

# THE COMRADE

## A Study in Kings



**Copper-King Clark**  
**Oil-King Rockefeller**

**Sugar-King Havemeyer**  
**Steel-King Carnegie**

**Railroad-King Vanderbilt**  
**Trust-King Morgan**

## What Is the Issue ?

By H. L. Slobodin



**W**HAT is the issue?

Is it the class struggle?

They are falling over one another in professions of allegiance to the class struggle.

What is it?

Projected into a mental perspective, so that only the holdest outlines of the contest stand out, the issue between the revolutionary Socialist and the revisionist appears to me to be this:

The revolutionary Socialist stands by the proposition that the present capitalist state has reached its last stage of development; that it must collapse, or be overthrown, or be submerged,—collapse of the fatal contradiction inherent in its industrial system; be overthrown by the revolutionary forces of its own creation; be submerged by the rising forms of the new collectivist society. The realization of this event is the ultimate and main object of the revolutionary Socialist. The whole activity of the revolutionary Socialist converges to this object and everything else he subordinates to this object. This event—the overthrow of capitalism, must happen not at some vague and very remote future. It may happen to-morrow, or a quarter of a century from now, or half a century hence. One hundred years? Well; it may be admitted within the range of possibility. To be more accurate, the position of the revolutionary Socialist is that the event must happen within our own historical epoch. The event may be so remote that none of us may live to witness it; but it must be so proximate that it can reasonably be included into the political program of the present generation and made one of its main issues. For it would be folly verging on insanity to organize political parties and make an issue of an object to be achieved, say, five hundred years from now.

The revisionist, so ill-named, contends that the capitalist state is not in its last stage of development, but is capable of many more metamorphoses; that it, by far, has not exhausted its vitality, but is capable of further growth and development; that this vitality will overcome and eliminate the contradictions in its industrial system; that it will reconcile and get under control the revolutionary forces now contending against it; that it will adapt itself to, and thrive alongside, the new collectivist forms, which, instead of submerging, will float the present state over the sandbars of industrial stagnation and the reefs of social discontent. The revisionists ignore the ultimate object—the overthrow of capitalism

—as too vague, remote and problematic. Capitalism is here to stay for all practical purposes and Socialism must adapt itself to the inevitable. The discussion of the overthrow of capitalism the revisionist scouts as vain and idle. Instead he invites a discussion of the reformatory mission of the Socialist movement within the capitalist state. The revisionist urges the Socialist movement to abandon its hostile, negative attitude toward the capitalist state, which, he hopes, in its turn, can be induced to offer a favorable sphere wherein the revisionist may fulfill his mission. The course of the revolutionary Socialist is that of the immortal Ten Thousand marching to the sea. While the revisionists make terms with the barbarians and marry their women.

The German Socialist Congress has not settled the issue. It has, however, done some good. It has relieved the tension among the German Socialists. The revisionists were always successful in raising a clamor altogether out of proportion to their numbers. The revolutionists began to feel somewhat panicky. Comrades eyed one another, suspecting in each phrase the taint of revisionism. The Congress lined up the two sides and it was revealed how utterly insignificant in numbers revisionism was.

On the other hand, neither the volcanic eloquence of Bebel nor the cool disquisition of Vollmar have contributed toward settling the issue. Bebel thundered. Revisionists scampered to cover, even the dignified Vollmar protesting "It is not me." The Congress adjourned, but each side left the hall determined to fight. This is as it should be. The issue must be fought out in actual every day life—in every shop, in every house.

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What is the psychological atmosphere of the Socialist movement? The answer is—boundless optimism. When we enter thoroughly into the intensely animated, vibrant life of the Socialist movement, we feel that composite exhilaration which Fourier intended to become the motive passion of his Utopia. The burning conviction that the world, the universe, known or unknown, cannot contain a cause more rational and just than ours is; the consciousness of fellowship with men whose thoughts pulsate in rhythm with your thoughts; the exhilaration of a struggle with an enemy, strong, desperate and tenacious, with the odds, however, not all against you,—all this creates an atmosphere of hopefulness. And we enter joyfully into the struggle; and we fight battles which the Homeric gods and heroes might have envied.



Caricatures of Bebel and Vollmar at the German Socialist Congress

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However we have our moments of gray and blue.

In the seclusion of our studies, as we turn the pages of history wherein stand recorded the noble aspirations of past generations; the ideals they have cherished and fought for; there, outside of the din and clamor of the world-arena, ghostly legions of the events of the past come trooping past our mental vision. Then our fires are quenched; our Utopias lie in the dust.

Then it appears to us that no great, liberating movement—that ever heralded a grander future—deeds of lasting benefit to mankind, has ever achieved what it had set out to achieve. New ideals were pursued and fought for; sacrifices were brought; victories were gained and new worlds proclaimed. But after the triumphs were celebrated, the victors were crowned and the people returned to their daily tasks to enjoy peacefully the fruits of their victory, what have they found then? They found that the new world was like the old world in many things, and it was always like the old world in everything for the change, the abolition of which the new ideals were cherished and fought for; victories were gained and the victors were crowned. Nay, not always like the old world. In things for which the old world was damned and destroyed, the new world was often worse, never better. How has this come about? You may break your own head about it. When you get tired, I advise you to disagree with me. This will relieve you immediately.

I will, however, give instances familiar to all. Take the trade union movement of England—the cradle and home of all great movements. What boundless expectations have its first exponents cherished of it. The humblest toiler was to be secured a decent, manly life. It had its martyrs and its prophets. The poverty of the poor, the wretchedness of the wretched were brought forth to public view. And this poverty and wretchedness commanded the attention. There was a great commotion started about it which continues till now. The trade union movement of England reached and passed its climax. It has worked lasting benefit to the organized members of organized trades. But they are only the smaller part of the working people. What about the other, the greater part? Of them the prophecies of trade union prophets were not fulfilled. Still deeper, ever deeper, they sank. The social state of these toilers is incomparably worse than it ever was before. Compare old England and England of to-day. History has no record of human existences so utterly wretched as the existences in the part of London described by Jack London as the City of Degradation.\* These existences are not human; they are not brutish—lower, far lower than beastly. To be born in a filthy, dark corner; to crawl and wallow in filth; to grow under a murky sky and blighted sun,—why should not the existence of the humblest insect of the field be preferable? Where misery and hunger—not brutish, fighting-mad—but bloodless, nerveless, hopeless famine—stare every one in the face—why should not the meanest brute be envied by these men? Talk of progress made, of amelioration of the condition of the toiler is damnable hypocrisy in the presence of the City of Degradation. Were I an inhabitant of this city, I would consider it a glorious death to die on the gallows for killing a . . . capitalist? No, I would modestly content myself with some “practical” whom I would have found prating of “evolution” and “amelioration. The “practical” forgets what Spencer insists upon that evolution does not always mean progress. The present economic conditions of the mass of English toilers are immeasurably worse than they ever were.

Says the “Worker” of October 4, 1903:

“The British government has appointed a commission to inquire into the alleged physical deterioration of the “lower

\*The People of the Abyss, by Jack London: The Macmillan Co., 1903

classes” in the United Kingdom. Almeric W. Fitzroy, clerk of the Privy Council, is the chairman. He is assisted by the former head of the army gymnastic school, the inspector of reformatories, the chief of the navy recruiting service, statisticians and others.

“The appointment of the commission was the outcome of a debate in the House of Lords, July 16, during which Lord Meath and the Bishop of Ripon drew attention to the terrible conditions prevailing among the poorer classes. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council, then admitted that Great Britain’s military and industrial outlook was seriously threatened and promised an inquiry into the matter.

“The subject was also brought up in the House of Commons by Sir William R. Anson, parliamentary secretary to the Board of Education, who declared 60,000 children now attending London schools were physically unfit for instruction.

The Director General of the Army Medical Service reports that one man in every three offered as recruits had to be rejected. The appointment of the commission is hailed with approval. The “Daily Chronicle” says:

“If the people as a whole are deteriorating we must change our ways or give up the national struggle as a mistake. The creation and preservation of a fine stock of mankind is the first, perhaps the only, reason for national existence, and if the mass of the people are going downhill in physique we may be quite sure it is going downhill in character and intellect as well.”

It is fashion now to revise Marx. Every unripe pumpkin of a Socialist scribbler is ready to rough and tumble for points with old Marx. We may yet learn that we were too hasty in tampering with the famous passages in the Communist Manifesto. We may yet learn to go slow in rejecting stones laid by the great builder. The trade unions have done some good to a section of the working class, but they have done nothing to better the condition of the poor and very poor toiler. The co-operative movement has done still less. The very social force that aided one part of the working class to rise higher, these very social forces held the mass of poor, unorganized, unchampioned toilers down, down in the abyss. What of this great toiling mass of wretchedly poor? Who is to champion their cause? The trade union movement was not for them. The co-operatives helped them not. Their own strong men step over their shoulders to a higher plane of labor. They are left voiceless. What of them? And what of the Socialist movement? Will its light penetrate into the abyss? Will it finally redeem the City of Degradation?

This is the issue.

Shall relentless war against the capitalist state be waged with the inspired ferocity of the Norse heroes warring against the monsters of the frozen North? Shall revolutionary Social-



AUGUST BEBEL

Ki-deradatsch (Berlin)

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ism strike, strike at the foundations of capitalism; strike, not with the sweetened phrase of common brotherhood and fatherhood, but strike with the heaven born hatred of this vast ocean of human misery and degradation; strike until, if necessary, the abyss is buried under its own ruins; strike until, if necessary, streams of blood wash out the last vestige of degradation; strike not with absolute certainty, but for a chance of redeeming the abyss?

Or shall we skillfully steer the Socialist movement past all danger of rocks, true; past all danger of foundering, true; but also past all chance of fulfilling the greatest hope that visited the breast of man—redeeming the toiler of the abyss.

This is the issue.

Is Socialism the avenging and redeeming spirit of all times and generations, who is to hold final, merciless judgment over all wrongdoing? Or is it a petulant maid, angry with the bad man—capitalism, but whom to coax capitalism need not even devise new ways?

Is Socialism destined, after uttering many fiery words, after writing many solemn pages, to reach its climax and pass

away, leaving behind the dark, voiceless abyss, unlighted, unredeemed?

This is the issue.

The revisionists want us to confine our activity to tinkering with the evils of capitalism. Tinkering will not improve the lot of the toiler, but make it worse. Only by facing capitalism with a grim determination to shatter it at the first chance, only by being firmly minded to create this chance for ourselves, can we hope to accomplish this vast, world-wide task.

Talk of accomplishing this task peaceably is self deception, which may be fatal. To be sure, we would much like to accomplish it peaceably. But we cannot do it. It depends not on us. Peace means complete surrender. If we do not want to surrender, we must be ready to use force, violence, whenever we have a chance of victory. There can be only two attitudes—revolutionary Socialism or capitalism. Revisionism is a misnomer.

This is the issue.

## The Kidnappers

By Caroline Pemberton

### PART II.



He did not need the combined feminine logic of all the matrons and grandmothers and maiden aunts of the "Model Tenement Building" to induce Gabriel to "let the baby stay." He had previously committed himself forever to the threat that another baby would be thrown out of the window if "those people" dared bring it to his door.

Consequently he had to put up with a deal of superfluous advice and coaxing, all directed at his supposedly hard heart. He was told at least twice a day how important it was for Myra to have a baby to love; and every one who called rubbed into him the fact of the baby's extraordinary resemblance to himself. It was fast losing that wizened-up appearance, and in a month's time was pronounced the handsomest baby in the building.

By the end of the second month, Gabriel loved the little Jacob exactly as he would have loved his own child. When the little arms were stretched out to him as he entered the doorway, he felt the little fingers gripping his heart-strings. When the baby smiled at him, Gabriel realized such a sense of comradeship and sympathy, that the cold world for the moment, lost its power to chill and numb him. It was indeed a most wonderful smile that little Jacob gave him—so knowing, so quaintly, comically wise, as if the little philosopher knew what a grand humbug the world was, and was letting Gabriel into the secret.

"We, too, measure things by our own standard"; little Jacob seemed to say—"and we are amused by all this sham and hollowness—we two comrades—we are so amused!"

The agent called every now and then to inspect the founding and expressed entire satisfaction with its progress.

"I was afeard she was goin' to take Jacob from us, that last time she called," said Myra, "but she didn't say a word about it."

"Just let her try! You give her to understand that this baby belongs to us, next time she comes round. Say we want to keep it as our own—she don't need to go no further with it—and fare worse!"

Myra timidly made the request. They would like to keep the baby as their own, she told the agent, and they would do for it just as they would for their own, "just the same exactly."

The agent looked around the bare, poverty-stricken room.

"We don't give the babies to people who live in this part of the city," she observed calmly. "It's against the rule. I shall have to take Jacob to a farmer's family that I know of before the hot weather begins,—but you can keep him a couple of weeks longer."

My husband would like to adopt him,—and I too—I can't part with him! Why do you want to take him from us?"

"The committee wishes to get Jacob off the boarding list—they've been paying for him so long because he's been such a sickly little fellow."

