first birthday of their dear Dora they let pass unnoticed. When she was two years old they somewhat feared to speak about it. But Mrs. Ginsburg only said: "When our little daughter will become three years old, we shall surely make a great feast."

Very impatiently they waited for that day; the third year of their little girl's life terrified them, cold death having robbed them of their first child at the same age, and it seemed to them that this is the most dangerous year for their second child. A terrible presentiment tormented them, each being afraid to speak to the other about it. It was a fixed idea; they believed that when their dear Dora reached their first child's age, death would visit their abode again. And that anticipated moment came. The baby became two years and three months old. Oh, terror! It took sick, alas, also with pneumonia, just like their first child. Oh, what terrible agonies they lived through! My pen is not sufficiently strong to depict the horrible state of their minds! They were freethinkers, and if you should tell them that they were not wholly free from superstition, that faith had a supreme and inconceivable power over them, being deeply inrooted in their hearts, they would laugh at you from the depths of their souls, this laugh being very earnest and sincere. But what happened then was really marvelous. Sitting at her child's sickbed, Mrs. Ginsburg spoke so sadly and earnestly: "Who knows? Who knows? perhaps—perhaps—" she did not finish her sentence. "What, perhaps?" asked Mr. Ginsburg, impatiently. "Why is it so?" asked Mrs. Ginsburg; "the very same time and the very same disease?" "It is a plain coincidence of events," retorted Mr. Ginsburg. "But so exactly, so much resembling the other case, as if someone would supervise over all this." Mr. Ginsburg understood his wife's thoughts, and he cut her short: "Dobe, please do not talk such nonsense!"

And their baby's disease developed, and the day for the crisis predicted by the doctor came. It is impossible to describe what the poor parents felt! In the depths of their souls they decided not to survive their second child.

Pale and disturbed, dull, and worn out from anguish and affliction and long, long, sleepless nights of torture, with half-dead hearts, they sat at the sickbed, staring at and never diverting their glances from the dear face of the child, watching how her precious life was gradually dying out like a flickering candle. They were not crying, because they could not cry; because they were more dead than alive. Mr. Ginsburg was absorbed in melancholy reveries, and various thoughts and memories were stirring in his brain; they were mere recollections of death and graves. He recollected all the details of the death of their first child, then the decease of his father, and at last the death of his mother rose vividly in his imagination. It was on a summer morning—it was, he remembered. "What



"The Captive Mother", a statue by Stephan Sinding.

* There is a rite among the Jews to commemorate every anniversary of the death of the parents by lighting a candle or lamp, and keeping it lit for twenty-four hours.

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date is it to-day?" a thought flashed through his mind. And he soon learned that it was the first of May. "The same day," he murmured, as from sleep.

"What do you mean?" queried his wife.

"Oh, nothing," answered Mr. Ginsburg; "I thought of something." And he further immersed into his awful reminiscences and fell into a deep slumber. And he saw in a dream his dead mother entering the room, with silent steps approaching the sick child's bed and sitting down on a chair. "Mother, save my child!" he implored her, choking with tears, and starting to cry. "My son," answered his mother, "I have brought a remedy for your baby, my namesake." "Mother!" exclaimed he, and felt like throwing himself into her cold arms, embracing and kissing her. But she, pushing him slightly off with her hand, said: "Why do you not commemorate the anniversary of my death by procuring a light for me?"

"Mother! dear mother! have pity and save my child!" "Your child will live; but you must produce a light for me." "Mother, mother!" cried he, louder and louder, "have pity! Light! light! make haste!" "Ginsburg!" he suddenly heard his wife's terrible voice calling him, and he awoke. "Ginsburg, our child is dying! call the doctor!" Mr. Ginsburg, casting a glance at the child, and feeling a chill passing through his whole body, ran to the door and met the doctor coming in.

"Our baby is dying! help—save her!" wept the unfortunate mother, and the poor father shivered. The physician looked at the child, and said, in a whisper: "This is the crisis!"

"What is to be done?" queried father and mother, in despair and agony. "Hush! nothing—hot water! bottles with hot water!—the medicine! where is the medicine?" commanded the doctor, and all was immediately prepared and brought. The doctor started to work around the child, and the parents stood, pale as death. Mr. Ginsburg meanwhile staggered like a ghost to a corner table, where there was standing a lamp and, with shivering hands, he lighted it. "What are you doing?" asked Mrs. Ginsburg, frightfully looking at him. "Nothing; this is the anniversary memorial light, for the death of my mother!" stammered he, his hands not ceasing to tremble.

"Your child will live and get well! the crisis is over!" announced the practitioner.


And father and mother fell into each other's arms and burst into tears.

And the light in the lamp burned brighter.



The Ploughboy.

By Edward Carpenter.

 he blackbirds sing so sweetly in the morning; they are building a nest yonder in the hedgerow, where I pass at sunrise, and I think their song is sweeter than elsewhere at any time of day. I take care not to disturb them; they work as hard as anybody for their living. And I think they know me now, they are that bold. But they do not follow in the furrow, like the wagtails and robins; they seem to hang to the grass-lands.

It is pleasant then, in the morning: the air is so sweet.

And the smell of the earth—and I like the warm smell of the horses. Jeannie goes in the furrow, and Rob on the fallow; they go very steady; and when the ground is soft-like, it's good enough going, but when it's stiff it stretches your arms a bit.

Lord! it does make you sweat!

From "Who Shall Command the Heart."

The Undercurrent

By A. P. Firth.



OR two whole months I had been looking for a job without success. First in one town, then another, tramping it mostly, but occasionally stealing a ride on a freight going my way.

I had been in U—— all day, walking the streets. That I could not hope to sleep in a bed did not bother me much, for it was summer time. But as evening came I grew tired and hungry. My money had run out long ago and an occasional job, cutting grass or other domestic service, with a frequent "hand me out" had been my sole dependence. Arriving in the suburbs of the town, I approached a house which seemed least pretentious of those about.

Experience had taught me much. I had learned that only the poor will help the poor, for they alone can realize what poverty means.

As I came nearer I heard the sound of music, for the windows were open. A fresh young voice was singing to a piano accompaniment.

A flood of memories swept over me, and I sat down on the terrace to listen.

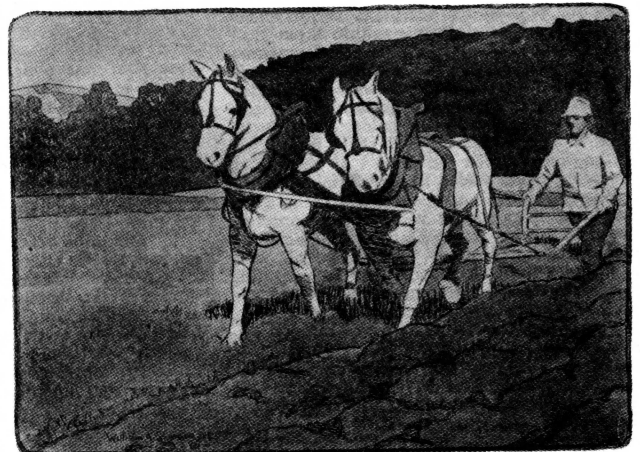
"Sweet Dreamland Faces," the voice sang. To me, they were all dreamland faces now; memory alone was left. All the sweetness had gone. The torture of living had stolen the charm. The grave hid many tales the world would never know. They were tales of heartrending fights against poverty. Hopes were dashed into despair and ambitions blasted. Love became agony in its unfulfilled expression.

And why should it all be thus? What fools we are that we suffer so. Dreams! Dreams! Do we not all dream, and, dreaming, forget the Real? Has life no other aim than money? No other expression than power?

I look into the faces I see on the street. I have searched there for happiness and found chiefly lines of suffering. I have looked for contentment and seen instead the nervous movements of a people who always rush.


Dreams? Oh, yes; we surely dream. It cannot be real. Some day we shall awake.

The song had ceased, and was followed by Rubinstein's melody. It seemed to promise something. The bitterness I had felt passed, and I began to hope. Perhaps not in vain.



"The Ploughboy", by W. A. G. C. C.

THE COMRADE.



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EDITORIAL.

If to give point to Mr. Ghent's fantastic prediction of a coming "Benevolent Feudalism" we have the pensions scheme of the Standard Oil Company and the "profit-sharing" of the United States Steel Corporation. The Standard Oil employees who have been in the service twenty-five years may retire upon half pay for the first year and quarter pay for succeeding years.

