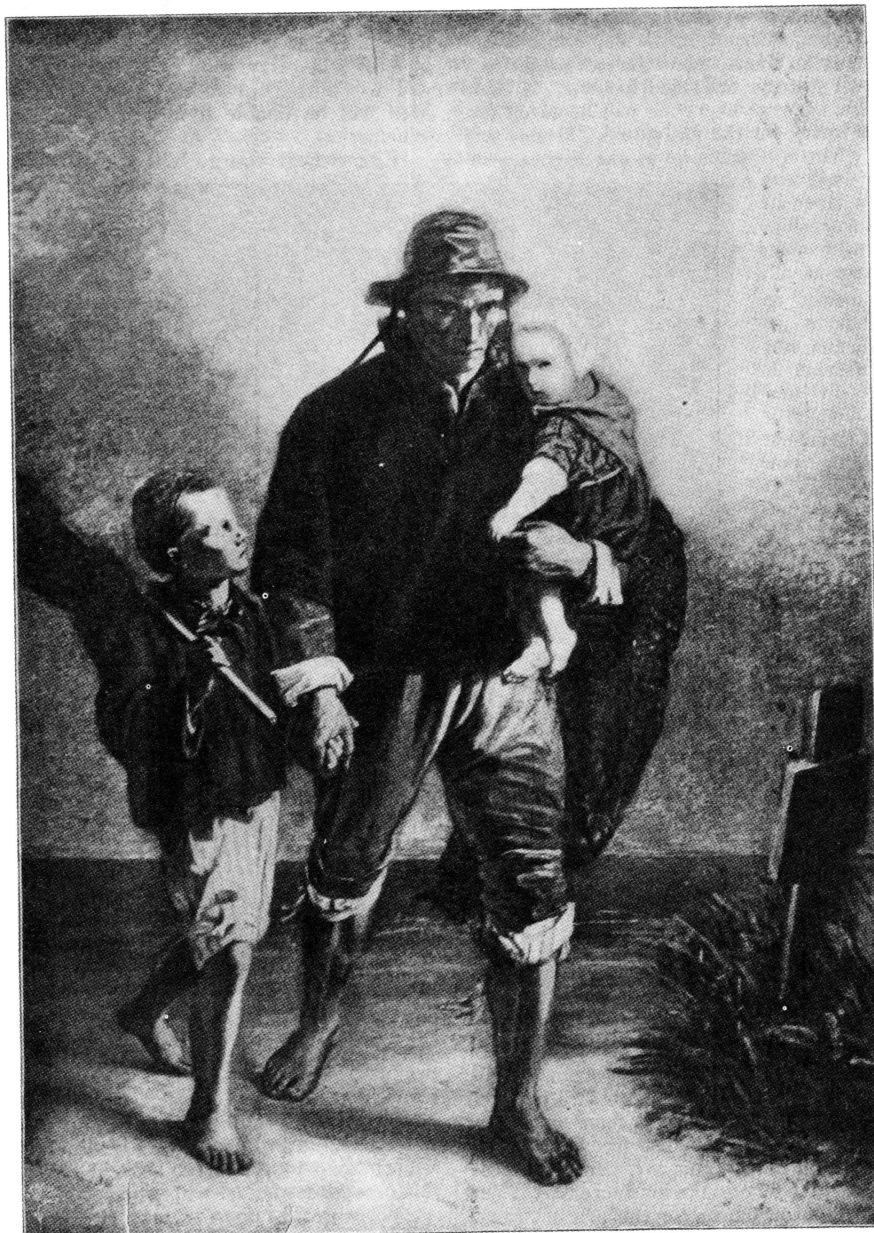


THE COMRADE



PASSING THE CHURCHYARD.

From The Painting by Josef Israels (1824)

Without Money and Without Debts

By Horace Traubel.



EVERY priest," said Cardinal Manning, "should die without money and without debts." I say so too. But I say more than Cardinal Manning said. I say that every man should die without money and without debts.

When we have a real civilization every man will die without money and without debts. All study, all human struggle, all economic idealism, succors the one result. How can it be accomplished? No one will own because no one will need to own. No one will need to be cared for because everyone will be cared for. The individual will not worry for the individual. Money will not worry for money. Nor will debts lie awake nights wondering whether they will be paid. There will be a lapse of ownership into ownership. There will be a universal owner. There will be no owner at all.

Think of what it means to have no money and have no debts. Of what it means not to own anything. Of what it means to know that no one owns anything. Of what it means to have no interests, rents or profits dogging you day and night. Of what it means to have nothing to pay and nothing to collect. Of what it means to have cleared your accounts with society and to have had society clear its accounts with you. Of what it means to look fate in the face without having to ask it for a receipt or to give receipts for anything. Of what it means to take life without discounts and to give labor without rebates. Of what it means to know that you may die penniless but that your children are always in good hands. Of what it means.

Here you are all burdened with obligations. You are taxed. You are a victim of the trespasser. Profit is the first to greet you and the last to say farewell. You are tangled in inefaceable debts. You might do anything. You might kill yourself. Your debts would remain to worry your family. You inherit the ancestral debts. And these debts you pass on. Your children stagger under the load you have put upon their youth. We should come into the world free and leave it with that freedom still uninjured. But we come into the world in bond and leave it with our chains increased. The Cardinal braved custom with an axiom for the priest. But I seize the axiom for broader decrees. I seize it for the people. Why should not the people die without money and without debts? Why should not the children of the people acquire the privileges of freedom? Why should we sign our name to notes which our children are to pay? We make

death a horror. We make birth a horror. We never look society in the face and say: We are quits. Yet society and the individual can never really come together and work with one will until they are quits. I owe society everything or nothing. Society owes me as much or as little.

Private debt will disappear with private money. A man in debt can never pay. He alone can pay who is out of debt. I look for the time when even the consciousness of debt will have died out of the habits of man. The lapse of the idea of debt will carry with it the idea of ownership. Freedom will welcome your arrival and goodspeed your departure. Men will be unable to divorce their will from the general benefaction.

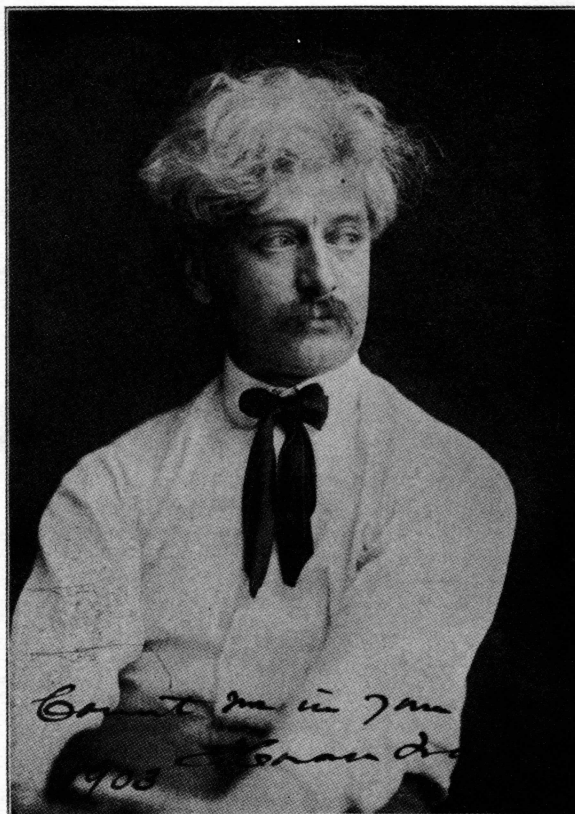
Everywhere you go bills are thrust into your hands. You are harrassed by owners. The priests own your religion. The politicians own your vote. The bosses own your labor. Now, I do not say that you should front their ownership with another. I say that you should front their ownership with no ownership at all. I would not substitute one ownership for another. I would get rid of the idea of ownership altogether. I would not even tell a man he owned himself. I would get rid of all ownership. Even a man's ownership of himself must go. We will wipe out all sense of debt. Even that last debt which each individual thinks he owes to himself must be cancelled. The spirit knows no debt. It knows no property. It disdains possession. The spirit is the free flow of the man, in and out, around and through, the diameter and circumference of a perfected enfranchisement.

Heaven is debt. Hell is debt. But a world without obligation or reward surpasses in noble resolution all the dynamic genius of good and evil. The Cardinal saw this for the Cardinal. But he did not see it for the man. He saw it for the caste but he did not see it for civilization. Yet it is no civilization

that the axiom is in fact entrusted. Civilization will prove that what was possible to the priest is more than possible to itself. Civilization will take a sponge and wipe the score clear. It will try the spirit on another plan. It will not subject man to property. It will make man so that he will not need to issue last wills and testaments.

When death comes to man now it is too much like a patron. It is an offer of bankruptcy. But the spirit resents the alternative. It passes with hauteur though with sorrow across the portal of the fates.

Now comes the final issue. "Every priest," said Cardinal Manning, "should die without money and without debts."



HORACE TRAUBEL.

Photo by Allen Cook, Phila.

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And I said: Every man should die without money and without debts. But there is a condition still beyond. Why should not every man instead of waiting to die without money and without debts just simply live all his days without money and without debts? That seems to go the necessary step further. That seems to round the logic of the Cardinal's provincial aphorism. That seems to confirm civilization. Here we reach the plane whereupon political economy finally puts aside its mathematics and assumes the unfigurative prerogatives of emotional revelation. To live without money and without debts. To be at last ushered to the conditions of free contract. That is to no contract at all. To be strong to keep all faith because bonded to keep no faith at all. To be invited to do more than pay debts because not liened to pay any debt at all. That is what it means to live without money and without debts. This much propertied world must pass its power along to a world which refuses to use the

word. This more than average world discovered by a more than Columbus. This world without an obligation and without a default. This richest world without property eldoradoed by the ultimate possessions of the paid-up spirit.

Long have you cherished a world of duty. But there is a world of something so much greater than duty that in it duty is a sham. Long have you cherished a world of property right. As if there could be in the old sense any property right. For in that sense there is nothing but property wrong. But there is a world of something so much greater than property that in it property is poverty and shamefacedly apologizes for its existence. A world new to the latest dreams of man. A world grateful to the disappointed hunger of the heart. A world better than the world in which the priest dies without money and without debts. A world, a world of ardent prophecy, in which the people live without money and without debts.



From Revolution to Revolution *

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By George D. Herron.

I.



DO not think that I need to tell the story of the Paris Commune, as it is called, to an audience of Socialists. You know the story of how the people of Paris arose in revolt, in the autumn of 1870, against the surrender of the city by the government of France to the German conquerers; how the popular uprising against the Germans without the walls soon developed into the armed protest of the city against the centralized and corrupt authority of the French State; how, as the alarmed propertied classes withdrew from the struggle, and as its burden and tendency depended more and more upon the working class, it became proletarian in character and economic in its purpose. The word "commune" really meant "community;" it was the term by which the townships or groups of townships in the city were known in France. The revolt of the Commune of Paris against the Germans, and against the usurping government of France, was a community seeking to restore something like the ancient privileges of an independent free city of the Middle Ages. As is ever the case, the real labor and fighting devolved upon the wage-workers, from whom was drawn the best of what was known as the French National Guard. The frightened "defenders of order and property" made terms with the government of the miserable Thiers at Versailles, and abandoned the real defenders of Paris to their fateful struggle. Then came the betrayals, the misleading of the leaders, the final failure, and the governmental murder of men, women and children to the number of thirty thousand. By the time the spring of 1871 was past, the capitalist class that had betrayed the revolt had appropriated all its fruits.

It is a strange story, this lucent epoch of the Paris Commune; and it is history's supreme tragedy. There is no martyrdom so splendid, no sacrifice of

a people so great. There is not any protest of the common life against oppression so disinterested and so truly noble, so worthy of being sung in epic and told in story, as this mighty martyrdom of the working class of Paris in the spring of 1871. It marks the high tides of human feeling and action. It is a spectacle that surpasses in significance almost every other martyrdom of history—the spectacle of a whole people going not only to death but to accepted oblivion, to foreknown obloquy and disgrace; a whole people dying in an ecstasy of devotion to a betrayed and lost cause—girls and children leading in this sublimest abnegation.