"We will keep him for nothing—we do not want the money," said Myra proudly.

What did her husband make a week? Myra explained eagerly. Just now, he was making only six dollars, but when his eyes got better he would go back to his trade and then he could make seven and eight dollars a week often, when the work was good and plentiful. But just now, it was a dull season.

"I'll send you word what the committee says about it," replied the agent. "I'll bring it up at the next meeting."

A week later they heard from her. The committee had decided against them. The baby must go to the country for the summer and a childless farmer's family would probably adopt it. She would call in a few days for Jacob, "and please to have all his clothes ready."

Myra sat pale and tearless. Gabriel took the child from her and held it in his lap. He caressed the little brown curly head with his fingers and the little fellow laid his cheek on Gabriel's breast. "Pa-pa!" he gurgled, and smiled his odd worldly-wise little smile.

The tears slowly welled into Gabriel's eyes, and one rolled down his nose on to the baby's head.

"We are too poor, they think, Myra. We're too poor to bring up this little baby! What would they do if he was really our own,—would they give us a fortune, so we could bring him up right? Or do they send the police to take poor folks' children from them?"

Myra shook her head.

"Why can't we keep him just as if he was our own? Haven't we done everything right by him so far? What hold have those rich ladies got on him anyway? None of them brought him into this world, I guess! They ain't mothered him and nursed him day an' night, Myra. It was you an' me done that. We've been father an' mother to him in real earnest, an' if anybody's got a hold an' a claim on him, we have!"

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"We've been takin' their money for him,—he's just been a-boardin' with us," murmured the wife in a choked voice.

"I'll pay it back, week by week! I wish I'd never seen a cent of that dollar an' a half a week! If it hadn't a-been for my eyes bein' so bad just now, I could easy pay it back in no time!"

"Oh, Gabriel! Would that make any difference?"

"I know a man that knows a judge, Myra—he does odd jobs for him now and then. I'll get him to ask the judge if our boy can be took from us this way, just because o' that dollar and a half a week!"

Myra's face brightened. "You go ask him right off, Gabriel! Ask if we can't pay the money back little by little. Oh, I wish we'd never seen the color o' their money! This is what we get for takin' pay for bein' good to a poor little orphan baby!"

"It wasn't much we took, Myra. It didn't half pay for what we spent on him."

"You tell the man to tell the judge that!" cried Myra, eagerly.

"I'll go hunt him up now an' see what he can do," shouted Gabriel, rising and handing the baby to his wife. "We might as well know the worst at once."

The advice of the Judge was that Gabriel and his wife should offer to pay back all they had received from the society. Further than this, he refused to commit himself. They made the offer in writing, and received a reply that it could not be considered. The agent would call the next day for the baby.

"Let her call," said Gabriel, savagely. "She can come and—look for us."

"What are you going to do?" asked the wife trembling.

"We'll move to-night. Get your things ready, Myra. I'm going out to look for a room—and a wagon to move our things. I'll let those people know who owns this baby—an' a Jew baby, too! They want him brought up a Christian, I guess! Well, he can be Christian or Jew, as he pleases, when he gets old enough to think, but if he takes after me, he'll let priests an' rabbis alone. Make haste, Myra—get some of the neighbors in to help, but don't you tell 'em where we're goin'."

"How can I tell them when we don't know ourselves? Oh, Gabriel—it's awful to move in the night like this!"

"You say the word an' we wont—go an' give up our baby to-morrow!" Gabriel stood grim and stern in the doorway, his arms folded. He was a little round-shouldered, sallow-faced, black-haired man, but he looked just now to Myra like a fierce war-god—an avenging fate.

"We'll go—we'll go! Hurry an' find the room!" screamed the wife. She hugged the baby to her breast and kissed it passionately. Gabriel stepped forward and kissed the sleeping infant on its forehead.

"He's our own now—for better, for worse," he muttered, and slunk out of the room on tip-toe.

### III.

A year and three months passed by. In a wretched, ill-ventilated room in a cheap, dirty lodging house, sat Myra Goldstein by the side of a narrow cot, watching an emaciated child panting for breath between violent paroxysms of whooping cough. Gabriel and his little family had concealed themselves without difficulty in the depths of the city's slum-life. Their months of terror lest they would be discovered had been a needless agony. Such obscure, humble folk are easily lost from the pursuit of their superiors, and the Foundling Society had not pursued them with any vigor. The police could have found them had they been criminals, but the honest, suffering poor are not on the records of police courts.

Life had now evolved for this sad-eyed, weary couple—

whose hearts were so much too big for their pockets—a new agony. Month by month, they saw their precious charge weakening. It was the baby's second summer in the slums, and early in the spring he had caught whooping cough from a neighbor's child in the same dwelling. There were ailing and ill children all around them. Many infants in that narrow street had died lately, and others were slowly wasting away. Little Jacob was one of the wasting kind. His face was drawn and pinched, and his wonderful little smile came very seldom, and was so pitiful when it did come, that Myra said she would rather see him cry than try to smile at his father. The couple had almost forgotten that he was not their own child. They had forgotten to worry about the Foundling Society—they had so many other worries, and such a terrible, stabbing pain in their hearts when they looked at the child they had chosen to bring up as "their own."

To make matters worse, Gabriel had been on a strike with his fellows for eight weeks, and the small pittance he drew from the union barely sufficed to keep body and soul together. They were back in their rent; they owed money in all directions; they could no longer pay a doctor to attend the child, and were forced to apply to the City Dispensary and to submit to being cataloged, ticketed and visited as paupers. Many times had Myra carried the child to the Dispensary office, and spent weary hours waiting her turn on a crowded bench with other unfortunates.

It was Monday morning, and she had just sent Gabriel to the Dispensary to have a medicine bottle refilled, and to appeal again to the doctor to "do something" for the suffering child. She thought him too ill to be carried so far and hoped the doctor would come to see him.

The door opened softly as Myra waved her hand slowly over the child's face to keep the flies away.

She turned her head and held out her hand for the medicine, motioning to Gabriel to keep quiet as the little fellow seemed to be sleeping. Gabriel drew her away to the other side of the room—and whispered to her hoarsely:—

"He says it ain't worth while for him to call. There's nothing he can do, except give this medicine. He says the child wants fresh air. He says he'd get well in the country quick enough. He says that's where we ought to take him—right away! The country or the seashore—but the country's best."

They looked with strained eyes at each other.

"Where—where is the country?" asked Myra faintly. Gabriel waved his hand.

"Outside the city—away off—in the steam cars. He says we might try taking him in a trolley car as far as it goes."

"Ain't we done that lots o' times? It's done no good. All them doctors say the same thing—always the country, or the seashore!"

"They know, Myra. It's where the rich folks takes their young ones, and I guess they come home as fat as pigs—ain't you seen them often enough on the fine streets up-town?" Myra nodded dejectedly. The sick child stirred and coughed. He coughed again and again more violently. Myra flew to his side and raised his head. Gabriel poured out the medicine and put it to his lips, but the poor little fellow could not swallow until the paroxysm was over. Finally he sank back with a moan and lay still with his eyes half closed—a deathly pallor on his face.

"I can't stand by and see him suffer like this—I can't stand it, I say!" Gabriel clutched his hair, and sat down on the bed with a heavy groan. "We must do something—get him to the country, somehow!"

"Oh, Gabriel!"

"What about that there 'Country Week'?"

"They won't take a child with whooping cough—I told you that—I've been there."

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"If we hadn't a stole him from that society that brought him to us, he'd a-been in the country all along and never got whooping cough or nothin'."

"There ain't no use thinkin' o' that," said Myra dreamily.

"I thought"—Gabriel gulped down a dry sob—"I thought I could a-raised him as well as anybody, Myra."

"That's what we thought—like he was our own child! That's how we done for him like he was our own child! We couldn't a-done no better!" She put her apron to her mouth and bit into it to keep back the tears.

"We couldn't a-done no worse!" cried Gabriel fiercely. "Like he was our own child! We'd no right to have children! We poor people have no right to bring children into this cruel world, Myra! Look how they sicken and die all around us!"

"It's the hot summer," murmured Myra, listlessly. She threw down her apron.

It ain't hot at the seashore or on them mountain tops, or in the country! It's only where we live that the young ones die, like flies, Myra—they dies like flies, all the summer long!"

"We can't help it, Gabriel—we that was born poor has to stay poor."

"I won't be the curse o' this child any longer, Myra. Let's give him back to that there society—an' give him a chance for his life! They can't do nothin' worse to us than send us to prison! What do you say, Myra?"

His wife began to cry piteously. Little Jacob began to cough again, but they managed to get down a dose of the medicine before the paroxysm reached its worst stage.

Gabriel bent over the cot and gently lifted the frail little form—all wet with perspiration and trembling from weakness, in his arms. "Get his cloak," he whispered—"an' come along."

Myra reached for her hat and the two set out in the blinding sunshine, through the ill-smelling streets and still fouler alleys, on toward the more respectable part of the town. Myra walked along like a dazed creature. When the child coughed Gabriel sat down hastily on a doorstep and administered the medicine. It was past twelve o'clock when they reached the cool, handsome business-like rooms of the Foundling Society—and its "Committee for Placing Motherless Infants in Families."

It just happened that a small remnant of the "Committee" was in session. The agent whom they knew failed to recognize them at first, and then treated them with icy severity. In her eyes, they were evidently base culprits—criminals. She asked Gabriel if he knew what punishment the law provided for kidnapers? Myra trembled, but Gabriel answered doggedly, "It ain't nothin' worse than what we've been through, I guess."

They had a long wait before the "Committee" was ready to see them. The ladies had ordered a light lunch to be served at the rooms so that they could finish up all the business of the month in one day, and as the matter of Gabriel Goldstein and the unfortunate little Jacob could only come up as "new business," it was after four in the afternoon before the unhappy couple and their suffering charge were admitted into the august presence of the "Committee."

It required only fifteen minutes to dispose of the case of little Jacob, and ten minutes of that time was spent in listening to the agent's recital of the facts and in getting those facts into the nebulous minds of the various members of the "Committee."

After she had repeatedly corrected their misapprehensions concerning the "case," they at last grasped the facts—and then were furiously angry. First, at the agent, for bringing the "case" before them, and secondly, at the "kidnapers," whom they now accused of wanting to "shirk their parental responsibilities." The child, they told Gabriel, was now "his own"; it was no part of the society's duty to relieve parents of their responsibilities." They declined to listen to



his plea for the child's health, and scornfully waved the forlorn foster parents from the room.

The agent followed and handed Gabriel the written address of the "Hebrew Charities" office. She passed a small silver coin into Myra's hand, her heart evidently touched by the misery of the unhappy couple.

On they went wearily to the office of the "Hebrew Charities," and reached it just as the Secretary was about to leave the building. On learning the facts of the "case," he shook his head. "No hospitals or institutions will receive a child with whooping cough, except the almshouse—or the small-pox hospital." Gabriel and Myra shrank away in horror. They turned homeward, sick at heart.

Myra bought a little milk with the money the agent had given her, and they sat down on the dusty steps of a handsome brownstone residence. It was closed and deserted for the summer, and so were all the houses on both sides of the street. Gabriel glanced up wistfully at the house on whose steps they were trespassing. A cool air seemed to come from its walls.

"The folks who live here is away off enjoyin' theirselves, Myra! Just look at all these big houses shut up for the summer—an' nobody in 'em! I bet it's cooler inside this house than it is on the street, Myra! We could creep in here easy an' live in one of these big fine rooms, an' nobody'd ever know it! Say, wouldn't you like to live here if you hadn't no other place to go?" He gave his wife a side-long, shame-faced glance; then he hung his head and laughed hoarsely.

"We ain't house breakers an' thieves yet," said Myra, wearily leaning her head against the balustrade.

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"We don't need to touch their things—just sleep on the floor, like we was campin' out like gypsies—an' me go in an' out to me work—when I git a job."

"Don't talk foolishness! We got a home of our own—such as it is."

"That's what we ain't! Look here, Myra—I ain't showed you this yet." Gabriel heaved a heavy sigh and handed his wife a piece of folded paper. It was a "notice to quit" from their landlord. They must vacate at once. Myra gave a cry and clasped the sick child to her breast. She began to rock herself to and fro.

"What's to become of us! We've no home for the child any more! We'd better die—all of us!"

"That's what I'm thinkin'," said Gabriel, grimly.

"I'll jump in the river—me an' me boy!" she cried wildly.

"We'd better leave him on these steps an' go hang ourselves—or get drowned—then the charity folks will pick him up an' do for him, maybe!" He gave another harsh, sneering laugh.

His wife looked at him. She thought his eyes looked strangely.

"Take a drink o' milk, Gabriel," she urged. "There's more than enough here for Jacob." They both drank some milk from the jar, and gave the child what little he would take.

Soon afterward, overcome with heat and exhaustion, they fell into a heavy sleep, leaning against each other.

They were awakened by a policeman shaking them violently.

"Get up! You can't sleep here all night! Hain't you got no home?"

