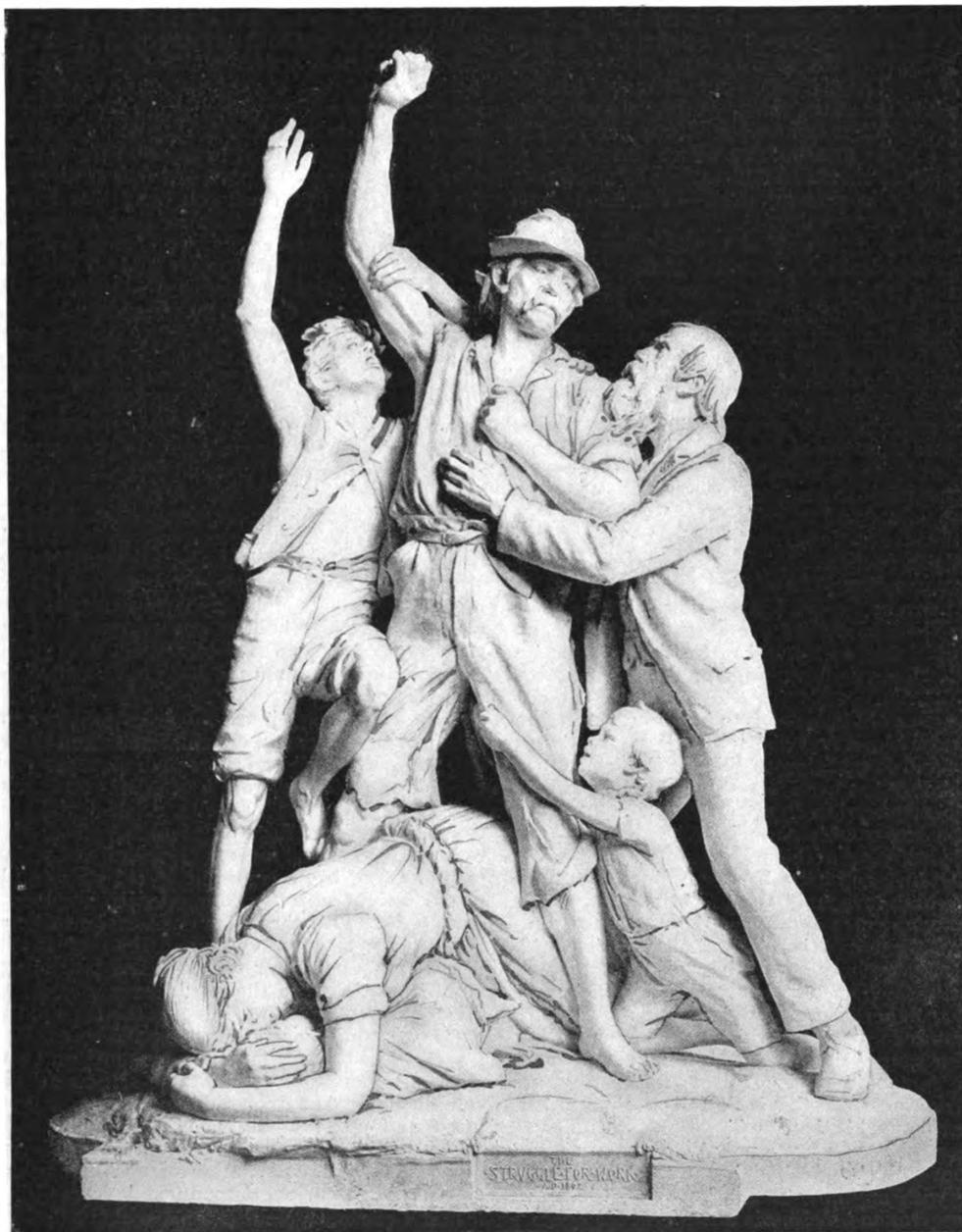


THE COMRADE



THE STRUGGLE FOR WORK

By Gellert

The Renunciation of Love

By Peter E. Burrowes



CHARITY is a very necessary and very deliberate campaign against justice. When I say deliberate I would not have you suppose that the single capitalist consciously aims his thousand dollar subscription to a poverty relief fund at the heart of justice to slay it or postpone that need that may spell revolution when it is too deeply felt.

Persons do not play any larger part in great public movements than that of messenger boys. The donor of alms is but an adjustment, one of the adjustments, of over-grown property to its perils. The giver does not know that his fine emotion of generosity is but the shaking-off by a great body of some surplussage which it cannot healthfully carry. The good man happens to be at the point where the discharge must take place and his thousand dollars flies off in charity because the big body is shaking itself—because it must lighten cargo to tide over the day.

It will be found upon inquiry as to the causes of corporeal death that the death of personal bodies is not by waning or privation but by excess. Excess of albumen of usir, and so on. The theory of building up the body by nourishing foods so as to fortify it against the invasive attacks of disease may yet be altogether displaced by that of reducing surplus to an ascertained normality.

The management of great cities, corporations, factories, and armies is the program of the personal life also, that is the reduction of means, material and appliance; they are in fact under the law of one universal economy. In order for capitalism to adjust itself to itself and the universe it must feel good at some points and unload. The charity giver is the point where the nice feeling is required and where public existence demands surrender.

I think I am sorry that it has fallen to me to say this thing; and yet I hope, or I think I hope, that other people's sorrow is deeper than mine: for my sorrow gives me no pain in the saving of this which will prove to be so hard a saving to money. The race is waiting for the renunciation of love.

Physically the poor old heart of man has been worked to death pumping more blood and dirt than the system knew what to do with; and in addition to this by the concentration of minds upon it, it has been forced to bear the artificial strain of a whole menagerie of emotions. Of course, the poor heart of man has trouble enough of its own without insisting upon its carrying or being the seat of our affections, our so-called love and hatred. Just to be quite frank with you I believe both love and hatred to be delusions; but powerful, and in many cases necessary, delusions, for temporary adjustment. I am glad there is still pity in the world, or I would have long ago been out of the world. But it will be better for mankind when pity has ceased, when benevolence has failed and there is no more love.

That is no answer to me at all which some one is giving in his mind: "You cannot do away with love, pity, benevolence. It is a damnable design this crusade of yours against human tenderness. If this is Socialism, than to hell for ever with your damnable doctrine."

But stay, my reader, you are not half so angry as you 'spit,' and I am not so bad as I 'think.' First, I know that I cannot do away with anything racial, but I can do away with private exaggerations. Mine is not a crusade against tenderness but for its balance, and I am not stating here anything that was ever before uttered as Socialism, I am

simply thinking as I write about a matter which, if you please, I will call philosophical equality. One of the many phases of thought which must come to us, whether we will it or not, in an age of alleged or struggling democracy. So you see that I also know myself to be only a messenger boy.

Of this great thing equality, how we have been babbling about it, how little we understand its comprehensiveness. Take it to pieces, brother, thou who with me art destined to live forever because nothing shall be lost. It is this thing equality that shall hold us forever. This is the circlet which contains all that we have hitherto been spelling h-a-p-p-i-n-e-s-s.

I am very willing to confess to you that I have analyzed myself and I believe that I have no love in me and no hate. I will not permit myself to say that the passion of love and pity which seems to possess other men is always only a word flutter. But I tell you truly that I neither love nor hate. And I think it is because I am only a messenger boy. If I thought this were only an oddity of my own I would not spread it over so much paper and so much of your time, good reader. But like the case of the capitalist giving his charity because Capitalism must shake something off, I believe as a student of equality, whom some will call a Socialist and some will call a fool, that a number of emotions which have hitherto glistened upon ego, have to be dumped into the common flood of our democracy. And I think that most of them will prove to have been only brilliantly shimmering crystals. Just the common water of life frozen on the brow of ego and there appearing to be a most beautiful and royal corona, though it were only a hard spray of our life which in due season shall be diffused. The wintry age of us men which is glorious only in the cold crystals of things privately attached and possessed is passing away. Wait a little until the summertime comes; then will it all be melted down into color and fragrance and sweet sounds which you cannot hold in pockets nor bind with strings—no not with strings of gold. Well, now my confession is made and if you damn me I am not damned, for I am only a messenger boy.

