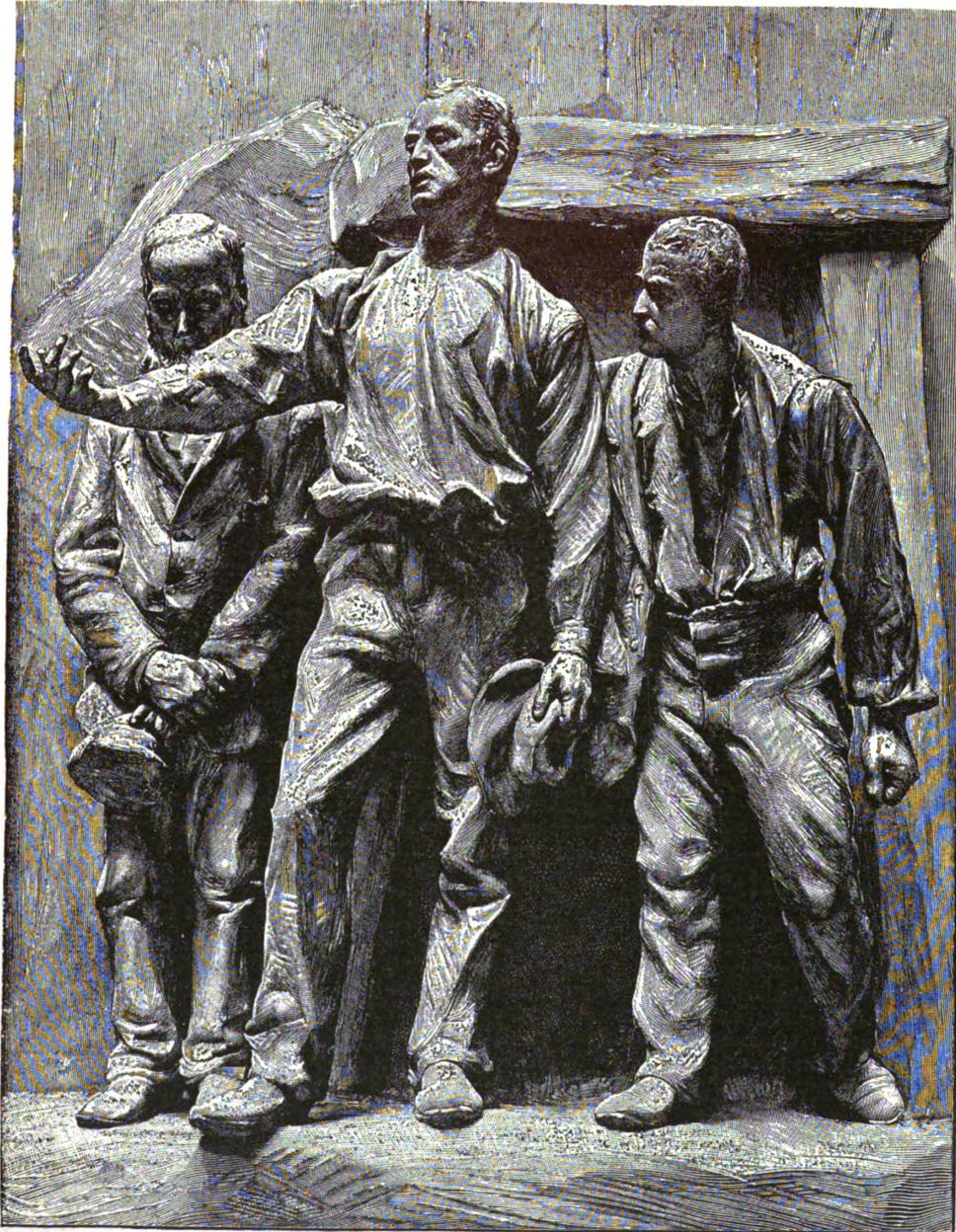


THE COMRADE



The Miners' Deputation

Ruskin and Socialism

A. P. Hazell



THE death of Ruskin deprived the world of a great ethical teacher. The high character of his teachings appeal to us more strongly, perhaps, because society has never before reached such a high pinnacle of selfishness and of intellectual dishonesty; neither have mercenary motives ever held such sway over its conduct. Ruskin's soul, which yearned for justice, truth and honesty, artistic beauty and intellectual vigor in the nation, stands out in marked contrast to the spirit of nineteenth century commercialism.

Ruskin was essentially an idealist and a utopist, a sort of paternalist or benevolent despot, and his views run in accord with the spirit of the text from which he took the title of his work, "Unto This Last."

In the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, Christ represents a vineyard lord coming across some laborers late in the day standing idle in the marketplace. Addressing them he said, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" To which they replied, "Because no man hath hired us." Finding that they sought work he sent them into his vineyard, agreeing to give them a penny, as he had agreed with others at early morn. At this the first batch of laborers employed naturally grumbled, having been at work eleven hours longer for the same price. To the expostulations of one of their number the vineyard lord responded, "Friend, I do thee no wrong. Didst thou not agree with me for a penny? Take that thine is, and go thy way. I will give unto this last even as unto thee." This dealing of the vineyard lord with his laborer is quite in harmony with the spirit of Ruskin, and the phrase "unto this last" aptly illustrates his paternalism.

Like the benevolent vineyard-owner, Ruskin would grant unto the workers a price which should require them according to their service and the position which they held in society. He would, however, be no niggard. He would make no deductions for accidental shortcomings; every man should have a fixed wage; all should be employed at a price which should enable them to enjoy life in the highest sense in the social circle in which they moved, but the services of the common laborer would not be rewarded like the services of the more enlightened citizens.

From the paternalist point of view Ruskin comes near to that of the Positivists, who would be content with the capitalist system of exploitation if the capitalists would become moralized, and let the welfare of society be paramount over their own individual interests. Ruskin also reminds one of Bastiat, the French economist, who formulated a theory of value on the basis of services rendered.

Ruskin was essentially a critic. It was his wont to compare existing society with his ideal, and then to condemn. To historically trace the capitalist system from simple exchange to a collectivist system in which society would control the means of industry, and thus liberate the "soul" of man, was to him too tedious, too mundane, and too mechanical a proceeding.

The vineyard lord is a fair illustration of how Ruskin regarded the relations of employer and employed. The impersonal relations between the exploiter and the exploited arising out of the system of exchange do not appeal to him. What attracts him is the personal or social relations between employer and employed. The vineyard lord may be a vineyard lord and exploit if he is honest, just and benevolent and does not fall short of Mr. Ruskin's ideal of an employer. The employee may remain an employee if the conditions of his

employment allow him to become an artistic worker and to realize his best activities in the product of his work.

In his first essay, Ruskin deals with what he calls the "Roots of Honor," the relations which should exist between members engaged in various occupations and of employers and employees. He does not see that there should necessarily be any antagonism between them. Because the interests of employers and employed are in opposition to each other, that is no reason why they should be at enmity. When a family is short of food, he says, the mother's interest is opposed to the child's, but she gives way to the child. She refuses to eat that the child may not hunger. Here Ruskin brings in personal affection to solve the difficulties existing between exploiters and exploited, and shows his utopianism by ignoring the impersonal relations existing between owners of commodities or exchange-values as opposed to exchangers of social use-values. He would appeal to the benevolent and higher social instincts of an employer to settle all differences, independent of the material relations dominating capitalist production. To illustrate his meaning, he examines five professions to show the "roots of honor" underlying the relation of each to the nation.

"The soldier's profession is *to defend u.*

"The pastor's *to teach it.*

"The physician's is *to keep it in health.*

"The lawyer's is *to enforce justice in it.*

"The merchant's is *to provide for u.*

"And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, *to die for it.*

"On due occasion, namely:

"The soldier, rather than leave his post in battle.

"The physician, rather than leave his post in plague.

"The pastor, rather than teach falsehood.

"The lawyer, rather than countenance injustice.

"The merchant—what is his 'due occasion' of death?

" * * * It is no more his function to get profit for himself * * * than it is a clergyman's function to get his stipend. This stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or honorarium) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee—to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee. The pastor's function being to teach, the physician's being to heal, and the merchant's, as I have said, to provide. And as the captain of a ship is bound to be the last man to leave his ship in case of wreck, and to share his last crust with the sailors in case of famine, so the manufacturer, in any commercial crisis or distress, is bound to take the suffering of it with his men, and even to take more of it for himself than he allows himself to feel; as a father would in a famine, shipwreck or battle sacrifice himself for his son."

To have made his simile complete Ruskin ought to have enumerated the duties of the ordinary employer and employee. The illustration with the factory worker excluded is something like the play of "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark left out.

From the social standpoint of economics, no one would dispute that it should be the function of the soldier to defend society, of the lawyer to enforce justice, and of the merchant to provide for it, but under present economic conditions, in which production is carried on for individual profit and distribution governed by exchange, it is the function of the sol-

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dier, the lawyer and the merchant to look after their own individual interest. The welfare of society to them is a secondary matter. The salary of the soldier and the lawyer and the merchant and the employee is "the first object of their life," despite Ruskin's idealism. Under capitalism it is the individual first, society second.

It is here where Mr. Ruskin plays the part of the sentimentalist and becomes the utopist. He tries to build up an ideal community out of a society whose economic basis does not permit the realization of his ideals. A Socialist might as well try to establish a system of social equality on the basis of a capitalist society which necessitates class distinction between workers and bourgeois employers.

The apologist of present society is hypocritical enough to assert that capitalists produce primarily for use and not for profit, and that the utility of an article has to be first considered before profit can be realized, and that therefore profit is a subsidiary factor in production; but experience tells us that profit is the primary factor which entices the capitalists, and that the starting point of production is the employment of capital to secure a given rate of profit, the usefulness of the product being quite a secondary matter in the eyes of the capitalist.

In his second essay Ruskin attempts to lay down the principles of a just wage. At first it would appear as if he favored the Socialist contention, labor for labor measured by time, but he gets no farther than labor for labor, leaving his standard of measurement to be assumed by the reader. "The abstract idea of just or due wages, as respects the laborer," says Ruskin, "is that they will consist in a sum of money which will at any time procure for him at least as much labor as he has given, rather more than less. For instance, if a man gives me a pound of bread to-day, I should not give less than a pound of bread to-morrow."

As we are dealing with equivalents, we will pass by the phrase, "rather more than less," which is a contradiction, and meaningless, dealing only with the statement that the wages of the laborer should be governed by "as much labor as he has given." Now, the above statement begs the whole question. Exchange does not imply bread for bread, but bread for another commodity. What we want to know is the basis of exchange between a baker, an architect, a tailor, an artist and other kinds of labor. Ruskin leads one at first to believe that the relation is one of labor governed by time, but in reality he refers the reader to the market price of labor. Ascertain the price of a loaf, tell me the number of loaves which the labor of the baker represents, and I will tell you what should be his just wages, says Ruskin in effect. But what we want to know is how does Ruskin arrive at the price of a pound of bread? How does he equate one class of labor with another? To say that every man should be given his just price reminds one of the answer of Jesus to the question, "Is it for us to give tribute to Caesar, or no?" To which he answered, "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which

be Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's." Such a reply was an excellent repartee on the part of Jesus, but it was no reply to the question.

Ruskin believed in regulated labor and regulated payment, according to the particular class of work in which a worker was engaged. He distinctly denies, on page 95, uniform payment, though he leads us, as we have already stated, to imagine he supports it by what he says on another page. For instance, on page 83 he says, "If a man works an hour for us, and we only promise to work half an hour for him in return, we obtain an unjust advantage." This statement seems to infer that he is at one with the Social-Democrat respecting the equality of labor, but the whole tenor of his work is against such a supposition. Labor for labor, life for life, but only special labor and special life may be equated. Time with Ruskin is not the standard by which labor can be measured, but utility, as shown by service. How are we to measure service? How are we to measure utility? That question must be left to the individual, for it is only the individual who can tell what is useful to him. I may like sweets. You may like acids. The utility of sweets and acids appear different, and must be determined by each of us.

Ruskin has thus really no basis to his theory of value except his paternalism and individual sense of justice. This explains why he considers "a colonel should not have the same pay as a private, nor a bishop the same pay as a curate." Both should be paid well, but in what proportion Mr. Ruskin and his fellow-paternalists have to decide.

Giving a liberal interpretation to Mr. Ruskin's principles, they might permit of a restricted form of State Socialism, the State to determine the relative social status of a producer, leaving intact class distinctions and their antagonisms.