"Yes, O, yes—we have a home! We're just tired a-walkin'—" The passionate, proud secretiveness of the "industrious poor" (at once their empty "glory" and their constant undoing) rushed over Myra as she scrambled to her feet in shamed confusion.

It was quite dark. They stumbled forward, Gabriel carrying the child as before. They remarked to each other that the little boy had not coughed as much since he had been out in the air.

"We ain't got no home that belongs to us," said Gabriel, so we might as well keep on walkin' round." The air was scorching hot; the hot pavements burned their aching feet.

"Let's go near the river where it's cool, sighed the exhausted wife.

"All right! Let's go to the river—where it's cool! It's cooler still at the bottom!" cried Gabriel, laughing wildly.

"It's good to look at the water," sighed the wife again. "I want to look at the water—just to look at it."

"Let's look at the water—the water!"

They hurried on block after block. The child coughed terribly once or twice. They had left the medicine somewhere on their travels, and could not relieve his spasms.

"He won't need any more soon," muttered Gabriel.

They reached the pier and stood on the wharf looking down into the black water. Myra drew back. "I'm not afraid," she whispered, "but you shan't drown him, Gabriel—I'm goin' to lay him down on these boards—this way." She laid the child down on the boards. Gabriel stood looking moodily into the river.

The sound of footsteps made him turn his head. A stranger was drawing near, having abruptly turned the corner of a building on their right. He came forward quickly

—and stumbled over the form of the child. Myra screamed and ran to pick up the little boy.

"My child—my little Jacob!" she cried, and began to weep hysterically.

The stranger looked from one to the other.

"What does this mean? What are you doing here?" he asked.

Gabriel answered, "We ain't doin' nothin' but tryin' to dispose of ourselves an' our boy. We're poor folks an' we've the misfortune to have one child too many!" He gave a sardonic grin in the dim light.

"How many have you?" asked the stranger

"Just the one—that's too many for poor folks like us. We ain't no good when we quit work for a couple o' weeks—we can't do nothin' but starve! The river's the best place for the like of us!" Gabriel turned passionately away—and walked to the edge of the pier. The stranger walked after him.

"You come along with me," he said, quietly. "I've got some medicine that'll cure your ills—come with me, both of you! I'm going to make a speech two blocks up yonder, and you two can help make up an audience. Come on—and tell me what's the trouble."

They went along mechanically, and Myra related, somewhat incoherently, the whole story of the kidnapped darling. By the time she had finished, they had reached an open space where several boxes were placed together and a few men stood beside them. On one of these boxes Myra and Gabriel were seated, while the stranger mounted another.

Somebody began to beat a drum and in a short time, a small crowd surrounded the group.

The stranger began his speech. It was about Socialism—a word of but vague meaning to Gabriel. But as he listened, it seemed that he was being told facts he had always known—always!

But these facts over which he had so long pondered and grieved were now illumined with a deep, new meaning. They were so gloriously lighted up that the whole landscape of his life stood revealed before him—the dark and mournful past, the tragic present—and over yonder, behold! a beautiful future—a good brotherhood and peace and plenty to be striven for—all belonging to him and his fellows!

The tears started to his eyes. To work for this was better than drowning in the black river! Now he knew why he should live—he knew what life meant—what the toil of the wage-slave meant. He understood it all! It was exactly what he had always believed in his heart—that the rich lived off the workers—and robbed them of their product! He had always known it, but never could he have put the idea into words as did this stranger, nor could he have imagined the vista it opened.

Next, the stranger related the story of Gabriel and Myra, and the child they loved so dearly. It pointed the moral of his discourse and went to the hearts of the crowd.

"Let us take up a collection!" some one cried. The hat was passed round—Myra and Gabriel hanging their heads in mingled shame and joy.

"To send the little one to the country!" said the stranger, smiling, as he held out the hat to Gabriel. Myra started—she had also been absorbed in listening. She laid her hand on the child's head—it was damp and cold. She screamed and fell back half-fainting. Her little Jacob was dead.

The End.



## How I Became a Socialist

By Frank Sieverman



It is a simple story of disappointed aspiration and shattered ideals, followed later by revived hope and fixed confidence in the ultimate triumph of Labor over Capital.

At the age of twelve I enlisted in the army of wage workers by entering a shoe factory of my native city, Cincinnati, Ohio.

At seventeen I entered the Knights of Labor, and at twenty-one I took an active part in the councils of the Local Assemblies of the Knights of Labor, which exercised jurisdiction over shoemaker affairs. For a number of years our organization grew apace and our efforts at increasing wages met with uniform success. In those days

not a man or woman was employed at the shoe trade in Cincinnati who was not a member of the K. of L., and wages were higher than they had ever been before or have ever been since. Owing to the strength of the organization rather liberal "shop rules" obtained, and to my untutored mind it was only necessary to maintain our Assemblies to guarantee to us a continuance of those satisfactory conditions. I was quite happy in the thought that we Cincinnati shoemakers had solved the vexed labor question by thoroughly organizing our forces, then compelling the bosses to do business with us on our own terms, and sincerely hoped that other shoe centers might go and do likewise.

In the year 1888 I was rudely awakened from my day dream. The bosses had "gotten together" and organized a Manufacturers' Association. We were locked out. It took just three months to shatter my beautiful ideals of permanently high wages and liberal shop regulations, for at the expiration of that time our Local Assemblies were but wrecks. The treacherous conduct of Powderly and other K. of L. leaders disheartened our members, our treasuries became depleted, and soon there was nothing left, of what a little while ago seemed to me an indestructible weapon

of offense and defense,—but a handful of unselfish workers against whom the bosses openly declared a blacklist.

I drifted to Rochester, N. Y., and in the year 1889, helped to build the International Shoe Workers Union, affiliated with the A. F. of L. Within a few months the shoemakers of my adopted home were enrolled in large numbers in this new union. Again I found myself actively identified with what seemed to be a powerful local organization of my craftsmen, this time working under the jurisdiction of the A. F. of L., one of whose cardinal principles was trade autonomy.

So here we had nothing to fear from treacherous leaders. We were the sole masters of our own affairs and as we were fairly successful in securing increases in pay, I was once more happy. I had attributed our failure in Cincinnati in a large measure to the unwarranted interference of the K. of L. General Executive Board. With this element eliminated I could see nothing but a promising future ahead for the International. During all this time I lived in ignorance of even the existence of Socialist philosophy and economics.

In May, 1890, our International Union declared on strike the P. Cox shoe factories at Rochester, and Fairport, N. Y. The battle raged for six months. The shoemakers of Rochester alone contributed \$48,000 to carry on the strike. One

whole season trade had been lost to the Cox concern. It was impossible for the firm to secure and retain sufficient help to carry on its business: before another season opened the firm would either settle with us or retire from business. Our members on strike were loyal to the last and those employed in the other 22 factories of Rochester responded nobly to our call for financial support. They cheerfully paid ten, fifteen and twenty per cent. of their wages to the strike fund. It was impossible to lose. We were on the eve of the new season's "run," and just when it seemed that victory was at hand, the bosses played their trump card. They also had secretly "gotten together," organized a Manufacturers' Association, and on December 5, 1890, declared a general lock-out, with the evident purpose of cutting off the source of supply which was maintaining the strike.

Simultaneous with the lock-out a writ of injunction was issued against fifty men and women, comprising every officer and every leading member of the International, restraining them from interfering with the business of P. Cox in any way whatsoever. At the same time those of our members who owned homes, were sued for \$50,000 damages alleged to

have been sustained by the Cox concern because of the strike.

Immense mass meetings were held at which the greatest enthusiasm for the welfare of our union was manifested. But soon all available funds were gone, some considerable part of it being eaten up in defending what we thought were our rights in courts of law. At the expiration of two months what at one time looked like cocksure victory for our forces was converted into dismal and disastrous defeat: for men cannot live upon enthusiasm for any cause. Good resolutions and firm and loyal convictions fill no stomachs, clothe



FRANK SIEVERMAN

## THE COMRADE.

no backs and pay no house rents. So just as in Cincinnati, at an earlier time, our members fought bravely and valiantly, and, when the limit of endurance had been reached, labor had to confess itself defeated.

Thus within the narrow compass of two years I had been actively engaged in two severe conflicts between the forces of Labor on one side and Capital on the other, both of which resulted in the utter rout of Labor.

At the same time that the Cox strike was on the clothing workers of Rochester were at war with their employers, and coincident with the injunction issued against us there were similar legal proceedings brought against the leaders of the Clothing Workers' Union. One of their number was arrested and tried before Judge Rumsey on the charge of conspiring with others to destroy the business of Rochester clothing manufacturers. The learned judge handed down a decision that trade is property in a legal sense, and that any attempt to destroy trade was an attack upon property, just as much as if the property was in concrete tangible form. Boycotting was declared a criminal offense and the clothing workers in question were promptly sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

Here, then, was the situation as I, an enthusiastic trade unionist saw it: Two strong labor organizations wiped out in the twinkling of an eye by the simple process of the bosses combining and starving the workers into submission. Two judicial decisions, one paralyzing any attempt to peacefully persuade non-strikers to join us, or in any other way carry on the strike, and the other actually putting in stripes and behind prison bars an officer of the union who had through the boycott sought to destroy the trade, i. e., the property, of scab bosses.

Is it any wonder that my mind was in a chaotic state? Where to begin and start over again? And how and to what purpose seemed to me perplexing questions indeed. Pessimism reigned supreme, although I at no time entertained the thought of "laying down" to the bosses, but what to do—that was the question.

At this critical moment an unknown friend handed me a copy of the "Communist Manifesto," and a Socialist "platform." I eagerly devoured their contents, secured more and other pamphlets treating of Socialism; attended meetings of a handful of German Socialists who at that time—1891—constituted the local movement, and before long I saw that the

power of Capital and Labor was twofold, first, the ownership of all the essential means of life, and second, the ownership of every branch of government which existed by virtue of workingmen's votes. I clearly saw the nature and character of the "irrepressible conflict" that was raging between the two classes in society, and that conquest of the power of government with a view of taking possession of all the necessary implements of labor, was the only way to end the conflict and place Labor in possession of its own. In April, 1891, I joined the Socialist Labor Party and continued a member till the Social Democratic Party of New York was formed, when I left the old party to join the new.

During all the years of my experience in the labor movement I have never wavered in my devotion to the trades union cause. I realize as much to-day as ever that an organization to promote the welfare of the workers in the economic field is absolutely necessary. Not to belong to the union of one's craft is to lay oneself open to all the vicious attacks peculiar to the employing class. It approaches abject, willing slavery not to join in an organized effort to wring from the capitalist class any and every advantage obtainable. But thanks to the strong and penetrating light that Socialist philosophy throws upon the real relations that exist between the employing and employed class—that of uncompromising antagonism—I am able to see that a further and more important work lies at hand. Our efforts in the economic field must be backed up by the intelligent use of the ballot in the political field, wielded in the interest of our own class. It is because I realize this that I cannot agree that a wage worker discharges his full duty to himself and his class when he joins the trade union. To round out his work on behalf of himself and his class so as to entitle him to the distinction of being a well drilled, well disciplined and effective soldier in the army of the workers fighting for the emancipation of his class from the horrors of wage slavery, he must enlist with the great Socialist army of the world.

Bumping my befuddled head against judicial restraining orders in 1890, and my empty stomach against the combined bosses lockout ultimatums in the same year, and at an earlier date, followed by strong rays of light shed by the sun of Socialist economics, are the main contributing causes and constitute the best explanation I can offer of "How I became a Socialist."



## The Battle Cry

By W. L. Benesi



LOSE the ranks! Ho, fellow toilers,  
See! the foe is drawing near—  
The fell army of despoilers  
Seeking courage in their fear.

Arm'd with falsehood and confusion,  
See them bungle, hear them howl,  
Blind with rage and vain delusion,  
But with purpose drear and foul.

Close the ranks and lift the banner—  
Let it wave against the sky;  
Meet the foe in valiant manner,  
Let them hear our battle cry!

See! 'Tis trac'd in glowing letters—  
Liberty's divine refrain:  
"Ye can only lose your fetters,  
But ye have a world to gain."

Close the ranks, O, fellow toilers,  
Let each one be brave and true.  
Let us outvote our despoilers;  
We are many—They are few.

And let Liberty decide  
Let us face this army of error,  
Who shall win! We fear no terror,  
For the Truth is on our side.

## Hospitality

By Lucien V. Rule



**R** aged beggar at a rich man's door,  
 Summoned the needed nerve to knock and say:  
 "A crust and water, sir, I humbly pray.  
 Sultry the morn, and miles, how many more!  
 Here let me rest, for I am wearied, sore."  
 "Begone, you beast! No ragamuffin may  
 Hang 'round my house. I entertain to-day!"  
 The rich man cried with an angry roar.

Only a Lazarus at the palace gate;  
 Fair fortune and the spectre of ill fate;  
 Dives the lordly and a dog-licked fool!  
 But wait a little; time will equalize.  
 One shall inherit love's pure paradise,  
 The other hatred's hell no man may cool.