The stoical people of old times who taught the endurance of an aristocracy, which thereby and therefore were to be contrasted with and fit to own slaves, is not the self-renunciation which my race loves (for you know I am a race messenger), but its opposite. Self-denial, self-surrender, were good names for the infantile race thought, but they were only disguised forms of the desire of self more proudly to live. And if we leave the grand stoics and come down to our knight errantry, our seven champions of Christendom, we see still the great grail desire to get the fragrant deity inside of ego. Out upon the fragrant breathings of them! Out upon your posing saints twirling their wooden monkey soul before the world over a stick. Their desire themselves to live is as fierce as the tiger's, though sleeker and fairer to the view. Down at the roots of all this verbal fragrance of solitary mysticism when I go I smell a stench, a strong stench, of indomitable self-conceit in the act of committing a rape upon God for its own enjoyment and the perpetuation of the family.

I am not without renunciation, but this is the new renunciation, the renunciation of spiritual private pride and all its contributaries. I renounce love and all the shades of it that I can see. Neither am I without desire, but I desire to be destroyed in the race. Not because I hate love, and love destruction, but because I know that I cannot see love,

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nor have it, nor use it, of my own desire. I want the race desire before I can love. Oh give me the faith that will shut its eyes and pass boldly into humanity.

You see now that I am not using my renunciation of life to get and retain in myself that which I deem the essential pith of it. I am not juggling with mills to get millions. I am renouncing love vanity with a veritable intent for change of ownership, I want to be contained in the racial Godhood and I have no delusions about containing it. I am really willing to pass in.

The renunciation of love in favor of a common temperament of the affections is my message. I am willing to practice the immortality which I am expecting for us all, by doing all the things that vaunted love has so shamefully left undone and so shamefully perverted in the fitfulness of its emotions, mechanically. I am honestly renouncing myself and my love to become part of a universal social machinery revolving all day long with the stars in the discharge of duty. This sort of love-renunciation is but equality after all. And you know that I am not speaking of sexual instinct love, you know what love I am denouncing and doubting. I am for the steady strong-pulsed social love which kisses none and yet gives all to all. Even instinct is directed my way. The socialization of instinct is as surely coming as the renunciation of the emotional life and all its shams. This is what I have to say. But please remember, I am only a messenger boy. And now I make bold to tell you that the very same law of social balancing (equality) rules us which regulates and restrains within definite seasons the amours of animals: that which makes their instincts gregarious for food gathering, protection and defense in so many species has been for a long time steadily but surely socializing the animal instincts of man. And whatever is happening to the animal man, you may be sure, is also happening to the man intellectual, moral, emotional. I am therefore not teaching you a program. I am merely myself programmed to say this thing at this time, I have reached that point in the socialization of creatures and men when the big rôle played by love in human affairs ought to be called in question. This

is the time to laugh at love and its ridiculous pretensions. This is the time to scoff at hatred, that shall wrinkle on the brow of child men puffed up by Boreal winds. Those persons who really present indefeasible evidences of either love or hate in our times are mad, or they have become childish over their word foibles. But look at the majority of persons who love to fondle the world with love. Look, and you will laugh to find out what a miserable asset the world has in their love.

Somebody may say, "This is pessimism." It is pessimism if the pretensions of self-conceit be the world's anchorage, if the human race can only be kept alive by its monetarily moral aristocracies; but as we are not so straightened; this is the sure and eternal optimism of democracy.

Equality means happiness, and therefore I say, being an optimistic Socialist, that all the urge and story of human history will one day be told in the word equality, because the end of man's weary toiling for the unseen and hoped for, the desperately believed in, the hungrily pursued goal of all his faith in a hereafter, is to be realized in an after-here. Right here in this universe of mine we shall all be at home, and we shall not be restrained inside of anything, nor shall we wander to get lost outside of any limit line of time or space; for the whole universe shall be in us. And we shall be in the whole of the universe. No intervening spaces between any things, no arrivals, no departures; yet all one glorious moving. No heaven beyond, no hell behind. No earth jammed in between them until it has become a prison cell for the retention of the human beings qualifying by humility and hard work for one of the adjacent territories. No! Where I am rooted I am rooted, and here I shall be for ever, my roots nourishing the Universe.

It is not an equality in the distribution of bits of property that I am messengering. It is an equality between all who live, in the opportunity and business of moving things and minds and stars and constellations together; a common property in love, which means the loss of love consciousness by the single living person.



The Plaint of Labor

By John Spillon



THOUGH I plough the stubborn soil
And the wheat in plenty sow,
If I rest a week from toil
Into debt for bread I go.

From the deep and dangerous pit
I send up the fuel fast,
While my brother workers sit
Shivering in the wintry blast.

I weave the costly cloth
That is worn by painted hags,
While my wife and daughter both
Must be satisfied with rags.

I build the mansion proud
Where the wealthy loafer dwells,
While my family must crowd
Into rooms like prison cells.

I build the school, but carve
Scarce a slice of Learning's bread.
My children's minds must starve
That their bodies may be fed.

On my uppers I must walk
To the shop where I make shoes,
Yet I hear the preachers talk
Of a soul that I may lose;

And they tell me of a God
Who redresses every wrong.
O, how long beneath this load
Must I bend, just God, how long?

But blind justice has no ears,
And my plaint is wasted breath.
I must work and want for years
Till I find repose in death.

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Vicksburg

By Horace Traubel



NOT be distressed, my friend. The fight has not been lost. The victory is postponed. The Coal Commission was a super-elegant court of last resort in bunco. But there is an appeal beyond. That appeal you will make.

Did you think that the cause of labor could be won over a judge's bench? Did you suppose that you could by work on any ground of formal appeal produce a drastic result? No fight on technicalities can be a fight of triumph. Before you can really win fights you must revise your plea. You must desert policy, you must abandon expedient, you must cease being the supplicant, you must demand and exact, you must unfalteringly assert the priority of a mastering principle.

The Commission gave you all it should have given you. It should have given you no more than the minimum guarantees of safety. It denied you everything it was safe to deny. It should have denied. You were not given what you asked? You should not have been given what you asked. You were right to ask. The Commission was right to refuse.

When you ask right you will be given that for which you ask. You can never ask right through policy. You only ask right when you ask through principle.

The men of capital are rubbing their palms. But the palms rubbed last are rubbed best. Wait, good sirs, masters. There are results beyond results. Beyond the Coal Commission is justice. We fought and we lost and won. But we fought. And as long as the spirit of fight lasts, look

out for us. We may fight in the air. We may waste much of ourselves in spent blows. But we fight. And as long as fight lasts a certain something in gravitation interests itself in our success.

The great captain was up against a stern proposition. He did not quail. He sat down on his drumhead. "Here I will stay," he declared. "I will fight it out with you, here, on this line, if it takes all summer, or the summers of twenty years." That is our fight. We have Vicksburg before us. We will smoke our cigars and wait. We will wait and sleep. We will wait and fight.

What did the Coal Commission mean? Was it a place of final award? Did you go there expecting to have it arbitrate your destinies upon some eternal plan? The best the Commission could have done would not have touched the real problem. The real problem is not one of wages high or low but of ownership. No per cent of wages will affect the question of ownership.

Civilization is out looking for owners. Not reputed owners, not traditional owners, not legislated owners, but owners. The Commission was not asked who owned the mines. It could not, it would not, have answered the question. It was not put there for that purpose. It was instituted to discover the lowest price of peace.

The lowest price of peace was very low. It is said that some of the miners threw up their hats when they heard of the award. This does not show how much the award bestows. It shows how little the miners generally get. A man who would throw up his hat for such an award must have a humble head to fit it.