Ruskin's ideal was, needless to say, better than his formulated principles of political economy. Probably, if he had understood the principles of Social-Democracy, he would, like William Morris, have been a Socialist. It appears Ruskin was entirely ignorant of the aims of Socialists, and actually accepted the absurd and ofttime exploded notion that they believed in "dividing up."

Ruskin, as a sentimentalist, as an idealist, as one who strove to do that which was right, will always appeal to a great number of persons who would not listen to a Socialist, relying on the more materialistic side of economics as fundamentally determining the social welfare of the community.

Ruskin's "Unto This Last," with all its blemishes and economic heresies, is a great and noble work. It lifts the reader above the miserable quagmire of selfish commercialism, and appeals to his higher instincts. To Ruskin the creation of wealth is the creation of life. To manufacture vile adulterated goods is to create a mean, sordid life. To produce the most perfected and artistic forms of wealth is to create the highest type of human life in which love, truth and justice shall ever flourish.

* * *

Ideas Dangerous?



OUR ideas dangerous?

But how is it with your own?

Your idea, for instance, that it is quite right for men in uniform to slaughter each other—an idea which slays its thousands every day?

Your idea that it is proper for you to pocket as much of other men's earnings as the law allows—an idea which fills the world with poverty, starvation, disease and death?

And all your other silly, time-worn ideas?
Is it your ideas or ours that are dangerous?

Ernest Crosby

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The Garden of the World

Franklin H. Wentworth



STEP by step a diminutive and slow-footed donkey picks his way up the steep ascent to the massive gate of a hill city. An old woman, wrinkled, toil-worn and underfed plods wearily behind him with a goad. She allows him an occasional breathing spell,—not from compassion, but from calculation. He is all she has. The donkey's load is a

bundle of faggots of the value of a few soldi.

He comes at last to the gate where stands one with a coat trimmed with red braid. A long, thin, rapier-like probe is thrust through and through the faggots in a quest for contraband. The *costadina* raises her shrill voice; the municipal officer replies in kind; a *soldo* or two is paid as *octroi* and the donkey toils on through the gate into the town.

He comes to the great piazza for a purchaser of his load. In the center of the piazza is a huge, hideous, modern monument of Victor Emmanuel.

The soldi of the peasants have paid for it.

Italy is unified.

On the levantine riviera a wretched *ragazzo* stoops to dip a copper bucket into the Mediterranean. A *gendarme* seizes him by the collar. The boy shows a bit of paper. It is the certificate of the town physician. The water is not for evaporation to evade the salt tax; it is for his sick mother to bathe her feet in.

Austria is safely shut behind the Alps.

Italy is free.

What though Venice sink day by day more deeply in her ooze; the face of her old rival, Genoa, wears no smile of derision. Every scow-load of sand dredged from the matchless harbor of the Genovese has become as it were a consolatory offering to the city of the Doges; for Italy is become a nation and the once free cities have now a common aspiration.

One has not every day—nor century—an opportunity to observe a once great people, degraded by long years of servitude, moved by faint stirrings of a new initiative and groping in its degradation for better things.

Florence, noisy and dirty; wearing her English mask; smiles like the courtesan she is at Rome, who points in defiance to her American bar and her four hotels with bath rooms.

One has but to glance at the productions of her modern art to sound the depths of Italy's degradation. In the presence of the world's greatest masterpieces rise to-day on every hand without protest, creations hopelessly vulgar.

The house of Savoy tears down the ancient temples and obliterates historic names that it may erect atrocious piles, topped by bronze Emmanuels in the name of United Italy. The second Victor, pig-faced and bull-torsoed, stands on the pedestal, where, if one mistakes not, he will one day be replaced by a symbolic figure that shall not belie the inscriptions.

Occasionally, as at Genoa and more recently at Padua, by

private subscription or a true civic impulse, the thoughtful face of the noble Mazzini gazes calmly down to bid the stranger yet have faith in Italian life if not in Italian art.

And faith, indeed, one needs, and quickened memories of its boundless historic resource in initiative, to see in modern Italy anything save hopeless degradation. The common life is at the lowest ebb of mendicancy. It feeds upon the monuments of the past. No art feeling nor atmosphere is possible to the sympathetic spirit; for in the presence of every noble past achievement vibrates the low whine of modern mendicancy, destroying the mood of sympathy like a harsh discord in music. Instruction may be had by anyone; but enjoyment is possible to-day in Italy only to those callous to human misery. It takes the philosophic spirit to bear without irritation the constant attempts at cheating in the purchase of travel tickets and baggage tickets at the Italian railroad offices, and the continual and uninterrupted offers of useless and undesired service accompanied by the extended palm. It is not easy to cling to one's traditions of the commonest forms of disinterestedness where any the least of accommodations is accompanied by the expectant look.

"To know all, is to love all," said Lionardo da Vinci. He too must have known perplexity.

Italy seems marching out of the fog of priest-craft into the morass of militarism. In the peaceful monastery cloisters embellished by their delicate marble pillars, clumsy peasant soldiers wash their linen in the sacred founts, and the Genovese learns to understand the Neapolitan and the Sienese the Venetian, in the common tongue of Dante; while the soft-footed exiled priest looks past the cock-feathered sentinel at the door at the desecration of his shrines and breathes a curse of



FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH

earthly kingdoms.

The riddling of dialects brings nearer together than mutterings of foreign interference. The bombardment of tongues makes speedily for unity—never silent where Italians foregather. Sectional differences are being fought out in the cloisters. The elements are mixing at the bottom of the crucible, and perhaps, knowing this, the young king may close his eyes to the glances of contempt which issue from behind the closed blinds of the old *noblesse* as he drives through the streets of Florence, and find consolation in the peasant-soldiers standing hand in hand in the shade of the Duomo. Such affectionate, soft-eyed soldiers,—music-loving, picture-loving, disarm democratic prejudices against button-distinctions, and almost reconcile one, through his sense of the picturesque, to the apparent inevitability of Italy's traversing the military tradition before her real development can begin. The soldiery is a charming *role* for the race of *dolce far niente*. They contemplate their gold lace and silver ornaments as children watch goldfish,—love for brightness and beauty; the desire to dazzle; but of military flunkeyism there is as yet not a bit.

They weary their poor brains with the study of English

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and haunt the American girl on the piazza of San Marco. It is dreary business,—army service in time of peace. Many would gladly escape from it. They ask many questions concerning America and what may be done there. Surely there must be hope for manhood in a country which can produce such fine women! They are mildly curious about a state where men vote without property qualification, and cannot understand how the American working-class can be oppressed when they have the ballot.

The church is mildly disregarded, and the non-voting Catholics of the Vatican's prisoner are looked upon compassionately as an absurd contingent which is thus forced by its religion to leave politics to the thoughtful.

It is the Socialists in Italy, as in all other countries, to whom one turns with eyes of hope. It is the Socialist only who can prevent the nation traveling the military road. But somehow, in Italy one misses the fervor of spirit that we have come to look for among Socialists in America. Is it because in Italy Socialism is become respectable?

One cannot hate so good a fellow as the young king; nor can one, considering the manner of his father's death, withhold his due of admiration, when he is seen driving his horses through the crowded streets of Rome, unattended and unguarded. The Italians like that. There is enough good stuff left in them to respond to fearlessness and courage. But is there not danger that Socialism may lose something of its fighting strength under so amiable a young monarch?

The king is not a Socialist; neither does he favor Socialism. He simply does not persecute Socialists. He keeps

his hands off all parties, wishing to be king of all the people. It makes the throne more secure. Edward of England understands this; William of Germany doesn't.

If one were to hazard the opinion that Victor Emmanuel III. is the most astute monarch in Europe he might not be far wrong.

But this astuteness may be the greatest menace to the growth and integrity of the Italian Socialist movement; for in its present temper friendliness toward the king may be easily translated in the minds of the undiscerning into friendliness to the king tradition. Hero worship is always disastrous to reason.

The house of Savoy is none the less the creature of capitalism because the young king is amiable. When he remits his personal portion of the salt tax he is o'erwhelmed with proletarian gratitude,—and Socialist propaganda grows harder.

The thought that forces itself home to one who sees the Italian situation at close range, is that there is no country at present in which Socialism could be more easily defeated by the process of befriending it.

One wonders if thirty-one Socialists in the American House of Representatives would be so quiet.

A steady purpose is manifesting that Italy is to be made a world-power—through militarism.

Yet Italy to-day is making by far the most valuable contributions to the literature of Socialism.

Which initiative will come first to flood in Italian polity? Which star is in the heaven?



An Interesting Photograph of Karl Marx



READERS of those charming "Memoirs" of Karl Marx, by Liebknecht, will remember that in the winter of 1881-82 Marx spent several months abroad—first in the south of France and afterwards in Algiers—in a vain quest for health and strength. During his sojourn in Algiers he was photographed, and we are glad to be able to publish a reproduction of the photograph taken just eleven months before his death. This is the last of his many portraits and has never before been published. It was sent to his beloved daughter, Jenny (Madame Longuet), whose death doubtless helped to hasten his own.



Upon the back of the portrait there is an inscription in Marx's beautiful handwriting, which we reproduce:

*Meinem Lieben
Jennychen
Old Nick
Algier, Ende April 1882*

(To my little Jennychen. Old Nick. Algiers. End of April, 1882.)

We are indebted to our good friend, M. Jean Longuet, of Paris, for this interesting photograph of his illustrious grandfather. S.

Civilization, We Are Afraid of You

Horace Traubel



CIVILIZATION, we are afraid of you. You should inspire love. You inspire fear. Yes, sometimes even hate. We would love you if we could. But bread comes so hard. And butter comes so hard, if at all. And the rent collector is so regular. And the rent is so big. And wages are so low. And when we get so sick from overwork we are kept so sick from overworry. And life everywhere transpires in such dead horror or such live turmoil of uncertainty. Well, civilization, we are afraid of you. If you must have the truth there you have it. We do not prefer to say disagreeable things. But rather than have you go on supposing we all think you are just about right we take occasionally to the street and ring a bell of alarm.

Civilization, you have had a big chance. But what have you done with that chance? You have thrown it away. You might have appealed to our love. But you did not give us an appeal. You gave us a threat. You do not fondle us in your arms. You grab us by the throat. You have taught us that you are not to be trusted. We have to watch you. We never know what you may not do when our backs are turned. We are never sure that you will do what you promise to do. You are not direct. You dodge. You lie. You stab in the back. You murder fathers who work. Mothers who work. Yes, children who work. Do you hear that? Children. You give the work to one man and the product to another. You fill the streets with tired faces. With heavy heels. With early old age. You drive us to work. You do not love us to work. You cultivate filthy cities. You make it necessary for men and women to sell their bodies and souls. You separate art from life. You drive a bargain in coach and six across the soul of the world. Your trade suffocates the conscience. Your markets fill the graveyards. Civilization, you have gone back on us. Civilization, you have promised to take care of us. You have at least promised to give us a good chance to take care of ourselves. Instead, you block us wherever we go. You congest every opportunity. You have given the land to a lord. The money to a lord. The mills to a lord. Everything to lords. And you have left the people with empty hands. Yet it has been to the people that you have been most voluble in your promises. You promised everything to the people. You were to care for them as mothers care for their young. The people, man and child, are always your young. Your treasure was a trust. What have you done with it? Shame on you, civilization. You built a few palaces. You put a few of the elect in the few palaces. You left the people out of doors. Your own offspring. Bone of your bone. Soul of your soul.

Civilization, explain yourself. You have fooled us long enough. Now we want to know what is the matter with you. What do you intend doing? You must be frank with us. You kept our eyes shut for a long time. But now we know what you are about. We expect you to report to us. You have enjoyed a big name. Orators and poets have made the most of you. The preachers have called you Christ. You have spelled your syllables out in the orotund letters of an aureoled alphabet. But all the time you have been playing us false. Playing your name false. Civilization, I think you ought to have another name. You should be called traitor. Or hangman. Or Prison. Or starvation. Or Roose-

velt. Anything violent. But you should not be called civilization. You are not entitled to a name so decent. You have been wearing stolen clothes. Your honors have not been earned. You are well dressed. You make a big show. Your millinery and upholstery is perfect. But what of your soul? What have you done to fulfill your bond? You have done a lot of things for which we can find no excuse. But what have you done for which we can find an excuse? I know what you have done for the castes that loaf. But what have you done for the people who work? When we ask you questions you spell your name. That name is your only answer. But I tell you, civilization, that when it comes to a pinch that name will do nothing for you. It will not save you from wreck. It will not even ease your fall. It may do worse. It may help to throw you down. For I tell you, civilization, that we are onto you. We are ready to take your measure. We are commencing to think that you are not worth while. That in fact we have got to get rid of you in order to make room for something better. You are too noisy and too big, civilization. Noise will save no soul. Nor size. Nor fill empty bellies. Do you hear, civilization? Empty bellies. Your towns are full of empty bellies. Empty a man's belly and you empty his mind. Empty it of love and fill it with revenge. And yet you go on in the stale cant of your cloth talking to people of your miracles. We have never asked you for miracles. We ask you only for everyday honor. We ask you to remember your pledges. We do not lay out a job for you. We ask you to do the job which you laid out for yourself.