The aged wanderer from the dusty road  
 Besought assistance at a little farm,  
 Whose shady shelter could all sorrow charm,  
 And make the heavy heart forget its load.  
 That lovely home was blessed love's abode,  
 And there the traveler ventured not in vain.  
 Water to wash away the sweat and stain—  
 The welcome of the noble orient code—  
 And then a seat about the family board,  
 The place of honor at the father's right.  
 His tramp apparel lost the while to sight;  
 The sentiment of manhood full restored;  
 The smile of mother making sweet the meal;  
 And, ah, what memories o'er the wanderer steal!



THE AGED BEGGAR

(Photo from Life)

## Reminiscences of Myron W. Reed

By Eugene V. Debs



**W**HO that ever looked into his kindly eyes and  
 felt the touch of his honest hand does not  
 remember him with mingled joy and  
 sorrow?

Myron Reed was indeed a man!

His love was boundless as all space, and  
 his sympathy as tender and profound as  
 that of the man of Galilee.

And his noble courage in defense of the weak blossomed  
 into glorious heroism.

He despised sham, scored hypocrisy, ridiculed ceremony,  
 laughed at what the dudes and dunces of society call "good  
 form," trampled rough-shod upon conventionality, wore a  
 slouch hat and gloried always in his natural self.

Many times he shocked the prudes because he would not  
 pretend, dissimulate—because no matter who, or what, or  
 where, he would be no other than just Myron Reed.

He had all the imperfections of a perfect man.

All who ever knew him loved him.

He was hated only by the ones so mean that they are pun-  
 ished with distorted vision that mistakes a man for a monster  
 and a monster for a man.

James Whitcomb Riley once said to me: "Myron Reed  
 is a real man—a brother to his fellow-man."

One Sunday morning the vast congregation at Broadway  
 Temple in Denver, where Mr. Reed preached, was startled  
 with the shortest, strangest and sweetest sermon on record.  
 The preacher was paler than usual, there were tears in his  
 eyes and his voice was tremulous with emotion.

"I can't speak to you to-day: the dog at our house is  
 dead."

That, in my judgment, was one of Myron Reed's greatest

sermons. There is more genuine religion in this utterance  
 than in all the cold creeds and heartless theology of the  
 world.

Reed's very soul was in his speech as he declared his kin-  
 ship with all breathing beings.

Walt Whitman, had he been present, would have under-  
 stood.

The great preacher's heart lay bare before his people.

God had let them see a man—then crowned that man with  
 immortality.

They who were too base to understand, and therefore  
 hated Myron Reed, wondered why so many men and women  
 and children loved him. How could any but the soulless  
 help but love this big and generous man, who sobbed with  
 aching heart because his faithful dog had died!

The most abandoned wretch was sure he had one friend  
 at least. He could appeal to Myron Reed and warm his  
 heart to life again.

A mutual friend at Denver once told me of an impecu-  
 nious fellow who was always borrowing and always broke.  
 One morning he dropped in to make the usual plea for a  
 loan. He was hard pressed and must have a five dollar  
 bill. But the story was stale and he was turned down and out.

Half an hour later Reed sauntered in. "Let me have five  
 dollars," said the preacher. The money was handed to him  
 and he walked out briskly and up the street. Around the  
 corner waited our impecunious friend and into his out-  
 stretched hand was pressed the borrowed bill.

During the strike of the Leadville miners in the winter  
 of '06, I arrived at Denver one Sunday morning, being met by  
 Edward Boyce, then President of the Western Federation of  
 Miners. We were to leave for Leadville that same night.

## THE COMRADE.

The Coronado mine had been attacked, a terrific battle followed and many were killed and wounded on both sides. Everybody was armed, and the feeling was intensely bitter against the strikers. The press was virulently denouncing organized labor in general and Boyce and myself in particular.

This was the state of affairs when I met Boyce in Denver, on the way to Leadville. Boyce suggested that we go to hear Myron Reed. I readily assented. The Broadway Theatre was crowded. Reed had resigned his pastorate and many of his people and a good many others followed him.

We had hardly entered when Mr. Reed arose and said: "I understand that Mr. Boyce and Mr. Debs are in the audience; will the gentlemen do me the honor to come forward and occupy seats on the platform?"

We were astounded, not dreaming that Mr. Reed knew that we were even in the city. The effect was startling. Most of the audience looked upon us as red-handed murderers and the announcement fairly stunned them. Mr. Reed hardly allowed them time to recover their breath. He introduced each of us to the audience as his personal and honored friend.

That was Myron Reed! I can see him yet, calm, serene, quietly exultant over one of his peculiar triumphs.

It was during the strike of the miners at Cripple Creek that Myron Reed displayed his Spartan heroism and proved for the thousandth time his devotion to the working class and his implacable hostility to their oppressors. At this time he was still preaching to the largest church congregation in Denver and the elite of the city were well represented in his pews. They were attracted by the picturesque and brilliant preacher who spoke in a succession of electric flashes; whose epigrams blazed and sparkled with the living fire from his own genius.

Aesop taught in fables, Christ in parables, and Reed in epigrams.

Reed was at the very height of his popularity and power when the supreme test came.

The state was being shaken to its foundations by the strike and revolt of the miners. The mining corporations had a horde of armed deputies in the field. The miners were besieged at Bull Hill. The state was on the brink of revolution, and the plutocrats were demanding the most despotic and repressive measures to crush out the rebellion.

Governor Waite was appealed to, but refused to allow the militia to be used as corporation hirelings and was threatened with impeachment.

Let it be here noted that Governor Waite stands solitary and alone as the only governor that ever used the military arm of the state government to protect the working class.

This was his martyrdom. For steadfastly serving labor he was crucified—by labor.

It was in this crisis that Myron Reed expanded to heroic proportions. He had the ear and the heart of the people. Like a flash of lightning from a clear sky his famous epigram burst from his soul. It was a thunderbolt hurled by Jove himself—

"My heart is on Bull Hill!"

The fashionable congregation were horrified—the plutocracy for the moment were paralyzed.

The fate of the fearless preacher was sealed. Henceforth he was a demagogue, an arch-enemy of law and order, and he must drain to the last drop the bitter cup of persecution and exile.

Almost the last time I called on him, he said: "Debs, our friend Bellamy is here trying to recover his lost health. We must call on him and cheer him up and see what we can do for him."

The next morning we had our visit with the author of "Looking Backward," and "Equality." The finger of death had already traced his claim in his pallid features. Edward Bellamy, great soul, was marked for the tomb.

"Perhaps," suggested Bellamy, "I'd better go South."

"I wouldn't," answered Reed, "there isn't a heretic in the whole South."

As we withdrew Mr. Reed turned to me and in a voice full of sadness said: "Poor fellow, he is hoping in vain; he'll soon be at rest."

As he said this and I looked into his own wasted features I said to myself: "Alas, dear brother, and so will you."

Bellamy soon afterward entered the shadowy vale and Reed was not long in following him.

The recent visit of the delegates of the American Labor Union and the Western Federation of Miners to the tomb of Myron Reed, and the touching tribute paid to his memory by Edward Boyce, were fitting testimonials of Labor's gratitude and love.

The miners and their wives and children were loyal to him living and will venerate his memory through all coming years. Many others honored his high courage and stood nobly by him to the end.

When he fell asleep thousands wept as they built monuments of flowers above his dust.

He was a union soldier in the civil war, and a civil soldier in the union war. He was the tribune of the people, the friend of toil—a soldier, a Socialist and a man.

Myron Reed traced his name in deeds that live, and coming generations will add fresh lustre to his well-earned fame.



## The Sunset of My Years

By H. Ivan Swift



SOMETIMES when I'm a-settin' here a-waitin' for the night,  
An' the sun is stoopin' over low an' spreadin' of his light  
On the puddles in the road there; an' the reachin' shad-  
ders fold  
Down around the corn and poppies that is throwin' back  
the gold—  
Then I 'magine that a voice I know, is callin' home the  
steers  
From the woods along the gully;—and it sort o' starts the tears!

It was nip an' tuck with us awhile, a-tryin' to get along,  
And I calcalate it made the bonds a-tween us middlin' strong!  
Him an' me had pulled together—yes—fur more 'an forty years,  
An' reg'lar, most, as that old clock I'd heered him call the steers.  
Then, one evenin' while the shadders picked the gleanin's of the day,  
Alf, he heerd a voice a-callin', sort o' sweet, and went away!  
And I reckon that's the reason, in this sunset of my years,  
Why I wait for night to gather, and I can't keep back the tears.



## THE COMRADE.



### Editorial



**THAT** we are nearing the end of the cycle of our much vaunted "prosperity" seems to be generally conceded. All the indications point to the near approach of a period of prolonged and acute industrial and financial depression. During the coming winter, notwithstanding the fact that the most heroic measures will be taken to stave off the worst evils until the presidential election has taken place, there will in all probability be a very considerable reduction in the number of fully employed workers with the inevitable accompaniment of a general reduction in wages.

Perhaps the rulers of our industrial life, the uncrowned but surely sovereign lords of industry, will find their efforts to avert the impending crisis for so long prove abortive, in which case the political consequences may prove interesting. Whether the Democratic party can by any means brace itself for the issue and once more assume the reins of government is, for Socialists, quite a secondary matter. At least it is a small matter in its immediate consequences. To us it is a matter of complete indifference which of the parties is in power; upon the one issue which transcends all other issues they are not divided. Whether we have Roosevelt or Bryan, or Cleveland, in the White House will not matter to us as workers. That the rehabilitation of the Democratic party is undesirable from the point of view of the advance of the Socialist movement is true. But that is a

political, and not an industrial, consideration. Should the cycle of depression reach the panic stage before election time it will probably be more intense, and productive of greater hardship and more widespread misery, than either the crisis of 1873 or any of the crises which have succeeded it. That it may not come with the suddenness of former crises, but develop gradually, may be conceded to our "revisionist" friends without impairing the soundness of our contention. Time will prove how far, if at all, the trusts can determine the manner of its coming. The effect will not be materially different. That terrible word "overproduction," which is already being spoken means the same thing to the workers ultimately — hunger, unemployment and increased misery.

But will this cycle of depression bring with it the opportunities—and the dangers—of its predecessors? that is the question which Socialists will need to consider carefully. That is the event which every Socialist should prepare himself to meet. The panic of 1873 was only the beginning of a period of grave anxiety and intense poverty for the workers. For fully five years there was unprecedented destitution and the army of the unemployed was swollen to vast and dangerous proportions. Of the immense demonstrations, the excitement, and the many bloody conflicts with the police and military forces, during those trying years there is no need for us to enter into detail here. To many of our readers the memory of those years of trial and hardship is still fresh. Others can read the calm but still terrible account given in Morris Hillquit's "History of Socialism in the United States," of which a review is given elsewhere in this issue. In those trying times the Socialists were not strong enough to prevent the resort to planless revolt with its inevitable results. Shall we, now that we are stronger grown, be able to direct the indignation and the desperation of our class so as to avoid a recurrence of the mad resource to violence which the hunger-crazed "Blind Samsons" resorted to then? There is no greater danger than such a blind, brute revolt would be. The supremest service which the Socialist movement can render to the working class in such a crisis is to warn it against, and save it from, the folly and horrors of a premature and bootless appeal to violence and bloody rebellion. No greater disaster could befall labor than such a revolt. If labor is to be saved from the tragic slaughter at the shambles which such an effort must lead to it will be by the Socialists. The capitalists assuredly will not save it. Their's now is the force to crush such a rising, and it would suit them better, many times better, to have a chance to crush labor so, than to have

labor rise proudly and intelligently out of a political conquest holding all powers in its own strong grasp. And the "labor leaders" who are now crying out against the assumption of political independence by the workers will not, cannot, save them from the doom of such a mad revolt. They will cry out, doubtless, as earnestly as any against the very idea of an appeal to violence and blood, for they are not to be accused of any such unholy purpose as the willing and ruthless sacrifice of their followers. But they cannot prevent the desperate resort to the bullet of the worker as rebel, who have discouraged and held back the intelligent ballot of the worker as a citizen. No alternative for immature and violent rebellion other than the carefully matured and intelligent political revolution is possible.

There is another responsibility which any crisis of great magnitude must surely bring with it. Such times always bring with them the discontent which proves the most fruitful soil for the germination of our ideas. It has been so in other crises, it will be so again. In the eventful years between 1873 and 1878 the seeds sown in the weakness of an alien movement germinated and grew with remarkable rapidity as Comrade Hillquit's book, already referred to, abundantly shows. Had there been a strong, well organized and well equipped Socialist Party then the great accessions to our ranks during the storm-beat might have been retained in the succeeding calm. Above everything else it behooves us now to build up the Socialist Party (called Social Democratic Party in the States of New York and Wisconsin) in every possible way, not only to widen the movement by ceaseless propaganda but to direct it. The Socialist movement, we often hear, will always be bigger than any Socialist party. That is true! but it is also true that the Socialist movement will never be safe and secure without a strong, well disciplined Socialist party to guide it. No Socialist is doing full justice to the Socialist movement who remains outside of the Socialist Party. We have suffered, and are suffering to-day, because in the past we have not had an organization strong and brave enough to guide the movement and to safeguard it. But it is high time that we determined to leave no stone unturned to fit the Socialist Party for its great and responsible mission.