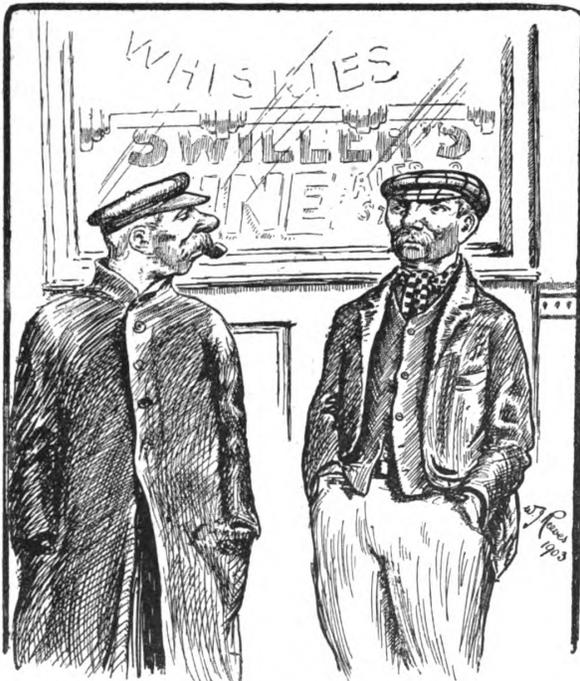
Yet the Commission did its work well. It was not appointed to enter upon a philosophical quest. It was to decide simple concrete questions of wages, hours and weight. These questions it decided. It decided them with one eye on the miner and one on the operator and both on the public. With a vision so crossed and refracted it spawned its schedule. The Commission was conceived in compromise and in compromise was delivered. It borrowed trouble for the future. It put off an evil, or a good, day. But it did its work. It was to decide only the ones, twos and threes of an industrial rate scale. That done it went out of existence.

The masters are left on top. A little something has been thrown down to the crowd. Enough to keep the crowd from being uneasy or manifesting revenge. But the masters are still up there complacently dallying with their cigars and their women. Nothing ever happens to the blind till they fall. All the premonitory symptoms go unrecognized. The workman is restless. You throw him five per cent in money or an hour of time. It is an efficient drug. He goes to sleep.

What do I ask you, masters, to give? Nothing. I am indifferent. The great movement is gathering its storm. If you are in the way of the storm when it bursts put all your money up on the storm. There will be little of you left when the storm is past.

That storm is the principle. The Coal Commission was the policy. You can dodge policies. You can never dodge principles.

The august architects of history build in obscurity, often underground, and are long getting to their superstructures. But they build after a law which provides for foundations and roofs. When you are tricking with policies you may play a hand patchworked to suit a temporal greed. But the philosophy allows for no legerdemain. It works with its palms open. It is often brutal. It never apologizes. But it



SOCIALIST CRITICS

JIM: "Wot d'yer think o' them 'ere Socialists talkin' about sharin' out?"
ACK: "Why, it's rot!"
JIM: "So it is. 'Ave yer got the price of a drink on yer?"
ACK: "No. 'Ave you?"
JIM: "No."

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is true. And the final resolutions of truth are gentle. They may seem cruel. They may seem to choose the rough side of an option. But when the evidence is all in, when the incidents are all tabulated, you find that philosophy, stern as it is, provides best for the all round and the all through appetites of the social organism. Our democracy has been promised wages. But it demands ownership. It demands ownership because it creates. Your bonds do not create. Your carpeted offices do not create. Your waterfalls in stock do not create. Labor creates. The dirty workman creates. The tired and wornout arm creates. The sleepy breaker-boy creates. Sacrifice and sorrow create. To creation must go results. The mere manipulators, the crafty adepts of our commercial sheepfold, the wolves of the exchange, do not create. Your gloved hand does not create. Sweat, brawn, create. Creation keeps close to the dirt. And to the dirt must go reward.

The wage list must go. Men have tried wages. Wages have failed. Men must acquire life on broader terms. They must have enough to eat, to wear. They demand useful luxury and restraining ease. They must have enough to pass their children on to the next generation conserved and not destroyed.

It may take all summer, it may take the summers of twenty or fifty years, or of a century. But that is the line on which we will fight it out.

When you created the Coal Commission, when you dissolved it with its job done, you may have supposed you were quieting the revolution. But the interrogations of the modern rebel were not touched by the Commission. The Commission did no more than to fix the price of a loaf of bread or a yard of silk. The rebel is not fooling much time away over a price list. He is testing ownership. He is not asking what shall be asked for or paid. He is asking whether the man who sells has the right to sell and whether the man who buys has the right to buy. That is, whether the seller is not selling goods that are not his own, and whether the buyer is not paying for goods to which he already holds a title. The Coal Commission could not answer this question. But some other commission, or some state, or some religion or civilization, will sooner or later, sooner, I think, have to answer the question. Yes, not only answer it but answer it yes. For that is what the rebellion means. That is the Vicksburg of labor.

This is not a question of America, or of any interest in America, versus labor. It is a question of America versus America. The democratic promise that inhabits and vivifies the American ideal reposes in labor. There can be no democracy while labor suffers disqualification. Democracy is not an affair of surfaces. Castes are surfaces. It is an affair of bases. Labor furnishes the bases of any civilization. You can build nothing in any art but upon the preliminary consent of labor. Withdraw labor and your capital is reduced to ciphers. Capital can add to capital. But no addition of ciphers can create a vital product.

Labor will not be satisfied with promises to pay, with percentages, with rebates, with benevolence. Labor demands pay. Full pay. Pay running over. Labor creates. Labor should possess. Labor will accept postponements. But postponements are not settlements. Vicksburg may imply delay. But Vicksburg means surrender. The Coal Commission was a skirmish. It was an exchange of civilities between combatants. The conclusive encounters are ahead. They will not be fought over subsidiary items—over hours of service or methods or measures of pay. They will be fought over the primary exigencies of ownership.

Ownership. That is the ripe full word of the industrial propaganda. Any wage list is a compromise. Ownership is the sum total at issue. You can get rid of wage claims by

parry, by thrust, by diplomacy, by concession. But ownership cannot be got rid of save by surrender. This may seem like a wild-eyed and long-haired dream. You will have to meet it. By its decision the fate of your America will be determined. You have no democracy to-day. You can have no democracy to-morrow on the terms that at present determine the principles of what you call civilization. Democracy imposes the most absolute coalescence of labor and the free life. Labor to-day is divorced from freedom. It is divorced from freedom because it is cut off from that primary element of self-possession to which freedom looks for its first and last guarantees. Labor must annex the whole of life.

Labor does not know its own case. It is full of contradiction. Full of conflict. It tries its weapons first in its own household. Labor quarrels with labor. Labor measures strength and reason with labor. This is preliminary to the real declaration of war. Anything less than one hundred per cent is preparation. One hundred per cent demanded is a declaration of war. One hundred per cent won is peace. One hundred per cent is Vicksburg.

You tremble now when labor asks your favors. What will you do when labor presents its ultimatum? The Coal Commission was a favor. Labor accepted it hat in hand. Labor accepted its award with thanks. But when labor has finally settled all its issues with itself and turns about with united front to settle its issue with you labor will not question you with thanks on its lips and with a hat in its hand. You will not then meet a petition. You will meet a challenge. Labor is imperturbably before your Vicksburg patiently biding its time while you make up your mind to an unconditional surrender.

Every time you have browbeaten a gang of workmen. Every time you have confounded a walking delegate or



MORE SOCIALIST CRITICS OVERHEARD AT THE CLUB.

HON. DONOUGHT: "These Socialists, my dear Major, are downright brigands. They actually propose to confiscate what we have worked hard for—or, that is to say—realized."

MAJOR JOLLIVOO (who appreciates the humour of the observation), sarcastically: "Yes, the scoundrels, I believe they would even rob a blind man of his eyesight!"

(The Hon. Donought is still wondering what the Major meant.)

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compromised a strike. Every time you have convicted labor of some inanity or some insanity of behavior. Every time labor seems to have made some mistake in tactics. Every time you have made an extra million or some extra millions on some financial deal. Every time, every time, you hire your lackeys to pat you on the back and congratulate you upon your escape to cover again. But the time will come when there will be no cover to escape to. You are finally to come upon a decisive alternative. Work or nothing. There is to be a working class. No other class will survive. Society will be unwilling to be responsible for the stoppers and sleepers. While you are busy making investments labor is busy investing you. You will get up with some sunrise and find yourself tied fast. No miracle will deliver you. You will fret. Perhaps you will also fight. Across your brow labor will brand you the letters of that talismanic word. Vicksburg.