Civilization, we are afraid of you. We go to bed at night afraid. We sleep with one eye open. We get up afraid in the morning. If there is any place in the world where a man ought to feel safe it is in civilization. And he would feel safe in a real civilization. But your civilization is a humbug civilization. It is a cutthroat. It is a brigand. It is also worse than the cutthroat and the brigand. These gentlemen assault us direct. We are given a chance to put up some defense against them. But you snarl and sneak and come suddenly round corners and hit in the dark and dagger us in a system, and starve us in your religion. We are afraid of the dark. We do not know what you may not do in the dark. And of the light. For we do not know what you may not do in the light. Think of it. You have so comported yourself that your children shrink from you. We never feel safe. You have withdrawn every reassurance. Why should we be expected to take you at your word? You have broken that word so often we are compelled to question your veracity. Even the children are coming to know you. Even the children are saying satirical things about you. Why shouldn't they? You have set them to work before their time. You have stolen the play out of their lives. You are doing all you can to make the little girls impossible mothers. All you can to make the little boys impossible fathers. If you refuse to father and mother them how can you expect them to father and mother others? Instead of easing life for the people you have made life harder. Instead of distributing your blessings, you have bestowed them in bulk upon the castes. And yet you are civilization. You. You. It is preposterous. Do you dare look the tramp in the face and spell your name out in full? I think you will be counted out the first round. I should think the injustices which flourish in your name would recall you to yourself. But you go on with your orgy. You betray your maker. You have

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talked the biggest words and lived the smallest life. You have shouted your creed so loud everybody could hear you. But what have you done with your life? You have fed your favorites fat on the bodies of the poor. You have not made it easy for men to be honest. You have made it hard to be honest. Men are afraid to be honest. They are afraid that you will punish them for their honor. Civilization, you carry your tongue in your cheek. You go to church. You go to the legislature. You are the best fellow at all social revels. Yet you have deserted the poor. In the category of deserters the deserter who deserts the poor has most foully violated his guarantees. And you have done that, civilization. You have deserted the poor. You have deserted the poor by keeping them poor. If you were the really civilized you would have ended poverty forever. But instead of doing that you have most shamelessly increased the burdens carried by the poor. Do you not hear the weeping of the poor, civilization? Your poor. For all the poor are your poor. Do you not hear their cries? They surge at your door. They run in blood to your heart. They crowd into the thoughts of your brain. They come millions strong. Men. Women. Children. They demand to be heard. Their weeping is a command. They have an order for you. That order you must obey. Do you not hear their piteous

cries? They seem humble. But humility easily grows fierce. They used to petition. Now they threaten. They used to crawl up to you helplessly one at a time. Now they come in hordes, armies. They believed your word was as good as your bond. So it was. But they have found that your bond is worthless. Do you not hear their cries? They come upon you like a tide at its flood. They escape the workshops. The stores. The offices. The mines. They converge from every point of the compass and meet at your door. Civilization, your time has come. Get your report ready. Make your figures honest. Do not tamper with the returns. You cannot escape the questioner. The questioner is no longer your servant. He is about to become your master. Do you not hear their cries? Think of Louis, king, and hear their cries. Think of Charles, king, and hear their cries. Think of George, King, and hear their cries. Think of any day of judgment and hear their cries. Hear. Hear. There is boding in the air. The clouds hang low and are heavy. The cries grow louder and are fierce. The feet come nearer and are firm. The hands get steadier and are armed. Hear their cries. Civilization, hear their cries. The cries of the deserted poor now accusing the deserted. You took safety out of their lives. They accuse you. Accuse. Civilization, hear their cries.



What Word

Edwin Arnold Brenholtz



What word is this my song sends forth?
O shameful word, 'tis *Slave!*
And not alone the South or North,
Not cowards, but the brave,
Endure the bondage, bear the shame,
Because unbranded by the name.

What word is this my song salutes?
Reviving word, "Arise!"
Ah word that life to slaves imputes—
Brave word that fear denies—
From Revolution's lips you sprang
In answer to the slave-heart's pang!

What word is this my song proclaims?
Inspiring sound, 'tis *Free!*
And few the men it truly names—
And they nor you nor me.
Necessity enslaves us here,
and Hunger makes the bravest fear.

What word is this my song repeats?
Commanding word, "Advance!"
Cursed is the coward who retreats
While slaves on earth's expanse
Exist and toil for other's gain—
Exist, or die if they refrain.

What word is this your lips reply
When Freedom's call resounds?
"Enslaved!" should men then fear to die?
Have graves more narrow bounds?
Or free or slave, Arise! Advance!—
For Children's sake earth's joy enhance.

Socialism and the Arts and Crafts Movement

An Account of the "Clarion" Guilds

John Spargo



RUSKIN'S famous dictum that "Life without Labor is guilt: Labor without Art is brutality," tersely expresses the basic principle of that movement of artist-artisans for the up-building of the "lesser arts of life," the glorification of labor, which we call the Arts and Crafts movement and to which William Morris and his immediate disciples gave direction and vital expression.

What Ruskin, following Carlyle, preached, Morris did. He proved that it was no vain thing to hope for the rescue of work from its degradation and shame, and the worker from the dehumanizing toil of to-day, which makes him part of a machine with little or no more individuality than the inanimate parts of the same machine. Love was the first impulse of the great Socialist, poet, artist and craftsman. To make a home for the dwelling of his beautiful bride was the resolution which brought him face to face with the fact that the love of beauty, and the sense of it, had been destroyed by commercialism. Beauty and Love and Joy are very akin to each other. When the worker, divorced from the product of his toil and the ownership of his tools, with only a "cash nexus" to bind him to his employment, ceased to be a maker of things and became a maker only of parts of things innumerable; when he ceased to find scope for his individual fancy and thought and desire and became dependent upon the fancy and thought and desire of another, often unknown—the designer often working without knowledge of the needs or powers of the workman, and the workman with no adequate knowledge oftentimes of the objective of his labor—he could find no joy in his work because there was no sense of fulfilled desire in the product of his hands; there was nothing to love. And because there was no love, because "no love or sympathy went to the makin' o't," there was no beauty in it.

"Art" meant a few years ago, even to the educated classes, pictures and statuary. And these served only in their incongruous setting to show the sordid ugliness and dreary uniformity of everything else. The homes of the well-to-do,

despite the lavish expenditures, were in truth no less ugly than the homes of the poor. Indeed, in the simple poverty of many a laborer's cottage with its scanty furnishings, rude but honestly made there is often more real art, more fitness and less discordant effect, than the debauched taste of the luxurious classes could aspire to when Morris, "the idle singer of an empty day," entered upon that part of his career which was destined to revolutionize the world's conception of art in its relation to the home and to the worker. Art in the home means now, to an ever increasing number of people, that everything in the household shall, in addition to being useful, be pleasing and restful to the eye, either because of gracefulness of form or beauty of color. And to an ever growing number of workers a great ideal presents itself, that nothing should be made which of itself is not worth making, or which involves any labor degrading to the maker. The "joy in work and hope in leisure" which Morris himself realized, is the ideal of unnumbered thousands in all lands who desire that the worker should be free to express himself in his work unhampered by thought of commercial "profit." And not till that end is attained will freedom in labor and beauty in life be made possible.

It was such a revolt against the soulless labor of commercial society with its product of unutterable ugliness, which led Morris and Walter Crane, and others whose names are associated with their's, to Socialism. Others, less favored, or with other temperaments and training, have come to the same revolt, and imbibed the same great ideal of noble and glad work by and through the inspiration of Socialism. We are continually told that Socialism would destroy individuality, repress genius and reduce all to a dull level of uniformity. But they who in our time have shown the strongest individuality, and by their genius and endeavor most influenced the art movement, impeach commercialism for these very wrongs and unite in acclaiming Socialism as the only hope for art and individuality. The keystone of our so-called individualism is the domination of the many by the few, and it is as certain as the axioms of Euclid that that must be fatal to



Painted panel overmantel
By J. Horsburgh, Eccles "Clarion" Guild

Byron's Poems:
Green Levant Morocco inlaid with
Red
By Ben Riley



The Challenge Shield

THE COMRADE.

the individuality of the many. Only the emancipation of men from their masters, and the masters of their bread, can ever give their individual powers and aspirations a chance to develop.



Stained Glass "Mozart" window panel
By Silvester Sparrow

Therefore it is that we as Socialists welcome every evidence of the progress of the Arts and Crafts movement. And notwithstanding the fact that all too often its ideals are prostituted to the very spirit of commercialism against which it is essentially a revolt, we face the future of that movement with confidence in its ultimate triumph.

Peculiarly fitting was it that a body of English Socialists should resolve to establish a network of associations for the advancement of the principles of their great artist comrades; and it is equally fitting that we should sympathize with their efforts and glory in their achievements. Perhaps, too, we in America may find inspiration in their efforts, and—who knows?—

decide to follow their excellent example.

Little more than two years ago a brave and loveable woman, whose pen-name, "Julia Dawson," is known to thousands of English speaking Socialists in all parts of the world, started the idea of having Socialist Handicraft Guilds. In the Woman's Column of the *Clarion*, famous as the paper in which "Merrie England" was first published, she hammered away at the idea until several Clarion Handicraft Guilds were formed in various parts of the country. As most of the members are workmen and women who have to earn their living during the day, they are only able to devote their scanty leisure to the pursuit of their ideals in this direction. They rent a room for guild purposes, holding meetings for discussion, classes, and the like, and doing their work there. Thus they overcome a very serious obstacle which the lack of room in their homes presents. They avoid making workshops of their already too cramped and overcrowded homes.

Out of a small fund which she has raised for the purpose "Julia Dawson" provides, where necessary, aid to meet the initial expenses for tools and materials, after which the Guilds are practically self-supporting, enough to cover all working expenses being raised by the sale of the work of the members. At present there are quite a large number of such Guilds, and I am glad to learn from the energetic founder that the prospects for the future are very bright and encouraging.

Annual exhibitions are a feature of the new movement and a beautiful challenge shield of embossed colored leather, the work of a member of one of the Guilds, is awarded to the local Guild which makes the best exhibit. At the second annual exhibition, held in the quaintly beautiful city of Chester, last Easter, Walter Crane, in a felicitous speech awarded it to the Liverpool Guild.

At first, as might be supposed, much of the work accomplished was crude and immature, but that did not prevent the best-known and most successful craftsmen and craftswomen on the country from lending it their sympathetic support. At the Chester exhibition many of these sent exhibits of their work. Walter Crane was represented by his designs for cretonnes, wall papers and books; Hubert Coop, the well-known artist, who had four pictures in the Academy this year, being the only one so privileged, sent some of his paintings; Miss Ann Macbeth, perhaps the finest artist-needlewoman living, sent some of her wonderful embroidery; Charles E. Dawson, whose admirable poster for the exhibition added to his already great reputation as a poster artist, exhibited many original designs for metal work, and several famous groups of artist-artisans like the Peasants Arts Society, of Haslemere, the Keswick School of Industrial Arts, the Welsh Industries Association and the Mercian and Bromsgrove Guilds, all united to encourage the new movement of



Woven Strip by McEdmund Hunter
of St. Edmundsbury Works, Haslemere

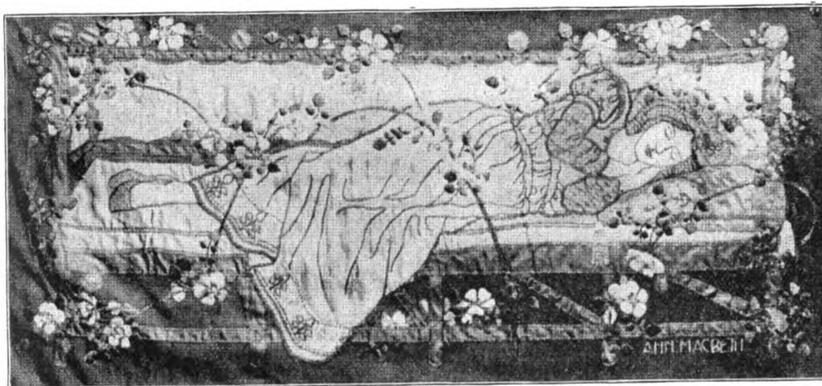


Applique Panel "The Spies" by Godfrey Blount, Haslemere Peasant Industries



Pottery by Mr. Rhead of the Mercian Guild

THE COMRADE.