The pensions will come entirely from the treasury of the company, no part of the cost being borne by the workers themselves. In this the plan of the Standard Oil Company is unique and striking. The steel-trust scheme of "profit-sharing" has, however, attracted even greater attention. Its principal features, as outlined in the *New York Evening Post*, are as follows:

"It offers to sell to each member of the salaried class a certain amount of the preferred stock of the company at a fixed price, not far from the present market price, the payments to be made by instalments within three years at 5 per cent. interest on deferred payments—the buyer to draw the accruing dividends. After holding the shares for five years, rendering faithful service to the company and continuing in its service, the holder shall be entitled to \$5 per year for each share in addition to the dividends on the same. At the end of five years more, under like conditions, he will receive additional compensation if the company's earnings justify it. Part two provides that still further compensation shall be given to those included in part one, and to 'all other men charged with responsibility in managing the affairs of the corporation.' Who are the persons coming within this classification shall be determined by the finance committee. Under part two it is declared that net profits to the amount of \$75,000,000 per annum are required to pay interest, dividends, and sinking fund. Whenever the net earnings exceed \$80,000,000, one per cent. of that sum shall be set aside for distribution to these two classes, one-half in cash, and the other half in preferred

stock. All the privileges apply to officers and employees of the subsidiary companies as well as of the United States Steel Corporation itself."

The press comment upon this scheme of the steel trust makes amusing reading for the most part. The *New York Journal of Commerce* and a few other papers warn the workers against the scheme upon the grounds of commercial wisdom, but, outside of the Socialist press, no attempt has been made to warn the workers against the pernicious principle of "profit-sharing." The *New York American*, in spite of its professed hostility to the trusts and its friendship toward labor, hails it with acclaim as the "greatest step towards Socialism ever taken!"

We have already expressed our lack of agreement with Mr. Ghent. We do not believe in the old fatalistic cry that Socialism is inevitable as a result of economic development without regard to our willingness or otherwise. That is a heresy fraught with incalculable danger. Nothing is inevitable in the evolution of the race. Economic development will not bring Socialism. At most it can only bring us the opportunity to transform capitalist society into Socialist society. On the other hand, we do not believe in Mr. Ghent's prophecy. It may be an alternative to Socialism, but it is not, in our judgment, the alternative we need most fear. By way of imperialism capitalism would find a more easy method of perpetuating itself.

But these things do not blind us to the real reason of these pension and profit-sharing schemes. They are shrewd attempts to induce the working class to deny itself—to sell its birthright. No more insidious method of crippling the organized labor movement could be devised. What the workers must learn, and it is the work of the Socialist movement to teach them, is that the whole system and principle of profit is wrong. That not the sharing of profit, but its abolition, so that labor may enjoy all that it produces, is the goal to be aimed at. Not by benevolence, not by concessions, not by compromise, but only by fighting the class war to the end will the workers ever be able to free themselves. And in freeing themselves they free the world.

* * *

Nothing in our Socialist philosophy has been so fruitful of difficulty to many persons as this philosophy of the class struggle. Perhaps because they have interpreted the phrase to mean "class hatred," many well-meaning people, some of them calling themselves Socialists, have deplored and denounced its use. They continually protest against the "intolerance," the "exclusiveness," the "wicked narrowness" of the phrase and the philosophy of the phrase.

It may be that to a large degree this feeling is due to the fact that what for want of a better term may be called the spiritual truth and beauty of this philosophy has not been presented to the world. Always presented as a stern necessity because of the economic determinism of all history, we have had truth, profound and beautiful truth, narrowed and distorted. But it ought never to be forgotten that not only is the class struggle a terrible necessity, but that it is equally a glorious opportunity.

It cannot be too often insisted upon that not only is the entire social problem contained in existing class antagonisms, that if there were no class antagonism there would be no social problem, but that, finally, the real interest of society as a whole is inseparable from that of the working class. They who proclaim the class struggle in the market-place, who, in season and out of season, bear the burden of the condemnation of the unseeing, are really the prophets of the great fundamental truth upon which the first system of social peace and social justice of history must rest. Upon the

class-consciousness of the workers, and their triumph in the great struggle pursued to its logical end, the only real social ethic possible now or in the future must rest.

* * *

The helpless silence of the leaders of organized labor upon the monstrous measure for the creation of another armed force for the defence of capitalist interests is appalling. This measure, which has already passed the House, under pretext of a reorganization of the militia, creates an entirely new force, a "volunteer reserve," infinitely more dangerous to the working class than the militia itself. In view of the terrible menace to organized labor which such a force implies, the silence of the labor leaders is astounding. It is criminal silence if they are aware of the facts, and criminal ignorance if they are not aware of the facts.

The measure provides for a "volunteer force" of 100,000 men "for service either within or without the limits of the territory of the United States." This really means, of course, that, under guise of reorganization of the militia, an addition of 100,000 men is to be made to the standing army. It is ridiculous to connect it in any way with the militia, for while the Constitution provides that the various States have control of the militia, they will have no such power over this new force. The President will have absolute control of it, appointing all its officers, and it is to be subject at all times to his call. No more iniquitous measure was ever proposed.

It is apparent that the capitalists do not intend to rely solely upon "benevolence" in their rule. Behind their charities are their implements of death. The militia has served them well, but it is no longer entirely dependable. With the enormous growth in the Socialist vote in many of the States, a new condition arises. It will no longer be safe for a Governor to order out the militia upon the slightest pretext in case of a strike as heretofore. And then, there is the chance that a few Socialist Governors may be elected, and a Socialist Governor wouldn't be likely to see the necessity of calling out the militia. Of course, the President could follow the precedent set by Grover Cleveland in the case of Illinois during the Pullman strike, but that is rather a risky business. So, instead, the President is to be empowered to call out a sufficient reserve force in any State without regard to the people or the Governor of that State. Yet the labor unions do not protest!

And their silence is a tragedy.

S.

Emancipation.



THIS is a chestnut—but it has the burr on it. Perhaps you are not used to eating them that way.



When the trolley cars first appeared down South, the nigger said: "Dey's great people, dese Yanks; first dey comes down here and frees de nigger; den dey comes down here and frees de muel."

A lean old mule was grazing by the roadside, and he opened his mouth and said: "They didn't free the mule; they only put him out of a job."

The nigger scratched his head. "Boss, dat's de same way wif me," he said.—Bolton Hall, *From The Game of Life*.

How I Became a Socialist

XI.

By John C. Chase.

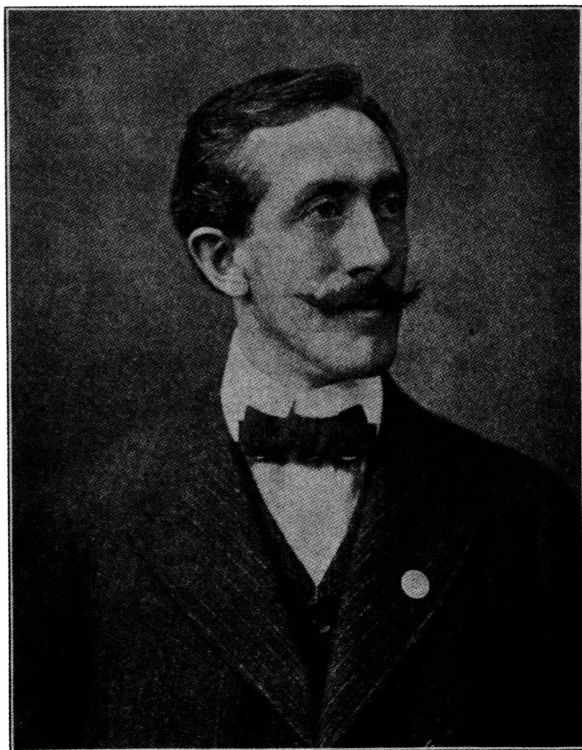


IN answering the query as to how I became a Socialist, I might well say in one sentence, that I became a Socialist simply because there was nothing else for me to be. But this would not be sufficiently lengthy for a magazine article and would perhaps be somewhat indefinite. So I suppose I must elucidate a little. I may as well say at the outset that I am a proletarian Socialist and propose to confine myself in this article to a statement of how I became one, and not to the reasons why I am a Socialist. I believe that most proletarian Socialists have had some impelling force at work, either in their youthful environment or in their struggle for existence, which has landed them in the Socialist movement.

I can more truthfully say, perhaps, that in both ways I was continuously being fitted to become a Socialist. An apprenticeship in a woollen mill in New Hampshire, of several years, beginning in my eighth year of life, was a part of the experience which was to eventually force upon me the understanding of the existence of the class struggle. I was toiling for several years, while my brain was still too far undeveloped to realize why I should or should not be at work.