Do you think labor is happy entering upon a task so fraught with what seems like revenge? Labor is after justice. It cares nothing for revenge. Vicksburg is justice. It will fight its fight out on this line if it takes all the summers of twenty years. It will allow you all the petty satisfactions you can get from truces, compromises, skirmishes and sorties. Beyond all these it sees the end. It is not aroused because money will in itself give life its full measure of joy. It is after self-ownership. In order to achieve self-ownership it must secure under its own seal the possession of the one thing which makes self-ownership possible. It does not ask for what it has done nothing to produce. It asks for what it has done everything to produce. Labor supplies the full one hundred per cent investment. It requires the full one hundred per cent return. No subvention of rents, interests, and profits will save your case. There will be nothing left for these to operate upon. Property will have found its level. It will not be dammed up and down, here and there, creating superficial floods and superficial draughts. It will establish its equities on the irrefragible basis of a universal benefaction. No one will own. No one will be in want. All the legal guarantees of property will be withdrawn. All life is rooted in labor. Why should not all labor in return be rooted in life? This would achieve the only reciprocity which redeems the palaces and the alleys from the horrors of their divorce.

To the man who has burrowed his philosophy into a hill and snuggled it there away from the light Vicksburg is a dream or a nightmare. The Coal Commission was a fact. Anything beyond the Coal Commission is a threat. The Coal Commission was honest. Anything beyond that Commission is robbery. The conventional merchant is bounded north, south, east and west by the quick walls of an arrogant mastership. But there is a big world beyond his four walls. And when that world presses him with sufficient audacity those four walls will go down. The merchant consciousness of our own time can see Bull Run, but cannot see Vicksburg. But labor is incidenting itself for a conclusive blow. You may sit down comfortable with present delays. But when the law whose couriers are gathering proceeds to execute itself no plea against its procedure will avail. You might stay a fire or a flood, but you could not stay the terrible resolution of this historic will. Day yields to day. Failure yields to failure. But the campers and the sappers wait irrevocably upon the required delays. Vicksburg must acquiesce in a will more comprehensive than its own. Labor has no apologies to offer. It has no conscience to change from crooked to straight. Labor is life at the root. Labor is life in foliage. Labor is life in base and superstructure.

Gentlemen, this Vicksburg is a challenge. We advise you not to rest on your arms. We warn you that we have only commenced. Do not take things too easy. Do not imagine that the puerile yeas and nays of any present truces will suffice to obliterate the record of your debts. You owe labor—that is, civilization—all that you possess. Labor will collect the debt. Make the most of your present indulgences. Have your balls and races and royal loves and filigrees of any sort and every sort. They will be pleasant things for you to look back upon after the wild orgie of your financial premiership is past. Brussels sends revelry to Vicksburg. Vicksburg will have its last paroxysm of disolute rapture. Let it riot in your blood. Let it tingle in your nerves. We do not grudge you the last raptures of the siege. You will dance. You will drink. You will surrender.

The Coal Commission is adjourned. You have answered its temporal questions. But that other Commission which never adjourns submits to you eternal questions which only Vicksburg will answer.



The Song of the Unemployed

By T. C. W.



SEARCH—search—search—
At the dawning cold and grey;
Search—search—search—
Till the twilight closes the day!
Morn, and noonday, and night—
Night, and noonday, and morn,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
And the spirit all forlorn.

Search—search—search—
How this idleness we dread!
Search—search—search—
For by labor we earn our bread!
Morn, and noonday, and night—
Night, and noonday, and morn,
From our willing hearts and our willing hands
Have our industries been torn.

Search—search—search—
Though we only search in vain!
Search—search—search—
As the merchants search for gain!
Morn, and noonday, and night—
Night, and noonday, and morn,
Till our thoughts are fierce and our words are dumb,
And our souls attuned to scorn.

Search—search—search—
With a hopeless, calm despair;
Search—search—search—
For our right in the toil to share!
Morn, and noonday, and night—
Night, and noonday, and morn,
Mother and children are starving unfed,
And dead is the newly-born.

Elbert Hubbard, Karl Marx & William Morris

By John Spargo



IN the December number of the "Philistine" the "Pastor of His Flock" talks with patriarchal seriousness about Socialism. Now, what my friend Fra knows about Socialism would be pretty scanty material for a paragraph, much less an article of well nigh a score pages, be the pages ever so small. But the good man is an acknowledged genius: better than any other man of our time he has learned how to convert unconsidered "trifles light as air" into negotiable "good things." Because we have aided and abetted him; because we have submitted to the impositions upon our credulity and intelligence and enjoyed the process, we have no right to rend him now or envy him the collateral which he has gathered from us in return for the trifles labelled "good things" as aforesaid.

I am not to complain, therefore, that in the preachment on Socialism Hubbard takes our good dimes and gives us no adequate return in knowledge of the subject. That is not a serious offense—for Hubbard. But I do complain that he, who, since he met William Morris in 1892 (Monahan says that Morris refused to meet Hubbard when the latter hung 'round Hammersmith, which I scarcely think true), has called himself a disciple of that great man, should be guilty of deceiving, or trying to deceive, us in matters of vital importance concerning his life. Thousands of persons in this country seriously regard Hubbard as an authority upon all matters pertaining to Morris, and, if not exposed in time, his somewhat ridiculous imaginings will, probably, sooner or later gain currency as facts. Incidentally, too, I shall have to set Hubbard right upon one or two other matters concerning Karl Marx's work and the history of the Socialist movement in England. This explains why I have linked together in the title of this paper the names of three men of superlative greatness. Marx appears to me as the greatest economist of modern times; Morris as the greatest artist-craftsman; Hubbard as the greatest "bluffer." Other things might be truthfully said of all three, but it is better, perhaps, that they remain unsaid—and certainly a good deal kinder to Hubbard.

In the article under discussion Fra Elbertus somewhat arbitrarily divides all Socialists into two classes, Marxians and Fabians! This is certainly naive enough for anything. But the recondite learning of the man from East Aurora is capable of much in this respect. He is certain that it is so, and that he is able to make this important fact clear to every member of his Flock as becomes a good Pastor. It is all so easy: a decent sort of a fellow, Karl Marx—a Jew, but without a good fellow, whose name, had he lived and become rich enough, might have been placed in colors on the great Roster, formulated in his own mind, with never a thought of Elbert Hubbard, an "Ideal Condition, where none would be cursed by either too much or too little." And once this eminently respectable Jew conceived this Ideal Condition it seemed perfectly plain to him that it could be reached by a shortcut across the fields: all that was necessary was to induce men to stop voting power into the hands of the men now in control and putting it into the hands of men duly labelled Socialist. Almost as easy as copying stuff from the "Library of the World's Best Literature," or from a book like Belfort Bax's "Life of Jean Paul Marat," and selling the same, bound Roycroftie, Hand Illumined, with the "author's" beautiful autograph nicely written by the cleverest boy or girl in East Aurora!

The Marxians, you see, "want Utopia, and they want it now." But not so the Fabians. Their Patron Saint, the Roman general, Fabius, lived about 250 years before Christ—before it became really fashionable for Jews to dream of Ideal Conditions. Of course, it was Fra's choice to be just Fra: to sell books and takements made by hand. But had it been inconvenient to the Powers to so order events, Fra, instead of waiting, would have been Fabius and maybe Fabius would have been Fra. And then, again, perhaps Fabius wouldn't. He might have elected to be Carrie Nation. The essential point is that Fra, next to being Fra Elbertus, of East Aurora, Erie County, New York, would have liked to have had a job, as Fabius, to lick the Carthagenians to the Devil. Fra is a man of big ambitions! So the good Fabian Socialists who now have Fabius for Patron Saint narrowly escaped having Fra Elbertus instead. Utterly oblivious for the most part of this, they go on their way, however, always taking care not to forget that they are the elect. They are not like the disgruntled and irrational Marxians. "To get the thing done some time, is what the Fabians want—but the Marxians want the honors and offices, and, like a child in the tantrums, can't wait."

"Still, in the Mysterious Economy of Things, the Marxians are useful. "The Fabian is a man who does what he can, and thanks heaven that things are not worse"; but it takes the unreasonable, grasping, ambitious, office-seeking Marxian to stir him up a bit. Wherefore, to pat Marx on the back, to smile and be condescending to the well-intentioned fellow, is Fra's duty to the Fabians, to Fabius, to the Powers, and to the world. Poor Marxian! Poor Marx! When the Fra stops feeding his soul with white hyacinths long enough to say so much for you then you are doubly damned.