Embroidered panel: designed and worked by Ann Macbeth.



Silver inlaid "Ruskin" casket by Mr. Allen

humble craftsmen and craftswomen. Among the excellent and extensive collection of bookbindings shown was an attractive exhibit by the Roycrofters, of East Aurora. Jewelry, cabinet work, pottery, basket-work, and architectural designs were among the other exhibits by workers of acknowledged eminence and merit.

In all there were about one thousand exhibits from members of the Clarion Guilds, and it is not an easy matter, where so much was good and well worth while, to choose a few examples for illustration, which may at the same time be regarded as fairly representative of the work that is being done by the Guilds. Nor can anything life an adequate idea of the exhibition be given without including some examples, at least of the exhibits of the sympathetic crafts-folk of repute before mentioned. A further reason for the inclusion of some of these examples is that they may serve for a slight comparative test by which the success of the Clarion Guild workers may be gaged. And it seems to me that the beautiful binding of Byron's poems shown, the work of Ben Riley, compares favorably, for taste and effectiveness, with the work of the acknowledged masters. Miss Macbeth's needlework is not more beautiful. The woven strip of Mr. Hunter, of the St. Edmundsbury Weaving Works at Haslemere, or the graceful vases by Mr. Rhead of the famous Mercian Guild,

are equalled in beauty and effectiveness by Mr. Horsburgh's Overmantel, Mr. Sparrow's "Mozart" panel, or the admirably conceived Challenge Shield. And it is difficult to conceive a more graceful and attractive casket than Mr. Allen's. These few examples, chosen from an extensive and varied collection, tell better than any words of mine could do, how signally successful these Clarion Guilds have already become, and how pregnant they are with promise for the future. It gives one a new concept of labor, and a new hope for labor, to see how much play to individual genius and fancy is possible in the production of the commonest objects of every day use. These workers are not only proving that it is possible to unite in one person designer and creator, to weld imagination with skill; this, glorious as it is, is transcended by the impetus their work gives to the world's growing conviction so well expressed by Morris: "It is right and just that all men should have work to do which shall be worth doing, and be of itself pleasant to do; and which should be done under such conditions as would make it neither over-wearisome nor over-anxious."

Why should we not have Socialist Handicraft Guilds in this country? I see no reason why we should not have "Comrade Guilds" patterned after the "Clarion Guilds." For we, too, are of the faith.



Vampires

Frank Stuhlman



HERE was a traveler once.

Who wandered in a tropical forest. Over his head bloomed orchids, fairy like in shape, delicate in texture and varied in hues. The giant palms, festooned with graceful creepers, thrust great masses of vivid green into the dazzling sunlight. Birds colored like precious gems, ruby-red, emerald-green, topaz-yellow flitted down long vistas. The gorgeous magnificence of the wondrous scene drugged his senses like the subtle, mysterious hasheesh. "Surely," he said, "Eden has come to earth again. I will rest me until the heat is passed away." He lay himself down in a bed of flowers and closed his eyes. While he slept that foul creature, born of Erebus and Nox, the vampire, hovering from obscene retreats, descended upon the sleeper and, drop by drop, drained the life blood from him. When he stirred it fanned him with its loathly wings into a deeper slumber and the hour left him dead, food for the

screaming vultures.

God save us and keep us from vampires in all forms.

* * *

There was a man once,

Deep of heart and great of spirit. The vampire came to him in the shape of a beautiful woman. Honor and Life's Best and Life's All he laid at her feet. Greedily she drained the wine of his soul and then went her way.

And his fellows are not few.

* * *

There was a woman once,

Pure as a pearl, lovely as a lily, rare as a rose. The vampire masked its demon form in Love's guise, charming her with music sweet to her longing heart. She believed, trusted and was lost. The maelstrom of a great city's degradation sucked the wreck to its nethermost depths.

Many are her sisters.

THE COMRADE.

There was a child once,

Who came into life with the inherent rights to free air, a wholesome body and a clean soul. The vampire of Gain spread its black shadow over the land and the monster mills gathered him in. The tireless, remorseless machines took a portion of his childhood each day. When the years of manhood came they flung him out, diseased in body, stunted in brain, blacken in spirit to work retribution upon Society as a criminal and a degenerate.

Christ pity the children!

* * *

There was a child once,

Born where the workers dwell. Sweet as a flower she blossomed in the grime and dust reek. The vampire of Land Monopoly grasped the heritage of the people. The landlords crowded the toilers closer and ever closer. A giant pestilence swept over the city and the hived poor died like flies; and the fair young girl was parentless and homeless. The marts of trade gave her a small pittance for much work. The fresh cheeks became sallow and the red lips wan. The day came when strength failed and before her the choice of the bread of pollution or the dark current of the mighty river. She chose the river.

O, blessed river, many are the hunted ones that find rest and peace in your cool enfolding embrace!

* * *

There was a world once,

With fertile lands and wide waters, with life for all its children in its bosom and room for all nations in its broad expanse. But the Desire for Dominion seized this world and the strong robbed the weak. Poets sang the glories of the warrior, statesmen talked of world-empires, preachers told of the gospel carried to the heathen by "our armies," and upheld the makers of unjust wars. The world was mad with lust of power and the nations rushed upon each other destroying, burning, butchering while the War vampire bated upon human misery.

Let there be no other worlds like this, Lord, ever we pray!

* * *

There was a Republic once,

Spreading from sea to sea, founded in equity and liberty and opportunity. It became the star of hope to the earth. The oppressed of all lands flocked to its shores. No tyranny so dark but some child of freedom drew inspiration from its light; no autocrat so powerful but trembled at its name. Broad and deep the leaders planned but a hideous excrescence, slavery, marred their work. At last the conscience of the nation swept the black evil away at the cost of untold blood and tears. Then the Republic rested in triumph. (Beautiful

stars, look down on the land purged of its shame.) In its security the frightened vampire of all Plutocracy fastened its muzzle in the heart of the nation. The wound was small and the people, heavy with the fatigue of storm and battle, heeded it not. The creature grew apace and sucked more blood. When the people stirred, it moved its filthy wings and hummed, "Hush, I will build you churches and colleges and hospitals for your sick and wounded and give bread for your starving. Without me there would be anarchy." And the nation slumbered again until the Republic perished. Horrific Plutocracy rose gorged with the unholy feast and an empire stood upon the graves of freemen and the ruins of Democracy.

Hear! Liberty keening for the dead Republic.

* * *

There was a church once,

Over its doors was blazoned in gleaming words, "Christ's Church." Afar back in the ages its marvelous founder laid the corner-stone in the law of love and justice to be a symbol of God and a power for right between man and man. He made the plan for the ages and men were to build the super-structure to stand for Brotherhood and Love. The vampire whispered to the builders, "The plan is contrary to human nature. Do my bidding and I will rear your temples and gild your crosses and pay your preachers and you need not toil with the mob." And Plutocracy fashioned a golden image of the Grieving Christ and set it before the people over the high altar of the church. In time the church came to worship the gold of the image and the Christ spirit was forgotten. Then Plutocracy bought the church and now it cries from the pulpit, "Have faith in the Holy Church and save your souls! Pay no heed to the ills of life or the evils of society, but gain Heaven after death through my doors. Serve the rich faithfully. 'Give unto Caesar the things that are Caesars,' said our Master!" Plutocracy leers and joins hands with the church.

From the glowing leaves of the Book of Life, God, blot the faithless church!

* * * ENVOY. * *

God of Heaven and Earth, Lord of the quick and the dead, deliver us from vampires in all forms—Deliver us, as a world, from the vampires of war and of imperialism, of greed and of power—Deliver us, as persons, from the vampires of sin and of love, of hunger and of oppression—And above all, take all darkness from our hearts that they may not become the dwelling place of the vampire of Selfishness from whom all evils come. For the sake of Thy Kingdom on Earth and the Brotherhood yet to Come.

Amen.



Life and Song

Sidney Lanier



F life were caught by a clarinet,
And a wild heart throbbing in the reed,
Should thrill its joy and trill its fret,
And utter its heart in every deed.

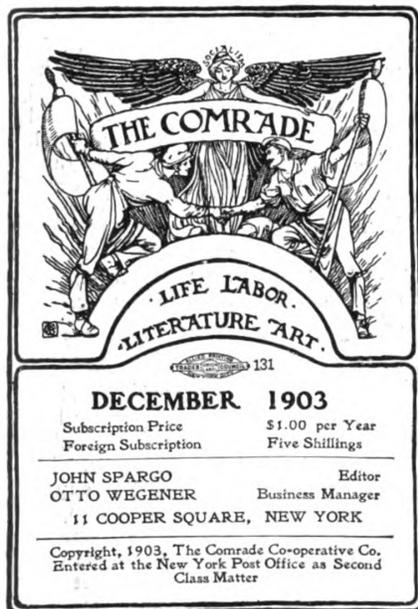
The would this breathing clarinet
Type what the poet fain would be;
For none of the singers ever yet
Has wholly lived his minstrelsy.

Or clearly sung his true, true thought,
Or utterly bodied forth his life,
Or out of life and song has wrought
The perfect one of man and wife;

Or lived and sung, that Life and Song
Might each express the other's all,
Careless, if life or art were long,
Since both were one, to stand or fall.

So that the wonder struck the crowd,
Who shouted it about the land:
*His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with his hand!*

THE COMRADE.



Editorial

QUITE naturally the decrease in the Socialist vote in Massachusetts, and particularly the defeat of the Socialist member of the Massachusetts Legislature, James F. Carey, has been widely hailed in the capitalistic press of the country as a great triumph. To them the mere fact that our vote has fallen off this year is a sign that "Socialism has about run its course." We shall see!

These prematurely exultant scribes apparently overlook the fact that last year we had a phenomenal increase forced upon us by the great coal strike. We had Mr. Baer and his friends working for us. That many of those votes born of the turmoil and indignation and suffering of that time would be difficult, if not impossible, to retain was clearly realized by every member of the Socialist Party. The experience of the past left no room for any false sense of security with regard to that vote. That we should have come out of the inevitable and foreseen reaction maintaining two-thirds of that increase, and with a total vote two and a half times as large as the vote of two years ago, is in itself a remarkable evidence of strength and virility. The enemies of Socialism, when the excitement of the moment has passed, will find little to exult over in a candid consideration of the facts. And we as surely have little cause for despondence or fear. Not in any spirit of bravado, but with quiet and determined confidence, we go on our way singing as we go.

But, at the same time, it would be folly, and far worse than folly, were we to attempt to shut our eyes to the fact that the defeat of Representative Carey, and our failure to hold the seat of our lamented comrade, the late Frederic O. MacCartnev, of Rockland, and the serious losses of votes elsewhere, furnish serious lessons not only for the Socialists of Massachusetts, but for all Socialists everywhere. If we can learn and profit by those lessons then the losses will prove to be in reality gains of the utmost importance and inestimable value. For us, as for individuals, there are no greater victories than those which come in the guise of defeats. To learn from yesterday's failure how to succeed to-morrow makes yesterday's failure a very real success.

The conviction forces itself upon us that the real lesson of this temporary check is the need of a more efficient organization. It is not enough that we make a vigorous campaign for a few weeks prior to the date of election. We must make real our too often empty boast that "our campaign never ends." Week in and week out we must keep battering away at the enemy's ramparts, using every means in our power to educate the workers to a clear understanding of our position, and perfecting our organization. The battle of the proletariat will never be won save by a well-organized proletariat. Whatever advantages are gained by unorganized workers, or ill-organized workers, on the political field as elsewhere, will be wrested from them by the well-organized master class. The Socialist Party in this and other countries exists for the two-fold purpose of carrying on a regular and systematic campaign of agitation and education among the workers and organizing them for the political conquest which will enable them to effect their industrial emancipation. And while it is true that we can never, probably, and certainly not for a long time, hope to get every one of those who vote for Socialism into the Socialist Party, it is also certain that we should get as many of them as possible, and that wherever our vote is great we should be able to show a proportionately great party membership. For an essential part of our work is to educate the working class to an understanding of this truth; that because of the fact that the strength of the workers in one part is, finally, no greater than the weakness of workers in another; that we are interdependent in this struggle, it is the duty of the enlightened workers in one place to do all that lies in their power to carry the message of Socialism "to them that sit in darkness" without. That work is being done so far as its resources will permit by the Socialist

Party. By no other agency is it done, or can it be done, so efficiently. Therefore, it is the duty of every Socialist, not only to enroll himself with the Socialist Party, but also to do all in his power to build up the party in the place where he happens to be.