But when I arrived at an age where I could understand things, an incident happened which forced upon me the knowledge that something, unknown to me, was wrong with our industrial system. This was a cut down in the mill in which I was employed. Our pay envelopes containing a month's wages came in on the allotted day, with 10 per cent. taken out, and this without notice to us beforehand. I well remember my own feelings when I found that 10 per cent. of my too small pittance had been withheld. And the weeping and wailing of the young toilers and the cursing of the older ones still lives in my memory. From that moment I had an indefinable longing to know the meaning of things; a desire to know why a corporation had the power to rob hundreds of toilers without apology or reason of that which was theirs by virtue of long weeks of toil. Shortly after this I was discharged from my employment for some childish indiscretion and forced to seek another master. Through the migration of a family of wage slaves, I found myself in a shoe town in another part of the State and there I began at the age of fourteen years my apprenticeship as a shoemaker. When I was sixteen, an organization of the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union was formed in the shop where I was employed and I became a member of it and was elected as a delegate to the national convention. My experience as a trade unionist taught me that there were two classes diamet-

rically opposed to each other—those who owned the means of life and those who were obliged to use them at such terms as could be made with the owner. I began to see, slowly, however, that it was a question of power. The workers must, I saw well enough, place themselves in a position to be able to make better terms by industrial organization. This is as far as I could see, and for several years I devoted my time to the trade union movement, although holding a position in the factory which did not call for membership in a labor organization. Another turn in the industrial treadmill brought me to Haverhill, where I soon engaged again in the work of shoemaking and took my place in the trade union movement. Up to the time that I came to Haverhill I had never heard of the Socialist movement. I was a Democrat by heredity and believed, for some inexplicable reason, that the Democratic party was the party of the working class. My first vote was cast for that party, and I have become somewhat stoop-shouldered in carrying about that load of shame. I have tried to live it down, but sometimes that act rises up to haunt me and I say to myself, What a fool I was, to be sure! One day I was suddenly brought face to face with Socialism, and I was dazed. Dazed because I had not known that there was such a thing in existence. A Socialist came into the shop and asked me to sign nomination papers for the candidates of the Socialist. I told him that I was a Democrat and could not give him my signature. After he told me that it only meant that they could get on the official ballot and there have a chance to vote as they desired, I signed, and he departed leaving me in a haze of doubt as to what it all meant.



John C. Chase.

That day I did the first intelligent thinking of my life. I said to myself: There you are, pretending to be intelligent, and you know nothing about the Socialist political movement. The thought was humiliating. The hours could not go by fast enough, so that I might go forth from that shop and look up the man who could tell me something about it. I did nothing else until I found him, and asked him to explain to me what his party was, where it was, and what it stood for.

He told me that it was a working class political party and where the headquarters were. I immediately wended my way to the place designated, and walked in. I shall never forget the impression that came to me when I found myself in the midst of a crowd of the faithful and listened to them ruthlessly tear to pieces, as I thought, everything which I had considered sacred. As I listened to the various arguments being held by different ones gathered there, I thought I must have struck a madhouse. They were all talking at once and upon almost every conceivable topic imaginable. All of which was entirely

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incomprehensible to me and, in my mind, extremely nonsensical. Yet I could not get away. I was fascinated. I had found what, as I can see now, I had needed and desired for years. I was soon mixed up in an argument with one of them, who did not leave me a leg to stand on. It did me good, however. I grew cautious and listened, and I rapidly came to understand that the battle of labor was but poorly fought when confined to the industrial field. Socialism unfolded before me with lightning rapidity. I could go to no other place from that time on than the Socialist rooms. I secured all the books and pamphlets upon the subject of Socialism available, and gave myself up entirely to a study of the question. The moment that I saw Socialism as it is, and realized the existence, or rather the true meaning, of the class struggle, I saw my duty plain. I saw immediately that if it was necessary for me to work for the industrial freedom of my class, it was because there were conflicting interests between the possessing class and the producing class. Socialism taught me that it was necessary, in view of this conflict, for the working class

to use all the power in its possession. When it presented itself before me in this light, I could see that there was no solution of the labor problem short of the abolition of the wage system, which was responsible for the class conflict, and no possibility of abolishing the system without political action on the part of the working class. I further saw that if there was no community of interest between the working class and the capitalist class industrially and nothing between them possible but warfare, there could not be anything different politically. But that we as workers must stand together in a political organization, declaring for the complete and unqualified emancipation of the working class from industrial servitude. Socialism presented itself to me as a revolutionary movement, in which there could be no compromise whatever with the conditions or system which it sought to abolish. Once I had this firmly established in my mind, I gave myself up entirely to Socialism as the only remedy for evils which I knew existed, and the only hope of myself and my class in our struggles for emancipation from wage slavery.



News From Nowhere.

By William Morris.

(Continued.)



THOUGH there were no rough noises to wake me, I could not lie long abed the next morning, where the world seemed so well awake, and, despite the old grumbler, so happy; so I got up, and found that, early as it was, some one had been stirring, since all was trim and in its place in the little parlor, and the table laid for the morning meal. Nobody was afoot in the house as then, however, so I went out a-doors, and after a turn or two round the superabundant garden, I wandered down over the meadow to the river-side, where lay our boat, looking quite familiar and friendly to me. I walked up stream a little, watching the light mist curling up from the river till the sun gained power to draw it all away; saw the bleak speckling the water under the willow boughs, whence the tiny flies they fed on were falling in myriads, heard the great chub splashing here and there at some belated moth or other, and felt almost back again in my boyhood. Then I went back again to the boat, and loitered there a minute or two, and then walked slowly up the meadows towards the little house. I noted now that there were four more houses of about the same size on the slope away from the river. The meadow in which I was going was not up for hay; but a row of flake-hurdles ran up the slope not far from me on each side, and in the field so parted off from ours on the left they were making hay busily by now, in the simple fashion of the days when I was a boy. My feet turned that way instinctively, as I wanted to see how haymakers looked in these new and better times, and also I rather expected to see Ellen there. I came to the hurdles and stood looking over into the hayfield, and was close to the end of the long line of haymakers who were spreading the low ridges to dry off the night dew. The majority of these were young women clad much like Ellen last night, though not mostly in silk, but in light woolen mostly gaily embroidered; the men being all clad in white flannel embroidered in bright colors. The meadow looked like a gigantic tulip-bed because of them. All hands were working deliberately but well and steadily, though they were as noisy with merry talk as a grove of autumn starlings. Half a dozen of them, men and women, came up to me and shook hands, gave me the sele of the morning, and asked a few questions as to whence and whither, and wishing me good luck, went back to their

work. Ellen, to my disappointment, was not amongst them, but presently I saw a light figure come out of the hayfield highly up the slope, and make for our house; and that was Ellen, holding a basket in her hand. But before she had come to the garden gate, out came Dick and Clara, who, after a minute's pause, came down to meet me, leaving Ellen in the garden; then we three went down to the boat, talking mere morning prattle. We stayed there a little, Dick arranging some of the matters in her, for we had only taken up to the house such things as we thought the dew might damage; and then we went toward the house again; but when we came near the garden, Dick stopped us by laying a hand on my arm and said:

"Just look a moment."

I looked, and over the low hedge saw Ellen, shading her eyes against the sun as she looked toward the hayfield, a light wind stirring in her tawny hair, her eyes like light jewels amidst her sunburnt face, which looked as if the warmth of the sun were yet in it.

"Look, guest," said Dick; "doesn't it all look like one of those very stories out of Grimm that we were talking about up in Bloomsbury? Here are we two lovers wandering about the world, and we have come to a fairy garden, and there is the very fairy herself amidst of it: I wonder what she will do for us."

Said Clara demurely, but not stiffly: "Is she a good fairy, Dick?"

"Oh, yes," said he; "and according to the card, she would do better, if it were not for the gnome or woodspirit, our grumbling friend of last night."

We laughed at this; and I said, "I hope you see that you have left me out of the tale."

"Well," said he, "that's true. You had better consider that you have got the cap of darkness, and are seeing everything, yourself invisible."

That touched me on my weak side of not feeling sure of my position in this beautiful new country; so in order not to make matters worse, I held my tongue, and we all went into the garden and up to the house together. I noticed by the way that Clara must really rather have felt the contrast between herself as a town madam and this piece of the summer country that we all admired so, for she had rather dressed after Ellen that

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morning as to thinness and scantiness, and went barefoot also, except for light sandals.

The old man greeted us kindly in the parlor, and said: "Well, guests, so you have been looking about to search into the nakedness of the land: I suppose your illusions of last night have given way a bit before the morning light? Do you still like it, eh?"

"Very much," said I, doggedly; "it is one of the prettiest places on the lower Thames."

"Oh," said he; "so you know the Thames, do you?"

I reddened, for I saw Dick and Clara looking at me, and scarcely knew what to say. However, since I had said in our early intercourse with my Hammersmith friends that I had known Epping Forest, I thought a hasty generalization might be better in avoiding complications than a downright lie; so I said—

"I have been in this country before; and I have been on the Thames in those days."

"O," said the old man, eagerly, "so you have been in this country before. Now really, don't you find it (apart from all theory, you know) much changed for the worse?"