And in what kind of a light do the communards still appear to the world? The novelist and the historian, the politician and the priest and the king, and all the retainers of the ruling class, have stamped the Communards with infamy. The Paris "Commune," in the popular mind, was a time of red and meaningless terror; a time when the sheer lust of killing and stealing and burning took possession of the people. It is supposed that the ruffians and thugs, the assassins and the offscourings, of the nations gathered together in Paris in order to glut themselves with crime, with the blood and goods of the propertied and the respectable.

And yet, as any sane or scientific study of the period shows, the time when the working class was in actual control of the affairs of Paris, free of its own leaders and getting along without government, administering society through the simple law of association for the common good, was a time of unequaled human order, elemental law and real liberty. At no other time or place has life been so free and safe, with so small an average of human misery, with so large a fund of secure fellowship, and with so hopeful and common a well-being. Even capitalist properties were more sacredly protected by the Commune than by the capitalist administration itself. Indeed, that brief time when the working class was triumphant in Paris, when it arose above traitors within the walls and the foreign foe without, when it dismissed or ignored the government and became its own law and order, is a sort of oasis in the long desert of human exploitation and tyranny; a sort of glad and beatific moment, a momentary and prophetic springtime, in the long procession of the changing forms of parasitism and hypocrisy and brute force which we know as law and government.

*An address by George D. Herron, under the auspices of the Socialist Party Clubs of Massachusetts, in Faneuil Hall, March 21, 1903, on "The Paris Commune and Its Lessons." Stenographically reported by Hattie I. Stocker, and revised by the author. A pamphlet edition of this address is now ready and may be obtained from this office.

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In the glad day when truth can stand on its feet and face the world unafraid, naked and unashamed, and when the poet comes who shall sing the true epic of the time which we to-day celebrate, those few days of the working class administration of Paris will be seen as the forerunner, the John the Baptist, of the better days that will come under the co-operative commonwealth, when these evil days of capitalist misgovernment, with its prostitution of the common life, shall have passed away forever.

II.

But it is not to retell the story of the Paris Commune that I am in Fanueil Hall to-night. It is to see if we can together consider some of the lessons of the Commune and its failures in their relation or application to the Socialist movement to-day. When I use the word "failure" in this connection, I am speaking, of course, of the defeat of the Commune in the attainment of its immediate object, not of its pregnant influence upon subsequent revolutionary effort. Speaking after the manner of men, it was a failure; it died in the trenches; it went out in such a governmental orgy of murder as had not taken place since the great religious wars. What are the lessons of this failure to the Socialist movement of this time? This is the question and the theme which I bring to you.

One thing of which I have spoken is inadequate leadership. The working class of Paris depended upon leaders outside of its own experience. The men, both military and political, who first led the communist revolt were men without knowledge of the real mission of the working class in human evolution, and without any sense or aim or goal of economic and social justice. They were, for the most part, discredited military leaders, or politicians who had lost their games in the old political parties. They really had no interest whatever in the emancipation of the working class; nor had they any understanding of its needs, its rights, or its future; they were only interested in using the working class to place and perpetuate themselves. And, of course, the moment the revolt became manifestly proletarian, and consequently abandoned and betrayed by propertied interests, these leaders could do nothing but botch and mangle, and deliver the people as sheep to the slaughter. And the lesson is this—that no set of leaders from without the experience of the working class can lead it into the achievement of its freedom. It is from within, from its own labor and struggle and growth, from its own human clay and fashioning, from the bone of its bone and the flesh of its flesh and the blood of its blood, that the working class must beget the leadership that is to set it free. It must be its own Moses and achieve its own liberty; and those whom it accepts in any sense whatever as teachers or leaders must not be men who have tried and failed to make positions for themselves in the capitalist order of things, but men who have willingly taken their places in the struggle and the loss of rejected humanity, asking nothing for themselves but the privilege of serving unnoticed with the rest. It is only two or three days ago that a very eminent politician admitted to me frankly that he was waiting to see which way the people would move, in order to decide whether he should join the Socialist movement. Such as he have been the bane of the people in all ages—I mean of the people who do the world's work, who bear its burdens, who support its life, and on whose backs the world's civilization builds; I mean the world's disinherited producers, forever led from one form of bondage to another, from one charnel house of death to another, from one method of exploitation to another, by leaders who use the people to gain power for themselves.

The working class does not need leadership so much as it needs comradeship. The world has really had enough of

leaders. The hero and the leader, even the teacher and the prophet, will in time go the way of the king, the baron, the capitalist and the priest. In the last analysis, it is the friend and companion that the people need; it is the co-operation and fellowship of all people working together for the exaltation of the common life. It is not out of place to quote Browning at a Socialist meeting, is it?—

Man is not Man as yet.
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows; when the host
Is out at once to the despair of night,
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-bloom powers—then, not till then,
I say, begins man's general infancy."

All this is pertinent and urgent; for the chief menace to the Socialist movement in America in the near future is the sort of man I quoted a moment ago—the politician waiting to move whichever way the people move. The moment the movement becomes clearly inevitable, the moment it begins to conquer something of political power, that moment the politicians will come, and the priests and the grafters, and all the losing parasites of menaced parties and institutions. And why? Not because they are interested in the emancipation of the working class, or in the procuring of a free and decent society, but just because they are interested in place and position for themselves, and would exploit the Socialist movement to that end.

III.

Again, there was not yet at the time of the Paris Commune a real consciousness of itself as a class on the part of the working people. I know that the term "class consciousness" is offensive to many, both without and within the socialist movement. I know that it is often used in a way that makes it seem like a tiresome and commonplace cant. Those who do not understand the history of the term mistake class consciousness for class hatred. None the less, it remains true that until the working class becomes more vividly and intensely conscious of itself than it now is, until it realizes that it is the disinherited owner of the world that it has built on its own back, until it understands that there can be no possible identity of interest or reconciliation between itself and the employing or ruling class, its struggle toward emancipation will be blind and unintelligent, betrayed and baffled and compromised, and without that nobility and comprehension which should mark the greatest cause to which man has ever been summoned. In meeting the issues of life and society, we must begin with fact and not with sentiment. The class question is not as to whether we like to have classes or not; the question is: Are there classes in society as it is now constituted? And is the present constitution of society founded upon the division of the people into classes? And do class antagonisms and social destruction inhere in the nature of a class society? No one disputes the affirmative answer to this question. Not even the most horrified and sophistical opponent of the idea of the class struggle can deny the fact of the class structure of existing society. And if I am to do anything whatever, even as a social coral-builder, toward making the world equally good and resourceful and lovely for all men, I must begin with the fact that all that we know of as civilization, up to the present time, has been the institutionalized expression and defense of one class of people living off another class. There are no words that can make this fact hideous and ghastly enough, or vivid and revolutionary enough—the fact that society and its institutions are organized for the purpose of enabling some people to

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live off of other people, the few to live off the many. There is no language realistic enough, or possessed of sufficient integrity, to lay bare the chasm between the possessing and producing classes; between the class that works and the class that reaps the fruit of that work; between the class that is grist for the great world-mill of economic might and the class that harvests that grist. And until the working class becomes conscious of itself as the only class that has a right to be, until the worker understands that he is exploited and bound by the power which his own unpaid labor places in the hands that exploit and bind him, until we all clearly see that what we call civilization is but the organized and legalized robbery of the common labor, until we have a revolutionized comprehension of the fact that our churches and governments, our arts and literatures, our educations and philosophies, our morals and manners, are all more or less the expressions and deformities of this universal robbery, drawing their life and motives out of the vitals of the man who is down and unprivileged, out of his unpaid labor and exhausted life—until then, I say, our dreams and schemes of a common good or better society are but philistine utopias, our social and industrial reforms but self-deceit, and our weapons but the shadows of stupidity or hypocrisy. A civilization that is fundamentally parasitical, that has its birth and breath and being in the power of one class to take what another class produces, cannot be so reformed or added to as to bring forth economic justice or any kind of emancipation; or so ordered as to procure equality of opportunity and free individuality.

It is not a question of individuals that we are discussing—not the distinction which our vulgar and brutal moralities make between the so-called good and the so-called bad; it is a question of the quality of civilization. I am defining or characterizing the civilization we now have as an impersonal yet universal beast of prey, expressing the power of the ruling and possessing class to absorb, and to convert into ever-increasing power to absorb, the whole output of the life and labor of humanity. There have never existed other than predatory civilizations. And our institutions, morals and creeds have but served to keep the people submissive to the depredations of the ruling class. To this end have the powers that might happen to be at any given time always been invested with the hypocrisy and threat of a divine origin.

Yet strip possessing class institutions of their vestures of fraud and force and you behold the stolid or cunning parasite. Take the standing armies of the world, with their millions of men taken from productive labor to be supported by the labor of others, and compelled to serve and revere a glorified criminality—for certainly nothing now is so low in the scale of human occupations, so loathsome and really cowardly, as the modern military, with its picnics of loot and murder. Take this military system and look at it and consider whence it comes. What are its guns and navies, its bespangled officers and bedizened ranks? They are the forcibly withheld and parasitically consumed labor of the laborer. That which glitters on the officer's shoulder straps is the unpaid labor of the consumptive girl in the sweatshop, or of the miner in the Virginia coal mines. The annual riot of capitalist lawlessness, the annual orgy and pandemonium of capitalist prostitution, that breaks out at Washington and yet solemnly commands the sacred respect of seventy millions of people—whence and what are its power, its disposal of the affairs of the nation, its billion dollar disbursements? They are all the unpaid and ravished labor of the laborer. It is unpaid labor that towers in the steeples of our churches, that sits in our Legislatures, that builds palaces on our avenues, that blossoms in our shameless fashions, that drones in our academies and rituals, that produces our war novels and our insipid poetry, that raises our shameless ideals of "the strenuous life," or sings in Mr. Kipling's brute heroics. Our

poisoned thoughts, our petty and servile motives of life, the very air we breathe, are but the color or movement of this unpaid labor. Our civilization and all the civilizations that have been are but institutionalized unpaid labor, organized and glorified for the purpose of keeping labor unpaid and submissive. As I have said, there are no words red and living enough in human experience to state this fact. There is no power in the human tongue, no dynamic in the human pen, that can portray the awfulness of a world that builds its glories and its gods, its temples of trade and law and religion, its forms of beauty and systems of good, upon an economic might that is but conventionalized robbery of the common labor of mankind. The history of the world is but the struggle between unpaid labor and those who possess its products. And the struggle must go on until the man who is down shall be purified and enlightened to get up; until the man who works shall have the whole results of his work; until every class but the working class has ceased to be, with every member of that class a creator and a poet, a philosopher and a dreamer, and a soul of endless beauty.

So here is one lesson of the splendid and fruitful failure of the French Communards—the lesson that the working class must become conscious of itself as distinct in interest and struggle and destiny from every other class. Notwithstanding the Communist Manifesto, notwithstanding the energies of the International, the Parisian workmen did not understand that the safety of their cause could lie nowhere but in their own hands; that there could be no possible identity of their interests and the interests of the possessing class, or of the discarded political or military retainers of that class. The mission of the working class in reconstituting society, in the conscious and deliberate creation of a co-operative and socialized world, was not yet clear. Thus the danger to our American Socialist movement is not that it may array class against class. Our danger is that we may have a Socialist movement that is not class conscious; a Socialist movement that shall concede some identity or reconciliation of interest between labor and parasitism; a Socialist movement that shall accept the enthusiasms of discarded politicians or evangelists, or bow down to the wooden images of middle class moralists. I am not speaking as a Marxian or a dogmatist, and I know that Socialists may be given to phrases that become a cant quite as repulsive as the cant of religious emotionalism and its orthodoxy. And I know, and am constantly urging, that the Socialist propaganda of Europe will not answer for America without being recast in the spirit and moulds of American experience and history. But I do speak as one who believes that the integrity and achievements of the Socialist movement, that the quality and finality of the freedom and justice it may win for man, will depend upon a comprehensive, patient and noble recognition of the class structure, class antagonisms and parasitical nature of the society that now is. And all this to the end that it may do away with all classes forever, and that there may be one people, with one common joy and well-being, and one strifeless movement toward perfect and universal harmony.

IV.