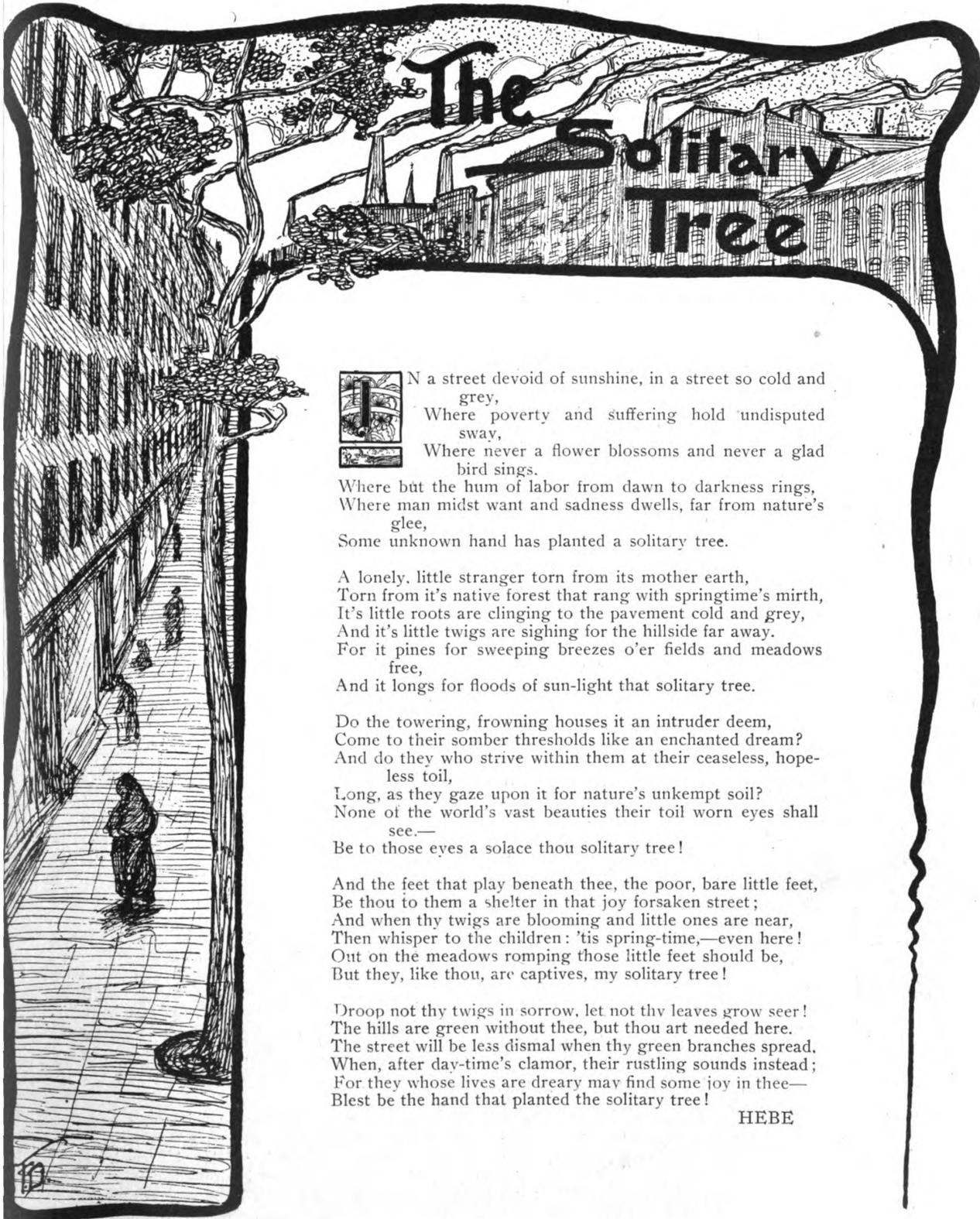
Yet the facts are to-day—and they go far to explain the checks we have sustained in Haverhill and elsewhere—that where our vote is greatest we have no corresponding party membership. It is a sorry and somewhat sensational fact that in some of the places which we call our "strongholds" we have no organization at all or only a nominal one. We could name important districts in which a party meeting; that is, a meeting for the transaction of Socialist Party business, is about as rare an event as a total eclipse of the sun. In others, "meetings," when held, mean nothing more than the gathering of four or five where we should have, and might have if we earnestly tried, so many scores or even hundreds. It is an almost incredible fact, moreover, that in some of the places where we have been polling large votes, not one Socialist lecture is given in three months nor an agitation meeting held. How can we, in face of these things, expect to make progress? The need of more agitation, and, above all, of organization, is the chief lesson which the falling off of our vote seems to us to convey.

Above everything else, we need to build up the party organization, especially in view of the great campaign of 1904, for which we must begin right away to prepare ourselves. Frequently we hear it said of some one that he or she is "a good Socialist, but outside the party." We do not agree: Socialists such persons may be, but not *good* Socialists. They are not faithful to the needs of Socialism, and are not, therefore, faithful or "good" Socialists. The Socialist Party is broad enough, and gives scope enough, for any earnest Socialist and there is no valid excuse for the Socialist who remains outside.

The lesson of 1903 is that we need better organization and more systematic agitation and education as a result of it. Let us begin with the first dawn of 1904 to show that we have learned the lesson. So shall we make of the seeming failure of this election just passed a glorious victory. Let the watchword be: "Educate, Agitate, Organize!" "Educate, we shall need all our intelligence! Agitate, we shall need all our enthusiasm! Organize, we shall need all our strength!" S.



THE COMRADE.



IN a street devoid of sunshine, in a street so cold and grey,
Where poverty and suffering hold undisputed sway,
Where never a flower blossoms and never a glad bird sings.

Where but the hum of labor from dawn to darkness rings,
Where man midst want and sadness dwells, far from nature's glee,
Some unknown hand has planted a solitary tree.

A lonely, little stranger torn from its mother earth,
Torn from its native forest that rang with springtime's mirth,
Its little roots are clinging to the pavement cold and grey,
And its little twigs are sighing for the hillside far away.
For it pines for sweeping breezes o'er fields and meadows free,
And it longs for floods of sun-light that solitary tree.

Do the towering, frowning houses it an intruder deem,
Come to their somber thresholds like an enchanted dream?
And do they who strive within them at their ceaseless, hopeless toil,
Long, as they gaze upon it for nature's unkempt soil?
None of the world's vast beauties their toil worn eyes shall see.—
Be to those eyes a solace thou solitary tree!

And the feet that play beneath thee, the poor, bare little feet,
Be thou to them a shelter in that joy forsaken street;
And when thy twigs are blooming and little ones are near,
Then whisper to the children: 'tis spring-time,—even here!
Out on the meadows romping those little feet should be,
But they, like thou, are captives, my solitary tree!

Droop not thy twigs in sorrow, let not thy leaves grow seer!
The hills are green without thee, but thou art needed here.
The street will be less dismal when thy green branches spread,
When, after day-time's clamor, their rustling sounds instead;
For they whose lives are dreary may find some joy in thee—
Blest be the hand that planted the solitary tree!

HEBE

The Power of Anthracite

Harriet Miller



ENOUGH. Go to your worthless miners and be one of them. The snarling curs!" Protracted opposition had not softened the unrelenting spirit of Thomas Burns.

"Father! How can you blind your eyes to so much suffering? If you would only listen." There was a blaze in her eyes, that of an enthusiast.

"I tell you I'll have none of your interference. The quicker you understand that the better. We operators are perfectly capable of running our own business. Let that settle the matter once and for all." He rose from his chair, and pounded his fist upon the mahogany table at his elbow, as if to nail his final decision.

"Father, dear," she persisted, "they say that you and only one other operator are holding out against a settlement."

"Who told you that?" His neck was short and fat, and when he thrust his head forward it strengthened the likeness to a stubborn bulldog.

Silence was her answer.

"Who told you that?"

Straightening her slender figure, she clenched her hands until the nails imprinted the palms.

Thomas Burns drew a step nearer, as if to frighten his daughter into a confession. The girl threw back her head in defiance, looking him full in the eyes. The inherited spirit of her dead mother arose within her, and she feared no man.

"Tell me, I say," he repeated angrily.

No word passed her lips.

"From this house forever, then," he commanded, pointing to the street. "You unnatural daughter! Marry your leader, live in his hovel, and among his degenerate followers." He swept the air with his short arms. "You have been plotting against your own father. The father who has given you every luxury in life."

She trembled, breathing short and fast, still refusing to answer.

"Go. I might have known when I married your—"

Thomas Burns' only child had closed the door of his library after her.

Daunted, his mind flooded with visions of her mother. That first impression, it came back with fresh vividness, the morning he saw her going to market, in the small mining town. The carriage of her fine figure and flashing eyes had attracted him. At first she tossed her head and laughed at his approaches. But after a while—What a dark, awful night that was when her father, a burly miner, pointed a revolver at his head, demanding that Burns go along with him, for he must marry the girl. That was thirty-one years ago, and—Thomas Burns dropped into a chair, looking gray and haggard.

Down the street Elizabeth Burns walked rapidly. She was a pretty, sensitive girl of about twenty-five years. Education and extensive travel had been her's through the power of money. The night was raw and cold, yet her high strung nerves gave physical discomfort but a passing thought, there was too keen an anguish wringing her heart.

Many, many years ago a flood covered the face of the earth; now there was a coal famine that spread across a great republic. God commanded the first; man caused the second.

In the gloom of the strike the President called a meeting

an appeal for humanity might quicken their hearts into magnanimity.

Week after week of terrible suspense. The snow had begun to fall like a great merciless sheet: still no hope, the situation was growing intolerable.

The President, suffering from a wound, had been removed to the city hospital; extreme anxiety for his people had caused an unfavorable change in his condition, and the attending physicians looked grave, indeed. Numerous manufacturers had closed their factories before the supply of coal was entirely gone, selling it to the rich and giving to the poor. The price of other fuels had gone up according to their urgent demand. Food that required cooking, but few could afford the indulgence. Fruit, prepared food, nuts, and the like were too high in price to be within the reach of the medium class of wage earners. From house to house the doctors hurried, day after day, from early morning until late at night, much worn, caring for sick and dying men, women and children. The dead were so many that the undertakers would not permit the shortest service, for in the next block another lay cold in death. Hospitals refused entrance to another patient; already they were crowded beyond their capacity. Sympathetic men and women, by means of money obtained from the rich, went among the poor, distributing food and warm clothing. But gold, much fine gold, could not buy the warmth necessary to keep body and soul together. The miser drew down the blinds and bolted the door, that he might shut out heart-rending sights and deafen his ears to the appeal for help. Each day new cases of insanity tore through the streets, flourishing knives, revolvers, axes, and other deadly weapons. A few days before five enraged men were arrested for breaking the window of a jewelry store exhibiting a huge piece of coal displaying sparkling diamonds upon its black surface. The insult to suffering human beings struck the court, and the prisoners were dismissed. Crazy by hunger and cold, poor men shook their fists with oaths and threats under their breath. Were their wives and children not perishing? The evil of intemperance had increased; drunkards, drunkards, reeled through the streets. Assaults, burglaries, and murders defied the police and militia.

Elizabeth almost ran in her haste to reach the college settlement house. The alumnae girls would have already served supper to the hungry. Out upon the frosty air rang an alarm of fire. The wind was blowing and the terrors of others made her for a moment forget her own heartache.

Every seat was filled, and listeners crowded the entrance to the hall. "Michael," president of the miners association of that district, was urging them with all the power within him, that they be patient. He encouraged that since the demand for higher wages had been recalled, the justice of "improved environment" must win in the end. Patient they must be and keep brave hearts, for perhaps at this very moment there was one on the way with news that would restore peace and prosperity. There was more work to be done than men to do it.

Some one entered. Michael looked eagerly toward the door. Miss Elizabeth! No one knew with what anxious longing he had awaited her delayed arrival. He strained every nerve to read the good tidings which he had promised. She was deathly white. His heart sank within him.

The men crowding the entrance respectfully made way for her. "Sing, please sing, Miss Elizabeth," called out one of the miners. "Yes, yes," added several others.

THE COMRADE.