"No, not at all," said I; "I find it much changed for the better."

"Ah," quoth he, "I fear that you have been prejudiced by some theory or another. However, of course the time when you were here before must have been so near our own days that the deterioration might not be very great; as then we were, of course, still living under the same customs as we are now. I was thinking of earlier days than that."

"In short," said Clara, "you have theories about the change which has taken place."

"I have facts as well," said he. "Look here! from this hill you can see just four little houses, including this one. Well, I know for certain that in old times, even in the summer, when the leaves were thickest, you could see from the same place six quite big and fine houses; and higher up the water, garden joined garden right up to Windsor; and there were big houses in all the gardens. Ah! England was an important place in those days."

I was getting nettled, and said: "What you mean is that you de-cockneyed the place, and sent the damned flunkies packing, and that everybody can live comfortably and happily, and not a few damned thieves only, who were centers of vulgarity and corruption wherever they were, and who, as to this lovely river, destroyed its beauty morally, and had almost destroyed it physically, when they were thrown out of it."

There was silence after this outburst, which for the life of me I could not help, remembering how I had suffered from cockneyism and its cause on those same waters of old time. But at last the old man said, quite coolly:

"My dear guest, I really don't know what you mean by either cockneys, or flunkies, or thieves, or damned; or how only a few people could live happily and comfortably in a wealthy country. All I can see is that you are angry, and I fear with me: so if you like we will change the subject."

I thought this kind and hospitable in him, considering his obstinacy about his theory; and hastened to say that I did not mean to be angry, only emphatic. He bowed gravely, and I thought the storm was over, when suddenly Ellen broke in:

"Grandfather, our guest is reticent from courtesy; but really what he has in his mind to say to you ought to be said; so as I know pretty well what it is, I will say it for him; for as you know, I have been taught these things by people who—"

"Yes," said the old man, "by the sage of Bloomsbury, and others."

"O," said Dick, "so you know my old kinsman Hammond?"

"Yes," said she, "and other people too, as my grandfather says, and they have taught me things; and this is the upshot of it. We live in a little house now, not because we have nothing grander to do than working in the fields, but because

we please; for if we liked, we could go and live in a big house amongst pleasant companions."

Grumbled the old man: "Just so! As if I would live amongst those conceited fellows; all of them looking down upon me!"

She smiled on him kindly, but went on as if he had not spoken. "In the past times, when those big houses of which grandfather speaks were so plenty, we *must* have lived in a cottage whether we had liked it or not; and said cottage, instead of having in it everything we want would have been bare and empty. We should not have got enough to eat; our clothes would have been ugly to look at, dirty and frowsy. You, grandfather, have done no hard work for years now, but wander about and read your books and have nothing to worry you; and as for me, I work hard when I like it, because I like it, and think it does me good, and knits up my muscles, and makes me prettier to look at, and healthier and happier. But in those past days you, grandfather, would have had to work hard after you were old; and would have been always afraid of having to be shut up in a kind of prison along with other old men, half-starved and without amusement. And as for me, I am twenty years old. In those days my middle age would be beginning now, and in a few years I should be pinched thin, and haggard, beset with troubles and miseries, so that no one could have guessed that I was once a beautiful girl.

"Is this what you have had in your mind, guest?" said she, the tears in her eyes at thought of the past miseries of people like herself.

"Yes," said I, much moved; "that and more. Often—in my country, I have seen that wretched change you have spoken of, from the fresh handsome country lass to the poor draggle-tailed country woman."

The old man sat silent for a little, but presently recovered himself and took comfort in his old phrase of "Well, you like it so, do you?"

"Yes," said Ellen, "I love life better than death."

"O, you do, do you?" said he. "Well, for my part I like reading a good old book with plenty of fun in it, like Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair.' Why don't you write books like that now? Ask that question of your Bloomsbury sage."

Seeing Dick's cheeks reddening a little at this sally, and noting that silence followed, I thought I had better do something. So I said: "I am only the guest, friends; but I know you want to show me your river at its best, so don't you think we had better be moving presently, as it is certainly going to be a hot day?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

UP THE THAMES: THE SECOND DAY.



HEY were not slow to take my hint; and indeed, as to the mere time of day, it was best to be off, as it was past seven o'clock, and the day promised to be very hot. So we got up and went down to our boat—Ellen thoughtful and abstracted; the old man very kind and courteous, as if to make up for his crabbedness of opinion. Clara was cheerful and natural, but a little subdued, I thought; and she at least was not sorry to be gone, and often looked shyly and timidly at Ellen and her strange wild beauty. So we got into the boat, Dick saying as he took his place, "Well, it is a fine day!" and the old man answering, "What! you like that, do you?" once more; and presently Dick was sending the bows swiftly through the slow weed-checked stream. I turned round as we got into mid-stream, and waving my hand to our hosts, saw Ellen leaning on the old man's shoulder, and caressing his healthy apple-red cheek, and quite a keen pang smote me as I thought how I should never see the beautiful girl again. Presently I insisted on taking the sculls, and I rowed a good deal that day; which no doubt accounts for the fact that we got very late to the place which Dick had aimed at. Clara was particularly affectionate to

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Dick, as I noticed from the rowing thwart; but as for him, he was as frankly kind and merry as ever; and I was glad to see it, as a man of his temperament could not have taken her carcases cheerfully and without embarrassment if he had been at all entangled by the fairy of our last night's abode.

I need say little about the lovely reaches of the river here. I duly noted that absence of cockney villas which the old man had lamented; and I saw with pleasure that my old enemies the "Gothic" cast-iron bridges had been replaced by handsome oak and stone ones. Also the banks of the forest that we passed through had lost their courtly game-keeperish trimness, and were as wild and beautiful as need be, though the trees were clearly well seen to. I thought it best, in order to get the most direct information, to play the innocent about Eton and Windsor; but Dick volunteered his knowledge to me as we lay in Datchet lock about the first. Quoth he:

"Up yonder are some beautiful old buildings, which were built for a great college or teaching-place by one of the mediæval kings—Edward the Sixth, I think" (I smiled to myself at his natural blunder). "He meant poor people's sons to be taught there what knowledge was going in his day; but it was a matter of course that in the times of which you seem to know so much they spoil whatever good there was in the founder's intentions. My old kinsman says that they treated them in a very simple way, and instead of teaching poor men's sons to know something, they taught rich men's sons to know nothing. It seems from what he says that it was a place for the 'aristocracy' (if you know what that word means! I have been told its meaning) to get rid of the company of their male children for a great part of the year. I daresay old Hammond would give you plenty of information in detail about it."

"What is it used for now?" said I.

"Well," said he, "the buildings were a good deal spoilt by the last few generations of aristocrats, who seem to have had a great hatred against beautiful old buildings, and indeed all records of past history; but it is still a delightful place. Of course, we cannot use it quite as the founder intended, since our ideas about teaching young people are so changed from the ideas of his time; so it is used now as a dwelling for people engaged in learning; and folk from round about come and get taught things that they want to learn; and there is a great library there of the best books. So that I don't think that the old dead king would be much hurt if he were to come to life and see what we are doing there."

"Well," said Clara, laughing, "I think he would miss the boys."

"Not always, my dear," said Dick, "for there are often plenty of boys there, who come to get taught; and also," said he, smiling, "to learn boating and swimming. I wish we could stop there; but perhaps we had better do that coming down the water."

The lock gates opened as he spoke, and out we went, and on. And as for Windsor, he said nothing till I lay on my oars (for I was sculling then) in Clewer reach, and looking up, said, "What is all that building up there?"

Said he: "There, I thought I would wait till you asked, yourself. That is Windsor Castle: that also I thought I would keep for you till we come down the water. It looks fine from here, doesn't it? But a great deal of it has been built or skinned in the time of the Degradation, and we wouldn't pull the buildings down, since they were there; just as with the buildings of the Dung-Market. You know, of course, that it was the palace of our mediæval kings, and was used later on for the same purpose by the parliamentary commercial sham-kings, as my old kinsman calls them."

"Yes," said I, "I know all that. What is it used for now?"

"A great many people live there," said he, "as, with all drawbacks, it is a pleasant place; there is also a well-arranged store of antiquities of various kinds that have seemed worth keeping—a museum, it would have been called in the times you understand so well."

I drew my sculls through the water at that last word, and pulled as if I were fleeing from those times which I understood so well; and we were soon going up the once sorely be-cockneyed reaches of the river about Maidenhead, which now looked as pleasant and enjoyable as the up-river reaches.