To build up our party organization in every town and hamlet is the most important work before us at this time. The best work for the Socialist movement which any of us can do is to add to the efficiency and strength of the Socialist Party. With a strong and virile Socialist party any industrial crisis, no matter how great, or what its form, must bring us nearer to our goal. S.

## A Man and a Book

By John Spargo



IN recent years no man has played a more important or more useful part in the American Socialist movement than Morris Hillquit, of New York, whose latest work in an entirely new field is not by any means the least important service which he has rendered to the cause of Socialism.

A neat, dapper man with keen, far-seeing eyes, his mental alertness equalled only by the refinement of his speech and movements, he at once impresses you as a man of unusual powers. Perhaps it was because of my having had some previous knowledge of the man and the part he had played in the internal affairs of the party that when, on the day after my arrival in this country, the good comrade who now serves with so much distinction as the National Secretary of the Socialist Party introduced me to him, I instinctively felt that I was in the presence of an unusually keen politician. And I suppose that it is as a keen politician that, outside of the circle of his immediate acquaintances, Hillquit is generally regarded throughout the movement. And sometimes to the term politician a sinister meaning is given.

That he is a politician, and a remarkably able one, it would be idle to deny. But no one who knows the man intimately will accuse him of any sinister motives. Morris Hillquit is above the reach of taunts of that kind. I know of very few men whose political efforts are more thoroughly sanctified by devotion to the cause, and an entire divorce from self interest than his.

Born at Riga, Russia, in 1870, Hillquit was educated at the gymnasium of that town. When he was but seventeen years of age he emigrated to this country. That was in the latter part of 1887, and before the end of the year he became a member of the Socialist Labor Party. For six months or so the young immigrant worked at a variety of occupations—"a dozen trades in six months," as he says—after which time he became a public school teacher in the evening schools. This occupation gave him time to study law, and in 1893 he was admitted to the New York bar.

Of his manifold party activities I need only make brief mention. At the famous Rochester convention in 1889 he played a prominent part and, together with Job Harriman and Max Hayes, represented the Rochester wing of the Socialist Labor Party in the first Unity Convention held at Indianapolis in March, 1900. His work in the subsequent negotiations and in the Unity convention held at Indianapolis in July, 1901, are too well known to need recounting here.

Such, briefly told, is the record of the man whose "History of Socialism in the United States" has just appeared bearing the imprint of a famous publishing house.

No more important work than this "History of Socialism in the United States" has ever emanated from the pen of an American Socialist. Every Socialist and every student of Socialism having need to study the development of the Socialist movement in America owes a big debt of gratitude to the author whose patient research, unflinching candor and fairness have resulted in this well-ordered and illuminating volume. For many years to come, I have not the slightest doubt, this will be regarded as the standard and authoritative work on the subject. The first published work of the writer, it gives him indisputable rank and authority.

The book naturally divides itself into two parts, the first dealing with early utopian Socialist theories and experiments and the second with the modern Socialist movement. Two principal reasons may be assigned for the fact that this country was chosen as the chief theatre of experiments by the majority of social innovators, sectarian and otherwise—an abundance of cheap lands and freedom from oppression and political disabilities. The great sectarian communities in particular were only possible under such conditions. Robert Owen, Charles Fourier and Etienne Cabet were doubtless moved by the same considerations to choose America as the land where their theories should be most fully tried. St. Simon alone of the great utopian Socialists seems to have forseen the futility of miniature experiments of this kind. To the student familiar with the work of Noyes, Nordhoff, Hinds, and others, there is little that is new in this part of Hillquit's work. The ground had already been pretty thoroughly worked. But



MORRIS HILLQUIT

there is this difference—Hillquit throughout deals with the various communities from the point of view of the modern Socialist philosophy with the result that his work surpasses that of any of his predecessors in critical insight and value.

There is little to connect the various sectarian communities, such as the Shakers, Separatists, Perfectionists, and the like, with the development of Socialism and it is an open question as to whether they can be properly included in a work of this kind. Our historian is under no misapprehension on this point and dismisses them all with very scant notice.

The Owenite and Fourierist periods are treated at greater length, as also are the Icarian communities. The lives of Owen, Fourier and Cabet, and the more notable of their as-

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sociates and followers, are sympathetically treated. Considering the fact that less than one hundred pages are devoted to these men and their theories, the author has achieved a remarkable success in combining critical insight with accuracy and comprehensiveness in this section of the book. One misses, and wonders at the omission, Considerant and his San Antonio experiment, the Reunion community. Associate of Fourier in the latter life-work, Considerant was in some respects an abler man and became the recognized leader of the Fourierist groups after the master's death. The fall of Reunion, and Considerant's return to France marked the close of Fourierism. But, notwithstanding this omission, and the all too scant treatment of Warren Chase, of Ceresco,—“the world's lone child”—whose life is far more interesting than his prosaic community, the chapter upon the Fourierist period is a notable and distinctive contribution to the literature of the subject. Much has been written about the great utopist and his fantastic theories, but, in the English language at any rate, there is nothing to equal what Hillquit has here written. His statement of Fourier's theories is absolutely fair and there is never the faintest suggestion of ridicule. Yet, in a few short paragraphs their inherent weaknesses are shown. Were it for this chapter alone the book would be entitled to rank as a most important contribution to the literature of an important subject.

Of almost equal value and interest is the chapter in which the author sums up the first part of his work and draws conclusions therefrom. Taking up the familiar question as to why the sectarian communities should have attained a larger measure of success than the non-religious communities, he sweeps aside the plausible explanations of Greeley, Noyes and others, that religion as such was the sustaining power of the former, and the equally plausible explanation of Nordhoff and some other writers that the religious communities had stronger leaders. “The Shakers hardly ever had a leader of any recognized universal authority since the days of Ann Lee, and still their prosperity continued unabated for almost a century after the death of the prophetess, while New Harmony was a crying failure, notwithstanding the leadership of a man of the intelligence and executive abilities of Robert Owen. Similarly, the Fourierist Phalanxes were very short-lived, although they were, in a majority of cases, religious; while the avowedly agnostic Icarians managed to maintain their existence during almost two generations.” The real reason is the more obvious one. The membership of the sectarian communities consisted mainly of German peasants, used to the tillage of the soil and simple living, while the members of the other communities, in most cases, consisted of “a heterogeneous crowd of idealists of all possible vocations, accustomed to a higher standard of life, and as a rule devoid of any knowledge of farming.” Not only so, but in the case of the sectarian communities their communism was accidental and always incidental to their main sectarian objective. And whenever it suited their material interests they dropped their communism. In most cases their material success was due to their departure from communism and their adoption of commercial methods.

To almost all previous workers in this field of Socialistic thought and literature it has seemed as if there was a definite and direct connection between this early utopian movement and modern Socialism. Upon this rock the non-Socialist writer, who is almost invariably a utopist, generally founders. And, indeed, as Hillquit is careful to point out, there do appear at times seeming evidences of such a direct connection. The Icarians, for example, in the fifties of the last century, maintained close relationship with Weitling's Working Men's League, and later on took an active part in the work of the International. As late as 1879 their organs were listed as official organs of the Socialist Labor Party. There are

other facts of a similar nature, but it can only be said of them that they form exceptions to the rule. It can safely be said that these early utopian experiments had little direct connection with, or influence on, the formation of the modern Socialist movement in this country.

In a careful and scholarly introduction to the second part of the book, the author makes perfectly plain the distinction between the scientific bases and methods of modern Socialism and its utopian forerunner. “The first beginnings of modern Socialism appeared on this continent before the close of the first half of the last century, but it took another half a century before the movement could be said to have become acclimatized on American soil.”

The Communist Manifesto of 1848, with its famous cry to the workers, as a class, to unite, was the birth-cry of modern Socialism. It was a clear departure from the old utopian idealism. Marx, who had become a Socialist through the St. Simonian agitation, had imbibed the new theories of evolution, and, with a glorious inspiration, saw in the idea of evolution the only abiding foundation for the world's oft-crushed and long deferred hope of industrial peace and social justice. But the Manifesto itself was the product of the unrest which for years had stirred Europe in general and the thirty odd separate units of what now is the German Empire, in particular. In the first half of the last century 3,000,000 Germans left the fatherland, many of them ultimately landing in this country. Among them were many political refugees who had taken part in the ill-fated revolutions of 1830 and 1848. And the general movement of revolt found varied expressions in this country. In the early thirties a movement was organized among them for the purpose of gathering all the political refugees and holding them in readiness to return to the fatherland for the next revolution. The German immigrants were among the very first to respond to the call of the Free Soil Party; they established Free Soil Clubs, and in 1846 published a magazine in the interests of that party. Co-operative associations, gymnastic unions and loose trade organizations were established, embracing thousands of Germans. To make a strong movement nothing was lacking save a leader, and such a man appeared in the person of Wilhelm Weitling, the famous “Communist Tailor.” Weitling, whose career is briefly sketched by our author, may be said to be “the connecting link between primitive and modern Socialism.” In the main a utopian, strongly tinged with St. Simonism, he nevertheless approached very nearly at times a recognition of the class struggle. Weitling was a strong apostle-like figure and the account given of his untiring efforts during the years of his activity fills one with admiration. His “General Working-Men's League” started well, but never attained any very great importance. It was Joseph Weydemeyer, a close personal friend of Marx and Engels who first began to instill into the League the principles of scientific Socialism, delivering many lectures in German and English before the members. F. A. Sorge, the veteran Socialist and friend of Marx, who still remains with us, does not attach very much importance to the work of the Turner societies and thinks their influence on the Socialist movement has been overrated. At any rate, after the civil war, they modified their position.

The civil war decimated the ranks of the incipient Socialist movement. In hearty sympathy with the abolition movement, the Socialists flocked to the war and the movement was thereby paralyzed. The history of Socialism in the United States during the period immediately following the war is so closely identified with that of the famous “International” that it is practically impossible to understand them apart. Of that great association, which flourished from 1864 to 1872, a most lucid, accurate and comprehensive account is given. The “International” attained a surprising popularity in a short time: and that popularity was its gravest

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peril. Reformers of all shades of opinion flocked to its ranks, each of them trying to utilize the organization for the propaganda of his or her peculiar ideas. Among the most picturesque and troublesome of these being my own antagonist of later years, Tennessee Claflin (now Lady Cook), and her sister, Victoria Woodhull. At this time, in view of certain manifest tendencies which confront us, a careful study of this part of this valuable work should be made by every active and sincere Socialist. The purely American counterpart of the "International" was the National Labor Union, of which, and of its chief spirit, the now almost forgotten William H. Sylvis, a careful account is given. Sylvis and the late Dr. Douai, well remembered by our New York comrades, are worthy of lasting and reverent remembrance. By rescuing the memory of Sylvis from oblivion the author has rendered a very real service to the student. But surely Ira Stewart was worthy of recognition in such a work as this, for he was the greatest intellectual force in the native labor movement of his time. The "International" died with the Philadelphia convention of 1876. Two years before, some dissatisfied ones had formed the Social Democratic Workingmen's Party of North America, which had absorbed most of the strength of the "International," but in the week following the last convention of the latter body there was established a new party, the Workingmen's Party of the United States. Eighteen months later the name was changed to Socialist Labor Party of the United States.

For more than twenty years the Socialist Labor Party was the dominant factor in the Socialist movement of this country. At first, and particularly to the non-Socialist and the ill-informed Socialist, all seems confusion and strife. Its many experiments and changes of policy led, naturally, to heated controversies. These at times were conducted with much bitterness and led to factions and splits which rent the party in twain. Therefore it is that to the non-Socialist student, and all too often to the Socialist himself, the men of the Socialist Labor Party appear as a set of querulous individuals who wasted their time in recriminations and accomplished little for the cause. Nothing could be more unjust than this, and Hillquit's work is a splendid vindication of as brave and devoted a body of men as ever undertook a great mission. In the face of obstacles which at times seemed to be insurmountable, they "evolved working methods of Socialist activity, and through their ceaseless agitation they prepared the ground for a genuine American movement of Socialism."