To-night there was an added quality to "Miss Elizabeth's" sympathetic voice that touched every heart and brought tears to many eyes. When she finished, there was a hush throughout the room. "Another song," they urged. "Another—"

What was that? A disturbance in the street! Like an electric spark, commotion tingled the air. Michael fortified himself, fixing his magnetic eyes upon the people. "Be quiet," he commanded.

"Help!" was the cry.

The angry voices outside grew louder. The people inside grew restless. Several hurried to the scene.

"For God's sake help!" the man cried again.

The miners pushed their way toward the street, crowding the entrance.

The outside door was burst open, and a man was thrown hard against the wall.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" His coat was torn, and there was blood upon his pale cheek.

"Let me pass, I beg of you," implored the girl, struggling to make her way.

"Stand back," commanded "Michael." "Ben Hart, raise your fist once more, and you will answer to me. How can any man of you forget what Miss Elizabeth has dared for our cause. Show your manhood." All eyes were upon Michael as he pointed to the door. "Go to your homes." When Michael had that firm, determined look in his face there was not alternative but obey.

"Now you come with me," said Thomas Burns, looking at his daughter with angry eyes. Thrusting his head forward, again he looked the stubborn bulldog. "Come, I say."

"Father, I cannot." Her voice quivered with emotion. Her womanhood, the yearning for protection, arose within her and involuntarily she looked at Michael. He put out his hand. She went to him and dropped her head upon his shoulder.

Progress By Repudiation

Peter E. Burrowes



HE mind of humanity grows along the lines of our economic experience; it is a casting out of mistakes, a repudiation of surplus unnecessary things. In our affairs there is a consistent experience of the whole, one human wisdom which, holding itself together repudiates the mistakes of history and so persists unbroken through ages as

the common sense of mankind. The persons who earnestly devote themselves to the fundamental topics of fellowship and labor, will, because these are the primary affairs of the race, become enlightened by that wisdom and endowed by the spiritual power of that common experience for social achievement.

Conflict is not the life of history. The life of the man of history has never been in conflict. The things that made battles with each other were always the mistakes of men. Life is not a conflict between the mistakes of men to see which mistake, or the man of which mistake, shall survive, for none of them shall survive. The superfluous men of the world are fighting only to decide which shall fall out of history first; and we, collectively, shall endorse their falling off as malignant superfluities. No high vision is needed to show us what we shall repudiate; for the things that hurt the persons of laborers and the organizations of labor are in the main plainly the superfluities of the race. Fated to go, their chief duty is now to work out the demonstration of their own uselessness and so teach us to repudiate them.

If we keep our mistakes they become our diseases, they can only remain upon us as poison. The military profession, for instance, has remained a blighting, bloody parasite upon mankind long after trade had taken the place of patriotism in national affairs, long after the sword had lost its old heroic sheen and had become merely a cut-purse. To see how terribly the race suffers from the presence of the out-of-date soldiers witness the atrocities of Africa and the Philippines, and witness the barbarous behavior of our generals out West flaunting their swords in the face of courts and bloodily smiting down labor. How long must they still demonstrate, and how much more brutally, the arrival of the time for their repudiation.

The thought that the individual life is a little tabernacle in which the whole of the divinity which throbs through nature may be detained on an income of a few thousand dollars has been, with variations on the number of dollars, the chief doc-

trine of egoism for centuries. Some reformers got it down to poverty and bare feet, but the divinity remained a graded private possession. Witness, therefore, as a result the varieties of curists and culturists flooding the press today with their secrets of power for sale, divinity on tap from their own persons at so much a vibration, or by any other measure that will go through the mails. Evidently these superfluities and the mistake at the root of them have been scheduled to depart a very long time ago.

The libertarians of France and America in the eighteenth century are charged with pecciousness for their strong assertion of personal freedom, their ideas of independence were thought to be altogether ahead of their time, when, in fact, those conceits of the individual superiority to society had been spent thoughts, bloodless, inorganic and worthless ere Jefferson or Rousseau ranted. They have not given us free men, but freebooters—they have given us anarchy and the Manchester school. That is the philosophy for the business, and the business for the philosophy of the capitalist system.

The gentleman anarchist equipped with the thought and arrayed in the plunder of the past and present superciliously protests against any further advance of the race as a whole, until it gives him a guarantee of good behavior and that all men in future shall be like unto him. "If not the wheels must stop," quoth he. He leaves no alternative for himself but liberty or death—these two halves; and the first half he takes out in ready money to build with it a palace outside of domineering society, an isolate's palace, a mountain tower for his lonely lustre. He is a debtor to society for every atom of himself, his property and his thought, and yet he demands, before he will even consider Socialism for the rest of mankind, that the rest of mankind shall bind and pledge itself never to interfere with him. Society must make him free in his own way. This is the whole product of libertarianism off its base. Let us repudiate it.

On its true base, the economic equality of all men, the love of liberty is a noble passion; but the business freedom of the traders is a stranger to the spirit and the letter of this liberty. For there is no freedom save that which first of all seeks to know its own boundaries. I swear by the great humanity that as a free spirit I will first of all, though plunged in deepest darkness, feel about me to touch my boundary walls and then within that knowledge shall I be free. I mean not to shrivel myself within whatsoever boundaries may be

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assigned to me. I am not one of that band of poor Italian workmen who waited the other day upon the glittering pope and were promised the Holy Ghost if they would be content with their condition. No. I would not have the Holy Ghost at such a price. The Holy Ghost could not be sold to me by any blasphemer for my right of discontent. Yet will I seek to know where my brother's right of discontent comes in and there will I pause to consider. That which would defraud labor of its protest the race will repudiate.

It is better to do this than to wait for the boundaries to touch me to death. While I am feeling for the limits of my freedom I am a free spirit; when I am only squeezed in, and hurt by it, and don't resent it, but am content always to shrink back because some Holiness, or some cowardice of my own, says so, then am I a slave, and I or my slavery must be repudiated. The fruits of our past mistakes, how near, how bitter they are. Mistakes indeed seem to be only things made by man of which he gets the whole of the product. But some mistakes have survived among us too ridiculously long. Let them fall off. They only teach our masters to demand more. And yet how blind the masters are in their demands!

The master classes of the world could not endure a universal surrender. The most insane of our despots would still desire to rule over life. What they all seek for is a permanent substratum of men who only work and will not become so intelligent as to complain.

It is a great shame that the world-kings must step down from their high places to parley with this substratum. They love battle, but it should be in heroic with statesmen, diplomats or army corps. But this battle with the underfoot battlefield itself which refuses to remain still while the troops are tramping over it as the most repugnant and alarming of all rising against us, the stones crying out! Yes, the clay must repudiate, the clay is thinking. Until this conflict comes, war will continue to be the most visible law of society, everlasting

ingly waged between the Much's, the More's and the Most's; when this conflict comes and has its first battle, war will be at an end forevermore. But the struggle for change which constitutes the law of life has hitherto been regarded by the three M's as being no other law than the chances of war. And how can change continue to bless them when the wars are all over. How can they fight when the earth beneath refuses a way for the heavy artillery. It is too bad that they must suspend the picturesque army corps' fights they so love, to go down to pounding down these red earth laborers. But this is what they have to do; now let us keep them at it. Above all things, workers of the nations, keep your armed lords down to this red earth battle of the labor question. Every day spent in this engagement is a day loaded with the vitality of years to come. Therefore, the capitalists are revising the Lord's prayer and crying, "Lead us not into labor agitation, but deliver us from all evil."

War has not been the way of life, the struggles of the past were incidents of a broader law—a law by which the mistakes of each become the wisdom of the whole. To march over a highway paved with the mistakes of the past, this is persistently life casting off as autumn leaves its fools and warriors. The men who think in blood, and so believe that they (synonym for the human race) flourish by conflicts assure us, it is by battle that the right survives. But, indeed, has ever the rightness of the whole gone forth to war—And with whom I pray you, with Mars or Uranus? Much, More and Most have contended for each other's share; their mistakes have only been in friction with their mistakes. More has taken away from Much, Most has plundered More; and then, because there is a limit to the continuance in private hands of some mistakes Most has toppled over. Nothing of all this battle of the mistakes survives save the race's appreciation of them as mistakes, mistakes which die in the regular way of self murder.



A Peace-loving Lawyer

John Eills



WAY at the top of a "sky scraper," in that maw that is called a city's heart, was the sign "John Melas, Peacemaker," painted modestly on an office door. A woman of perhaps fifty years of age stepped from the elevator and began scanning the advertising columns of a morning newspaper. "There it is, sure enough," she said to herself, "I thought it was a hoax," and once more she read:

"If you are in trouble see
John Melas, Peacemaker,
Room 1717 Associate Building."

Vexations had been coming thick and fast upon her and she had risen this morning determined to consult a barrister, but the little advertisement had caught her eye. As she stood now looking up and down the long hallway she saw glittering from almost every door the words "Counselor-at-Law," but something quieted her spirit a moment and she turned the knob of No. 1717.

A tall and rather spare figure, surmounted by a fine head and thoughtful face, rose from the desk overlooking the single window of the room and came toward her.

"Is this Mr. Melas?" asked the visitor.

"It is, Madam," the tall figure replied in a voice that sent a distinct vibration through the room. "And you have come to me for help? Please sit down in the armchair there and look out of the window until I post a letter," and he led her politely to the seat.

It was a tranquilizing view that one got of a busy scene from this seventeenth story window. Below lay the crowded street, where men and women were hurrying back and forth, too far away for one to catch their strained expressions or their disturbing nerve currents. Off in front stretched a hill-country of roofs, and half a mile away, all unobstructed, lay the harbor with the great ships. As she sat and looked, there came into the woman's troubled mind the words of an old hymn, which she did not remember having committed to memory:

"When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion
A peaceful stillness reigneth evermore."

A sense of soothing had already entered her heart when the office door reopened and Mr. Melas seated himself again

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at his desk. Swinging around in his chair he looked benignly at his client. There was something natural in his glance, like that of an interested child. He could not have been more than thirty-five years of age, but there seemed a contrast of—it might have been aeons between them, and in her favor. His eyes were forms in which he seemed to catch for an instant the infinitely moving ether. Something more luminous than light shone from their depths.

"All that hurry-scurry down there," he said gayly, pointing to the crowded street, "looks all right when you get high enough above it, doesn't it? If everybody down there could come up here and look down on the rest five or ten minutes every day they would all be happier.

"And now will you speak of the object of your visit?"

"Yes," promptly replied his matronly looking client, "I want to secure separate maintenance from my husband. He has used me outrageously, taking me away from my business and then deserting me."

"Don't you wish to begin at the very beginning of the story and tell me how it all happened?" asked the Peacemaker.

"Yes. I was a milliner when I first became acquainted with Mr. Greenough four years ago, and after a year or so he proposed to me and we were married. He is several years my junior, a haberdasher, with a fair-sized business. We went to housekeeping with my effects, and were very nappy for about a year. Then he began to stay away from home for a week or two at a time, on "vacations," and at last sent me word that he was not coming back again. I called at his store one day and told him before his clerk what I thought of him, the low-lived coward. He was so ashamed of himself that he put on his hat and mustered up courtesy enough to see me to the car. I thought he would come home after that, but he has not come, and now I want to make him settle."

Mrs. Greenough had been growing excited as she proceeded with the narrative of her marital woes, and it was quite impossible to look from the seventeenth story window straight down upon a domestic quarrel to get a true perspective. Mr. Melas was apparently unaffected but still benign. In the same kindly tone in which he had first greeted his client, he inquired, "And Mr. Greenough is your junior, did you say? How much so?"

"About ten years. He professed great love for me and never asked me my age, so I did not tell him until long after we were married, about the time he began to go away so often. Do you think perhaps I ought to have told him beforehand? As long as he did not ask me I did not feel that I had to. After he left me he sent me eight dollars a week for two years, but now he has stopped sending me money."

"Are you earning something for yourself now, Mrs. Greenough?"

"Yes, at millinery, but the expense of keeping a flat in the better quarter is high, and I have not means enough. And my daughter by a former marriage is with me."

"May I ask if she is helpful in a financial way?"

"Only slightly; she earns enough to clothe and feed herself. I have sometimes hoped that Mr. Greenough would return to us."

"Who knows but he may," mused the Peacemaker. "Perhaps it would be best, and perhaps not. It would depend upon the spirit of his coming."

"But you yourself are not taking the way of the Spirit, Mrs. Greenough," he continued, looking straight into her

eyes. "Harmony comes through perfect freedom. Spiritual freedom is not the daughter, but the mother of order. Could you not possibly reduce expenses and bring them within the present income—perhaps giving up the flat and taking rooms?"