The morning was now getting on, the morning of a jewel of a summer day; one of those days which, if they were commoner in these islands, would make our climate the best of all climates, without dispute. A light wind blew from the west; the little clouds that had arisen at about our breakfast time had seemed to get higher and higher in the heavens; and in spite of the burning sun we no more longed for rain than we feared it. Burning as the sun was, there was a fresh feeling in the air that almost set us a-longing for the rest of the hot afternoon, and the stretch of blossoming wheat seen from the shadow of the boughs. No one unburdened with very heavy anxieties could have felt otherwise than happy that morning; and it must be said that whatever anxieties might lie beneath the surface of things, we didn't seem to come across any of them.

We passed by several fields where haymaking was going on, but Dick, and especially Clara, were so jealous of our up-river festival that they would not allow me to have much to say to them. I could only notice that the people in the fields looked strong and handsome, both men and women, and that so far from there being any appearance of sordidness about their attire, they seemed to be dressed specially for the occasion—lightly, of course, but gaily and with plenty of adornment.

Both on this day as well as yesterday we had, as you may think, met and passed and been passed by many craft of one kind and another. The most part of these were being rowed like ourselves, or were sailing, in the sort of way that sailing is managed on the upper reaches of the river; but every now and then we came on barges, laden with hay or other country produce, or carrying bricks, lime, timber, and the like, and these were going on their way without any means of propulsion visible to me—just a man at the tiller, with often a friend or two laughing and talking with him. Dick, seeing on one occasion this day, that I was looking rather hard on one of these, said: "That is one of our force-barges; it is quite as easy to work vehicles by force by water as by land."

I understood pretty well that these "force vehicles" had taken the place of our old steam-power carrying; but I took good care not to ask any questions about them as I knew well enough both that I should never be able to understand how they were worked, and that in attempting to do so I should betray myself, or get into some complication impossible to explain; so I merely said, "Yes, of course, I understand."

We went ashore at Bisham, where the remains of the old Abbey and the Elizabethan house that had been added to them yet remained, none the worse for many years of careful and appreciative habitation. The folk of the place, however, were mostly in the fields that day, both men and women; so we met only two old men there, and a younger one who had stayed at home to get on with some literary work, which I imagine we considerably interrupted. Yet I also think that the hard-working man who received us was not very sorry for the interruption. Anyhow, he kept on pressing us to stay over and over again, till at last we did not get away till the cool of the evening.

However, that mattered little to us; the nights were light, for the moon was shining in her third quarter, and it was all one to Dick whether he sculled or sat quiet in the boat; so we went away a great pace. The evening sun shone bright on the remains of the old building at Medmenham; close beside which arose an irregular pile of building which Dick told us was a very pleasant house; and there were plenty of houses visible on the wide meadows opposite, under the hill: for, as it seems that the beauty of Hurlev had compelled people to build and live there a good deal. The sun very low down showed us Henley little altered in outward aspect from what I remembered it. Actual daylight failed us as we passed through the lovely reaches of Wargrave and Shiplake: but the moon rose behind

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Illustrations by H. G. Jentsch.

us presently. I should like to have seen with my eyes what success the new order of things had had in getting rid of the sprawling mess with which commercialism had littered the bank of the wide stream about Reading and Caversham; certainly everything smelt too deliciously in the early night for there to be any of the old careless sordidness of so-called manufacture; and in answer to my question as to what sort of a place Reading was, Dick answered:

"O, a nice town enough in its way; mostly rebuilt within the last hundred years; and there are a good many houses, as you can see by the lights just down under the hills yonder. In fact it is one of the most populous places on the Thames round about here. Keep up your spirits, guest! we are close to our journey's end for the night. I ought to ask your pardon for not stopping at one of the houses here or higher up; but a friend, who is living in a very pleasant house in the Maple-Durham meads, particularly wanted me and Clara to come and see him on our way up the Thames; and I thought you wouldn't mind this bit of night traveling."

He need not have adjured me to keep up my spirits, which were as high as possible; though the strangeness and excitement of the happy and quiet life which I saw everywhere around me was, it is true, a little wearing off, yet a deep content, as different as possible from languid acquiescence, was taking its place, and I was, as it were, really new-born.

We landed presently just where I remembered the river making an elbow to the north towards the ancient house of the Blunts; with the wide meadows spreading on the right-hand side, and on the left the long line of beautiful old trees overhanging the water. As we got out of the boat, I said to Dick—

"Is it the old house we are going to?"

"No," he said, "though that is standing still in green old age, and is well inhabited. I see, by the way, that you know your

Thames well. But my friend Walter Allen, who asked me to stop here, lives in a house, not very big, which has been built lately, because these meadows are so much liked, especially in summer, that there was getting to be rather too much of tenting on the open field; so the parishes here about, who rather objected to that, built three houses between this and Caversham, and quite a large one at Basildon, a little higher up. Look, yonder are the lights of Walter Allen's house!"

So we walked over the grass of the meadows under a flood of moonlight, and soon came to the house, which was low and built round a quadrangle big enough to get plenty of sunshine in it. Walter Allen, Dick's friend, was leaning against the jamb of the doorway waiting for us, and took us into the hall without overplus of words. There were not many people in it, as some of the dwellers there were away at the haymaking in the neighborhood, and some, as Walter told us, were wandering about the meadow enjoying the beautiful moonlit night. Dick's friend looked to be a man of about forty; tall, black-haired, very kind-looking and thoughtful; but rather to my surprise there was a shade of melancholy on his face, and he seemed a little abstracted and inattentive to our chat, in spite of the obvious efforts to listen.

Dick looked on him from time to time, and seemed troubled; and at last he said: "I say, old fellow, if there is anything the matter which we didn't know of when you wrote to me, don't you think you had better tell us about it at once? or else we shall think we have come here at an unlucky time, and are not quite wanted."

Walter turned red, and seemed to have some difficulty in restraining his tears; but said at last: "Of course everybody here is very glad to see you, Dick, and your friends; but it is true that we are not at our best, in spite of the fine weather and the glorious hay-crop. We have had a death here."

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Said Dick: "Well, you should get over that, neighbor; such things must be."

"Yes," Walter said, "but this was a death by violence, and it seems likely to lead to at least one more, and somehow it makes us feel rather shy of one another; and to say the truth, that is one reason why there are so few of us present to-night."

"Tell us the story, Walter," said Dick; "perhaps telling it will help you to shake off your sadness."

Said Walter: "Well, I will; and I will make it short enough, though I daresay it might be spun out into a long one, as used to be done with such subjects in the old novels. There is a very charming girl here whom we all like, and whom some of us do more than like; and she very naturally liked one of us better than anybody else. And another of us (I won't name him) got fairly bitten with love-madness, and used to go about making himself as unpleasant as he could—not of malice prepense, of course; so that the girl, who liked him well enough at first, though she didn't love him, began fairly to dislike him. Of course, those of us who knew him best—myself amongst others—advised him to go away, as he was making matters worse and worse for himself every day. Well, he wouldn't take our advice (that also, I suppose, was a matter of course), so we had to tell him that he *must* go, or the inevitable sending to Coventry would follow; for his individual trouble had so overmastered him that we felt *we* must go if he did not.

"He took that better than we expected, when something or other—an interview with the girl, I think, and some hot words with the successful lover following close upon it, threw him quite off his balance; and he got hold of an axe and fell upon his rival when there was no one by; and in the struggle that followed the man attacked, hit him an unlucky blow and killed him. And now the slayer in his turn is so upset that he is likely to kill himself; and if he does, the girl will do as much, I fear. And all this we could no more help than the earthquake of the year before last."

"It is very unhappy," said Dick; "but since the man is dead, and cannot be brought to life again, and since the slayer had no malice in him, I cannot on the life of me see why he shouldn't get over it before long. Besides, it was the right man that was killed and not the wrong. Why should a man brood over a mere accident forever? And the girl?"

"As to her," said Walter, "the whole thing seems to have inspired her with terror rather than grief. What you say about the man is true, or it should be; but then, you see, the excitement and jealousy that was the prelude to this tragedy had made an evil and feverish element round about him, from which he does not seem to be able to escape. However, we have advised him to go away—in fact, to cross the seas; but he is in such a state that I do not think he *can* go unless some one *takes* him, and I think it will fall to my lot to do so; which is scarcely a cheerful outlook for me."

"O, you will find a certain kind of interest in it," said Dick. "And of course he *must* soon look upon the affair from a reasonable point of view sooner or later."

"Well, at any rate," quoth Walter, "now that I have eased my mind by making you uncomfortable, let us have an end of the subject for the present. Are you going to take your guests to Oxford?"

"Why, of course we must pass through it," said Dick, smiling, "as we are going into the upper waters; but I thought that we wouldn't stop there, or we shall be belated as to the hay-making up our way. So Oxford and my learned lecture on it, all got at second-hand from my old kinsman, must wait till we come down the water a fortnight hence."