The Socialist Labor Party began under favorable auspices. It was a time of industrial depression and seething economic discontent. Strikes in all parts of the country were repressed with all the brutality of desperate capitalism, and the Socialists, who had taken no part in the instigation of the strikes, took advantage of the widespread unrest to propagate their theories. Between 1876 and 1877 no less than twenty-four papers, directly and indirectly supporting the party, were established, eight of these, one of them a daily, being in the English language. In the beginning of 1879 there were a hundred "sections" in twenty-five different States, with a total membership of about 10,000. But a period of prosperity following, the weakness of the new movement was revealed. Labor again went back to its fleshpots. The tour of the Socialist deputies, Fritzsche and

Viereck, helped to revive the movement to some extent, but it was only for a time. By 1881 the party was in a precarious condition. During the excitement of 1877-79, all had seemed rosy and fair. In Chicago three State Representatives, one State Senator, four aldermen and a councilman had been elected, Dr. Schmidt receiving over 12,000 votes for Mayor. In Cincinnati the party polled 9,000 in the fall elections of 1877, and in Cleveland, 3,000. In St. Louis the vote was 7,000, and five members of the school board and two aldermen were elected. The reaction was a terrible strain to the as yet inexperienced party. Added to this was the struggle from within against the anarchists. Of this struggle Hillquit writes with the definiteness of the scholar, who is not misled by the bombastic phrases of the anarchist cult. Its essentially reactionary character never escapes his keen intellectual vision. Anarchism is not a something "further on in the line of progress," but a foe to progress, which Socialism has successfully combatted. It is refreshing to turn from the maudlin cant of a great deal that appears on this question in our press to such an unequivocal statement of our position as Socialists toward the anarchist delusion.

The experiences of the Socialist Labor Party in its temporary alliances with the Greenback Party, various Union Labor parties, and the Henry George movement, are set forth with admirable clearness and sympathetic candor. There was no betrayal of principle in those alliances, they were earnest efforts on the part of a body of loyal comrades mainly foreigners to "Americanize" the movement they loved. They wanted to reach the American workingmen. But fusion only resulted in their principles being submerged. Fusion meant confusion. In 1888 the Socialist Labor Party in New York initiated the independent, uncompromising policy now adopted throughout the country.

Those later events which led to the disintegration of the Socialist Labor Party and the rise of the Socialist Party, are set forth frankly, but with no trace of malice or uncharitableness. The rise of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance with its fateful policy of antagonizing the trade unions and the struggle for supremacy by the contending factions are described without extenuation, or the merest scintilla of abuse or ridicule. When one remembers the prominent part played by the author in that struggle which brought forth the socialist Party, and his share in guiding the new movement through the early struggles which it had to face, it is impossible not to feel that in this tempered and scrupulously fair treatment of the question he has achieved a great moral success.

In this hasty account of the "History of Socialism in the United States," I have only been able to touch upon a few of what I conceive to be its principal merits. No review can do justice to a work of this kind, crammed as it is from cover to cover with important matter concisely put. In all its three hundred and fifty pages there is not a page that is dull, irrelevant or unimportant. It is the work of one of the ablest men, and certainly the best informed, in our ranks. No Socialist should be without a copy of the book, which, I believe and hope, is destined to exercise a splendid influence upon the Socialist movement in this country.

The mechanical details of the book are very satisfactory and typographical blemishes are few.

\*) "History of Socialism in the United States." By Morris Hillquit. 1903. New York: The Funk Wagnalls Company. Price \$1.50, by mail \$1.67. For sale by The Comrade.



## Sentinels of Injustice

By Peter E. Burrowes



SOCIETY is not preserved in the citadels, but at the outposts; not by his knowledge of the best things does man survive, but by his knowledge of the worst; and that is his best knowledge. What an ingenious perversity it is that takes man, the great brain possessor, by the nose and leads him around the universe to study the beauties of the grand whole before he has given the simplest thought to himself and his sordid society.

From the time his brain began to ferment he has been surrounded by charming professors, like the donkey boys of Alexandria, each one expatiating upon the merits of his own particular donkey, until the bewildered traveler decides for his own protection, to put himself on the ass of the burliest hustler, deeming it to be safer in the end to have fallen into the hands of one big robber than of many little ones.

Investigators of all sorts are ready to delight the unsophisticated mind with new studies; we are bewildered by the multiplication of subjects which people say we ought not to be ignorant of. We have entire departments of science in these grand days, almost as great in number as our great grandfathers had single facts, and what shall we do with all, we who have to labor? Verily, the leisure class has stolen a long, long march upon us; we hear them away off at the front talking as if they had reached the gates of the morning, while we know ourselves to be away back in the race, stumbling wearily through the night. What then, shall we do with our brains? Why, choose rationally our own subjects, as men of the night and the rare experience, and the nearest is the best. When labor makes a science of its near self, then the century will achieve something proportionate to its great scientific pretensions. The senses of injustice form the integument that holds human society together, this cuticle nerve system, ever warning us of our invaders and repelling our wrongs, holds the commonwealth from dissolution. By the constant activities of the sentinel virtues of resistance is shaped what may be called the grand formulae of public life, monarchies, republics, etc., and also that spiritual ensemble comes from them, the nation's sense of justice, such as it may be. They determine the path of our really organic history and give terms, and have given boundary to it all, in every age. The single lives which, for their own preservation, have become sensitive to wrongs inflicted upon them and resisted, are thus the true parents of right, for wrong goes always first, while right is the discovery of the race, the afterthought of those whom the world leaves behind to stumble through the night. Wrong always, has preceded right. It is from thence we graduate into justice; it is thus that capitalism is the school of Socialism. Around this fundamental point authoritarianism and democracy must contend. One imposing thou-shalt-nots from above, the other learning them below.

Those who find justice on the tops of mountains have imperiously disciplined the race with vetoes making law, their law, a matter to begin with. But justice is a matter to end with, it is a progressive experience; it never was until things happened. The thief made it necessary for defrauded men to discover honesty. Neither crown, tiara, nor ballots ever gave man the power of inventing any justice that was bigger than his own self interest, or that of his class, robbing or resisting robbery. The moral "I will" of a people has thus its fibre in the private life of every man. If I am wronged

and resisting, I am one of humanity's true priests. If I am wronged, and not resisting, I am not part of social life.

This is the great dividing line between authoritarianism and progressive mankind, between torism and democracy, between theology and evolution (when evolution is not used theologically), it is experience versus authority, therefore of science versus utopia.

The working truth of all this to-day is that the senses, or sentinels of injustice, the saving virtues of the wage slave class are the saviors of society;—the master class having no public sense of justice, nor any *saving* virtues, outside the banks; for it derives its moral experience and authority from the wrong end of the line; it imposes "Thou shalt nots" upon the people instead of receiving them from the people who resist.

After the comfort of the physical life has been secured there is a point near ahead, beyond which our individualist safeguards may be symptoms of mere social infidelity and disease.

In the name of the individual life and its liberties, the nation strangely enough, is restrained from the ability of change and betterment; and this beam has grown on the eye of reason by the absence of humane restraints upon private property. In other words, freedom has been stolen from life itself to enlarge the borders of private owning, until it not only owns the cat that looks at the king, but the king whom the cat admires and the man who, whether he admires them or not, must feed both the king and the cat. Not only does the successful property man submerge the liberties of entire masses of other men by his own sole liberty of getting more, but he at once proceeds blindly to bury his own freedom in the guilty product. Not only is the physical man buried in irrational private properties, but the mental man is also encircled by the shadow; so that no thinker now is deemed to be right who is not what they call 'safe' and regular on property lines. Every new idea must be supported by quotation marks showing its respectability, thus the scholar sits as heavily upon the philosopher's new thought as the capitalist sits upon the revolting manhood of the laborers.

But "sentinels of injustice" is only a metaphysical phrase until we find it in some objective case. Well, we have it in the case of wage labor. It springs like blades of grass out of the laborer's wrongs; it springs daily until it becomes so many that they are as fields of grass having an unbroken international contiguity and a common hue. They are the class wrongs of the working people all over the world.

Many there be who prattle to us against selfishness lest it should save us; they prattle against these sentinels of self preservation because they are not in their class; because our wrongs in action will surely conflict with their rights, which they got from the mountains.

From the hour that one man obtained economic control over another, active selfishness became not only necessary, but it stood forth as the cardinal virtue of that other man, and the only condition upon which he could live. He might have got along without selfishness before he was economically knocked down, but not afterwards. Has not the great capitalist ram battered upon your door, workingman? You don't know! Then your sentinels of injustice sleep the sleep of death.

Has your economic master given you a hymn book, and is he piping to you the dulcetness of the altruistic? Does he say to you some really great and beautiful things about life's ideals? He cannot help it. He needs must; the sinful

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relation of economic ascendancy over you which he has himself made (I speak of a class) compels him to disarm you mentally also. The one crime has made two selfishnesses—the first inflicting and deceiving, the second resisting. Do you see the point? If not, rouse up your sentinel.

When labor economically fell down and capital stood over it, their interests became class interests, and class conflicts ensued, and one of them at least became a class political party, but both of them must do so. In the course of battle both must become class political parties. Why is it that only one of them has become so, ye men of labor? Because the sentinels of injustice on your walls are not class conscious—they are dozing.

Every country in the world is eventually ruled by that class which is best able to control the sources of wealth. Now the sources of wealth are the laborers. How is it, then, that you are not controlling yourself and so ruling the nation? Ask the sentinels in your own suit of clothes. In what manner have you this day resisted your wrongs? What have you done for Socialism?

Every class that has long possessed power gets too fat, too lazy and too useless to do the social duties by which it first came into power; then its assistants in the subject class must push it out of history. Are you not doing all the work, and all the alleged achievements of the capitalist? You are. Then why are you not pushing him out?

Every dominant class, ere it ripens and rots and falls off, has already provided its successor. Labor is the successor of capitalism and capitalism is falling.

The labor of the world cannot be privately controlled without enslaving the laborers, but labor has been privately controlled for a long time, and the laborers are therefore slaves. Oh, you didn't know it! Have they strangled your sentinels?

If a number of ill treated men suddenly wake up and become together conscious of their partnership and fellowship in wrongs inflicted by an organized class (for nothing less than that can afflict a majority multitude), their consciousness will also seek defense in organization. Less than six cannot meet a half dozen. Organization must be met by its exact equivalent in organic force. Capitalism is still triumphant. Evidently we have not, though so great a majority. They have plucked out the eyes of our sentinels.

A large portion of human society will always be found satisfied and opposed to change, because they are either on the sunny side of the wall, or are not yet sufficiently hurt. You are not on the sunny side. How much more are you waiting to be kicked before the sentinel calls for the password.

Change is the great law of nature, that which is not changing is dying, the transitory alone is immutable and the primary source of this most sanitary and saving law of change in human society is the dissatisfaction of the man of the oppressed and underfoot class, and the force that first sets it in motion are the senses, or sentinels, of injustice. Therefore I repeat that if in a nation where social injustice prevails its victims remain unconcerned, passive or satisfied, then that nation is slowly but surely dying. Look around you and see who are they that are binding you with the silken cords of such an unpatriotic, inhuman and fatal contentment. Observe them and know them well; they are the kings and priests of the world, the builders of aristocracies and plutocracies, the nurses and maintainers of man's senile infancy—individualism. They are the property born foes and debasers of democracy; they are the supporters of that strenuous lie whose law is to overcome men rather than the evils that oppress men. The whole commercial world is their arsenal, the army is their might, the flag is their fetisb, the press is the veil that hides their hideous nakedness, the sheriff and deputy are their thugs, the policeman is their single stick and the grafter their single apologist. Look and you will not have to look far, to find them. But for them you will look in vain within the ranks of Socialism.

It has been well said "Woe to them that cry peace, when there is no peace. Ours is a war upon war. No man to-day need invent a war, nor provoke it with foreigners, to keep up the glory of this nation. Socialism laughs at such inversions. Madmen break the peace to get war, but we are breaking the war classes to get peace. And, oh, there will come a day, who may doubt it, when poor humanity can dare to call in the sentinels of economic war and injustice. When the public will-of-justice shall be strong enough to have withered down thievery, when the slave master shall be morally slain upon our streets by plenty; when the eternal law of change shall assume the constructive for the destructive forms of activity; when selfishness will be as innocent and pure and beautiful in the intercourse of adults as it is to-day in the smiles of infancy in mother arms, or in the vim and laughter of the children playing upon our streets. When the thief has gone out the sentinels will come in, and the race no longer in the grip of the class whose preachers exhorted it to non-resistance, and so would have ended it, shall be held by its own soul. When the personal life shall find its joyousness and exultation in the sense of unity, which after the senses of injustice and justice have done with their work, shall be the crowning social experience of mankind.