A certain genuineness, an elemental kindness, was manifesting itself in the effluence of this unique counselor, and his client could not misunderstand or distrust him.

"Perhaps I could if it seemed best," she replied.

"Believe me it would be best, the very best. You are binding to yourself influences that must always prevent happiness from coming to you. It is better to loose them and let them go. For 'when the half gods go the gods arrive.'"

A fine elation was coming upon him as he went on. It was his passion for peace. There was an infection from him now that was spiritually quickening and the woman felt that she was hearing living words whose entrance giveth life. A peculiar sensation came into her mouth, a wholly satisfactory and satisfying taste, which she remembered as having had when a young girl and never since.

"I will follow your advice," she said in a quite gentle voice, as she rose to go.

"But your fee—"

"I have no stated fees," replied the Peacemaker. "I receive whatever the heart prompts and the purse approves."

She laid a dollar bill upon the desk. He brushed it lightly into the drawer, and extending his hand to his departing client he said, in tones that seemed almost boylike: "For me as for you, 'Better a morsel where love is than great plenty and hatred therewith.'"



Coal Trust (to miner): "I shall not open the mines full time to please you."

(To Consumer): "Why grumble to me about the price? I can't help it if he won't work!"

An Agitator

W. E. Clark



JOHN AMOS had been escorted to the Union Pacific Railway station in _____,

Nebraska, and ordered never to set his foot in that place again. A strike was in progress against the railway company, and Amos had been taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded to expose the iniquity of an industrial system, by which

one individual is permitted to make profit out of another. While addressing a crowd of eager listeners on a prominent street corner, he had been arrested by the town marshal, and had spent the night in the calaboose. On complaint of a leading citizen, he was accused of being a dangerous character, "one who was inciting the people, an Agitator."

The accused gave the officer no unnecessary trouble; in fact, friendly relations were soon established between them. Amos saw that the marshal had a big heart, that he had simply obeyed orders, and that he was glad to be of any service possible, even to furnishing a candle, by whose flickering light John wrote the following letter to his wife:

"My Dear Wife:—

"While trying to arouse the working people of this community, to-night, I was arrested for the first time in my life, and my crime was being an Agitator. I shall sleep in the town calaboose to-night. But do not worry over this. The officer was very kind to me. I was showing the necessity for the working people to take control of the industrial and political government, when those who live by exploitation ordered him to arrest me, and he simply did his duty.

"But being in jail is the least of my sorrows. In fact, it is quite a relief. Being misunderstood by the members of my own class is hard; but even that is to be expected, because it results from ignorance, which is a result of the present industrial system. Not even that is hard to bear; but to be separated from one who has confidence in me, to be beyond the sound of our little one's voice; not to be able to sit by your side and listen to the chatter of the baby playing at your

knee; this, my sweetheart, is one of the Agitator's sorrows that people, hardened by capitalism, seldom understand.

"And yet, in faith I can see you read my letter, brush away the stubborn tears, gently draw the little one closer to your heart, and write me a message of love and hope. It seems as though I can hear you say: "Go on, John. It breaks my heart to see you go; but we will have to change this miserable system. Those who fatten on our work will not help us. So let us change it before our daughter arrives at the age of womanhood. Being the child of a working-class family, the only avenue open for her leads to drudgery, privation and sorrow. If possible, let us blot out the wage system before she is drawn into one of capitalism's many pitfalls, in which her tender body will be devoured in making finery for some one else to wear. I know it is hard to be separated from those we love, but go, there'll be a brighter day some time. It will not come though, until we sweep the clouds away from our industrial sky. It is our work, and we must do our part. The baby and I will do our's—we will stay at home without you, and defend you from the capitalistic slanderer who has accused you of deserting us. Go, and when you think of us, know that we will be thinking of you."

"To be away from home is a sorrow that capitalists do not think of when they order the Agitator sent to jail. Or perhaps they do think of it, and think the cold walls of a prison can drive us back to their lash; but in either case, they do not know the stuff out of which we are made.

"Now, I fear this letter is too pessimistic. Maybe the dim light of this musty place has had its chilling effect on me. I'll cheer up in thoughts of you and the little one. I'll think of the future, when we will be living in our own home, our cheeks aglow with life, with no more capitalism; that is to say, no more wage slavery, no more wearing of ragged clothes, no more eating of adulterated food, no more breathing of foul tenement air, no more harboring angry feelings against exploiters of human life, because there will be none—but living as human beings ought to live—by their own efforts, and not on the lives of others. This will come as a result of our own work, the work of the working class.

"Your affectionate husband,

"JOHN AMOS."

And she, the good wife, read the letter and was comforted.

I do not ask who you are—that is not important to me—You can do nothing, and be nothing, but what I will unfold you.

Recall Christ, brother of rejected persons—brother of slaves, felons, idiots, and of insane and diseased persons.

—Walt Whitman



THE DIRECTORS' MEETING

Views and Reviews



HERE is something gruesome and suggestive of the "Newgate Calendar" about the title of Francis Johnson's "Famous Assassinations of History," recently issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago. Mr. Johnson has taken thirty-one assassinations, famous in history, and ranging from that of Philip of Macedon, in 336 B. C., to

that of Alexander of Servia and his consort in June last, and tried to make each of them "the central scene of a picture in which the political, religious, or national features of the epoch in which the assassination occurred are portrayed with historical fidelity and strict impartiality."

That such a volume should be interesting to the average reader, and to the student of history, is perfectly natural. It would be strange if it were otherwise. Most of us are interested in the tragic pages of history. Not so many years ago the writers of the school histories most in vogue seemed to think that the bulk of any good history must consist of records of such tragedies and of wars. But when Mr. Johnson's book has been called "interesting" its merit has been fully described. A greater writer might have made such a work valuable as well as interesting. With Hallam's historic and luminous phrase ("events of which a contrary happening would have altered the whole course of history") for text, Creasy wrote his "Fifteen Decisive Battles"—a work of enduring value. Not only is his work one of absorbing interest, but in every chapter there is something to guide the reader to a better understanding of history. Mr. Johnson's book is interesting, but there is little of permanent value in it. He seems to have a poorly developed sense of historical perspective. Ransacking the history of twenty-five centuries he has made his selection of subjects without regard to their significance or importance.

Mr. Johnson appears in this volume as a most conventional type of our smug respectability. While professing a very proper horror of assassination, he is perfectly willing to excuse the assassin who chooses for his victim somebody for whom he himself has no love. The cold blooded murder of Jean Paul Marat by Charlotte Corday is excused and glorified, but the assassination of the tyrannical and debauched Alexander II. of Russia is, of course, denounced. I do not, of course, justify the assassination of Alexander, but I do say that there was much more justification for it than for that of "The People's Friend." In the chapter on the assassination of the late President McKinley, the author attributes the foul and foolish deed of the fanatical Czolgosz to his alleged connection with the anarchist movement. There is not the slightest evidence that the author has ever thought it worth while to enquire into the truth or otherwise of the claim that Czolgosz was an anarchist. I remember that it was widely published at the time that the man had always been known as a "good republican" but Mr. Johnson seems never to have heard of anything of the kind.

The book is well produced, type, illustrations and binding are in every way satisfactory. It is a pity that the same cannot be said of Mr. Johnson's treatment of his subject.

From the murder of individuals to wholesale murder and pillage is an easy transition. In his latest book, "Within the Pale," Michael Davitt, the well-known Irish radical and land reformer, summarises the results of his investigations into the causes and the extent of the massacres of Jews during the recent outbreak in Kishineff. It will be remembered that Mr. Davitt went to Russia as the special commissioner of the

Heárst newspapers and his reports, widely published, attracted world wide attention. In those reports, with which most of my readers are presumably familiar, the intrepid and sympathetic journalist described at length the many horrible examples of fiendish cruelty which he saw in Kishineff, and gave many striking evidences of the complicity of the Russian Government in the atrocious crimes against the Jews. There is no need to repeat the arguments here. Upon that point there can be no doubt. The persecuted Jew retaliates. He becomes the propagandist of Revolution—of Socialism. And the Czar's government adds more persecution. No one can read the terrible account of the foment of hate which Mr. Davitt describes without feeling how true is his observation that anti-semitism is far more dangerous to Russia herself than to the hounded and oppressed Jews within her pale.

The immediate and primary cause of the Kishineff outbreak was, according to Mr. Davitt, the circulation of the infamous lie that the Jews in their annual Paschel ceremonies kill the children of Christians as part of the Blood Atonement. This "murder-making legend" which our author indignantly attacks is many centuries old and has caused incalculable bloodshed and misery. Mr. Davitt declares his conviction that the Czar and M. De Plehve could do much to prevent anti-semitic outbreaks by the enactment of a law directed specially against the circulation of this horrible and palpably unjust accusation. But the real remedy, the only hope in sight, he declares to be Zionism—the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. The book, which is published by A. S. Barnes & Co., is one which everyone desirous of understanding the position of the Jews in Russia should carefully study.

Jack London's latest book, "The People of the Abyss," is the record of his experiences and observations of life in the East End of the city whose name he bears. It is equally as saddening as Mr. Davitt's account of the massacres of Jews in Russia. It is the sickening but undeniably true account of a great city dying—rotting at its heart. That one-half of the world never knows how the other half lives is a trite saying, and there are a great many people, even living on the very borders of the "Abyss," who will find London's vivid chapters almost incredible. But I at least have good reason to know how impossible it is to exaggerate the horrors of the "Abyss," for I have seen "the long and hungry line" before



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Whitechapel workhouse, and the woe-worn woman shivering in her rags and vainly seeking sleep on the Thames embankment. I have walked the streets as one of the harried ones. But the picture is true not only of London—it is true of many another English city. And, lest we become self-righteous and conceited in our compassion for the workless and homeless of London, let me hasten to add that right here in New York City the misery of the "Abyss" has its counterpart. On the fiercest nights last winter hundreds of poor creatures in this city, despite the "prosperity" of the times, could be seen crouched away in corners where any slight projection gave the least shelter from the blast—and the police. My friend Jack London seems at times to overlook the fact that the "Abyss" is a social condition little influenced by geographical location. The "Abyss" is in New York, in Paris, in Berlin. It is everywhere where the rich idler is tolerated. Henry George's words are as true to-day as when uttered, and they explain the "Abyss"—"The tramp is the complement of the millionaire."

Not since Robert H. Sherard published his "White Slaves of England" has there been such a terrible, fearless and faithful revelation of the black and shameful side of English life. What Sherard did for the workers of the "black country," London has done for the workless ones of "The Smoke." But while Sherard saw with his eyes London has felt and suffered with his flesh and his book is even more vivid and harrowing. I can well imagine how he felt frightened, as he tells us, at times at his own picture.

The so-called "Rescue Work" of the Salvation Army, its "Shelters," Homes" and "Elevators" are a stupendous farce. Nay, worse, they are a cruel mockery of the poor and a menace. There is hardly one of them which ought to be allowed continue. But for the work of Dr. Bernardo London has a great deal of respect. Dr. Bernardo begins at the child-end and has a chance. To take the waifs away from the streets is the only way to save them from the inferno of the "Abyss."

The same genius for realism which has attracted such wide attention to Jack London's other works characterises every page of "The People of the Abyss," and the many illustrations from photographs add to its effectiveness and power.

* * *

Apropos of the foregoing note: I was much amused to read in *Le Mouvement Socialiste*, Paris, an account of the appearance of some of the earlier chapters of the work in a contemporary. My respected friends of *Le Mouvement* translated the title into *Le peuple de l'Abbaye* ("The People of the Abbey") and to make quite clear to their readers the meaning of the title added in parenthesis the information that it referred to Westminster Abbey!

* * *

Mr. Thomas E. Watson, author of "The Story of France," "Napoleon" and other works, has rendered a most important service to literature in general, and to historical literature in particular, by his admirable and trenchantly written "Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson." In many respects this is the most important American biography which has appeared during the year that is now almost ended, if not altogether the most important.

"Trenchant" is not the adjective which is usually most appropriate to describe the merit of a biography, but in this case it is certainly the most fitting word. For Mr. Watson is

an admirer of the man of whom he writes and believes thoroughly that he has not been justly dealt with by other biographers and some historians. He is, therefore, a vindicator of the great "Father of Democracy," and right valiantly does he fight. Even if you have no love for Jefferson you cannot help enjoying Mr. Watson's onslaughts upon those other writers who have belittled him. He smites them hip and thigh with his keen rapier of incontestable fact. For Mr. William Eleroy Curtis and his book, "The True Thomas Jefferson," Mr. Watson has a profound contempt. Like most biographies whose titles are specially qualified by the adjective "true," Mr. Curtis's book is chiefly remarkable on account of its disregard of fact. I read "The True Thomas Jefferson" and then read Mr. Watson's book to find out how much of it there is which is not true. I had half expected as much, for I am always suspicious of the writer who ostentatiously proclaims that he is a special dispenser of truth about any great personage. As a general rule it turns out that he wants to make the big look little. I like a man painted with the spots: every portrait should include the warts, but I have little respect for the man who sees only the spots; who thinks it is his special mission to paint warts. It takes a painter to paint a good portrait with the warts, but any dauber could paint warts! Mr. Watson is a painter of a portrait with the warts faithfully shown, while Mr. Curtis is—well, a painter of warts and blots.