Another lesson of the Commune of 1870-71. It was the precipitation of a struggle upon the working class for which it was not prepared. Upon the one side was the Parisian proletarian, suddenly lifted with a great hope for the freedom of those who should come after him, finding the supreme exaltation of his life in his death for that hope. On the other side was the capitalist class, tired of Napoleon III., whom it had used and exhausted, its interests now safely in the hands of its wretched creature, Thiers; secretly negotiating with the Germans for the slaughter of the French workmen; guilefully inciting the very revolution that was the proletarian's

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inspiration and sacrifice. This has been the tactic of the possessing class in all history—to precipitate premature revolt on the part of the disinherited or enslaved class when sheer brute conservatism no longer answered, and when compromise could no longer put off inevitable revolution. Whenever a great initiative begins to grow into a menacing movement toward liberty, its defeat or deflection often comes from the precipitation of conflicts for which it is not ready. The oppressed are prone to let their oppressors fix the day and the hours when the yoke shall be broken. The world's rulers have always been instinct with the evil wisdom of how and when to incite the disinherited to premature and futile revolt, in order that the revolt that is final and fruitful might be postponed or destroyed. Millions of workers, through many red centuries, have fruitlessly died in the very revolts against their masters which the masters themselves had secretly arranged or inspired. And this will continue to be so until the workers shall consciously, intelligently and deliberately choose the day and hour and method of their own deliverance.

There is no lesson more urgent than this for the American Socialist movement. And the lesson is enforced by the history of every important strike. The Debs strike at Chicago, the massacre of the Coeur d'Alene miners, the murders of Homestead and Hazelton, the recent coal strike in Pennsylvania, the Albany street car strike, and indeed the whole increasing labor struggle of America, are vivid with the efforts of capitalists to precipitate riot and bloodshed for the purpose of discrediting and disheartening organized labor. As the Socialist movement grows, it must be prepared for the fact that politicians and the military, capitalist emissaries in labor ranks, hasty leaders in the Socialist movement, and all classes of capitalist retainers, will seek to precipitate struggles or conflicts for which the movement is not ready. I have reason to say that it is already a settled capitalist purpose and tactic, in case it should become evident that Socialism was about to conquer political power through the suffrages of American voters, to precipitate a revolution of force on the part of labor before the Socialist movement is strong or wise enough to take care of it. It is the capitalist who would like to have us try to win the day with guns and bricks in our hands, rather than with intelligence in our heads and comradeship in our hearts. And whoever counsels violence in these days may be safely set down as a conscious or unconscious emissary of capitalism, a conscious or unconscious traitor to the Socialist movement. We must be wise enough, and have faith enough in our cause, to refuse to let those who would destroy us appoint the hour and manner of the decisive conflict. We must be sane and brave enough not to accept our appointments for battle from capitalist hands. We must be bold and true enough to refuse to be governed by the irritations that are meant to drive us to premature revolt. It is one of the marks of greatness to know how to bide one's time—greatness in a cause or greatness in an individual. And it is the mark of one's faith in his cause, or of a cause's faith in itself, that the man or the cause know how to wait until the clock strikes the hour for finality of action; and yet to wait with that confidence and poise and calm from which goes up a chronic enthusiasm that is as a sheet of flame.

A factor in making the Socialist movement of Germany great is the knowledge and patience which refuse to let it be hurried into premature revolution. If the Kaiser and the governing class could precipitate armed conflict to-day, there would still be hope of setting back the triumph of the revolution. But the Socialist leaders of Germany know that every day of delay adds to the certainty of the revolution's triumph, and the secure establishment of the co-operative commonwealth.

Again, we now understand better than the comrades whose sacrifice we commemorate to-day the economic motive of our human evolution. Whatever terms the struggle may appear in, it is none the less true that the history of the world has pivoted itself upon the struggle for bread. Up to the present time, economic conditions have been the compelling motives of great historic changes, or of the lack of changes. All real revolts, in their last analysis, have been motivated by intolerable economic conditions; and wars of conquest, however disguised, have been wars of theft, the predatory expeditions of economic might.

History has been the struggle on the part of those who made bread but did not have it against those who had bread, but did not make it—the word "bread" here symbolizing all the things that go to make up opportunity and privilege. Bread to eat means opportunity to live, and means power in one's hand. To be certain of one's bread is to have the ground of liberty beneath one's feet. And to have power over another's bread, power to give it or take it away as may serve one's interest, is to have the power of life and death over another. And this is the one and only blasphemy, the supreme and desecrating sacrilege, from which all blasphemies and sacrileges and human wrongs spring, that some people should control the lives of other people, their thoughts and deeds and aspirations, their judgments of right and wrong, the labor of their hands, the uplifting or the prostrating of their souls. And the basis of this ancient and universal wrong-doing, making history seem but a flood for the destroying of the human spawn, is the ownership of bread. This is why history is the struggle of those who produce bread against those who possess it—the struggle of the bread-makers against the bread-owners for increasing scraps of power which the ownership of bread puts into the hands of the world's masters. The struggle for bread is the struggle for life in all its expression—the struggle for equality of power and opportunity to be and to blossom. Until bread and all that bread means are communized and equalized and made as certain and free as the air we breathe, liberty cannot be said to have begun its real work. This is not to say that man lives by bread alone; it is to say, as I have elsewhere and often said, that until all men have free and equal bread, no man may freely and completely live.

This economic motive lies deep in religion and politics, even where it is least apparent. Both Buddha and Jesus were seeking escape for their followers from spiritually destructive economic conditions, and both were insistent in their communism. The final overthrow of Christianity by Constantine, "the great Christian Emperor," compared with whom Napoleon was a bright and shining saint, was essentially a police measure for preserving their properties to the possessing class of the Roman Empire; preserving them from the menace of early Christian communism. Constantine's vision of the cross in the sky, by which sign he was to conquer, was a capitalist vision: for the capitalist religious and military police are prolific in visions and revelations which make for the protection and increase of the properties of their masters. The wars of the Crusades were on the one side an escape from intolerable economic conditions in Europe, and on the other side vast and deadly expeditions of loot and murder. The great religious wars were always at bottom economic—a struggle between the possessing class and the class that had been dispossessed.

Nothing illustrates this better than the development and outcome of the French Revolution. It was essentially a middle class overthrow of the feudal class. But it was the peasant who did the fighting and won the victories; and it was Rousseau, whose heart and motive were with the peasant,

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who furnished the revolution's philosophy and dynamic. Upon the victories of the long-starved peasants capitalism laid its secure foundations. After reaping the fruits of the great revolution, it used Napoleon until it had used him to its full; and then combined with the English Pitt, and his limitless power of gold to bribe, to overthrow Napoleon by cornering and withholding the supplies of his army until it should be delayed for the winter to overtake it on the march to Moscow. Great and forceful as was Napoleon, he was never great or mighty enough to escape being an unconscious or unwilling puppet in the hands of the possessing class, as he at times dimly knew.

The clear seeing of this economic motive of history will alone save us from the tragedies and follies of compromise. For there is a sense in which most of the world's great battles have been sham battles, fought by the orders and for the interests of the possessing class, with the real human battle forever unfought among the shadows. Already is past history overflowing into the present through all sorts of efforts to confuse the real issue and struggle before us. On every side are propositions, political and industrial, based upon an assumed identity of interest between the possessing and working classes. There are boards of arbitration, municipal ownerships, direct legislation, tenement house committees, social reform leagues and plans for social betterment, and innumerable large and small schemes for exploiting the revolution while seeking to blind it. Now, as ever, the owning class is preparing to give the people a few more crumbs of what is theirs, in order to prevent them from demanding that which they must in the end demand, if there is ever to be freedom and right in this world—namely, the whole produce of their labor, and the common ownership of its materials and machinery. Compromise and apathy, servility and mediocrity, are now having their day in every walk and work of life; and these are ready to poison and drain the Socialist movement. Great initiatives and revolutions have always been robbed of definition and issue when adopted by the class against which the revolt was directed. Constantine destroyed Christianity by adopting it; the pope did the same for St. Francis and his Christian renaissance; the nobles and princes did the same with the Reformation in Germany and England. The capitalist class reaped the harvest of the French Revolution, and of the matchless martyrdom of the Commune of 1870-71. By the time the American Revolution had come to its final issue and government, by the time the fruits of the Declaration of Independence and of Valley Forge were ready to be reaped, it was not the ideals of Rousseau or Jefferson or Paine that prevailed, but the American Constitution—that monumental and comprehensive deceit, deliberately devised for the purpose of preventing the people from governing themselves, and of keeping the affairs and issues of government in the hands of the possessing class. It is only a few years ago that Wendell Phillips was mobbed on this platform, and that William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through your streets with a rope around his neck by the thugs and ruffians of the commercial classes who were enraged and murderous because of the interference of agitators with their trade in the South, and who represented all that was respected or respectable in Boston. Yet these same commercial classes reaped much of their wealth from what Garrison and Phillips sowed, and through the processes of the Civil War. And it would probably be impossible to find in Boston to-day a son or grandson of the commercial classes that set hired assassins and ruffians upon the heels of the early abolitionists who is not socially accredited as a descendant of one of the old abolition families. The so-called higher life of Boston is to-day practically a parasite upon the glory of the men whom its fathers outraged, imprisoned, reviled, mobbed and hired shot.

Let Socialists take knowledge and warning. The possess-

ing class is getting ready to give the people a few more crumbs of what is theirs in order to prevent them from taking the whole. If it comes to that, they are ready to give some things in the name of Socialism in order to avert the Socialist reality. The old political parties will be adopting what they are pleased to call Socialistic planks in their platforms; and the churches will be coming with their insipid "Christian Socialism," and their hypocrisy and brotherly love. We shall soon see Mr. Hanna and Bishop Potter, Mr. Hearst and Dr. Lyman Abbott, and even Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan, posing as reasonable kinds of Socialists. You will find the name of Socialism repeatedly taken in vain, and perhaps successfully. You may see the Socialist movement bridled and saddled by capitalism, in the hope of riding it to a new lease of capitalist power. Yea, many and full of guile will be the Socialist propositions emanating from capitalist sources, all having for their sole purpose the defeat of Socialism through the improvement of conditions under capitalism, and through the so-called ownership of certain items of capitalist production and transportation.

But Socialism, like liberty or truth, is something you cannot have a part of; you must have the whole or you will have nothing; you can only gain or lose the whole, you cannot gain or lose a part. You may have municipal ownerships, nationalized transportation, initiative and referendum, civil service reform, and many other capitalist concessions, and be all the farther away from Social Democracy. So long as the foundation of society remains capitalistic, so long as there remains a single stronghold of the capitalist mode of production, so long as the people are able to own or control the bread and things upon which all people depend, just so long will we have the myriad horrors of the capitalist state—the sorrow and blight of poverty and the idiocies and brutalities of wealth; the tyrannies of the capitalist state and the shamelessness of capitalist religion; the constant baffling of the hopes of reformers and the reactions of spent revolutions and enthusiasms. Industry must be socialistically born again, in its whole being and motive and action, before society can see the co-operative commonwealth.

It is all one to the capitalist, in the last analysis, what names or terms you have, so long as you leave with him the sources of industrial control. It is all one to the capitalist whether you have a Republican or a Democratic Party, whether you have a Protestant or a Catholic faith, whether you are a Jew or a Mohammedan or a Buddhist or an Agnostic, whether you have a republican or a monarchial form of government, whether you have public or private schools, whether you have educated or illiterate ignorance, he will use them all for his own power and increase. Just so long as you have a capitalist class employing a working class, just that long will capitalism reap not only the fruits of the world's labor, but the fruits of its ideals and aspirations as well, and shape its arts and literatures, and give voice to its pulpits and universities. You may have any kind and number of reforms you please, any kind and number of revolutions or revivals you please, any kind and number of new ways of doing good you please, it will not matter to capitalism, so long as it remains at the root of things; the result of all your plans and pains will be gathered into the capitalist granary. There is nothing growing out of the human soil, nothing growing out of the human soul, nothing springing from the human heart, nothing coming from the human hand, not a prayer of sorrow or hope, not a joy that leaps in the blood, not a noble renunciation of an uplifted martyrdom, not a communion of mighty lovers, not a tear of the sweatshop mother over the coffin of her child, that will not add to the capitalist grist, so long as labor is so directed as to drive the capitalist mill. There is no way of preventing or averting the fact that the whole output of the world's thought, the totality of its line

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and action, the fruit and fragrance of its blossoming, will but add to the power of the few to despoil the many, so long as the private ownership of the tools and sources of the common labor continues; so long as the toil of humanity is but for the profit of the capitalist instead of for humanity's common good and beauty; so long as life remains what it now is for the bulk of mankind—a bitter and uncertain struggle for existence, an exhausting and deadening game of chance, a pitched battle from childhood to the grave for the chance to earn or keep one's bread. So long as the sources and means of the people's bread are privately owned, just that long will the minds and bodies of the people be owned. There can never be such a thing as self-ownership of the individual, with the freedom and fellowship that inhere in self-ownership, until there is a common ownership of the world's bread supply. It is upon this socialized economic ownership that the spiritual blossoming of man depends.