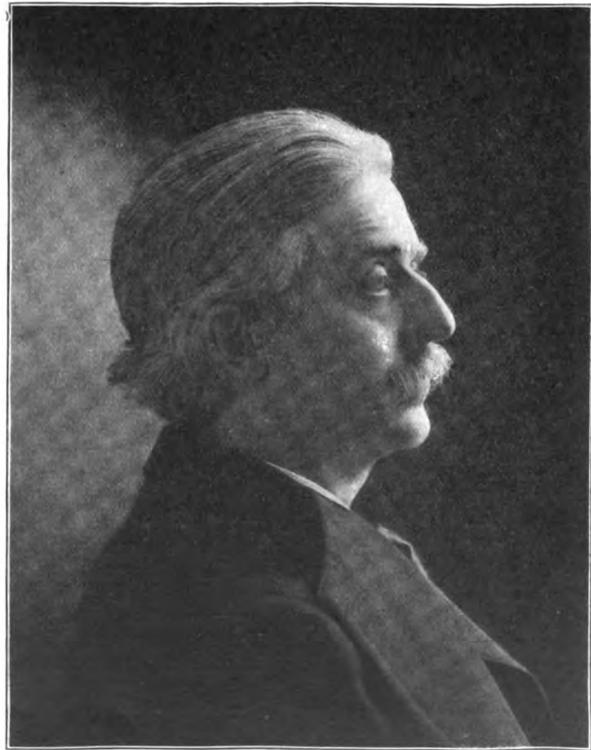
### In Memoriam : Henry D. Lloyd



NOBLE, great and generous soul has pass'd  
Beyond our ken. Lloyd was my longtime friend,  
Yea, was a friend to all whose life did ben  
Beneath the soulless system we have mass'd,  
By which the worker, all his life harrass'd,  
Is forc'd by idlers, for their gain, to spend  
Full half of what his own hard toil does lend.  
Because he low'd all men these evils class'd

Themselves so sharply in his master mind.  
Unselfishness did make his vision clear  
While others flounder'd in the noisome bog.  
To him 'twas giv'n the under cause to find,  
While Greed, Ambition, Selfishness and Fear  
Did lead all smaller souls in densest fog.

Daniel K. Young.





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when walking is denounced in the law. I ask for history the benediction of its delegated struggle. If there is fight for democracy, I want to be in that fight. Because if there is peace for democracy I want to enjoy that peace. I do not want the hard task of lethargy. I want the easy service of work. I want to walk after all the priests and policemen are gone to bed. Let me guard the gates. Give me the password. I do not feel brave. I feel happy. I do not feel weak or strong. I feel sufficient. I want to be counted in the ranks of the walkers for justice. I want to be counted alone if all others desert. And I want to be counted in the crowd. All I ask is that I may be used. That I may not be put aside. That I may not be denied a place. That history may walk me as one of its living assets. Let me be quoted in living spirit. Let me not be quoted in dead letter.

The walking delegate names all the days of the calendar. Put him out of history and your records are blank. He is one time one man and one time another. He goes by many names. He was never named but once. If you know him

by one name you know him by all. History without him would spend lonesome nights and empty days. His portrait never appears on a fashion plate. But his face is the benediction of the general life. He walks long. He walks until he is too weary to walk. Then he walks still more for strength. This very weary, this weariless, figure, discerned on all the broken paths and in all the wildernesses of chronicled time, in the rags of the outcast, a victim of eternal robberies and the beneficiary of eternal reparations, gives history its substance and shadow. After the walking delegate has said his say and led his life nothing remains to be said or done. Not because he is greater or less, inferior or superior, but because human nature has chosen him as its rootstock and index. The walking delegate is not the whole book of man. He is its table of contents. He is the introduction and the farewell. He is the darling of history. He is first cursed in order to be last coddled. Back of him was chaos. In him is order. After him is chaos again.

## Leisure Looking at Labor

By Alberta V. Montgomery



SHAME! Yes; but a shame how tardily felt, and by how small a minority of the leisured, and then, probably, not till the middle of life. Still it is, perhaps, the first step and it is better than nothing if only it can lead to something more.

The contrast between the loafers and laborers is, of course, acutest between the women of either class, between the lady and the laboring woman. "Gentlemen" have at least a semblance of work in the profession by which they make money, and though this is nothing when compared to the real work of the world, still there is an attempt at decency of conduct in this respect, though often attended by self-deception. But the luxurious loafing of the ladies is for the most part shameless. Most ladies continue in sublime ignorance of the toil of their sisters. Their chief occupation really lies in the big meals which are the landmarks of the day, and which help to kill the time. This is not a pretty thing to say, but it is true.

There is the eight o'clock tea in bed, the large breakfast at 9.30, the large luncheon at 1.30, followed by coffee, the large tea at 5, and the very large and long dinner from 8 to 9.30. All this is a matter of course, and the daily minimum.

And what is the work done to correspond with all this overfeeding? Without speaking of the days spent in the smart society of a big city, when day and night are openly given up to entertainment and dissipation, let us take an ordinary day in the country, considered most quiet and harmless by these ladies themselves.

Well, besides the four or five meals there may be the following occupations:

Looking at the newspaper for society news and discussing it; writing two or three empty letters and a note or two to order things from shops; playing at croquet; strolling on lawns and gravel paths; driving in carriages and pony carts; gossiping; flirting; fluttering the leaves of a new novel or at best a new book of essays; playing and singing at the piano, not very well; playing at cards, better.

Let us suppose that one of the ladies, accustomed to such a life, is at last admitted to behold the opposite extreme in the disposition of time.

Let us take her to a factory, and let us suppose that she is not beyond seeing with her eyes, and feeling at last a speechless wonder and a burning shame.

At first she can hardly realize that these women belong to the same planet, race, and sex as herself. Say that she visits a big linen mill and factory.

There she will see pale-faced women standing for ten hours a day at the machinery in such a roaring noise, that not a word can be heard, and in such heat that the sweat pours down their faces and bare necks. But they are not merely standing for ten hours; they are working with all their might with back and arms and legs, with watchful eyes and skilful hands and lightning-quick movements. And what food sustains them? Do they get long meals of meat and wine to keep up their strength? Not they; their little short repasts consist as a rule of bread and tea only, meat being a rare luxury.

And so these two women look at each other, the loafer and the laborer: the loafer in her diamond rings and bangles, her lovely and luxurious clothes, the laborer in her rags and patches, or shabby worn-out shirt and skirt.

Strange! they are sister women after all, and a look of sympathy passes between them. No look of resentment goes from the brave toiler to the weak idler, and the latter deeply moved by wonder and shame looks reverently back at the fellowwoman whom she feels to be above her in every way.

The scales fall from her eyes, and at last she realizes the truth.

She can hardly believe that the ignominious folly can have been tolerated so long, which called her own class the upper class, and that of the workers the lower. Her only wish now is to be admitted somehow into their ranks, to be no longer "unemployed," but in some humble capacity, even if she is incapable of the great toil she so admires, to be allowed to join and serve the workers of the world.



## Views and Reviews



SOMEWHAT pathetic and melancholy interest distinguishes the latest issue of the admirable "Temple Biographies," the late Dr. Hugh Macmillan's sympathetic and lucid study of the life and work of the famous English artist, G. F. Watts. For more than a year, the editor tells us in a brief memorial note, Dr. Macmillan had been continuously at work upon the volume "and had thrown himself into the subject with much vigor and enjoyment." For considerably more than half of the work the final proofs were read and corrected by him during a short holiday. Soon afterwards, returning to Edinburgh, he died. The proofs since his death have had the advantage of revision by Mr. and Mrs. Watts.

I have called the book a "sympathetic and lucid study" of Watts' life and work, but one other adjective is necessary—it is reverent also. There is much less of the personal life of the man than one might well desire. As is not infrequently the case when the subject is still alive, the author has been apparently hampered by a lack of authoritative biographical details and we get in consequence, the barest possible outline sketch of "a man who has been as heroic in his life as in his art." But what we lose in this regard is amply compensated for by the fullness of the literary interpretation of what Watts, "with larger, other eyes than ours, has seen in nature, poetry and myth, and in human character."

George Frederick Watts is one of the last survivors of a brilliant company of men of genius, which distinguished and glorified the Victorian age. Born in London on February 23, 1817, he is now in his eighty-seventh year, but he bears in a remarkable manner the burden of his years. Though his strength has abated and his hearing become heavy and difficult, he is still wonderfully alert and active. During the present year he has contributed a picture, "The Parasite," to the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, and three landscape and a symbolic painting, "The Sower of the Systems," to the Exhibition of Works of Art in Regent street, London. "The Sower of the Systems" is as full of profound meaning and as beautiful as any of his earlier creations. "A weird, ghostly figure in a long bluish robe is hurrying past with his head in the clouds, scattering from his outstretched hands embryonic worlds to the blue void." There is something inspiring in the thought of this grand old man preserving his wonderful power and skill to such an advanced age.

Watts' parents were of Welsh origin, and he himself ascribes his vivid imagination and poetical enthusiasm to that go. Haydon with his ungovernable nature and Titanic energy was outside the Academy, and Turner within it; but though circumstance. Matthew Arnold has shown in his masterly way how much we owe to the Celtic element in the literature and history of the world. Burne-Jones and George Meredith, the novelist, have both attributed much of their success to the Celtic fire within them. "Watts' weird, mystical love has come to him unconsciously from the glamor of the Welsh hills, and the dim legends of the Druids and bards of the Eisteddfod." No one familiar with the legendary lore of the Cymry and with its Eisteddfodic ceremonies and traditions which Professor Herkomer has done so much to revive and rejuvenate, can fail to appreciate the powerful influence which they have exercised upon the artist. We are told that Watts first learned to draw "almost as soon as he could talk." As a boy he used to copy the pictures in an old Queen Anne prayer book, belonging to the family, in which the date of his birth was inscribed. Some of his boyish sketches of men and horses are still preserved and treasured by his friends. At twelve years of age he painted a series of scenes from Sir Walter Scott's poems and romances, which were remarkable

for their imagination and rich coloring—two qualities which have always distinguished the artist's work.

The youthful Watts received very little professional training. He derived little or no benefit from the technical schools which he attended, and therefore in a short time ceased to go. Haydon with his ungovernable nature and Titanic energy was outside the Academy, and Turner within it; but though both painters, no doubt, indirectly influenced him, it cannot be said that they communicated any actual impulse to him. Undecided as to whether he should choose painting or sculpture as a life occupation, he frequented much the studio of William Behnes, the sculptor, whom he watched with care, and from whose fine collection of plaster casts he was always making drawings. So, while he was not formally instructed by Behnes, he learned much from him. But he owes most to the inspiration of the famous Elgin marbles. Eighty years have passed by since these glorious marbles were carried away from the Parthenon to the British Museum; and during that time they have exercised the most wonderful influence, not only upon sculptors, but also upon painters. What English art owes to their rich inspiration can never be estimated. Time and time again the cry has been heard that these precious marbles should be restored to the Acropolis; for in spite of all that can be done, in spite of the extraordinary care lavished upon them, they are slowly but surely perishing. They cannot resist the ravages of the London fog.

When he was barely twenty years old, Watts exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy, entitled, "A Wounded Heron." He also contributed to that exhibition a couple of portraits. "A Wounded Heron" was lost somehow and only discovered half a century later, when it was restored to the artist. Not every youthful artist is so fortunate as to make his *debut* as an exhibitor in the company of such an array of famous artists as Wilkie, Eddy, Landseer, Maclise, Turner, Cooper, Eastlake and Stanfield, who were among Watts' fellow exhibitors in that famous exhibition of 1837. When it was decided to have the Houses of Parliament decorated with frescoes illustrating principally the history of Great Britain, a Fine Arts Commission was appointed to attend to that important matter. They proposed to hold a competitive exhibition of cartoons designed by English artists for the purpose, and many of the leading artists of the day enrolled themselves as competitors. Among the competitors were Watts, Mr. Edward Armitage and Mr. Cope, three almost unknown men. And to the surprise of almost everybody these three young men snatched all the honors away from the competing Royal Academicians. The large cartoon by Watts, entitled "Caractacus Led in Triumph Through the Streets of Rome," was eminently suitable in meaning and execution and was awarded one of the first class prizes, amounting to some \$1,500. It was greatly praised and admired, but somehow was never transferred to the walls for which it was designed. Along with the other successful compositions it was sold to a private art dealer and cut up into fragments, which were sold separately. The money which the young artist received, however, enabled him to fulfill a long cherished desire to visit Italy, where he remained for some four years—years which greatly influenced his whole artistic career. Upon the walls of the Villa Careggi, Florence, may still be seen his beautiful fresco depicting with graphic power the execution, by being thrown down a well, of the physician who poisoned his master.

In Florence, too, Watts painted the greater part of his famous picture of King Alfred, inciting his subjects to prevent the landing of the Danes—England's first naval victory. This design also won a first class prize of \$1,500 in the second competitive exhibition and was afterward bought by the gov-

## THE COMRADE.

ernment and hung in one of the committee rooms at Westminster. Later he received a commission to paint in fresco a picture of St. George and The Dragon for the upper waiting hall of the House of Lords. This took five years to complete and may still be seen, though considerably damaged.

As a portrait painter Watts has achieved equally as much success and distinction as he has achieved as a painter of symbolical pictures. His great collection of contemporary portraits designed as a gift to the British nation includes a great many of the leading artistic and literary celebrities of the nineteenth century. His portraits of Tennyson, William Morris, Burne-Jones, and Walter Crane will probably be best known to most of my readers. It is impossible to overestimate the value of such a collection to the historians and others of the future. How inestimable should we not find such a collection of the great geniuses of the past!