I listened to this story with much surprise, and could not help wondering at first that the man who had slain the other had not been put in custody till it could be proved that he killed his rival in self-defence only. However, the more I thought of it, the plainer it grew to me that no amount of examination of witnesses, who had witnessed nothing but the ill-blood between the two rivals, would have done anything to clear up the case. I could not help thinking, also, that the remorse of this homicide gave point to what old Hammond had said to me about the way in which this strange people dealt with what I had been used to hear called crimes. Truly, the remorse was exaggerated; but it was quite clear that the slayer took the whole consequences of the act upon himself, and did not expect society to whitewash him by punishing him. I had no fear any longer that "the sacredness of human life" was likely to suffer amongst my friends from the absence of gallows and prison.

(To be continued.)



A Worker's Lot.

By Edwin Arnold Brenholtz.



O work by day within four
walls,
In atmosphere that hell
Would welcome for its hated
halls
And on the morrow sell
His labor-power, if Fortune's kind,
To one will pay him less
Than feeds some petted dog, to find
A meal himself to bless.

To beg for work as 'twere a boon
That gratitude should pay.
To slave through brightest summer noon
Below the reach of day.
To face death in a thousand forms
For other mortal's gain;
To tread the dreary round deforms
And leaves him half insane.

To be turned out, discharged, some night
Because too ill to toil;
To curse God to his face as might
Had made of him a foil.
A foil to enhance the rich man's lot;
A *foil!* is he not Man?
A *tool* he is, cast out to rot,
Discarded—under ban.

To curse mankind as fools or knaves;
As knaves that thrive on woe;
As fools that never need be slaves.
If they would will it so.
To reach the river's brink and rush
Away from slavish life;
To meet, with thanks, th' eternal hush
That ends the present strife.

Views and Reviews.



BEAUTIFUL books are of two kinds. There is the book that is beautiful within and without; beautiful in its contents, the materials used, and the craftsmanship shown in its making. That is the ideal book. Then there is the book that is beautiful in everything except its contents. In which the commonplace is glorified by all the skill of the craftsman. A notable example of this was a superb edition of Elbert Hubbard's "A Message to Garcia." Bound in full levant and handsomely tooled, no one could deny the beauty of the volume. But what a waste of good craftsmanship it was. Here was a dreary commonplace screed, as false as it was commonplace, given a setting worthy of the choicest of the world's literature.

By reason of the unity of the beauty of its contents and of its physical qualities, the edition of William Morris's "The Doom of King Acrisius," recently issued by Mr. R. H. Russell, belongs to the former class. Rarely, indeed, is the harmony of the ideal book so completely attained. The magnificent poetical romance, one of the twenty-four that comprise "The Earthly Paradise," together with the equally magnificent illustrations of his dearest friend, Burne-Jones, are here enshrined in a simple but exceedingly beautiful volume. The type is clear and there is a delightful delicacy and finish about the twelve platinum-print reproductions. Engraving, type, paper, and binding leave nothing to be desired. Leaving aside the more elaborate and costly editions, such as his own Kelmsscott productions, no edition of any of Morris's works has given me such satisfaction as this. Mr. Russell has earned the grateful thanks of every lover of beautiful books. The introduction, by Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, is also deserving of notice. Mr. Carrington does not write in a perfunctory way, as writers of "introductions" often do, but really helps the reader to a proper understanding and appreciation of the work. Whoever adds this book to his possessions will have "a book to caress," as Dorothy Wordsworth said.

* * *

From the press of the Industrial Publication Company, this city, comes a volume of permanent value, Mr. John Phin's "The Shakespeare Cyclopædia and New Glossary." Mr. Phin is well and favorably known as a Shakespearean scholar, and in this handsome volume of less than five hundred pages he has crowded a remarkable amount of helpful information. He gives the most important variorum readings, the meaning of old and unusual words used by Shakespeare, and of ordinary words used by him in unusual senses. Copious notes are also given upon matters historical, biographical, and mythological, as well as upon such subjects as Shakespearean folklore, ancient customs, proverbs alluded to in the text, and so on. With a view to testing its accuracy; I have compared the information given upon various subjects with that given by Furness, Dowden, Lee, Furnival, Gollancz, and others, and have been surprised by the general accuracy of Mr. Phin's work no less than by its comprehensive range.

There are special chapters upon a variety of topics, the essay on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy being decidedly interesting. Professor Dowden contributes a notable introductory paper, "The Language of Shakespeare as an Encyclopædia of Contemporary Knowledge." Intended for the average reader rather than for the specialist, this work admirably serves its purpose. With it the humble possessor of a cheap copy of Shakespeare's works is on an intellectual level with the owner of any of the expensive annotated editions.

* * *

Edward Carpenter is one of the most notable forces in contemporary literature. His writings are among the sanest and

most vitally interesting of this generation, and it is pleasing to note that his fame is on the ascendant. Personally, I have always felt that Carpenter stultified himself somewhat by withdrawing himself from the actual field of battle into a sort of cloistered life. The effect of such seclusion, it seems to me, must always be to narrow one's usefulness, and even one's genius.

Still, it must be admitted that his recent work shows no sign of diminishing power. During the past year he issued two new works which fully sustain his deservedly high reputation. "Iolaus: An Anthology of Friendship" is in many ways a remarkable work. Like Whitman, Carpenter is a great believer in the value of friendship as a factor in human history, and in this volume he has given us a collection of stories, legends, poems, and fragments of philosophy from the literature of the subject, extending from the earliest times to the present. By arranging them in a rough, chronological order he gives us not only an idea of the enduring force of friendship, but also of the striking similarity displayed in the friendship-customs of various races and times. The book is handsomely printed, the deep black type being relieved by rubricated initials and marginal titles in red.

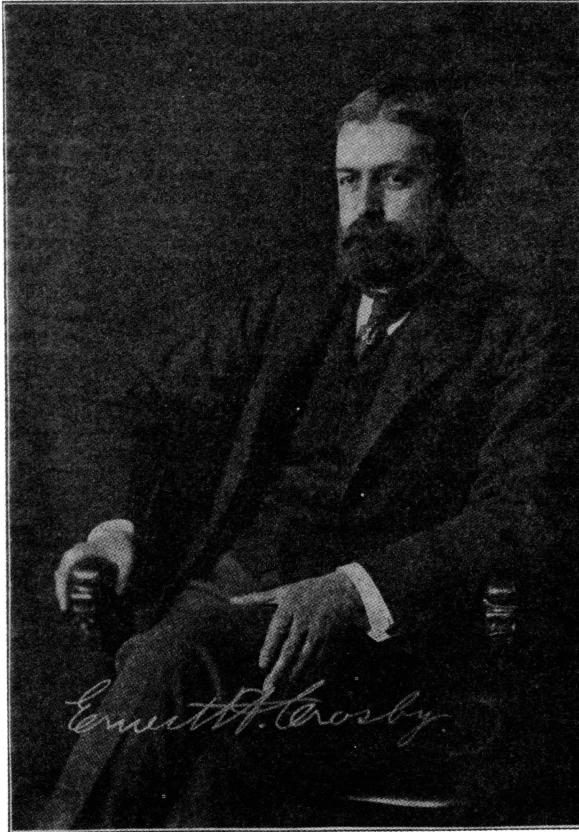
"Who Shall Command the Heart?" his latest book, forms Part IV. of his best known work, "Towards Democracy." Issued now as a separate volume, it will, I suppose, eventually be included in the larger work of which it is part. This collection is of special interest to readers of THE COMRADE, for it was in this journal that the poem which gives the book its title was originally published. To those familiar with the first three parts of "Towards Democracy," it will be quite sufficient to say that this new volume equals, even if it does not excel, them in sweetness, saneness, and strength. It is one of those books for constant companionship which every Socialist ought to possess.

* * *

"Resist Not Evil," Clarence S. Darrow's new book, is externally attractive and reflects great credit upon the publishers, Kerr & Company, of Chicago. I confess, however, that the contents disappoint me. The impression it leaves upon my mind is that of a very clever lawyer, with an exceedingly poor case, in which, moreover, he does not himself believe. As the title implies, the book is an argument for non-resistance as a rule of life; an effort to prove that the wrongs of the world can never be righted by means of any policy of resistance. What I complain of is that at no point in the book has Mr. Darrow faced the facts of the case. The essentials of the problem he has left entirely untouched. It is easy to ridicule the so-called "justice" of the capitalist state, and Mr. Darrow is an adept at criticism by ridicule. But while enjoying to the full his castigation of the cherished institutions of capitalist society, I think it is pertinent to ask Mr. Darrow to get down to the facts. Only once or twice does he come within measurable distance of the application of the non-resistance theory to life itself, and then, heigho! non-resistance receives a solar plexus blow. The sacred duty of *resistance* to oppression is indeed definitely taught by Mr. Darrow, only he says "violating" instead of "resistance," and "brutal laws" instead of "oppression." In a moment of abstraction counsel argues against his own brief.