It is impossible to even mention in detail the many serious mistakes on the part of Mr. Curtis which Mr. Watson corrects. The list is too formidable for that. Nor is Mr. Curtis the only "historian" whose accuracy and fitness are challenged by our author. Mr. Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, Woodrow Wilson, Prof. Channing, of Harvard, and others, come in for a share of the author's critical attention. In vindicating Jefferson Mr. Watson does not spare his detractors. Throughout the whole work the reader never loses sight of the pugnacious, hard-hitting legally trained author. Mr. Watson is ever the powerful lawyer at the bar defending his client with devotion and eloquence.

Of Jefferson's early life and of the conditions of the time a most luminous account is given. And throughout the volume there is a close personal view of the man, his friendships, home-life, troubles and weaknesses. Jefferson's incompetence in money matters, his scribbling of trifles in those voluminous diaries; his craze for building and his inventions, are set down frankly and fully. There is naught in extenuation and naught in malice. And upon the whole it is the picture of a loveable man, this sympathetic picture of the "sage of Monticello." But Mr. Watson is at his best in dealing with the political career and ideas of the statesman Jefferson. In these he believes as thoroughly as did Jefferson himself and misses no chance of defending them.

For Alexander Hamilton Mr. Watson has a great dislike. "As sure as harvest is due to sower, Alexander Hamilton was the father of plutocracy, the trust and the lobby—"The people are a great beast," said the apostle; and one of his disciples exclaimed, "The public be damned!" And it was Hamilton whose duplicity moved Jefferson to anger, a rare thing in his nature. The moral weaknesses of Hamilton are set forth as a foil to the character of Jefferson. And in truth it is hard to feel any sort of sympathy or liking for that purse-proud, vain and ambitious aristocrat. Mr. Watson's portrait of Washington is more attractive. Here we have Washington as a human being with human frailties and weaknesses instead of the Saint Washington of legend. Quick and stern of temper; sharp in business; lax in his observance of the seventh commandment, and strict even to the point of cruelty—such is the George Washington of fact. And, after

THE COMRADE.

all, in spite of these things and his unheroic "caution" in waiting to see how the revolutionary cat would jump, it is a more loveable Washington than the haloed and smug Washington of the conventional historian.

To sum up Mr. Watson's portrait of Jefferson is not an easy matter. I think that far-seeing and patriotic statesmanship, loyal friendship and the weakness in money matters due to his boundless trust—too much generosity, a fault we condone in most men—are the characteristics Mr. Watson would most insist upon as being the principal ones in the portrait. Assuredly the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence and forced the Louisiana purchase was not "weak and vacillating," as President Roosevelt has declared he was. It was no coward who opposed slavery, religious bigotry, class rule and land monopoly, the Honorable Theodore Roosevelt to the contrary notwithstanding. It was no "infamous politician" who did these things. The writer of these shameful epithets, the same writer that called Thomas Paine "a filthy little atheist," smirched his own fame when he wrote them. Fortunate indeed will he be if posterity consents to bury them in oblivion.

A word of praise is due to the publishers, D. Appleton & Co., for the excellent manner in which the book has been produced. It must be said, however, that the proofreading might have been more carefully attended to. The illustrations are particularly good.

* * *

Let me recommend every reader who is interested in the study of the history of American literature to obtain that admirable little manual, Dr. Richard Burton's "Literary Leaders of America." This little book of about three hundred pages is the most satisfying work of its kind I have seen. Whoever masters its contents will have a good "working knowledge" of the development of American literature far exceeding that possessed by many of our college graduates. Comprehensive in its scope, sane in its judgments, and written in simple, dignified language, it is an ideal book, especially for the reader who, having been denied the benefits of a literary education, would equip himself or herself by home study.

In an introductory chapter Mr. Burton discusses the general question of how to study literature and form literary judgments. It is all very elementary but none the less valuable on account of that,—rather more so. He writes briefly of the earlier period, giving scant notice to all before Philip Freneau, the poet, and Benjamin Franklin. The real literature of America began with Washington Irving, to whom a chapter of some thirty pages is devoted. Cooper, Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Whitman and Lanier are each treated in a special chapter and there is a concluding chapter on writers of the present day. The chapters upon Poe, Longfellow, Emerson and Whitman are particularly good and worthy to rank with the best examples of literary appreciation in the language. If at times there is an apparent patronage of Whitman it is less real than apparent, and there are few critics of "the good gray poet" more truly appreciative of his real worth.

If this little manual may be taken as a fair sample of the books studied by the members of the Chautauqua Home Reading Course that movement is doing a great deal to foster a knowledge and love of literature which deserves hearty support and enthusiastic praise. I most cordially commend this little book and hope that it will meet with the success it so richly merits.

* * *

Admirers of Thoreau's works will be interested in a little volume which Mr. Edwin B. Hill, of Lakeland, Mich., has issued with the title, "Pertaining to Thoreau." The book, which

was edited by Dr. Samuel Arthur Jones, of Ann Harbor, Mich., consists of a collection of all the earliest reviews of Thoreau's writings gathered together that the student may know the reception which the "hermit of Concord" met with at the hands of his contemporaries. Ripley's discriminating and kindly "Tribune" review; Lowell's harsh and flippant paper from "The Massachusetts Quarterly Review," with its patronizing superiority only a little worse than its prolix irrelevance; Amos Bronson Alcott's noble "Forester" article from the "Atlantic Monthly" which, appearing only a month before his death, may have given Thoreau a glad hope for his future fame, and Storms Higginson's delightfully intimate sketch of the man from the pages of the "Harvard Magazine" are the most notable of the papers here collected. Need I say that such a book is interesting? Could it be otherwise? I ask you.

Mr. Hill, so I understand, set the type for this book himself and printed it, one page at a time, on a hand lever press, the work being done in the evenings and upon holidays. Joy must have attended the work I know, for love was back of it. The printing and setting of the pages reflect great credit upon Mr. Hill, but I cannot help thinking what a pity it is that he should have been made the victim of a soulless binder.

* * *

Last year several of my readers were pleased to ask me to name suitable books for gifts to friends youthful and otherwise, and already I have received similar requests from readers who would send, as one of them phrased it, "a worthy book with a worthy wish in a worthy spirit to a worthy friend." At the Christmas season, and at New Year, most of us, I suppose, make modest gifts of some kind to our loved ones and a few of our most intimate friends. And most of us number among such friends some who, if asked to choose the gift they would prefer our giving, would say with the ever-loved Dorothy Wordsworth, "Yes, do you send me a book. Not a bargain book, bought from a haberdasher, but a beautiful book, a book to caress—peculiar, distinctive, individual: a book that hath first caught your eye and then pleased your fancy, written by an author with a tender whim, all right out of his heart."

Happily, the number of such books grows each passing month. Old favorites in new and beautiful forms and new friends, beautiful, too, as worthy as the worthiest of the old. Such a book is Bliss Carman's latest volume, "The Kinship of Nature," a book of prose by the "laureate of nature," worthy to rank with the work of the great masters. This volume of nature essays eminently fulfills the ideal of Mistress Dorothy, for it is indeed beautiful within and without,—well printed and bound, and, above all, "written by an author with a tender whim, all right out of his heart." Next month I hope to write at some length concerning this rare book which, meantime, I recommend to you as a most desirable gift-book. It is published in two styles of binding, the cloth edition costs \$1.50 and the edition in three-quarters levant costs \$3.50.

Then there are several books published by that variously estimated man about whose work there is only one opinion, Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Me., admirably suited to the purpose and to the pocket of the giver. Morris's "A Dream of John Ball," upon handmade paper, at \$1.00, or his "Old English Romances," a set of four dainty little volumes on Japan vellum in a sliding case, at \$3.00 the set, may be mentioned, together with Fiona Macleod's wonderful and soul-thrilling poems, "From the Hills of Dreams." In no single collection of poems that I can think of is there so much real passion accompanied by a profound appreciation of the meaning of love to the lover and the loved.

Finally, and especially for the young—the young in years and the young in heart—let me mention a delightful little

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book by that bewildering marvel of versatile genius, Andrew Lang. Poet, philosopher, essayist, archaeologist, sociologist, novelist and raconteur in excelsis, Lang, whether he be man superman or syndicate, is always good company. And this latest book (mayhap it is not the latest, but no matter), "The Story of the Golden Fleece," has been issued in an edition of great charm by the Henry Altemus Company, of Philadelphia. The familiar legend is set forth with all that enchanting simplicity for which Andrew Lang has so long been famous: the story of Ino's wickedness, of Jason's love and quest for the Golden Fleece, and his victory so little worth and so dearly bought, are told by this master of the art of telling earnestly the legends of the long past. The little volume is illustrated with commendable success by Mills Thompson.

* * *

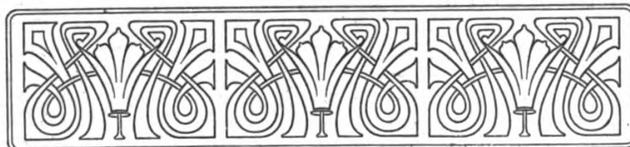
Before another issue of The Comrade appears, and we hold again our accustomed communion concerning books and their writers, Christmas will have come and gone leaving us still to work and to wait for the long promised peace and good-will among men. And the relentless hand of time will have closed forever the page of nineteen hundred and three in the Book of Life and opened it at the spotless—fearfully spotless—page of another year. May I not, therefore, wish you, my known and unknown readers, the old, old blessing—"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"!

To each of you then, this greeting as a closing word!

Books &c. Received

- LITERARY LEADERS OF AMERICA. By Richard Burton, Ph. D. Cloth, XI—316 pages. Price, \$1.00. The Chautauqua Press.
- *ORGANIZED LABOR. By John Mitchell. Cloth; illustrated. XII—436 pages. Philadelphia: American Book and Bible House.
- *THE PHILOSOPHY OF AUGUST COMTE. By L. Levy-Bruhl. With an Introduction by Frederic Harrison, M. A. Cloth; XVI—363 pages. Price, \$3.50 net. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- *ETHICS OF LITERATURE. By John A. Kersey. Cloth; 569 pages. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Twentieth Century Press.
- *THE KINSHIP OF NATURE. By Bliss Carman. Cloth, decorative. XIV—298 pages. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
- IRELAND AND HER STORY. By Justin McCarthy. Cloth; 190 pages. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.
- THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS. By Jack London. Cloth; illustrated. Price, \$2.00 net. New York: The Macmillan Company.
- *BISOCIALISM: THE REIGN OF THE MAN AT THE MARGIN. By Oliver R. Trowbridge. Cloth; 427 pages. New York: Moody & Co.
- TITLEBAT TITLEMOUSE. By Samuel Warren; abridged by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Cloth; illustrated; XIV—464 pages. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

*To be Reviewed.



The Outcast

Edwin Arnold Brenholtz



He asked for work and willing hands stretched out
Appealingly to purse-proud rich for place.
Their "No, no, no!" smites sharply in his face;
His tale of hungry wife and child they flout,
And hope dies daily in his heart, once stout.

His need seems here and now some damned disgrace
That bars him ever from the human race.
His brain must baffle "Noes" they fling about.

Cast out from work, what wonder if his will
Revolts at this starvation share assigned
To him and his of plenteous earthly store.
From work we may debar his hands, he'll fill
Their emptiness, despite our "Noes," nor mind
The hate, contempt and rath on him we pour.

He is our brother, barred from better things
By piled up plenty we have interposed.
Our hearts to his necessities have closed;
Our niggard charity is sharp with stings
For manhood his. Behold! to us he brings
Remembrance of the Brute we thought deposed
In mankind; and fear—though hid—disclosed,
Confronts him daily in our posturings.

The Outcast notes; pursues his devious way;
Subtracts from us such portion as a Prince
Might pay for pardon of a crime like ours.
And send our braggart bounty then in showers.
All peace of mind our fears contrive to slay;
At sight of him, all conscience-struck we wince

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