It ought to be a sufficient indictment of our present kind of civilization that it can stand only upon the degradation of labor, the servility of the intellect, the prostitution of the State, and the hypocrisy of religion. Our present kind of civilization stands only because the people upon whose backs it builds are not yet wise and strong enough to get up. The moment this blind and bound giant of labor begins to feel his rightful power, the moment he begins to see even dimly for himself, the moment he begins to shake from himself the centuries of enslavement and superstition and exploitation, that moment will man come to himself, and shed our civilization as an evil and monstrous disease.

VI.

Finally, we are to learn from the failure of the Commune the lesson of human solidarity, and especially the solidarity of labor. It is only when the working class understands that by its own solidarity, by its universal co-operation for its own emancipation, it becomes physically resistless and spiritually omnipotent—it is only then that the co-operative dawn will break. The working class of all nations must support and enforce the working class of each nation. The working class of the world must be the right arm of every worker. So long as there remains a single spot upon the earth where a master can have a hireling, so long as from a single man is withheld the equivalent of the whole product of his labor, just so long will liberty be impossible for any man, for any part of the world. There is no extrication or emancipation for the individual except through universal emancipation and extrication. No man can be free until all men are free.

We have talked much of the brotherhood to come; but brotherhood has always been the fact of our life, long before it became a modern and insipid sentiment. Only we have been brothers in slavery and torment, brothers in ignorance and its perdition, brothers in disease and war and want, brothers in prostitution and hypocrisy; what happens to one of us sooner or later happens to all; we have always been unescapably involved in a common destiny. We are brothers in the soil from which we spring; brothers in earthquakes, floods and famines; brothers in la grippe, cholera, smallpox and priestcraft. It is to the interests of the whole of mankind to stamp out the disease that may be starting to-night in some wretched Siberian hamlet; to rescue the children of Egypt and India from the British cotton mills; to escape the craze and blight of some new superstition springing up in Africa or India or Boston. The tuberculosis of the East Side sweatshops is infecting the whole of the city of New York, and spreading therefrom to the Pacific and back across the Atlantic. The world constantly tends to the level of the downmost man in it; and that downmost man is the world's real ruler, hugging it close to his bosom, dragging it down

to his death. You do not think so, but it is true, and it ought to be true. For if there were some way by which some of us could get free apart from others, if there were some way by which some of us could have heaven while others had hell, if there were some way by which part of the world could escape some form of the blight and peril and misery of disinherited labor, then would our world indeed be lost and damned; but since men have never been able to separate themselves from one another's woes and wrongs, since history is fairly stricken with the lesson that we cannot escape brotherhood of some kind, since the whole of life is teaching us that we are hourly choosing between brotherhood in suffering and brotherhood in good, it remains for us to choose the brotherhood of a co-operative world, with all its fruits thereof—the fruits of love and liberty.

Or shall we wait for our rampant imperialism to teach us? For teach us it certainly will, by manifesting anew the solidarity and fate of labor. Imperialism, or the conquest of weaker peoples by the strong, is simply intensified capitalist exploitation. Masquerading under the guise of Christianity and civilization, preceded by the rumseller and the missionary, the vulgar and cowardly modern conqueror is merely the advance agent of the capitalist. And the capitalist has turned imperialist because the people who make the things he has to sell are too poor to buy the things they make, their buying power having been exhausted by capitalist profit making. The greed of capitalism having thus destroyed its own markets, it must send the soldier and the missionary to conquer new markets and cheaper labor. And the new markets and the cheaper labor tend to bring all labor into greater impoverishment and subservience. For, mark you, every American mine opened in the Philippine Islands, every American smokestack that goes up in Cuba, every American cotton factory built in China, every one of the thousands of children working eighteen and twenty hours in Egypt for seven and eight cents a day, means, under capitalism, that American labor will be dragged down to the level of the cheap labor of Africa and Asia; means that every miner in Pennsylvania will have a harder struggle, and that every girl in a New England cotton mill will have wretchedness added to an already wretched life.

But perhaps we shall learn in time, before accentuated capitalism has intensified the universal misery of labor. Socialism is already on its way to the conquest of Europe. And it may be that we shall yet behold that glorious uprising of the universal peoples which is to begin man's real history, and the world's real creation—that united affirmation of the world's workers which Socialism foretells, knowing boundaries neither of nations nor sects nor factions, speaking one voice and working together as one man for one purpose, filling and cleansing the world with one glad revolutionary cry. When the peoples thus come, divine and omnipotent through co-operation, the raw materials of the world-life in their creative hands, no longer begging favors or reforms, no longer awed by the slave moralities or the slave religions that teach submission to their masters, but risen and regnant in the consciousness of their common inheritance and right in the earth and its fulness, of which they are the makers and preservers, then will the antagonisms and devastations of classes vanish forever, and the peace of good will become the universal fact.

It is no longer an answer to the cry of the world's disinherited, and it is no answer to anything that I have been crudely saying, to say that conditions or wages are now better than they once were. If they are, what of it? The answer is an impertinence: it is irrelevant and impudent, as well as stupid and evasive. There comes a time when it is no longer an answer to the slave to tell him that he has corn bread and bacon now, whereas he once had only corn bread and

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gray; to tell him that he has mud in the chinks of his cabin now, whereas the wind and the rain once blew between the logs of his cabin wall; to tell him that he is sometimes owned by good masters now, whereas he was once driven under the lash of bad masters. There comes a time when no improved conditions of slavery are an answer to the slave's cry, or will any longer be listened to; a time when only the slave's uttermost freedom, the breaking of his every bond and shackle, will meet his demand or the human imperative. Under the Socialist movement there is coming a time, and the time may be even now at hand, when improved conditions or adjusted wages will no longer be thought to be an answer to the cry of labor; yea, when these will be but an insult to the common intelligence. It is not for better wages, improved capitalist conditions, or a share of capitalist profits that the Socialist movement is in the world; it is here for the abolition of wages and profits, and for the end of capitalism and the private capitalist. Reformed political institutions, boards of arbitration between capital and labor, philanthropies and privileges that are but the capitalist's gifts—none of these can much longer answer the question that is making the temples, thrones and parliaments of the nations tremble. There can be no peace between the man who is down and the man who builds on his back. There can be no reconciliation between classes; there can only be an end of classes. It is idle to talk of good will until there is first justice, and idle to talk of justice until the man who makes the world possesses the work of his own hands. The cry of the world's workers can be answered with nothing save the whole produce of their work.

VII.

Man is still making history in the dark; evolution is still the working of blind and unconscious forces. We yet continue to make progress through blunder and tragedy and suffering. We are so close to a past in which man has taken a step forward only when scourged and overwhelmed by intolerable wrong and sorrow. But with Socialism will come a time when evolution will become conscious and fore-chosen, and no longer blind and unknowing. We shall know the way we take, and cease to be a world of children fighting and crying in the dark. We shall see where the movement of life is going, and co-operate with it; we shall see each new goal, and work toward it knowingly. Out of the progress by collision, which has been the method of the past, out of the fighting and the lying and the enslaving, shall emerge the cleansed and transfigured world of the collective man, with his will to love as the law of life and progress. The world-man for whom love has travailed so long shall appear, choosing and making whatever kind of world he wills, and the world of victims shall be forgotten in the world of creators. And the cradle of every child shall be an altar of rejoicing and faith, around which the worship of the race shall gather, and unto which the wealth of the world shall flow. Upon the foundation which Socialism shall build, and following the endless impulse to good which it shall at last beget, there will come into being a society that will make each man's life a world-ecstasy, and the common life a heavenly home.



Both rich and poor alike their nakedness display;
The poor because they *must*, the rich because they *may*.

AN UNPLEASANT DOSE.



Uncle Sam: "Ouch! must I take more of that?"
Doctor Morgan: "Your system needs it, Sam."

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Faces In The Street

By Henry Lawson



HEY lie, the men who tell us in a loud decisive tone
That want is here a stranger, and that misery's un-
known;
For where the nearest suburb and the city proper
meet
My window-sill is level with the faces in the street—
Drifting past, drifting past,
To the beat of weary feet—
While I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

And cause I have to sorrow, in a land so young and fair,
To see upon those faces stamped the marks of want and care;
I look in vain for traces of the fresh and fair and sweet
In sallow, sunken faces that are drifting through the street—
Drifting on, drifting on,
To the scrape of restless feet;
I can sorrow for the owners of the faces in the street.

In hours before the dawning dims the starlight in the sky
The wan and weary faces first begin to trickle by,
Increasing as the moments hurry on with morning feet,
Till like a pallid river flow the faces in the street—
Flowing in, flowing in,
To the beat of hurried feet—
Ah! I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

The human river dwindles when 'tis past the hour of eight,
Its waves go flowing faster in the fear of being late;
But slowly drag the moments, whilst beneath the dust and
heat
The city grinds the owners of the faces in the street—
Grinding body, grinding soul,
Yielding scarce enough to eat—
Oh! I sorrow for the owners of the faces in the street.

And then the only faces till the sun is sinking down
Are those of outside toilers and the idlers of the town,
Save here and there a face that seems a stranger in the street,
Tells of the city's unemployed upon his weary beat—
Drifting round, drifting round,
To the tread of listless feet—
Ah! My heart aches for the owner of that sad face in the
street.

And when the hours on lagging feet have slowly dragged
away,
And sickly yellow gaslights rise to mock the going day,
Then flowing past my window like a tide in its retreat,
Again I see the pallid stream of faces in the street—
Ebbing out, ebbing out,
To the drag of tired feet,
While my heart is aching dumbly for the faces in the street.

And now all blurred and smirched with vice the day's sad
pages end,
For while the short "large hours" toward the longer "short
hours" trend,
With smiles that mock the wearer, and with words that half
entreat,
Delilah pleads for custom at the corner of the street—

Sinking down, sinking down,
Battered wrecks by tempests beat—
A dreadful, thankless trade is hers, that woman of the street.

* * *
But, ah! to dreder things than these our fair young city
comes,
For in its heart are growing thick the filthy dens and slums,
Where human forms shall rot away in sties for swine unmeet,
And ghostly faces shall be seen unfit for any street—
Rotting out, rotting out,
For the lack of air and meat—
In dens of vice and horror that are hidden from the street.

* * *
I wonder would the apathy of wealthy men endure
Were all their windows level with the faces of the poor?
Ah! Mammon's slaves, your knees shall knock, your hearts
in terror beat,
When God demands a reason for the sorrows of the street,
The wrong things and the bad things
And the sad things that we meet
In the filthy lane and alley, and the cruel, heartless street.

* * *
I left the dreadful corner where the steps are never still,
And sought another window overlooking gorge and hill;
But when the night came dreary with the driving rain and
sleet,
They haunted me—the shadows of those faces in the street.
Flitting by, flitting by,
Flitting by with noiseless feet,
And with cheeks but little paler than the real ones in the
street.

* * *
Once I cried: "Oh, God Almighty! if Thy might doth still
endure,
Now show me in a vision for the wrongs of earth a cure."
And, lo! with shops all shuttered I beheld a city's street,
And in the warning distance heard the tramp of many feet,
Coming near, coming near,
To a drum's dull distant beat.
And soon I saw the army that was marching down the street.

* * *
Then, like a swollen river that has broken bank and wall,
The human flood came pouring with the red flags over all,
And kindled eyes all blazing bright with revolution's heat,
And flashing swords reflecting rigid faces in the street.
Pouring on, pouring on,
To a drum's loud threatening beat,
And the war hymns and the cheering of the people in the
street.

* * *
And so it must be while the world goes rolling round its
course,
The warning pen shall write in vain, the warning voice grow
hoarse,
But not until a city feels Red Revolution's feet
Shall its sad people miss awhile the terrors of the street—
The dreadful everlasting strife
For scarcely clothes and meat
In that pent track of living death—the city's cruel street.

How I Became a Socialist

By R. A. Maynard



SI take it, the real object of this series is not the securing of a set of autobiographies, but to obtain some chapters in personal experience that may furnish reliable sociological data. The forces at work in the life of any individual being typical of those at work in society at large.