It is evident enough that Mr. Darrow recognizes the fact of the exploitation of labor by the capitalist parasite, and the oppression involved by the latter's rule. Now, I submit that the test of non-resistance may very properly be made here. Is it wrong for the workers to resist that exploitation and oppression, and, if so, ought not the workers to abandon every form of resistance? Now, if we give the affirmative answer that Mr. Darrow seeks, every trade union, so far as it is a force for the protection of the workers and resisting oppression,

THE COMRADE.



ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY
Author of "Swords and Plowshares" etc.

must be disbanded. If resistance is evil, trade unionism is evil. Mr. Darrow, I believe, is a great believer in trade unionism, or professes to be. But then he is no more illogical in this than in his position as a legislator, and as a lawyer, who does not believe in law of any kind and denies the right of society to legislate.

It will be observed that the non-resistant has no message to any but the oppressed. Non-resistance is for the victim alone. It does not say, "Thou shalt not oppress" to the oppressor, but only "Thou shalt not resist oppression" to the oppressed. That is a comfortable ethic enough—for the oppressor! It is a slave ethic. To argue in Mr. Darrow's vicious circle is puerile and worse than useless. Tyranny and oppression produce hate and resistance, and there is a war between oppressor and oppressed. To end this state of warfare is the problem. Mr. Darrow would solve it by having the oppressed cease resisting the oppressor. And, in a way, that *would* solve the problem. There would be no war, certainly. But there would be tyranny, and perhaps slaughter. It does not occur to Mr. Darrow that 'twere better to have the oppressor cease.

Reduced to that final test to which all ethical concepts must be brought, their application to the problems of life itself, the non-resistance theory appears to me to be fundamentally immoral. There are only two distinct philosophies of life, the individualist and the collectivist. Anarchism and Socialism are not merely opposite forces; they are the only logically opposite forces. And in spite of the imprint of a Socialist publishing house which it bears, Mr. Darrow's book is an expression of the Anarchist philosophy. Resistance is an immutable law of nature and of progress. Truth is born of resistance to error; freedom is born of resistance to tyranny. Mr. Darrow has set his theories not upon facts but against

them. From my point of view the book is a bad one, in spite of its brilliance. Bad, because untrue to life and its needs. Apart from that, it seems to me exceedingly superficial and weak, and little likely to give much strength to the non-resistant cult.

* * *

Infinitely more satisfying is Mila Tupper Maynard's "Walt Whitman: The Poet of the Wider Selfhood," which comes from the same firm. Lovers of Old Walt will find nothing new in these well-printed pages, and yet every page will delight and satisfy them. I have wondered why, as I lingered over the book, and it seems to me that Mrs. Maynard's charm lies in her simplicity. Others have interpreted Whitman with varying degrees of success, but Mrs. Maynard attempts nothing of the sort. She loves Whitman and would introduce others to him. And if you know and love Old Walt you feel a sense of kinship with her.

To those who don't know Whitman I cordially recommend this little book, a veritable compendium of Whitman's best. Perhaps you do not care for Whitman. I well remember when I used to wonder that anybody could enjoy "that Whitman jargon." It seemed like a pose. But one day a friend read to me from "Leaves of Grass"—a friend who knew both what and how to read. Then I, too, loved Whitman. Mrs. Maynard is that sort of a friend. She knows what and how. I have said that she does not attempt to interpret Whitman. She lets Whitman speak for himself. Yet I think she does happily interpret Whitman—by the title of her altogether admirable book.

* * *

I have received a copy of "Fate: The Story of a Study of a Human Life," a novel by my good comrade and friend, Edwin Arnold Brenholtz, published by the Abbey Press. Brenholtz is growing. He does well, but will do better. As a poet he possesses many of the qualities of Whitman and Carpenter. He never writes pretty things. He writes strong things. His verse is a bit harsh and uncouth sometimes, unnecessarily so, but it is always inspiring and helpful. Brenholtz is a Socialist, too, and from his pen may yet come the great epic of Socialism.

I read "Fate" from cover to cover at a single sitting. With it and a cheery fire I tried to forget the coal famine and the blinding snow without. And so good was the company that a few days later I turned to "Fate" once more. It is a strange, subtle story that Brenholtz tells, brimful of human interest. Despite certain crudities, it is, upon the whole, well told, and the book will well repay the reader. You will not find it listed among "the best selling books"—it is too good a book for that. I haven't seen any account of the number of tons of paper or the miles of cloth used "to meet the popular demand" for it, and the log-rollers of the literary journals haven't quarreled over it or its author. But for all that it is a book well worth reading. No, I haven't said anything about the plot or the characters of the book—what's the use of that? Read the book!

* * *

The admirers of Elbert Hubbard and his Roycroft productions (and our name is legion) will be interested in "The Protest," a little magazine along similar lines to "The Philistine." A group of workers have established a sort of Roycroft shop at Edenbridge, Kent, England, where they make "beautiful books and things," and "The Protest" is their organ. It is printed at the Chiswick press and is a good deal more attractive typographically than "The Philistine," but lacks the strong personality which has endeared the latter to its readers. With each issue so far a delightful little picture has been given and it is the intention of the publishers, I understand, to give with each yearly subscription a series of quarterly brochures. These, I imagine, will be much sought after, if, as I sincerely hope, the experiment proves a success. The Christmas brochure was exceedingly attractive. The price of the magazine, with the brochures, is \$1.50 per annum.

THE COMRADE.

"The Game of Life" is the title of the latest work of that genial philosopher, Bolton Hall. In a neat little volume of 230 pages, published by the A. Wessels Company, he has garnered over one hundred of those familiar little "Parables" of his which have from time to time appeared in the periodical press. It would be difficult to name an equally good collection of whimsicalities so pregnant with philosophy as this. For this kind of writing Mr. Hall possesses a talent that amounts to real genius, and in this collection he is seen at his best. And there is none better than Bolton Hall at his best. As everybody knows, Mr. Hall is a single-taxer, and most of his "Parables" have a single-tax lesson to convey. I once heard him say that he never made a speech or wrote anything without dragging in his single-tax faith. I have known him, however, to do both. In "The Game of Life" he sometimes wanders away from the narrow path, but never for long. Still, however much you disagree with him, and however little your faith in the single-tax, you will find abundant pleasure in his genial wit.

J. S.



The Lord and the Kings.

By M. J. Konikow.

(Translated from the German of Karl Ewald.)



ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, the people got tired of their kings and sent delegates to the Lord of Heaven to implore Him for relief. The delegation was kindly received at the gate of Heaven and when its turn came, was duly admitted to the audience chamber. But as soon as the spokesman had finished

his complaint the Lord began to shake His head amazingly, saying: "Not a word of what you have said do I understand. I never gave you any kings."

Then all the delegates exclaimed in chorus: "The earth is full of kings, who proclaim that they rule by the Grace of God."

"I do not know anything about it," said the Lord. "I created you all equal and after my image. Farewell."

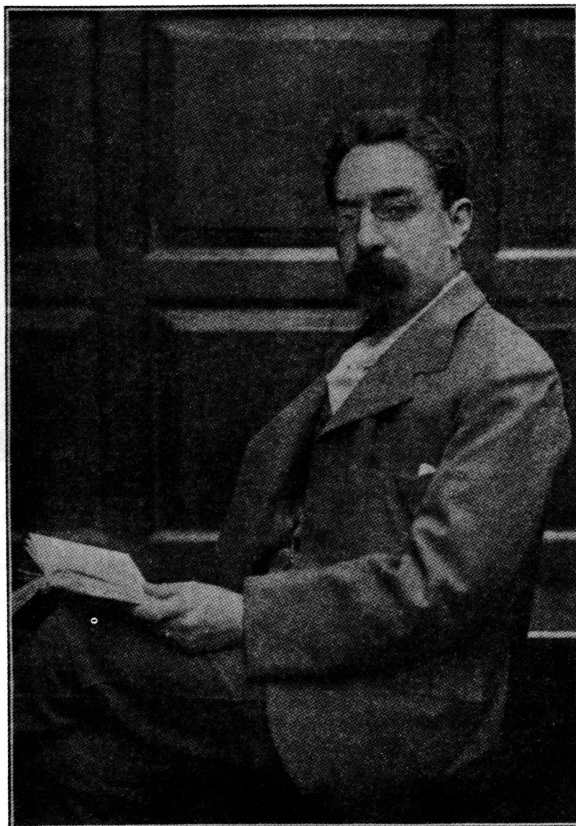
And the audience ended. The people's delegates sat down near Heaven's gate and wept bitterly. When the good Lord heard of this He pitied them and ordered them back before Him. He called in an Archangel and said unto him: "Get the book, where I made note of all the plagues sent to men for their sins and see if anything is mentioned there about kings."