I who have lamented but yesterday that no good biography of Marx existed, recant. I take it all back in face of this wonderful "multum in parvo" biography by Pastor Hubbard. Here, in a few lines, are given not only the dates of his birth and death, but all that happened to him as he journeyed through "the vale that lies between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities," as Bob Ingersoll described the thing we call Life. Marx wrote "Capital," which is "the arsenal from which all Socialists"—even the superior Fabians, it seems!—"get their intellectual weapons." It is labelled "Volume One"; it seems, therefore, that other volumes were intended, but, like Buckle's "History of Civilization," the preface is all that was written. If you have the hallucination that you possess other volumes of "Capital," rest assured that your case is one for the most competent alienists. Have you not the word of the distinguished author of "When Garcia Carried Bricks to East Aurora" to assure you that only Volume One was written? And the other books with the name of Karl Marx on the title pages, the "Critique of Political Economy"; the "Misere De La Philosophie"; "Value, Price and Profit"; "The Eighteenth Brumaire"; "The Civil War in France"; "Revolution and Counter-Revolution," and all the rest of them, must be frauds, too, for the Fra has never heard of them. Marx was the author of one book—nay, rather, of the preface of one book!

But the book (or preface to a never-written book, whichever you will), "made a profound impression, and such eminent thinkers as Darwin, Spencer, Wallace, and William Morris acknowledged themselves as debtors to it." I wonder if the Roycroft Pope could be induced to give his authority for this statement, especially as it applies to Darwin?

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Will he give chapter and verse to show that the great biologist ever made any acknowledgment of such indebtedness to "Capital?" There is no sign of it in "The Origin of Species," which is perfectly natural when we remember that it was published in the same year as Marx's "Critique of Political Economy," 1859—or eight years before "Capital." Is there a single line of acknowledgment of "indebtedness" to "Capital," or to any other writing of Marx, in any other work of Darwin's, or in his "Life and Letters"? If not, from whence comes Fra's authority? Is there anything of the kind in any of the later writings of Marx himself? No. Marx had a very strong sense of the importance of Darwin's work, and was one of the very first to comprehend and acknowledge it. When the first volume of his great work appeared he sent a copy to Darwin, who responded with a brief but cordial note—probably the only one Marx ever received from him—thanking the author whose name and work were destined to be inseparably linked to his own, in which he confessed that he was quite ignorant of economics. "I wish," he wrote, "that I possessed a greater knowledge of the deep and important subject of economic questions which would make me a more worthy recipient of the gift." And that is the sum total of Darwin's acknowledgment of indebtedness to "Capital!"

I pass over Spencer and Wallace with an invitation to my friend Fra to quote their "acknowledgments." And of William Morris, what words of mine can add anything to what the great artist-craftsman himself has written? So far as I know, there is nowhere to be found in all his writings any expression of personal indebtedness to Marx except the following from the columns of "Justice", the organ of the Social Democratic Federation of Great Britain. He says: "Having joined a Socialist body . . . I put some conscience into trying to learn the economical side of Socialism, and even tackled Marx, though I must confess that, whereas I thoroughly enjoyed the historical part of "Capital," I suffered agonies of confusion of the brain over reading the pure economics of that great work. Anyhow, I read what I could, and will hope that some information stuck to me from my reading; but more, I must think, from continuous conversation with such friends as Bax and Hyndman and Scheu, and the brisk course of propaganda meetings . . . in which I took my share." There is the extent of Morris's acknowledgment of indebtedness to "Capital."

Now, there is no pleasure whatever in pushing Fra Elbertus to the wall and incurring the risk of ruffling either his sweet temper or his handmade sailcloth necktie, but he has only himself to blame if he insists on writing this sort of thing: "Especially were Ruskin and Morris drawn toward the philosophy of Marx. Marx had taken their theories and carried them further, and shown, to his own satisfaction, that society could only be redeemed by the overthrow of those in political power."

Here we have a twofold statement—that Ruskin and Morris were especially drawn toward Marx's philosophy, and that Marx took "their theories and carried them further." But there is not a scintilla of evidence in support of either of these claims. I think I know my Ruskin fairly well, and I am utterly unable to account for the statement that Ruskin felt especially "drawn toward the philosophy of Marx." Where is the proof of this? Is there any hint of it in "Unto This Last," or "Munera Pulveris," or "A Joy Forever," or "Ethics of the Dust," or "A Crown of Wild Olives"? In these works all his social teaching is contained (if we except the "Fors Clavigera" letters, in which he rather elaborated what he had already said in the earlier works), and there is no word in them of Marx's great work—again for the very good reason that "Capital" did not appear until after they had attained considerable popularity. I leave Fra

Elbertus the congenial (?) task of searching the "Fors" letters in the hope that there he will find something akin to an acknowledgment that Ruskin was "drawn toward the philosophy of Marx." It is no reflection upon the idealist, Ruskin, to say that he did not in the least degree understand the position of the materialist and economist, Marx. There is not the slightest reason to suppose from his works that Ruskin was attracted or in any way "drawn toward" the philosophical theory of an economic interpretation of history with its class-struggle basis, which we associate with the name of Marx; and there is the testimony of "Unto This Last" (English edition, page 115), that the Labor-Value theory which Marx took from the earlier English economists and amplified was to Ruskin an unpardonable heresy. Assuredly Marx owed nothing to Ruskin, and to talk about his having "taken the theories" of Ruskin and Morris, is as ridiculous as it is untrue. Nowhere will the student find any evidence in support of this absurd contention.

It is not to detract from the fame of Marx that I have taken the trouble to expose the folly and falsity of Hubbard's reckless statements concerning his influence upon his famous contemporaries. But Marx's fame is secure enough and needs no reckless lying to support it. Fra Elbertus can render the fame of Marx no good service by wilful exaggerations of this kind—Karl Marx is just a trifle too big to need the assistance of the Pastor's imagination!

But we are not to the end of his delirious ravings: there is more to come yet. From the Great Beyond some Faithful One, angry at Vallance and Mackail and Miss Cary, the principal biographers of Morris, seems to have been sending "Vibrations" of the most important character to East Aurora, wherefore the Pastor speaks thusly to his Flock:—

"Marx and Morris for a time were fast friends, and constantly appeared on the same platform. In many ways they were alike, and they looked alike.

"They agreed as to premises and conditions and they had similar ideals, but they separated as to the policy that should be adopted to bring about the millennium. Marx said governments must be reorganized; Morris said society must be educated. One was a revolutionary; the other an evolutionist. One was an agitator by profession; the other an agitator incidentally.

" . . . And the efforts of William Morris to convince him (Marx) that his hopes were fatuous, caused a serious breach to widen between these strong men.

" . . . No longer did they affiliate; each had his adherents. . . ."

What an important addition to our knowledge of William Morris's life! But wait. Why did Vallance and Mackail and Miss Luther Cary overlook this important matter? They do not mention it. Has the Fra, who wrote "A Little Journey to the Home of William Morris," any proof of this fast friendship with Marx and the subsequent serious separation? Are there any letters from either or both which will serve to convict the biographers of culpable negligence and unpardonable ignorance; or are there other evidences?

No. The fact is that the guilty one is Fra Elbertus himself. The whole story is false: a lie deliberately made for the sake of "originality." No other explanation, except an unkind one, is possible. The fact is that William Morris never knew Marx; they were therefore never friends; there was no "separation." I think it is almost absolutely certain that William Morris had never heard of Marx until the latter's death! Of the utter falsity of Hubbard's story there is not the slightest doubt whatever. This I could prove in various ways, but I shall prove it from the statement of no less an authority than William Morris himself. Karl Marx died on the fourteenth of March, 1883, in London. During the whole of the Fall

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and Winter of 1881-82 he was abroad, first in Argenteuil, near Paris, with his daughter Jenny, his favorite child, who was ailing, and afterwards in the South of France and in Algiers, for the benefit of his own health. Here he was very sick, and the gravest fears were entertained by his friends. When he came home again they were alarmed and saw that death had already marked him. Engels had said in 1881, when Mrs. Marx died, "Mohr is dead, too"; and it was really so. But now the body which had survived the man was dying. The doctor ordered him to stay the winter in Ventnor, Isle of Wight, where he lived in suffering seclusion. Pneumonia ravaged the poor body during that winter of 1882-83, and, to add to the terrible strain, came the crushing news of his beloved Jenny's death, which took place on January 8th, 1883. Soon afterwards his daughter Eleanor, who was supporting him by teaching languages, took him back to London, to Maitland Park Road, where he died on March 14th.