The atmosphere of my early childhood seems to have been, as I remember it, surcharged with the sentiment and excitement attendant upon the civil war and the anti-slavery interest which was, in the minds of most Northerners, identified with that struggle.

My great-grandfather, living in Maryland, had liberated his slaves and moved to the State of New York because of his disapproval of slavery, and the family feeling at the time of my birth and during my boyhood was strongly for the union and abolition.

My earliest recollection dates from the outbreak of the civil war, and I still feel grateful for the influence of that period upon my life. A period, when in the North, at least among the "plain people," the very air we breathed was surcharged with yearning and aspiration for freedom. When the burden of the common prayer was for the freedom of our brothers of the black skin. When we were a people breathing in a common purpose and a common life of aspiration toward a common good.

I have since learned the material causes of that great struggle, but these, to my mind, do not in the least lessen the importance of the psychological effects of the period upon the rank and file. Common enthusiasm for a cause which meant to a people the abolition of slavery and the preservation of a national identity synonymous with freedom and democracy have left traditions and convictions which will have to be reckoned with when the veil is lifted from the real nature of class government.

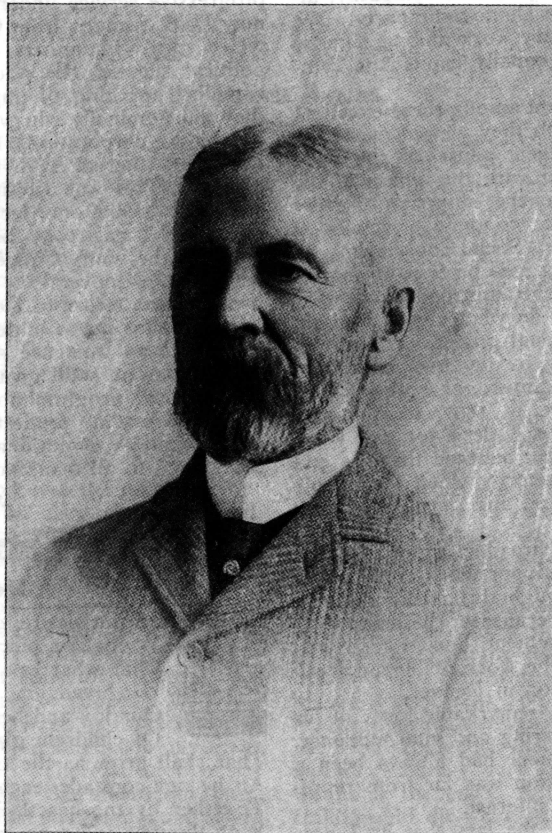
My early years were passed as the son of a country minister, with all that usually implies of deprivation and hardship and close knowledge, also, of the misfortunes of others. The preoccupation of working my way through college and professional courses kept me out of the current of the ordinary industrial life of the people, and it was not until I had been practicing my profession—the law—for several years, that my attention was first called to the labor movement in other than the most general way.

At the invitation of a literary club, I prepared a paper on the history of labor and labor laws. It was in the prepara-

tion of this paper that the knowledge was first brought home to me that the world was then in the midst of an industrial revolution, fraught with greater significance to humanity than any movement in history. It was, too, in the preparation of this thesis that I first caught an imperfect glimpse of the class struggle.

The following year I spent four months in the Hull House Social Settlement. During this summer I attended the meetings of the Social Science Club at Hull House and most of the Congresses held in connection with the World's Fair.

Chicago in 1893 was an excellent place for studying the labor problem, and when to this was added the economic pressure to which I was personally subjected, my lesson was well learned.



R. A. MAYNARD

From this time on, I called myself a Socialist, although still continuing my affiliation with the Republican party. I left Chicago in the fall of 1893 and for several years thereafter my wife and I lived in Nevada and California, conducting classes and lecture courses, in all of which we gave considerable attention to economic and social problems.

The strike in 1894 came as a revelation to the people of Nevada, whose industrial conditions were quite apart from those of the large manufacturing centers. The Southern Pacific Railway men struck with the others, and although the general hatred of the management of the road made the public sympathetic, there was complete ignorance as to the significance of the trade-union movement.

Naturally, the men turned to us, as fresh from the center of industrial organization, and we were able to help considerably in the mass meetings held throughout the State in the interest of the strikers, and later in the political campaign that sprang directly out of the strike.

This political movement was the first organization of the Populist party as an afterclap of the strike, and was a working class movement, as the Populist party rarely was in other states.

The local "Silver Party" of Nevada had, prior to the strike, retained the fealty of those who would otherwise have organized a Populist movement. The strike, leaving its discharged and blacklisted men, gave a point of divergence and these men as candidates were the chief "raison d'être" of the new party. Its brief career in this State was an incipient, instructive anticipation of the class line which now characterizes the Socialist movement.

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I was chairman of the State convention and during the campaign was one of the "spellbinders" in behalf of the ticket, which, so far as the nominee for congress—a black-listed engineer—was concerned, resulted in almost securing his election.

It was in this election that the foundations of my faith in the power of political "reform" methods to secure relief were shaken. I was made heart-sick at the sight of men, leaders in the strike of a few months before, at the polls on election day working and voting for the success of the party whose ticket had been endorsed by the Southern Pacific Company. I had never heard at that time of class consciousness in the Socialist sense, but I could not understand how men could strike for a principle and then turn squarely about and refuse to give the same principle the endorsement of their votes.

Nevada's direct interest in the Silver question made it a hot-bed of enthusiasts upon the subject, and as such an excellent place to understand the issue thoroughly from that angle.

The Bryan movement enlisted my ardent sympathy, although I did no active work for the Democratic party. We were in California then, doing literary work among persons of the capitalist class or those of equally capitalistic sympathies.

The horror of the Bryan movement among these excellent people and the bitterness with which they viewed even that mild radicalism, gave me an incipient sense of the class struggle. Not being as yet familiar with this phase of the Socialist philosophy, my outlook was the education of every one without regard to class, in the economic principles of Socialism and the cultivation of the "Social Consciousness."

While in Nevada I had entered a new profession, that of the ministry. I was a free lance, untrammelled by denominational connection. I resolved to do whatever was within my power to assist in this educational process. I was ordained to the independent ministry by my own church in California and entered upon active ministerial work. Called from California to Salt Lake City in 1897 to the pastorate of the First Unitarian Church, I there for two years preached my industrial gospel. I still believed that the end could be gained through political reform, when the people were sufficiently educated to the need and purpose of such reform.

While interested in giving the broader outlook of the modern rational religion, the social opportunity of the pulpit appealed strongly to me, and although this met a discouraging response, I supposed it was because of the hampering conditions of a regular church movement, and in 1899 welcomed the opportunity to take up the work of Myron Reed for the Broadway Temple Association in Denver.

Although the personality of this remarkable lover of his kind and class gave him a great hearing and vital influence, the financial support of the movement had always been a serious problem, and the congregation was far from representing any definite or united social interest.

These conditions, together with the fact that as I now see, my own message was somewhat hazy, made the work in spite of the excellent hearing it offered, too unsatisfactory to warrant the care it involved, and the work of the association was discontinued.

It was during this year and the following that I came in contact with the local leaders in the Socialist Labor party and at their request addressed the section.

I well remember my first evening. As I now recall, it was what some of the comrades would designate as a "circus" I was a raw idealist, and they saw in me their "plunder." The experience is not a unique one; others have passed through the same crucible and still live to tell the story.

Suffice it to say, however, that it is to the S. L. P. that I am indebted for my first understanding of the clear Socialist

position. It was between times, however, that I gained it. Between the times when the S. L. P. comrades left off discussing tactics and began again. These were the times when they were obliged to stop to take breath. I abhor their tactics. I detest their spirit. I owe to them a debt of gratitude, however, which here and now I gratefully acknowledge.

Years before, I had left the Utopian stages and understood what I supposed was scientific Socialism, viz., the kind made up of industrial evolution and surplus value, without the class struggle and economic determinism.

The S. L. P. meetings and tracts gave me a knowledge of these, but it remained for observation of current events to rub them into my consciousness and acceptance.

That mirage, gradual, evolutionary, step-at-a-time reform continued to delude me until I had carefully followed the reform forces of Colorado try to accomplish something after a complete political victory in the State.

The forces were assisted by the largest daily newspaper in the State, a paper which I regarded as doing remarkably progressive service under Thomas M. Patterson, its owner, now U. S. Senator from Colorado.

In spite of numbers, able support from the press, and political success, the reform forces were powerless to accomplish anything of importance, and the meager crumbs they did nominally win were fought with unscrupulous ferocity by the corporations, not only in the Legislature, but for two years thereafter in the courts and through executive officers. This was enough to convince me that the class struggle was the only fact of importance for political recognition and I was ready for political Socialism.

With the Unity Convention I considered myself lined up with the new movement. Although it was not until the next winter that a return to Denver after a business absence made it possible for me to unite with the party.

It was an immense satisfaction to get at last where I knew I was on solid ground, in a permanent party, with an international program absolutely impregnable, a part of a great movement, predestined by natural law to carry to completion an evolutionary process freighted with the utmost good to all mankind.



Our Thought of Life

By George D. Herron



HIS our desire, our thought of holy life:
To make a piece of ground to bear and bloom,
That what our hands have wrought may be our
bread,

Our joy and beauty, too; to bring forth gifts
Of children, glad and brave and beautiful,
That shall grow as the trees and meadows grow,
An be our comrade-teachers; to commune
Together by the hearth-fire, breast to breast,
With thought and song and wisdom of the heart,
Enfolding heart; to heal the sordid strifes,
And help all men, yet be the judge of none;
To in the swallowed common life be lost,
Unnoticed or rejected with the rest;
To drink the sweetness, and exhaustless strength,
Of love-workers who have neither name
Nor place; to write the things that call to us
In hours by love appointed to be still,
Or in the fields, or when the children speak;
To make the whole a life—an eager life
(Of poise and power and thrill—full-grown to serve
The cause that yet shall crown the world with man;
And, all the while, in battle, storm, or still,
With love to keep a watch upon the world.

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Retribution

By H. Ivan Swift



FROM the cultured coasts of the conquered east,
Long leagues to the west and the rugged ledge;
And the bleached bones of the venturous hedge
The waste-wield crumbs of the desert's feast!
But the wreck of a mortal knave is least
On the pyre of the Eldorado quest;

To the goal of the sun-set's mad behest—
From the soul of a man to the heart of a beast!
Far from the hearth they choose to dwell,
And a million mites are hurled to Hell.

But over the mould of the moaning van
The legions roll to the hard-faced line,

Till peak and plain with bucklers shine.
Thus here where the blood of the homeless ran
A home for the homeless world began.
The cacti wilt and the cougars whine,
The Sioux and the bison pay their fine
And the brute lies low to the mastering Man.
But the vengeance comes to the red man's shrine
When the sword of greed points on to the mine!

The dead-bought victory's cheaply sold:
The army leaps to the glittering shaft—
Man on man, blind, deaf and daft,
And the victor of beast is the vassel of gold!



Was She Helped?

By Morris Rassas



THE old clock groaned out four, and she
awoke. It was fearfully cold in the house;
even under the quilt she was shivering.
The window-panes were coated with ice
and half hidden by snow. Outside there
was a biting frost-laden wind.

She carefully covered the children who
were sleeping at her bed side; hid her own

head under the rags and began to count the tick-ticks of the
clock. But the mournful sounds of the wind reminded her
of the miserable poverty that cursed her life.

"O, God!" she sighed. "How hard it is to live in this
world! How can you endure to see your faithful Christians
suffering so much? Why, O, why, Almighty Father, do you
punish me? Did I ever sin? Ah, God, if I did, you ought
to know that it wasn't my fault. And even if I deserved your
punishment, why, O Father, do you also punish my children?
—Innocent little darlings, what will you do without
bread? How shall we all live without fuel?—Money, money,
what a cursed thing you are! You cold metal, what mysterious
power you possess! To-morrow is the first. Heavens!
What shall I tell the landlord? It is two months since I have
paid my rent. The landlord's angry eyes frighten me.—O,
God! Then comes the installment collector. The skirt is
almost worn out, and he still comes to collect. Miserable
life! Money, money, this is all you have to think of. The
grocer, the butcher, they are very kind when you pay them,
but when you have no money, alas! There is another one
who wants money, the insurance man." She shuddered think-
ing of the latter, because it reminded her of the sad death
of her two children. Both died in one week. Their death
ruined her; she wished to send them to heaven, to the eternal
world, and she gave them "decent" funerals—although they
were not insured. She did it for God's sake, and had to work
hard for almost a year to pay the debts. But Mrs. Rhodback,
an acquaintance of hers, had actually been helped by the
death of her sixteen-year-old daughter. Since then she has
insured all her children, and taken more care of the insurance
than of the eating. What could she do if another child
should die?