It was a heavy volume and it took the Archangel the whole day to study it. Towards night, when he was through with the task, he reported that nothing was contained there about kings. The delegates were again admitted to the Lord's presence, and He spoke to them, saying: "I do not know anything about kings. Farewell!" Whereat the delegates fell into such a wild despair that the Lord again took pity on them.

Again He called the Archangel and commanded him: "Look over the books wherein I made note of the misery which befell men through their unwise prayers, that they may see that my counsels are wiser than theirs, and report to me if you find anything therein about kings."

The Archangel did as he was commanded. There were twelve thick, heavy volumes, and it took him, therefore, twelve days to complete his search. But, alas, not a syllable about kings was there in those heavy volumes.

The Lord then commanded the delegates for the last time to appear before His throne and spoke unto them, saying: "I cannot help it. You must depart even as you came. I can do nothing for you. The kings are your own invention. If you have had enough of them, you must find a way to rid yourselves of them."



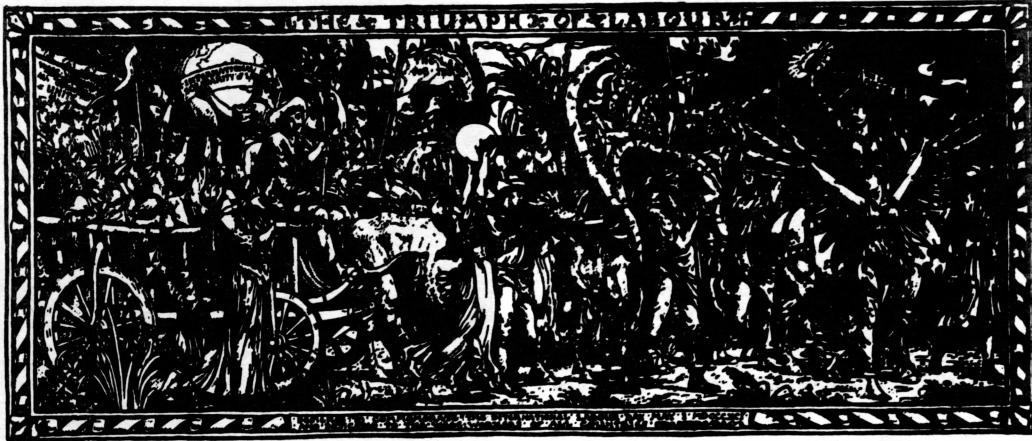
Sidney Webb, Author of "The History of Trade Unionism" etc.

BOOKS, ETC., RECEIVED.

- THE GAME OF LIFE, By Bolton Hall. Cloth, 230 pages. New York: A. Wessels Company.
- RESIST NOT EVIL, By Clarence S. Darrow. Cloth, 179 pages. Price, 75c. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.
- *THE STORY OF IJAIN; OR THE EVOLUTION OF A MIND, By Lady Florence Dixie. Cloth, 200 pages. With colored illustrations. London: The Leadenhall Press. [Sold by Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$2.00.]
- THE DOOM OF KING ACRISIUS, By William Morris; with pictures by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. Buckram; gilt top; xvi—82 pages. Price, \$2.75. New York: R. H. Russell.
- WHO SHALL COMMAND THE HEART? By Edward Carpenter. Cloth; 141 pages. Two Shillings and Sixpence. Manchester (Eng.): S. Clarke.
- IOLAUS; AN ANTHOLOGY OF FRIENDSHIP, By Edward Carpenter. Cloth, gilt top; 191 pages. Price, Five Shillings. Manchester: S. Clarke.
- *COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF JOAQUIN MILLER. Cloth, xix—320 pages. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Company.
- *THE LOVER'S WORLD, By Alice B. Stockham, M.D. 500 pages; cloth, \$2.25; full morocco, \$2.75. Chicago: Stockham Publishing Company.
- WALT WHITMAN, THE POET OF THE WIDER SELFHOOD. By Mila Tupper Maynard. Boards; 145 pages. Price, \$1.00. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Company.
- TRUSTS AND THE PUBLIC. By George Gunton. Paper; 245 pages. Price, 50 cents. New York (1899): Appleton & Company.
- *POEMS. By Ernest McGaffey. Cloth; 267 pages. Price, \$1.25. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

*To be reviewed later.

THE COMRADE.



"The Triumph of Labor". By Walter Crane. (See premium offer on cover page.)

Song of Gold.

By Emma E. Hunt.



H, what a mighty pedestal is mine!
A world in homage bows before my shrine.
The wizards of all ages own my spell,
My power to raise to Heaven or crush to Hell.
Upon my altars (Greed's commercial mart)
I sacrifice full many a quivering heart,
Whose life-drops form beneath my base, a flood,
From which flow rivers filled with human blood.
Dazed with the glittering brightness of my sheen,
E'en ghastly horrors are as blessings seen.
Of human life I make a dreary task,
And yet not one has dared remove my mask,
To tear away my false, bewitching guise,
That fascinates alone the human eyes.
In Nature's kingdom I am only gold;
Within the brain of man my powers unfold.
The calendar of crimes, save one, I own;
And even lust would die were I o'erthrown.
I make mankind the puppets of a show;
The game to try each other to o'erthrow.
I pull the string, my willing slaves arise
And act the criminal in war's disguise.
For me they plunder, pillage, burn and kill
And revel in the human blood they spill;
Vain, strutting pigmies reaching out for fame,
Fight each the other for that holy name
Hero (may Heaven the sacrilege forgive;
A hero dies that other men may live.)
I'm like the banyan tree; my branches grow
And shadow all the earth with want and woe;
Earth's generous products all must bear my stamp,
The gifts of God held by a golden clamp.
For me was Christ betrayed, and bought and sold.
So too mankind is crucified for gold.
Kings, lords and rulers all before me fall,
Uncrowned, unseptr'd, I am lord of all.
While reason, purblind, fails to see the wrong,
So long will I, exultant, sing my song.

TO OUR READERS.

The month of March is the month of historic revolutionary memories. The month of the great Revolution of 1848, the month of the Commune of Paris, the month in which we commemorate the anniversary of the death of Karl Marx. It is fitting, therefore, that our March issue should be a notable one replete with matter of interest to students of the revolutionary movement. Last year we had a "Commune Number" which was well received, and while we shall not have a special issue this year, we can promise that the next issue of *THE COMRADE* will be in many ways the most interesting and valuable of any yet issued.

The editor will contribute a notable paper on "The London Residences of Karl Marx," which is sure to attract considerable attention in International Socialist circles. At great trouble and expense photographs of each of the London residences of Marx have been obtained for the first time. This issue will, therefore, possess a very real historical value and interest. There will also be a very important letter by William Morris upon a subject of vital importance, never before published. The editor will also contribute a brief paper dealing with the two men who first "coined" the words "Socialism" and "Social-Democracy" respectively. This paper will also be illustrated by rare portraits now in the editor's possession. These are only a few of the special features which will make the March "Comrade," we believe, an unparalleled success.

With our next issue also, our good comrade and colleague, George D. Herron, will begin a series of monthly 'Mediations.' These papers, which will appear regularly in *THE COMRADE*, will deal with important and vital topics in a spirit of perfect frankness, and will doubtless prove a source of deep interest and pleasure to all our readers. Not only that, but we believe they will have an important and wholesome influence upon the movement in this country. Many people from all parts of the country have written to us during the past month congratulating us upon our work—letters of cheer and encouragement—and to them we are more grateful than we can hope adequately to express. We shall try to deserve their kindness by making every issue an improvement upon its predecessors. If all our friends will help us to push the circulation upward, we have no hesitation in saying that the improvements we shall thereby be enabled to make will more than satisfy them.

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THE COMRADE.

A SOCIALIST DAILY NEWSPAPER.

The establishment of a great Socialist Daily Newspaper will mark a new epoch in the history of the Socialist Movement of this country. The "Daily Globe," which the Socialists and Trade-Unionists of New York and vicinity have decided to publish in the near future will be the "big gun" in the battle for Socialism.

A fund of \$50,000 is necessary to start the paper and secure it for the first months of its existence. Already quite a large sum has been collected and a larger amount is pledged.

A Grand Fair and Exposition for the benefit of the New York "Daily Globe" will be held from March 28 to April 5 at Grand Central Palace, New York City.

It will be the greatest Labor Festival ever held in this country. Besides the Socialist Party all the Unions and many other Labor Organizations of Greater New York and vicinity will take a part in it.

The fair is arranged by the Daily Globe Conference, in which nearly all the Labor Organizations of New York are represented. For the "Daily Globe" will be not only a Socialist paper, but the best and most powerful advocate of Trades Unionism at the same time.

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