Now, I am morally certain that Morris could not have seen Marx while he was ill at Ventnor, and there is only a very remote possibility that he could have seen the dying man in the six weeks, or less, spent in London afterwards. If, therefore, Morris had never seen him prior to that Winter of 1882-83 my case is proven and Hubbard stands convicted of shameful falsehood. And there is no room for doubt on that point. Here are Morris's own words, taken from his article, "How I Became a Socialist": "When I took that step" (i. e., joining the Democratic Federation), "I was blankly ignorant of economics; I had never so much as opened Adam Smith or Heard of Ricardo, or of Karl Marx. Oddly enough, I had read some of Mill, to wit, those posthumous papers of his (published in the "Westminster Review, or the "Fortnightly"?), in which he attacks Socialism in its Fourierist guise." Now, it was in the early part of 1883 that Morris joined the Democratic Federation—now the Social Democratic Federation—in response to the urgent invitations of my friend Belfort Bax. And at that time he had never heard of Karl Marx!

After this the reader will be prepared for anything from East Aurora. It will not surprise him to hear that there is more of the same kind of Roycroftie Handmade "history" in Hubbard's preachment. After the breaking of the "fast friendship" which never existed, and the "separation" which never occurred, Morris is said to have "called a public meeting and strongly argued that for the Socialists to wage war on the present social order and invite a pitched battle, would be to get wiped out of existence." What purports to be an extract from his speech is given, in which Quintus Fabius is held up by William Morris as an ideal to his fellow Socialists. Morris is made to appear as the founder of the Fabian Society! And Hubbard says, "I am a Socialist—a Fabian Socialist," in this way linking himself once more to William Morris in the reverent minds of his Flock.

Shades of old Dr. Thomas Davidson, Frank Podmore, and George Bernard Shaw! Was there ever the like of this known before? William Morris made no such speech; the "quotation" is a lie; he did not start, or assist in the starting

of, the Fabian Society. A meeting was held, true; and a speech was made, but Morris had nothing to do with calling the meeting, and the speech was made by Professor Thomas Davidson, of New York City, a disciple of Rosmini-Serbati, and an advocate of some vague scheme to establish a sort of colony of "sound transcendental metaphysicians" in North Chili. And it was Frank Podmore who licked the thing into shape for the delectable Shaw and his friends. And Morris had no more to do with the founding of the Fabian Society than Fra Elbertus had to do with the engraving of the Ten Commandments, Roycroftie on Stone, Hand Done after the Ancient Manner.

That William Morris should be accused of being a Fabian is the bitterest irony. When, at the end of 1884, he and Bax and others broke off from the Social Democratic Federation and formed the famous Socialist League, it was not because they thought the Federation too revolutionary. Quite the contrary, in fact. The Federation was too slow for them. They couldn't wait for the revolution. And when the anarchists had (much against their intention), taught these good men and women, Morris and his friends, that they couldn't hurry the revolution, and that the old Federation policy was the wise and correct one, they all turned loyally back to it, but not to the Fabian Society. Mr. Mac-kail says pathetically: "It was not, I think, until 1887 that Morris became convinced that no social revolution was immediately practicable. It was, at all events, the experiences of the 13th of November in that year, the famous Bloody Sunday, which finally confirmed him in that view." That is nearly five years after the death of Marx. Comment on the point is unnecessary. So far as it was a matter of principle and not of personal differences with Hyndman and others, what led Morris to leave the Federation and establish the League was his dislike and distrust of opportunist tactics and methods: and these are the very quintessence of Fabianism.

And the story of how Morris retracted all the bitter words spoken in the heat and passion of his break with his comrades of the Federation, as noble as anything in his noble life; as true and brave as anything in the biographical literature of the world, you will not find in the biographies of him. No foe to Morris could injure his memory more than his friends have done by wilfully suppressing the handsomest thing he ever did. But that story will keep for another time.

Here, then, I take my leave of Fra Elbertus and his lying preachment—spoken, as it were, at the very altar of Friendship and in Friendship's name. What atonement he will make, how he will seek to undo the wrong done to his readers, to Marx, and to the memory of him who kindled afresh in the world the altar-fires of Truth and Beauty, I know not. I but set down the facts against the fiction; without malice to the living, I would do justice to the immortal dead. And may my good friend Era find profit in the reading of what I have written while he feeds his soul with white hyacinths!



The Fuse which Fired the Iroquois Theatre

A Visit to Sam. Fielden

By J. William Lloyd



ON my return from my visit to the Pima Indians of Arizona, whose traditions I had been studying, I stopped off at La Veta, Colorado, and for several days was the guest of Mrs. Lizzie M. Holmes and Mrs. Elizabeth L. Hill, the wife and sister of William Holmes, the well-known advocate of Communist-Anarchism; Mrs. Holmes being herself a vigorous and popular writer in most of the liberal papers of the day. William Holmes was a warm personal friend of the Chicago Anarchists, and on that fatal November 11th, Mrs. Holmes went with Mrs. Parsons to say a last good bye to the condemned men, but instead of this mercy being granted, both the women were arrested, lodged in a cell, stripped and searched for explosives, and kept confined till after the execution had taken place.

Time makes strange changes and these once dreaded people, William Holmes and his wife, are now popular and respected members of La Veta society.

La Veta is a very pretty little town, and a pleasant place indeed to spend a few vacation days. Across the rippling little Cuchara River (let no profane tongue whisper that it is but a brook) is a charming bluff, covered with strange, weather-sculptured, cavernous rocks. To the northward stands the dark Greenhorn Range of mountains. To the west, near the town apparently, but really some seven miles off, is Beta Mountain, a most impressive volcanic cinder-cone. Back of this runs the general range of the Rockies, with the white cap of majestic Blanca, the monarch of Colorado mountains, just showing like a dazzling snow bank above. Southwestward runs the Trinchera Range whose tops are always white with snow.

But all these are insignificant in the landscape, because the eye at once goes to the splendid volcanic Spanish Peaks, the Wah-ho-toya or Twin Sisters, as the Indians call them, which rise in perfect beauty south of the town, toward New Mexico. These majestic, extinct craters terminate the Sangre de Cristo range in this direction, rise over 13,000 feet, and stand out in more satisfactory fullness to the eye than any other mountains in the entire Rocky Mountain system.

But one of my chief desires in visiting La Veta was to see Sam. Fielden, the sole survivor of those eight heroic if mistaken men who once stood on trial for their lives before Judge Gary.

So one lovely October morning, when the world was beautiful as Paradise and flowers even were blooming, though there had been a light fall of snow but the morning

before, of which no trace now remained, Lizzie Holmes and I took the road up Indian Creek to Fielden's Ranch. It was a five-mile walk, but this pure mountain air would have made ten miles a pleasure. We were at an elevation of over 7,000 feet at the start.

As we went out of the little town we skirted the "Plaza," where still remains the adobe building in which the once noted Colonel Francisco entertained such celebrities as Fremont and Kit Carson. After that our walk was a steady but gradual raise till we came to the little ravine like valley, almost a cañon, where Fielden has his home.

I saw him first standing by the bars, before his cabin, talking to some passing neighbor who had stopped his team for a chat—a stocky well-built man, in overalls and cap, who was regarding me keenly with two of the largest, most innocent and beautiful gray eyes I had ever seen in a man's face. Those eyes made me love him at once, they were so frank and pure, clear and clean as mountain springs, and the manly clasp of his big, horny hand finished the job.

We went to his cabin, a typical mountain house of hewn logs, beneath the shade of cottonwoods and box-elders now golden with the yellow leaves of fall, and saw his wife, a bright, active little English woman, chipper as a cricket, and talked awhile and then strolled out.

What a day that was. A perfect golden day in the most perfect and golden month of the year. We went down to his little spring of pure water beside the Indian Creek, and we went up to his two little lakes on the "mesa." A hard struggle for a living here, on this arid soil, which needs irrigation to yield a crop, where drouth and frost blast, the squirrels devour the corn, the coyotes devour the chickens, and the cattle get "loco" on the range,

but I am happy to say that Fielden seems to have got beyond the hardest primary stage, and to be fairly comfortable for a pioneer. The spot where he lives is one of almost idyllic beauty, with all its natural charms quite unspoiled by intensive "improvements." A poet, a dreamer, could hardly ask a more congenial retreat, and I almost felt tempted to wish myself his neighbor. Fielden has a handsome, intelligent face, very English in contour, but his great gray beard, heavy curling hair, and the bushiest eyebrows ever seen over human eyes, make him look almost Russian. Kindness, goodness, pure honesty radiate from him. His voice is refined and attractive in cadence, with no Cockney faults, and his conversation intellectual graphic, logical and finely-worded. Hermit though he is, almost, he is up-to-date on all passing questions.