Her husband drinks and hardly ever helps her with a
cent. He is always disagreeable in the house. She often
thinks of the days when she was first in love with George—
how good, how pleasant and gentle he was! And now, God,

think what he has become. She quarrels with him almost
every day, but as soon as he leaves the house she regrets it
and weeps because of her fate and of his.

Now her love and tenderness is concentrated upon, and
with all its passion given to, her children; she lives for them,
struggles for them, suffers for them, and would freely die
for them. Many and many a time had she thought that per-
haps her death would benefit her loving children; the little
insurance she carried on her life might help them. But no!
He would be the one to claim all, and the dear children would
not, after all, be benefited. "How can I help my children?"
she asked herself. She would insure her husband and maybe
God would help—he would die soon, because he is always ill.
But, then, the insurance companies want only the healthy
ones.

"I'll get work again," she thought. For years she worked
in a paper-box factory and provided for her children and her-
self. But while she was sick with what the doctors called
"influenza" her place was occupied, and she and the children
had suffered. All her efforts to find employment had been
in vain. You can't always sell your labor when you want.

Jimmy was eleven years old. Other children at his age
were already helping their parents, but he was always un-
healthy. His eyes were always covered with a reddish film;
his sight very weak and his face always swollen, while from
his right ear matter was constantly oozing. Alone, therefore,
she must provide for them. She had nothing for them to eat,
and all resources were exhausted—all hope perished. What
would be the end? A horrible thought came to her—if a
child would die—like Mrs. Rhodback's, then she would be
helped. A child! but which? Emma, her youngest little dar-
ling, her angel, who makes her forget her suffering when
she looks at her? Oh, no! she cannot sacrifice Emma!
Whom then, Lucie? Impossible! "I would rather die my-
self than see my loving Lucy dead," she cried in desperation.
Frank? But he is her only help; she could never part with
him. Jimmy, then? He is the only one whose death could
help. But the physicians said he would outgrow his sickli-
ness, and perhaps, who can tell, he may yet be a good help
to her.

"Help! But what is to be done?" It is not the first time
she has been forced to dwell on such thoughts; just last week
she had asked the insurance man how much she could get
for each of her children in case of death. "I don't want them

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to die," she said, "but I am just asking. No one can tell what may happen being we are all mortal."

She could get, she remembered, for Emma, \$48; for Lucie, yes, \$74; for Frank, \$160, and for Jimmy, \$240. "Two hundred and forty," she pondered over the last sum, and saw, in her imagination, a big bunch of five and ten dollar bills. She summed up all the amounts. A total of \$522! "Oh, God! if I only had so much." But no one's death, she thought, would benefit her as much as Jimmy's. She could pay the undertaker, the rent and all her other debts and have a hundred dollars still remain.

Jimmy, Jimmy—he is not able to do anything. He is not like Frank who fetches fuel for her; who is even able to steal a box or barrel when necessary. Jimmy! What will become of him when he grows up? Two hundred and forty dollars! It would save the other children from starvation.

"But what is the use?" she pondered, "he is not dying yet." An awful, burning thought passed through her mind. How about causing his death? She trembled, and felt a thrill of horror penetrating her body. Her own thought frightened her. Kill her own child? "Jesus!"—she pressed her hand to her heart—"Am I insane? Murder my own child?" and she imagined Jimmy lying dead on the floor, piercing her soul with his frightful eyes. "Oh, Christ forgive me!" she whispered. "I must be mad to think—No, no! I am dreaming; it is foolish! what queer thoughts—it is good that thought cannot be read, otherwise the whole world would know of my terrible sin. The priest says, though, that to sin in thought is exactly the same as sinning in reality. But I must be off my mind else I would never have thought of such a thing. Oh, poverty, poverty!"

Yes, she would like to have the \$240, but Jimmy should not be murdered.

Two hundred and forty—she could buy new dresses for Emma and Lucie, and shoes for Frank—and Jimmy? * * She trembled, thinking that to comfort her three more hopeful dear ones she would have to sacrifice Jimmy.

But a mysterious voice whispered, "Foolish woman, who

will know it? What if all your children should die of starvation or freeze to death? Do it at once before it's too late!"

"Murderer, murderer," groaned another voice. "You will suffer for eternity, no expiation will help you to redeem your soul for such wickedness. You will rot in hell forever if you dare."

"But you will save the other children from death," argued the other voice. "God cannot be so cruel as to punish you for it; it is better that one die than four."

"But," she thought, "perhaps Jimmy will get well and be a good help to me."

"No," replied the voice, "he can never get well in this miserable poverty. He will curse you for bringing him into the world to suffer. It would not be an evil act, no, never! Not when you will save him from the suffering of this world."

"Perhaps it will be a good act"—she began to yield—"perhaps God will not punish me. Maybe it is his will; perhaps he doesn't want him to suffer. O, God, help me!"

The neighbors were already tired of feeding her children. Sooner or later they would refuse to continue, and there would really be no other way then than to die of starvation. She had yet some cold coffee in a pot and one slice of stale bread that would not satisfy even one. She raised her head and looked on the other side where Jimmy and Frank were sleeping. "He sleeps," she sighed. How should she do it? Her husband slept in the other room—She had no idea how to begin. She formed many plans, but saw no possibility of carrying them out.

She felt as though her brain were aflame. She was consumed by a mysteriously painful feeling. Her eyes began to burn and she saw a good plan to realize the \$240.00. She had some Paris green which she had bought long ago for the rats. Perhaps she could manage to put some in water and pour it in Jimmy's mouth while he was asleep. It would surely take effect, and no one would know of it. A terror passed through her body. She hid her head under the quilt and closed her eyes. In the dark silence she heard a voice moaning so mournfully, so touchingly, ever growing louder and louder; "Murdered! murderer!" From whence came that voice? It was insufferable. O, heavens! she knew that the voice she heard was coming out of her own heart. "Murderer! murderer!" She pinched herself in her awful agony. "Am I mad? what am I doing?"—"You are a fool," responded the diabolic voice. "It is better to die than to live like your little children. You are sacrificing the lives of all four for the wretched cripple who will anyhow have to die without bread."

"Yes," she considered, "I cannot help it, anyhow; otherwise I lose the insurance and I have no money to pay. O, God, help me!"

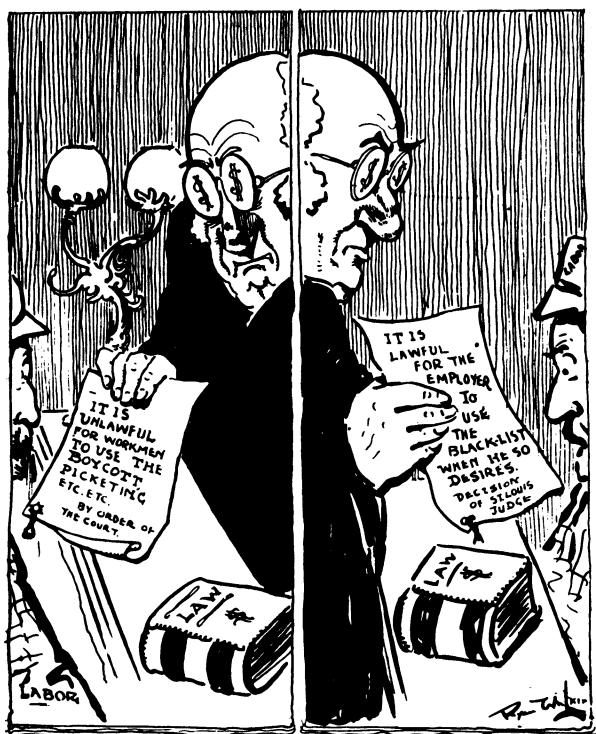
The clock struck five, and yawning, she carelessly donned her skirt.

Emma smiled lovingly, her tiny hands around Lucie's neck, who clung close to her sister's breast, clasping her gently.

She looked at them and sighed bitterly; she petted them, caressed them, but denied herself the pleasure of kissing them, lest she wake them up. Then silently she approached the door of the room where her husband slept. She opened it lightly and listened to his heavy snoring and the whistling of his nostrils. A chill shook her entire body. She watched her sleeping husband, then silently crept tip-toe toward Jimmy's bed.

Jimmy was lying on the ragged bedding, clasping Frank to his heart as though in fear of being parted from him.

The poor mother looked at the tightly clasped brothers and her knees trembled. Jimmy had his mouth opened—it would be rather convenient—without difficulty—no one would know.—Two hundred and forty!—But his red eyes horrified her. She suddenly felt a tormenting pain in her



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side, and shivering like an aspen leaf, she slowly returned to bed.

"Jimmy, Jimmy, your mother is insane!" she sobbed. "Don't believe it—I don't mean to harm my dear—I shall toil; I shall suffer, but—"

"Two hundred and forty!" whispered that voice again. "Foolish creature; you will regret it if you don't do it."

She buried her face deep into the coarse pillow, and a heap of money arose before her eyes. Tick-tick, tick-tick, the clock hoarsely rattled. But to her it sounded "Two hundred and forty!" Two hundred and forty!"

"Well, I am really a fool," she reasoned to herself. "How else can I save my dear ones? How can I shelter and feed them? Who will help me?"

"Two hundred and forty! Two hundred and forty!" rang in her ears.

But it was too late; too late.

"No! no! no!"

A sudden idea came to her mind—she had a new plan. She would warm the coffee for Jimmy, and send the other children to Mrs. Lane's, where they would get warm, and, perhaps, have something to eat; meanwhile she would put into Jimmy's coffee some of the stuff she had under the bureau—and—and—her head sunk still deeper.

The sun at last pierced through the frozen windowpanes. The children raised their heads and instantly shrunk back under the cover. It was extremely cold. The windows were heavily frozen; everything in the house was so cold it was almost impossible to touch anything with bare hands.

"Frank, dear," she said, "can you get me some wood, my son?"

Yes, ma'am," he replied. Last night I saw two boxes at the dago's fruit stand which I can get for you."

"Go, my son, and bring them over," she said quietly.

In fifteen minutes the boxes were burning with cheerful glow. The children rushed at once to the stove, but there was little heat yet. She dressed them negligently and sent them out to Mrs. Lane's to get warm and,—well, they might get some breakfast there, she anticipated.

Jimmy alone remained with her. The neighbors detested him, and he very seldom went out of doors.

He approached the stove shivering with cold.

She looked at him and her heart throbbed violently; a feeling of terror pressed her breast.

From the other room came the sound of the snoring of her husband. "He sleeps!" She shook her head, then looked at Jimmy, and heaved a heartrending sigh.

"What a miserable mother I am," she reproached herself, looking aimlessly at the bureau. "I shall go to Church and confess and atone." But soon the stomach reminded her of a debt. She trembled. Her knees trembled and her heart beat louder. A sudden dizziness made her almost unconscious, and everything in the house began to swim before her eyes.

The stove grew red and Jimmy felt a pleasant heat through his body. He took a splinter and began to play with it on the stove. When it kindled he blew on it and the flame went out and lit again. A spark spattered on him with a crack.

"Go away from the stove," the mother shouted. Her head was dizzy, her hands trembled and her knees sank lower and lower. Everything around her grew darker and darker.

Jimmy was frightened by his mother's warning and slowly moved from the stove, for he knew that when she was in an angry mood she poured out all her bitterness upon him. Another crack came from the stove—

"Jimmy, I told you something!" and her breast throbbed fiercely.

"Jimmy," she began painfully—his coat was burning! She

rushed to him and endeavored to extinguish the fire with her mouth and with her hands, but he was all in flames.

"Fire, fire!" she screamed furiously. In her wild rush she upset the old table and the lamp fell with a crash.

"Fire, fire!" The wretched mother clasped the flame-shrouded boy to her heart and carried him out into the entry. In a few seconds she also was all in flames.

"Fire, fire!" the spectators screamed.

"Fire, fire!" the wretched children shouted.