Space does not permit me to linger, as Dr. Macmillan could, reverently over the individual pictures. In this brief survey of the book only the most cursory view of the man and his work is possible. But I must not overlook the strong Socialist leanings of the artist. Whether he would label himself a Socialist I do not know. And, after all, it matters little. As every true artist must, who believes in the ethical purpose and value of his art, Watts has protested by his brush against the infamies of our capitalist system. His "Mammon" is a powerful indictment of the sordid and vicious rule of money power. The "Seamstress," with its ghastly poverty so forcibly recalling Hood's "Song of a Shirt," will be remembered because of its recent reproduction in these pages. Equally powerful, and equally suggestive of Hood's companion song, "The Bridge of Sighs," is Watts' most pathetic picture, "Found Dead." The gorgeous luxury of the palatial residences of Westminster and its famous Abbey, contrasted with the forlorn state of the poor girl "fashioned so slenderly," bring out the whole pathos of Hood's famous poem. There is another picture of his, painted with the avowed object of "arousing pity for human refuse." It is the picture of an aged woman seeking shelter under a dry arch at night from the pitiless drenching rain, which adds greatly to the ordinary gloom of the London streets. These pictures tell in unmistakable language of the artist's love for the poor and the oppressed.

The objection often urged against Socialism that the artist would find no adequate remuneration to act as an incentive to his genius in a Socialist state, is best met by the record of such a life as that of this great artist. Believing that Beauty is Duty; that the true mission of Art is to give joy to the world, he has not infrequently given his services freely to decorate great public buildings. And for the greater part of his life he has been working with the avowed object of leaving to the nation a great collection of his best work. So deeply does he feel the need of beauty in life that he once offered the directors of the London and North Western Railway Company to decorate the great hall of their Euston Station with a series of frescoes at his own expense. The offer was refused!

Dr. Macmillan's study of the life-work of Watts is one of the most satisfying books I have read in years. Now and again his native philistinism crops out, as when he argues that English painters have a peculiarly strong notion of the sacredness of their art. Continental artists too often, he says, pursue "Art for Art's own sake." The treatment being everything, and the subject immaterial. "British artists, on the contrary, always paint seriously for a high purpose. . . . Englishmen never paint meaningless pictures. Art to them is sacred; and has a lofty purpose to serve, in human culture. . . . It is the predominance of this quality in the works of our modern artists. . . . which foreigners recognize as savoring of the soil of this country." There is no justification in fact for this outburst of British selfrighteousness.

The volume is admirably printed and there are some excellent illustrations in photogravure and half-tone, the former being especially good.

\* \* \*

Another biography which I have read with more than ordinary interest is the "Life and Labors of Sir Isaac Pitman," by his brother, Benn Pitman, the famous phonetician. Mr. Benn Pitman is a trifle over eighty years young and one of the elect. A comradely personal greeting upon the flyleaf of this beautiful volume attests his full sympathy with the Socialist movement.

The first thing which strikes one upon opening the book is its quaint, old world dignity and beauty. The typography is excellent and the title page and various headpieces and other designs used throughout the book, all the work of Mr. Benn Pitman himself, I believe, are exceptionally distinctive and beautiful. Apart altogether from its not inconsiderable literary excellence, and its interest as the life of a great man, the book would attract and please the most fastidious.

To read the account of Isaac Pitman's childhood and home life is to be transported back into a world very different from that which we of to-day know. His father, a self-taught man, was one of the pioneers of the Bell-Lancaster system of education in the West of England. Liberal in his views, quiet and reserved in manner, he appears as a splendid type of the "good man of substance," which gave strength to English life a century ago. All his life the elder Pitman wore knee breeches and "full dress" for town calls, church, or meeting; consisted simply of donning gaiters to cover his stockings. The children he ruled with the strong hand of a rigid disciplinarian. Mrs. Pitman was a perfectly conscientious woman; always sweet, calm and placid and possessed of abundant health. But the gloomy and austere doctrines of extreme Calvinism made her life an unduly grave and sombre one. She was never known to laugh.

When he was eighteen years of age Isaac Pitman, who was of a very devotional and religious cast of mind, shocked his friends by joining the Wesleyan Methodist Church. Now that Methodism has become so eminently "respectable" it is hard for us to realize how much that step meant at that time in the West of England. To be a "Methody" meant, until quite recent years, social ostracism of the worst kind. In zeal and devotion, it was said, he "out-Wesleyed Wesley." He parted his hair in the middle, "at a time when it was seen only on women and in the pictures of Puritans and Saints." He abandoned music, of which he was passionately fond, in order that he might not waste his time, and observed Friday of each week as an absolute fast-day. He wrote temperance tracts and distributed them, conducted Methodist class-meetings, and preached on Sundays. Altogether his life at this period suggests an unhealthy morbidity which in most men would have prevented the accomplishment of any great work.

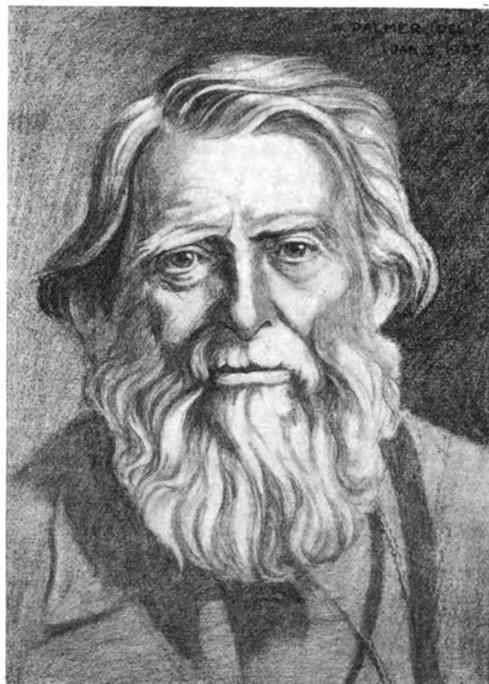
When he was about sixteen years of age Isaac took up the study of a system of shorthand then in vogue, and it was in studying this system that he first became impressed with the great disparity between the spoken and written language. Being often in doubt as to the pronunciation of words the meaning of which he knew perfectly well, he resolved to read carefully from cover to cover Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary and copy out every word whose pronunciation or spelling was unfamiliar to him. He did this twice in about two years. He read through with equal care all the parallel references in the Scriptures published by the Bible Society, and found many important errors which were repeated in the most learned Commentaries and in the famous Bagster's Comprehensive Bible. The Bible Society availed itself of the young student's work in its later editions but never made any acknowledgment. Next he set himself the arduous task of examining and correcting all the errors found in the "Bagster," an enormous

## THE COMRADE.

undertaking, when we remember that the famous Bible contained five hundred thousand parallel passages, four thousand notes and numerous extensive and intricate tables. The Bagster firm gratefully acknowledged these important services, freely given, which extended over a period of three years, and when, in 1837, Putman's initial work, "Stenographic Soundland," appeared it bore the imprint of the famous Bagster house, an inestimable advantage to the young inventor. Space does not permit our following the progress of the new system, or the fortunes of its indefatigable inventor. How great and unremitting his industry was may be gathered from the fact that in the course of his life, in addition to an almost unparalleled correspondence, he wrote, compiled, or made more than two hundred and fifty books and booklets! Many of his books he literally made after the fashion of the old monastic scribes. He wrote—that is, lithographed—the page which was to meet the reader's eye. When we think of the colossal difficulties due to the fact that he had to do with a new typic style, our admiration for this vast achievement becomes the more enthusiastic.

Of the declining years of his famous brother's life, Mr. Benn Pitman gives us a most pathetic picture. After a life of poverty, affluence came to him. But his wife and his sons, it is charged, conspired to acquire the old man's fortune. To them he made over his buildings and business interests of all kinds, and to the two sons his valuable copyrights, he being allowed a small income supposed to be sufficient for his small needs. In his old age he was doomed "to feel again the sting of debt and suffer from the restrictive bitterness of straight-end means." After he had made the assignment referred to, the veteran inventor decided upon certain changes in his system, really an abandonment of certain ill-considered changes made in 1862, but never adopted by American phonographers. But he was thwarted by his sons, who acted from commercial interests: he could not get so much as a line of explanation in the "Journal" which he himself had founded and maintained. His orders were disregarded by the employees, and he was shown in a hundred ways that his presence at the Institute was no longer desired. At eighty-two the venerable master had to establish a new printing office in order that he might make known his thoughts concerning his beloved system. He established a new organ because he was denied so much as a line in the old one by his sons. When he was so ill that the slightest exertion was dangerous to life itself, he had to do his best to keep up with the immense mass of correspondence which grew all the more on account of the turn events had taken: not one of the "seventy assistants" of his Phonetic Institute could be spared to relieve the venerable Father Phonography from this clerical drudgery, says his sorrowing and indignant brother. It is a sad, sad chapter in which the last days of Isaac Pitman are recounted by his brother and co-worker. I laid the book aside with a feeling of unutterable sadness that the closing days of so rich a life should have been clouded by such un-filial conduct. Sir Isaac Pitman, covered though he was with honors and glory, must have felt keenly the ungrateful treatment meted out to him. He died in the sunshine of public favor. So much we knew, but few guessed that for years he had lived in the wintry blast of base ingratitude.

That excellent craftsman and faithful disciple of Ruskin, Mr. Frederick Parsons, of the "Morris Studios," Boston, now publishes an admirable little quarterly booklet-magazine which I most cordially recommend to every reader of the Comrade. Amid an ever increasing array of small magazines this new-comer with its unwieldy but inspiring title, "*Pro Cingulo Veritas*" (For a Girdle, Truth), challenges attention alike by reason of its form and contents. If you have read your "*Fors Clavigera*" faithfully it will be sufficient to say of the "Girdle" that it is lovingly following the spiritual and material gospel of the Master.



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If you are genuinely interested in the Arts and Crafts renaissance you will welcome this beautifully printed little magazine. The price is one dollar a year and there are no sample copies. Mr. Parsons conducts his business upon the well-known principles of Ruskin himself, at least in this particular. But you will not regret spending a dollar upon the "Girdle," or, if you do, there is something seriously wrong with your makeup. With each subscription, I understand, goes a life-size reproduction of Mr. W. Palmer's remarkable chalk drawing of John Ruskin. The small reproduction of this masterly drawing given above, conveys only a very faint idea of its striking effect as a portrait study. The lover of Ruskin will find the picture an effective one for the decoration of the quiet nook in the home. It is well worth the full amount of the subscription price.

J. S.



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- THE LIFE WORK OF GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS. By Hugh Macmillan. Cloth; illustrated; viii-302 pages. Price, \$1.50.
- \*WITHIN THE PALE. By Michael Davitt. Cloth; xiv-300 pages. Price, \$1.20 net. New York: A. S. Barnes & Company.
- \*PERTAINING TO THOREAU. A Collection of papers edited by Edwin B. Hill. Cloth; xvi-171 pages. Price, \$2.00. Lakeland, Mich.: Edwin B. Hill.
- HISTORY OF SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES. By Morris Hillquit. Cloth; 371 pages. Price \$1.50 net. (postage extra). New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.
- WANDERING CHORDS. A collection of poems, by Prof. John Ward Stimson. Paper; 120 pages. Privately printed.
- \*LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By Thomas E. Watson. Cloth; illustrated; xxii-534 pages. Price \$2.50 net. (postage extra). New York: Appleton & Co.
- \*THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE. By Andrew Lang. Oriental cloth; illustrated. Price, 75 cents. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus & Co.
- \*FAMOUS ASSASSINATIONS OF HISTORY. By Francis Johnson. Cloth; illustrated; xii-434 pages. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

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This work of Labriola, now for the first time offered to English readers, was published in Italy in 1895 and at Paris in 1897. Some idea of its importance in the Socialist movement may be gathered from the preface of the French edition by G. Sorel, one of the most prominent Socialists of France.

He says: "The publication of this book marks a date in the history of Socialism. The work of Labriola has its place reserved in our libraries by the side of the classic works of Marx and Engels. It constitutes an illumination and a methodical development of a theory which the masters of the new Socialist thought have never yet treated in a didactic form. It is therefore an indispensable book for whoever wishes to understand something of proletarian ideas. More than the works of Marx and Engels it is addressed to that public which is unacquainted with Socialist preconceptions. In these pages the historian will find substantial and valuable suggestion for the study of the origin and transformation of institutions."

The book consists of two Essays. The first, "In Memory of the Communist Manifesto," is a most thorough and illuminating study of the historical causes which made possible the writing of "The Man-

ifesto" in 1848, and of the effect produced by its publication upon the Socialist movement which was then just taking form.

The second Essay, "Historical Materialism," makes up two-thirds of the book. It shows more clearly than any other writings in any language how the social movements and the popular currents of thought of the past and the present may be explained by the underlying economic conditions.

Labriola is equally severe upon the self-styled historians who still interpret history by the childish methods of a former age, and upon the self-styled Socialists who assert "that ethics, art, religion and science are but products of economic conditions and think they have thereby solved the entire problem, and that further study is thus unnecessary.

This volume is not easy reading, but it will amply repay the time and effort required to master it thoroughly.

It will be published about November 15th, in a handsome volume of about 300 pages, in large open type. Price, \$1.00; to stockholders, 60 cents, postpaid.

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