Mr. and Mrs. Fielden and Mrs. Holmes
Mrs. Holmes is the lady on the right

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After dinner, in his cabin, he gave us each a little book, carved from stone by his own hands while he was an inmate of Joliet Penitentiary. The one he gave Mrs. Holmes was of onyx, and mine of black and gold marble. They were carved and polished with great art and taste, and are souvenirs precious indeed.

After dinner we wandered out again on the beautiful "mesa," and chased in the horses and harnessed them, and he took us for a ride up the creek cañon to some sulphur and iron springs, a few miles above, a place which will some day be a famous resort. And then he took us in his wagon back to La Veta, the air getting rapidly cold as night drew on.

He spent the evening with us before he returned, talking most interestingly of the old days of his trial and imprisonment. "According to the evidence presented," he said, "if any man should have been hung I was the man, for at least twenty witnesses swore that they saw me empty my revolver into the crowd of policemen and give the signal for the throwing of the bomb." This supposed signal was his calling out "We are peaceful!" But so well aware was

the prosecution of the true character of its perjured and purchased witnesses that he was not hung, as all the world knows. Then he told us of that wonderful eloquent speech of his, whose simple, manly pathos made even the policemen weep and turned the tide of sympathy in his favor, probably saving his life. He insisted that there was no conspiracy, and that none of the leaders knew of the bomb-thrower or his intention, and so little did they anticipate violence that they even brought their wives and little children to the meeting.

I shall never forget how this warm-hearted, manly champion as he went off the little porch into the night, suddenly turned back, impulsively, and saying, "Well, I must shake hands with you again!" again wrung mine in comradely grasp.

May all life's blessings compensate him for his days of gloom and pain.

It is not necessary to believe in the wisdom of violent revolution to recognize the heroism of many of those who, while personally hating bloodshed, have felt that as a surgical necessity it was the only path to freedom.



The Self-Emancipators

By Paul Shivell



HE children of the sad wage slaves,
With sorrows keen and human,
Are hesitating o'er their graves
To own the world in common.

Their souls from lonely solitude
Come forth like torches burning;
They bear the lesson in their blood,
That we are learning, learning.

Ye held your institutes divine,
Their patient hands thy plunder,
And these are their's that outwit thine,
And ye may wonder, wonder.

Red blood is in their veins; your crimes
Are heavy on their shoulders;
But these will rise above the times,
And be the truth's unfolders.

Lay not to them Hate's awful deeds,
Brought by ourselves upon us.
Men, we will have to change our creeds,
Justice no harm hath done us.

The time is come for grown-up men
To stand like men, and working,
Outlive this musty criminal plan
Whose creed is shirking, shirking.

As long as we like heathen think
We're heathen, though politely;
Like heathen we will eat and drink
While slaves are toiling nightly.

And slaves bring many children forth
With minds and souls warped sadly,
Whom ye will count of little worth,
Though ye may act as badly.

But 'mongst these children of wage slaves,
From whom ye take their earnings,
Are some that beat like lonely waves,
And throb with secret yearnings.

And when from out the deep shall rise
That wind they now feel gathering,
And lifts the poor ye now despise
Into one mighty brothering,

Ye too shall feel that impulse strong—
Your empty lives, now listless,
Shall join that plain progressive throng,
Whose power will be resistless.

Till ye and they, with yours and their,
Shall toil, one common People:
One Church of Love, those happy years,
Shall point toward Heaven its steeple,

Think not that Sin can stop the world
With cant and kings' religion:
The People's banner is unfurled!
Their peace cry spreads contagion!

One dignity shall standard be,
The dignity of patience;
And few will contradict, once free,
The general voice and conscience.

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EDITORIAL

ONE of the most persistent questions which the Socialist propagandist is called upon to answer is the fear-inspired challenge, "Will it destroy the individuality of myself and others like me?" The question challenges attention and we cannot escape from it if we would.

It will not, presumably, need any very elaborate argument to make clear and acceptable the position which we as Socialists take, that whatever tends to destroy the individuality of the great mass of mankind is to be viewed with apprehension and fear rather than with hope. Perhaps we should qualify our use of the term "individuality" for there is indeed a sense in which no such a thing as the separate and distinct existence sometimes connoted by that term is possible in human society. In a very real sense "no man liveth unto himself" and we are "all members one of another." The very qualities of genius, imagination, and the like, which we call personal are truly social: the personal life at most is only a channel through which the social experience flows.

We mean by the destruction of individuality, then, interference with that function of the private life to express all that it has received from the race spirit and power. The art instinct, for example, is a social development and whoever possesses it in larger measure than his fellows has but partaken more largely than they of the common heritage. Forces long antecedent to him-

self, and unknown to him, have made that possible. Power of intellect and strength of character are also thus determined. Individuality, therefore, is at best somewhat of a misnomer when applied to a social being like man.

The cry has always been that Socialism by enthroning the common life must necessarily destroy genius and all other manifestations of individuality, so-called, and we repeat that if it were true then Socialism in coming would curse the world instead of blessing it. But we do not fear anything of the kind: on the contrary we say that it is Individualism which destroys and Socialism which alone will secure the safety of, and the widest possible expression of all that is best and worthiest in the private life.

Yes, paradoxical as it may seem, it is Individualism which most menaces the individual liberty and life. The rule of "every man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost" inevitably expresses itself ultimately in the master and servant relation. Given a community of ten men based upon individualistic principles, and sooner or later you will find that the man strongest of brain or will or muscle will become the possessor of something which is essential to the existence of the other nine. No matter whether it is an embryonic Rockefeller or a larval Leiter—whatever the sphere of his activities, the moment he becomes master of something necessary to the life of others he destroys their liberty, their individuality. Mr. Morgan's "individuality" destroys the individuality of millions: if you have to destroy his individuality, to release and build up that of the millions, surely the sum of gain is on the side of individuality!

Here we have the principle: that in any decent society worthy of being called civilized, it is only the perverted individuality of the anti-social life—the life unfaithful to its social mother—which any would seek or desire to suppress or trammel.

It is now, in this present mammonite world, that individuality most languishes and suffers. The art faculty born into the home of the proletarian droops and dies in a factory hell ere the limit of childhood is reached. The soul of the poet is smothered in the dust of the mill, or silenced by its roar. The spirit of the craftsman is broken upon its wheels. Love is trampled beneath the heel of the ogre Greed.

Individual liberty is only possible in a world of common liberty. And it is right and well that it should be so. It is not liberty which flourishes upon the servitude of others, but license, which is the foe of liberty. It is to free the

life of the individual that Socialism comes with its challenge to all forms of despotism and masterhood: in the name of individual liberty Individualism would enslave the world. That is the difference between the two. To begin with the individual instead of with society is the supreme error of which every petty flickering reform movement is the expression.

There is nothing more certain than that the freedom of the personal life can only be the result of the freeing of the social life.

The continual questioning as to the rights of the individual in the Socialist state is less important because of any answer which it calls forth than as a symptom of the disease of present society, and as showing how far away we are from anything like a decent and reasonable state of social being. When one reflects there is something grotesque in the idea as well as something terrible. An insignificant atom challenging cosmos. Fiction challenging fact. The individual says to the common life: "I am afraid to trust you: I demand to know how you are going to treat me. I want pledges and guarantors." Who is he thus to demand these things? Why, a frail atom whose very existence depends upon the thing he challenges and fears. Without this common life which he is afraid to trust he could not live an hour. He is a fiction: only society—social man—is fact. Suffering under the delusion that he, his individuality, is the real thing he derides society as a phantom. At most it is only so many entities like himself of whom he is the most important! He ignores the social process which makes the individual a component part of a larger whole just as the single wheel in the watch is by reason of its association something more than a single wheel.