"Fire, fire!" The desperate mother jumped, and heedless of her own plight, tore the burning clothes from the boy. Her husband, half naked, plunged into the flames and the throng grew larger and larger.

At last a few of the bystanders succeeded in tearing the clothes from the wretched mother and son—but their bodies were shockingly burned.

"Jimmy, Jimmy!" shrieked the agonized and suffering mother.

"Oh, darling, I am going along with you. Perhaps the grave is a better world; no landlords—no collectors eager for money. Money, money, money!" she hysterically screamed.

"Jimmy," she shook him violently.

"Ma-ma," he groaned heavily from his stomach.

"Jimmy," she sobbed, I meant to save you from this cursed world. Come on—all of you—God will forgive me—Come on, I did it for you—"

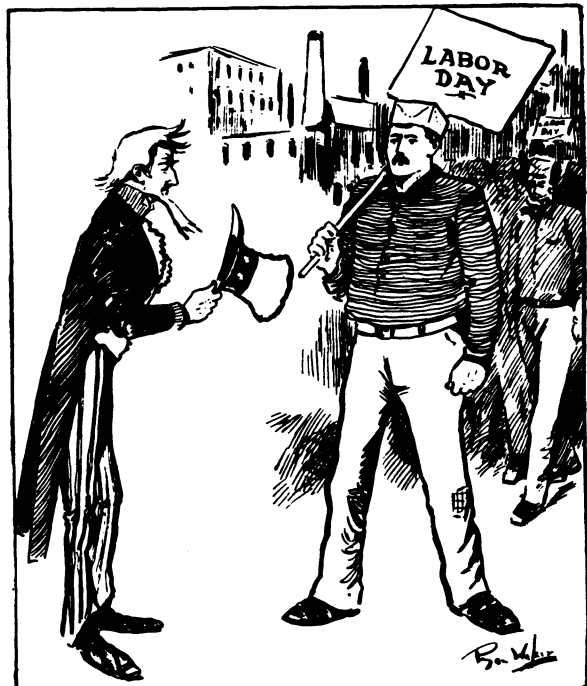
She looked at the children, who were all standing around weeping bitterly.

"Jimmy!" She kissed him in torturing agonies.

His eyes closed like those of a dying chicken. "Ma—" He could not finish the word. His head fell on his breast—he was dead.

"You are saved! I am saved!" she screamed wildly, and kissed the dead Jimmy. "Ha! ha! ha! ha!"—and she also drew her last breath.

WAS SHE HELPED?



On this one day, at least, Uncle Sam bows to Labor.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS



ONE of the most beautiful examples of modern bookmaking that it has been my good fortune to see is the edition of Browning's "Saul," which has just been issued by the Philosopher Press, Wausau, Wis. This press, centered right in the heart of a busy lumbering center, has steadily won favor among lovers of the book beautiful.

In their log cabin, "At the Sign of the Green Pine Tree"—I am told it's only a spruce!—Mr. and Mrs. Van Vechten and my good friend, William Ellis, whose hand I have not yet clasped, but whose kind words have cheered me often, are making books as honestly and sanely beautiful (not insanely pretty!) as they are able. I own a few of their books and am more than a little proud of them. "Rasselas," Dr. Johnson's famous romance, written in feverish haste to provide for the funeral expenses of his dying mother, and to pay some trifling debts of hers—Boswell does not say and of his own—was issued by them some time ago in an edition of great beauty. Printed on hand-made paper with a firm, hard finish, from good clear type, with attractive ornamental embellishments by Frank Hazenplug, and bound in a deep emerald green ooze calf, its simple strength and beauty won for its creators the praise of discriminating critics everywhere.

But in this reprint of Browning's great poem, the standard of excellence reached in "Rasselas" has been surpassed. When I first opened the book and lingered lovingly over its pages I felt inspired with a new hope for the future of the printer's art. The large pages with the rich decorations by Robert Anning Bell give the poet's masterpiece a worthy setting. Mr. Bell's frontispiece, and his border design of vine and leaf and grain, are the most successful examples of book decoration I have seen these many months. There is also a fine introductory essay by the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago.

The binding is full leather, stamped with a reproduction of a famous seventeenth century binding. Every friend of the Log Cabin workers of Wausau must feel gratified at the success with which a very difficult task has been accomplished.

* * *

Mr. William S. Lord, of Evanston, Ill., is another of the ever increasing number of booklover's publishers. I have previously, on more than one occasion, referred to the general excellence of his unique and artistic publications, re-



markable for their combination of simple good taste and cheapness of price. The latest of Mr. Lord's volumes to reach me is in many ways the most attractive of all the books bearing his imprint—"Evenings in Little Russia," by Gogol, the first great Russian prose writer, founder of that rich realistic literature which distinguishes Russia. The translators, Edna Worthley Underwood and William Hamilton Cline have rendered a very real service to all lovers of literature by giving us for the first time an English rendering of some of the most beautiful passages in the Russian language. Of the merits of their translation, as translation, I am not competent to speak, but certain it is that they have given us the Russian classic in a form beautiful and chaste enough to make it an English classic. Their sympathetic essay upon Gogol's life and works is at once luminous and kindly. What a world of pathos and tragedy there was in that brief life! Even the date of his death is unknown, some saying it was in 1853, others that he died in 1856. Victim of religious mania, he is said to have hastened his death by much fasting and penance and died old at forty-two, or thereabouts. Posterity has been kinder to Gogol than his contemporaries were and he is now acknowledged as one of the great literary masters.

"Evenings in Little Russia" consists of three charming stories and Gogol's preface. The stories contain some remarkable nature pictures and teem with incidents of love and pathos. Mr. Lord deserves our warm thanks and praise for this graceful and moderately priced volume.

* * *

Jack London has scored another well deserved success. His latest book, "The Call of the Wild" is not only a powerful story; it is a real and important contribution of literature—the "things that abide." In his earlier books London dealt with the people of the Far Northwest, but in this latest and most powerful of his works he takes a dog for his hero. The book is in fact a study of dog life in the Klondike under the primeval conditions which obtained there in the early years after the gold fever set in.

What most impresses one in reading this book, especially if one has known and loved dogs, is the wonderful insight into the canine nature which Jack London shows. His dogs are real dogs, not mere pantomime dogs; not human actors clothed for stage purposes in dog skins. All his dogs, Spitz the villain no less than Buck the hero, have true dog qualities, and for most of them one soon begins to feel as much affection as ever one could feel for fictional human characters. Here lies London's marvellous power; he understands dogs and interprets in human speech what every lover of dogs has vaguely felt dogs must feel and know. I do not know of anything so good of its kind as this remarkable story.

The hero of the story is a superb dog named Buck, a cross-breed, half St. Bernard and half Scotch shepherd. Stolen from his home in Southern California, where he was a sort of privileged member of Judge Miller's family, he is sold, taken to the Klondike, and made to work drawing sledges. Here he meets with dogs of a new type, not civilized like himself, but savages who know only the primordial "law of club and fang." Spitz, leader of the team in which Buck finds himself, is a one-eyed brute, cool, relentless and cruel, with a terrible record as a fighter. He is a tyrant and the proud Buck soon comes into conflict with him. The study of the development of their mutual hate and fear is a masterpiece and shows London at his best. The gradual awakening of the wolf cunning and ferocity—latent in even the most civilized dog—as a result of the constant hardships

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he has to endure, as well as the awakening of the nobler traits of supreme courage and pride is brought out in a manner that is as wonderful as it is fascinating. The savage courage and cunning of the wolf which Spitz had acquired in years of hard fought battles Buck learns in a surprisingly short time. The inevitable battle for mastery takes place and Buck is triumphant. Spitz fights with all his old-time strength, fury and cunning only to be torn to death by the rival whose aggressiveness had left him no choice but combat. And while the rest of the dogs in the team immediately recognize Buck's leadership, they obey loyally and not sullenly as they had obeyed Spitz. If you are familiar with dogs in packs you will recognize the fidelity of London's study of this phase of dog character.

But not all the interest is centered in the dogs. The human beings who figure in the story may have been intended to serve the purposes of a background; I suppose they were. But few will read the story without feeling intensely interested in the men who own Buck, or drive him. Thornton, his last master and best friend, is a striking and lovable character. Thornton had rescued Buck from the cruelty of a brutal driver, and the dog lavished all his affection upon him in return. Once more Buck became gentle and peaceful, almost as civilized as of old. But not entirely. The "dominant, primordial beast" had been awakened in him. When he heard the cry of a wolf he could not resist stealing away even from Thornton; for the cry of the wolf was his summons—"the call of the wild." And when, after one of his wanderings, he returned and found that his beloved friend and master had been foully murdered by Indians, he first wreaked the swift and terrible vengeance of death upon several of the murdering band and then fled to the forest to join the wild—his kindred whose call was now irresistible. No man could ever again own Buck. He was one of the wild.

There are some magnificent illustrations in the book by Charles Livingstone Bull and Philip R. Goodwin, as well as some effective decorations by Charles E. Hooper. Altogether, "The Call of the Wild" is a remarkable book, one that will not soon be forgotten.

* * *

Thomas Dixon, Jr., author of "The Leopard's Spots"—a book which any man with a soul would be ashamed to father; a book full of race hatred and arrogance—has now published what is already being hailed as the great anti-Socialist novel. "The One Woman," is the title of this much boomed novel, which I, a Socialist, have read with unwrung withers. The "great anti-Socialist novel" has not caused me a moment's uneasiness. Wherefore, I have concluded that the cause of Socialism is in no immediate danger.

Being an anti-Socialist novel, it is, of course, based upon the "menace to the family" idea. Whoever imagined any other attack upon Socialism appearing in a novel? Equally of course, the plot is based upon a hideously distorted account of the connubial affairs of two well-known Socialists—brave comrades of mine and dear friends. Frank Gordon, a Congregational minister with a wife and two children, creates a big sensation by the sermons he preaches to his vast New York congregation. He does not "preach" in the exegetical sense; his discourses are rather burning arraignment of existing social conditions. The inevitable result of this is that the wealthy members of his church withdraw in large numbers, and, of course, the usual trouble with the deacons ensues. Finding that no considerable amount of sympathy can be expected from any other quarter, he becomes more and more radical (using that word in the commonly accepted demagogic sense, for there is no trace of root-going radicalism), and turns to the common people for help and succor. Meanwhile, Ruth, his wife, clinging to her old faith and fearing his new ideas, seems to unconsciously drift away from him. Almost imperceptibly an ever widening gulf opens be-

tween them. At this juncture, when Van Meter, an admirably portrayed pharasaical deacon of the average type, is waging bitter war upon the daring pastor, there comes a young woman of wealth upon the scene. She joins the church and sympathises with the pastor. Her immense wealth is always at his disposal, and she soon becomes indispensable. When he decides to build a "Temple of Humanity" she anonymously subscribes one million dollars to the fund. The inevitable happens. They confess their love and Gordon leaves his wife and children to live with his new love. After a divorce dissolving the first union has been obtained they are wedded in a simple manner much resembling the Quaker form of marriage.

Frank Gordon's closest personal friend and confidant, strangely enough for a religious enthusiast, is a cynical Atheist with an assumed dislike of women. He is keen man of the world, a banker, with the heart of a brute. Cock-fighting seems to be his chief enjoyment. It is this brute, Overman, the author has chosen to voice his sentiments against Socialism. Observing the approaching crisis in the young clergyman's life he warns him against Socialism in bitter, restrained language. "Socialism," he says, "takes the temper out of the steel fibre of character. It makes a man flabby. The man of letters who is poisoned by it never writes another line worth reading; the home builder turns free-lover and rake under its teachings." What affords the dispassionate reader a good deal of cynical amusement is the incongruity of an utterly repellent and conscienceless brute like Overman protesting against Socialism or anything else upon such exalted grounds. And later in the book the feeling is strengthened by the unscrupulous conduct of the man. After his marriage to Kate Ransom, Gordon introduces his friend to her and he becomes a frequent visitor at their house. When the "Temple of Humanity" is opened, instead of sitting in her usual seat, Kate Gordon is sitting far back in the gallery with Overman, who, in spite of all his unctuous preaching to Gordon, is busily engaged in ridiculing the husband to the wife! If ever there was a dishonorable scoundrel Overman is one. With low, long developed cunning he sets out to supplant his confiding friend in the affections of his wife. Such is the man who rails at Socialism because it destroys the home and makes men rakes!

He succeeds so well in his intrigues that Kate announces her intention of overthrowing Gordon to become his wife. She orders Gordon from "her house" and withdraws her support from the Temple. But the enraged husband does not submit quietly. There is a duel and Overman is killed. Tired, broken in body and soul, he returns to Ruth, his first wife, who has remained faithful to her first love in spite of the persistent wooing of Morris King, an old lover, who has become Governor of the Empire State. After being twice condemned to death, he is saved at the very last moment by Ruth's frantic appeals to Governor King, who arranges for their immediate remarriage.

Such, in brief, is the story. That it is not a literary masterpiece is true, but that it is a powerful story told with tremendous power it would be idle to deny. But the power of the thug does not make the thug attractive. And there is a good deal of the thug about Mr. Dixon's methods. But where the purpose of a book is so aggressively obtruded, the story itself and the manner of its telling become subordinate to the purpose. This is not the place to discuss the broad question of sexual union, and I am not going to attempt it. Yet, since "The One Woman" comes to me as a sort of indirect challenge, I have no hesitancy in saying in my judgment the author with all his power has failed to make a case against the clergyman who personifies the thing which the book assails, in any way comparable to the case which every decent minded man or woman will mentally make against Overman. And here Mr. Dixon's moral ob-

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liquity lands him in a dilemma. He preaches his sermons and hurls his accusations through Overman. The figure is Overman's, but the voice is the voice of Dixon. It is incontestable in view of the serious and loudly avowed purpose of the book. And with a comparison thus challenged between them, I am confident that the verdict of any clean minded man or woman would go against Overman—who is Dixon. For the author cannot escape direct responsibility for the deeds of his chosen mouthpiece. However one might disagree with the theories advocated by Gordon; however one might dislike his vanity, or condemn his treatment of the pleading wife at his feet urging him to remain with her and their children, it seems to me that one could not feel the contempt for him which one feels for Overman. The treachery of the man to his confiding friend; his deliberate poisoning of the woman's mind against the man who had sacrificed and dared so much for her love, causes one's gorge to rise. Mr. Dixon, by choosing Overman for his mouthpiece, takes upon himself the infamies of a cad and a brute. I do not envy Mr. Dixon! Of course, as might be expected, the whine of Overman is that it was not he but the woman. "The woman did tempt me" has been the whine of the world's worst cowards from the days of Adam. But there is no escape from the damning fact of the unscrupulous and treacherous whisperings in the Temple of Humanity, under the very sound of the husband's voice and in the home where he was guest. The advocate of "varietism" in its extremest form need not blush at the accusations hurled by an Overman. What I marvel at is Mr. Dixon's failure to see that Overman defeats his own preaching. As well might a drunken man preach total abstinence as Overman preach on the sanctity of the home and the conjugal relations. The author has overreached himself. The most prejudiced person could find something to respect in Frank Gordon, and might pity when approval, or forgiveness even, was impossible. But for Overman it would be hard to feel anything but contempt. And what can Mr. Dixon say in reply when we ask, as we have a right to ask, Are you Overman? or, How much of Overman are you?

* * *

The latest issue of the admirable "Citizen's Library" of the Macmillan Company is a volume on "Studies in the Evolution of Industrial Society" from the pen of the editor of the series, Professor Richard T. Ely. The book is in two parts, the first dealing with the general theory of industrial evolution, the second dealing with its special phases and problems. While there is little that is new or striking in Professor Ely's work, it nevertheless will be generally welcomed as serving the very useful purpose of focussing a vast amount of information and suggestion concerning a most important question into very little space. For the reader desirous of obtaining a general knowledge of the general theory of industrial evolution, and the divergent views held by the different schools of thought, it would be difficult to name a book equally good. Professor Ely's fairness to all schools of thought, his evident care to avoid misrepresentation, is indeed one of his chief merits as a writer.

The chapter upon "Recent Tendencies of Industrial Evolution" is, to my mind, the most satisfying chapter in the book. Here the author reaches the kernel of the question and while he seems to be overcautious in utterance, he does express very forcibly some wholesome and too often overlooked truths. The chapter upon "Statistical Results," where the author attempts to indicate the manner and extent of our industrial progress by a statistical inquiry, and the chapter on "The Concentration and Diffusion of Wealth" are full of useful information and suggestions and should be carefully studied by every Socialist. While there are many points upon which I do not agree with Professor Ely, it is impossible to enter upon any discussion of them here. But in spite of any differences of opinion it is a pleasure to

read a work in which the desire to be fair to those who differ from the writer is so manifest. I cordially welcome and recommend to my readers this excellent and suggestive little book.

A word of appreciation of the excellent form of the "Citizen's Library" is justly due to the editor and publishers. The volumes are 12 mo. strongly bound in half leather, and their price \$1.25 per volume is not prohibitive. The present volume, like Professor Ely's "Outlines of Economics" in the same series, is rendered all the more useful to the student with restricted opportunities by the addition of an excellent bibliography to each of the more important chapters.

* * *

We are familiar enough with the cry, "Oh, that mine enemy would write a book!" But who is there that has not framed the wish, mentally, at least, concerning some friend? Many times while listening to the voice of some dear friend I have wished that the words of wisdom and cheer might be written down and enshrined in the printed page for all to read. Such thoughts have often come to me—and sometimes have found expression—while listening to the always suggestive and often inspiring talk of my good friend, Peter E. Burrowes, whose "Revolutionary Essays in Socialist Faith and Fancy" comes to me, therefore, as the fulfillment of an oft expressed wish.

This all too heavily laden book, unfortunately so crammed from title page to the last as to appear repellant and forbidding to any but the most courageous, is a veritable mine with rich lodes of precious ore. I use the simile of the mine for the reason that the reader is called upon to dig for the real purpose and meaning of the book. Burrowes does not write down to the level of intellectual lethargy, or mental weakness. He presumes intelligence on the part of the reader, and a desire for the truth strong enough to inspire him to the needed effort to understand. This is not a child's primer, but a serious book for full grown men and women; it is the utterance of a deep and fearless thinker upon questions of too vast and vital importance to be dealt with in the elementary language of the primer. Not that I want to infer that the book is obscure and difficult. On the contrary, much of it—though by no means all—is admirably fresh and clear in statement as well as in thought.

The reader will do well not to attempt a continuous reading of the book; rather let him take his choice of the fifty odd chapters, thus going through the book by easy stages. That seemed to me the most profitable and enjoyable method of reading the book. But the reader's method matters little. That the book be read is the all important thing. And no honest reader can fail, it seems to me, to find much food for helpful thought in these essays. While perhaps disagreeing here and there with some of the author's conclusions, the average reader, even the pronounced Socialist reader, will find the philosophy of Socialism strongly stated in a new light and full many a Socialist will see in Socialism new beauty, an undreamed of spiritual power and meaning, after reading this stimulating and suggestive volume. The deep spiritual meaning of the much misrepresented doctrine of the class struggle Burrowes appreciates and understands more clearly than any other writer I know of. Were there nothing else in this book of his I should welcome it as a contribution to our literature of inestimable value.

* * *

Mary Knight Potter's elaborately illustrated work, "The Art of the Vatican," is an exceptionally handsome and, at the same time, permanently interesting and useful volume. The task undertaken by the author was by no means an easy one. On the one hand, not one but many volumes would be required to describe even superficially all the art treasures of the Vatican. Even a bare catalogue of them would have

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made too bulky a volume. And there are already many such catalogues in existence. On the other hand, the question of choice, what to exclude and why, is, naturally, one that bristles with difficulties. The author is to be congratulated upon the highly successful manner in which she has met these and the many other difficulties incident to a work of this character.

The book opens with a highly interesting historical account of the Vatican itself, in which all that is essential and important in the history of that vast palace is told with more charm than is characteristic of some other portions of the book. For while the book, as a whole, is fairly well written, an occasional lapse produces a jarring effect. A sentence like the following, for example, is simply unpardonable in a work of this nature. Describing a fresco, the baptism of Constantine (page 195), the author says: "At the left is a bearded man in sixteenth-century dress, whom Vasari says is a portrait of Nicolo Vespucci, the favorite of Clement VII." The intention of the author to convey the idea that the figure of a bearded man, is said by Vasari to be a portrait of Nicoli Vespucci, miscarries in this unfortunate jumble.

As already intimated, no attempt has been made by the author to include every work of art to be found in the Vatican. Instead of that, the most important examples of painting, sculpture and tapestry, whether judged historically or for their intrinsic merit, are chosen and described critically and with more or less detail. No claim to originality of research or criticism is made by the author. All that she claims is to have culled what seemed to her best and most reliable out of a mass of information and often conflicting opinions. This she appears to have accomplished with unusual success and the result is a singularly fascinating volume. There are some forty illustrations in duogravure which add greatly to the value and attractiveness of an altogether excellent work.

J. S.

Books &c. Received.

- THE ONE WOMAN. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Cloth; illustrated; 350 pages. Price, \$1.50. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.
- THE CALL OF THE WILD. By Jack London. Cloth; illustrated; 231 pages. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.
- EVENINGS IN LITTLE RUSSIA. By Nikolai Gogol. Translated by Edna Worthley, Underwood and William Hamilton Cline. Boards; 153 pages. Price, \$1.00. Evanston, Ill.: William S. Lord.
- *THE LIONS OF THE LORD. By Harry Leon Wilson. Cloth; illustrated; 520 pages. Price, \$1.50. Boston: The Lothrop Publishing Co.
- A PARISH OF TWO. By Henry Goelet McVickar and Percy Collins. Cloth; 416 pages. Price, \$1.50. Boston: The Lothrop Publishing Co.
- THE COLOR OF HIS SOUL. By Zoe Anderson Norris. Boards; 220 pages. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company.
- *MISTRESS ALICE JOCELYN, HER LETTERS. By C. Emma Cheney. Boards; 90 pages, on Van Gelder handmade paper. Price, \$1.00. (Edition limited.) Chicago: The Blue Sky Press.
- *THE LADY POVERTY; A XIII. CENTURY ALLEGORY. Translated and edited by Montgomery Carmichael. With a chapter on the Spiritual Significance of Evangelical Poverty, by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. G. Cloth; XLVIII.—209 pages. New York: Tennant and Ward.
- STUDIES IN THE EVOLUTION OF INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D., LL.D. Half leather; XVIII—497 pages. Price, \$1.25, net. New York: The Macmillan Company.
- FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By W. P. Swanson. Paper; 31 pages. London: C. W. Daniel.
- THE ART OF THE VATICAN. By Mary Knight Potter. Ornamental cloth; illustrated; 345 pages. Price, \$2.00, net. Boston: L. C. PAGE & Company.
- STATE EXPERIMENTS IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND. By William Pember Reeves. Two vols. Cloth; maps. Price, \$8.00, net. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
- ANOTHER VIEW OF INDUSTRIALISM. By William Mitchell Bowach. Cloth; vii—403 pages. Price, \$2.00, net. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
- MAZZINI. By Bolton King, M. A. Cloth; illustrated; xxi-380 pages. London (Eng.). J. M. Dent & Co.
- ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By James Bonar. Cloth; xii—207 pages. New York; E. P. Dutton.

*To be Reviewed in our next issue.

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And the woman waited long: and she said, "Freedom!"

And Life said, "Thou hast well chosen. If thou hadst said 'Love,' I would have given thee that thou didst ask for; and I would have gone from thee, and returned to thee no more. Now, the day will come when I shall return. In that day I shall bear both gifts in one hand."

I heard the woman laugh in her sleep.

—From Dreams.



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Benedicte!

(Instead of an Editorial)



HERE, then ends the second year of our pilgrimage together. To you, O, Faithful Ones, who have journeyed with us all the way and cheered us—Benedicte!

And to you, O not less Beloved Friends, who have joined us as we journeyed, bringing Hope and Cheer when we most did need them—Benedicte!

And to you—not less our Dear Friends!—who have not joined us and have not cheered (perhaps you knew not our need, or your power to cheer), to you also—Benedicte!

Benedicte! to all; even to our Foes—(if such there be)—Benedicte!

May the number of the Faithful Band of Comrade-Pilgrims multiply and the rest of our Journey be made in Peace!

Benedicte!

S.



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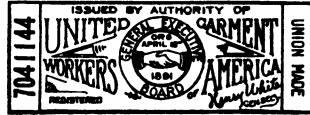
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