We hold as Socialists that it is as reasonable for the private life to trust itself to the public, social life as it is for a child to trust itself to its own mother. For what is the life of the greatest as well as the least of us but one of the many offsprings of the social life? And it is because all that we are, or can ever hope to be, comes and must always come, from the race life, that whatever we are or may be belongs to the race. Not "How will the race life adjust itself to my life and needs?" but "How can I best adjust my life to serve the race?" is the question which each of us should ask: and by the answer to it should we be guided. S.



Without a Mask

By Mila Tupper Maynard



THE Socialist contention that, under a given system of industry, government is but the instrument of the dominant class, and that consequently existing governments, whatever their political form, whether republics or monarchies, are obedient tools expressly to subserve the interests of the capitalist class in legislation, administration and the judiciary, is thought by others to be an exaggerated, if not a wholly untrue, interpretation of the situation. This is due to the fact that the public mind still holds the traditions of earlier conditions, especially those created by the struggle with Feudalism, so that under their spell, self-deception, much sophistry and something of conscious hypocrisy covers the true state of things and the real motive.

When Ship Subsidy or Cuban Reciprocity or Panama Canal projects come up, the "good of the people," the "progress of civilization" and many high-sounding phrases often deceive even the chief actors and disguise the arrogant reign by which Capital sways all things for its own purpose.

The next few years will see an increasing frankness and make more apparent to every one the true nature of government action.

The present national executive is not so greatly under the sway of earlier traditions as his predecessors. When the Powers that Be want a canal at a certain point, traditions of national rights, the sacredness of treaties, the infamy of secession—all go to the winds for this president before the person of that Might made Right which always follows the interests of capital. A lawyer and a man of an earlier tradition would have reached the same goal but by a more diplomatic tangle of theoretic manouvers out of respect for public notions.

In Colorado, the public has been treated the past year to the spectacle — truly refreshing — of a state government acting, with the utmost frankness, the part it is meant to play without a vestige of disguise or hypocritical assumption.

The governor was elected from the ranks of the business man, pure and simple. He was a country banker without taint of legal knowledge to sully his native simplicity, or political experience to train his sense of the constituent's prejudices. The result has been the most child-like frankness in an absolute allegiance to the interests of the capitalists. The Mine Owners' Association has displayed a confident assurance of proprietorship in all that pertains to the executive office, and has never been disappointed.

This Association dictated the choice of Adjutant-General, making up the salary when the state salary was too small to tempt the man they desired. When troops were called for and there was no money, this same Association guaranteed the payment of state warrants at once, agreeing to wait patiently till a dutiful legislature should reimburse them. Later on, when the troops were wanted at Telluride, the Citizens' Alliance representatives came to the capital and specified all details as officers and management, and on the arrival of troops, received them as special guests and obedient servants combined.

To all intents and purposes martial law has been in operation in Cripple Creek for several months, while the more recent sojourn in Telluride has been marked by even more high-handed proceedings than those which have outraged all traditions of decency in other camps.

Arrests have been made without warrants or any civil

procedure; the "Bull Pen" has been perpetually in evidence; and when public pressure finally forced trial before the civil courts, the militia was marched with the prisoners to the Court room, stood guard at the entrance and lined the room. The Court room has resounded with military orders and the clanking of musketry and in several cases, when the Court ordered prisoners released, the officers have refused compliance, until after considerable delay, marching their victims back to the "Bull Pen" with noisy show of power in defiance of court decision.

This was in Teller County where the sheriff and other civil officers were not wholly subservient to the mine owners. In Telluride, the civil authorities are wholly controlled by the capitalists. Here, for two years, there has raged as clear-cut a class war as has existed anywhere in the world. The entire community is lined upon one side or the other in an uncompromising antagonism. The bitterness and hatred of the mine owners, bankers and all their satellites, fully half the community, are terrific. They are ready to believe any murderous tale of the unions and virtually ostracize anyone who dares to sympathize with them.

Comrade Floaten, the national committeeman from this state is one of the most prominent merchants in the town, but the union card in the windows of his store cuts off all patronage except that of the unions. That this comrade has borne the brunt of as fierce class cleavage as ever tried the grit of mortal, proves him to be of the stuff to tie to.

A year ago last summer, a fierce class war raged during a strike and the capitalists of the camp, after the defeat which followed, worked long and persistently to secure basis for getting rid of the leaders of that strike. They were arrested on all kinds of trumped-up charges and although cleared and released, the expense incurred was so great, and the persecution continued to grow so unscrupulous that several of them gave up the contest and left the camp. Among them was the good Comrade Vincent St. John, a martyr to his rare courage and skilful leadership. His successor as president of the Telluride miners is Comrade Guy Miller, the candidate for the legislature on our last state ticket and who came within a few votes of winning. Comrade Miller is a man to rejoice in as leader of the dispossessed. Although a college graduate, he chose mining as a less distasteful form of wage slavery than the more intellectual forms of dependent labor. His loyalty and devotion to the cause of his fellow toilers is absolute and his calm, dispassionate manner and ability to express the thing for which he stands would have settled the strike some months ago, if the passions of the other class had not been so obstinate. He with his aids had succeeded in making terms with the employers, but the Citizens' Alliance interfered and prevented final consummation of the terms. We are all hoping that Telluride is sufficiently permeated with Socialism to prevent the outbreak which the action of authorities might naturally bring about. At present they are sending the strikers to the rock pile and jail for no reason — with no alleged reason even — except that they are not working. That they can pay their way does not protect them from prosecution as vagrants. They are strikers and no pretense on the part of officials keeps them from frankly admitting that alone to be the cause. As Socialists, the strikers would expect just this from a capitalistic government and act with calmness. At this writing, it would appear that the spirit of the comrades dominates the camp as no act of disparation has yet come in spite of provocation such as men have rarely had to endure.

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As we write, martial law has been declared in Teller County (the Cripple Creek district) in spite of absolute quiet. Two acts of violence have occurred, but the men arrested on suspicion are held in jail and there is absolutely no reason for the action of the governor except exasperation because the sheriff and judges of the county will not allow high-handed arrests without any charge whatever being made. The governor and officers resented Habeas Corpus proceedings and so without shade of truth the county is declared "in a state of insurrection and rebellion."

It is interesting to know that the Adjutant-General, appointed at the dictation of the mine owners, was a Rough Rider and is an especial pet of President Roosevelt. His acts have been so ludicrously indiscreet, theatrical and arrogant; and his policy is so frankly to make the Guards a mere tool to crush the strikers, that even his employers, the mine owners, are ashamed of his strenuous tongue and undisguised lawlessness.

Now that the civil officers are wholly disarmed as many explosions can occur as is desirable in abandoned portions of the mines and any man useful to the unions be arbitrarily arrested and disposed of as will suit the convenience of the mine owners.

One member of the militia found with a union card is threatened with death as a traitor while forty detectives have been wearing the uniform of the Guards when not in citizen's clothes among the strikers as spies.

Added to the modern warfare of the metaliferous mining camps, there is a more old-fashioned struggle also underway in our state. The coal miners are on strike, with apparently a long struggle before them and probable defeat. Mother Jones is in the camp and, much to the disgust of the national officers of the mine workers, prevented for some weeks the settlement of the strike in the northern fields, believing that the men there should not accept terms until their southern brethren had gained like concessions.

Earlier in the year, a strike in Idaho Springs and an explosion led to a mob of "respectable citizens" who marched all the union leaders — some two score men — out of the jail and out of town, ordering them to stay out. District Judge Orvers at this time took a firm stand, calling the kid-gloved lawbreakers by the right names and writing to the governor in good sound terms demanding troops to protect the miners that they might return to the homes from which they had been driven. Judge Orvers thinks himself a So-

cialist and believes that only our constitutional provision forbidding office-holders from joining the party keeps him out. It was he who ran for the Supreme Court on a Populist ticket and cut down the vote of Comrade Sweet so materially. It will be seen that this was a most subtle temptation, even to reasonably good Socialists. His defense of the Labor interests had been so recent and so striking that it required a well-informed Socialist to stand squarely for party tactics. That not one local in the state lost its head nor any pronounced and active Socialist is a matter for congratulation. It is a matter for pride that we were able to demonstrate that several thousand in the state are "solid" whatever comes.

It has been somewhat amusing to note that the comrades lump the votes of the Socialist Labor Party and our own, although cast for a different candidate while they bemoan the disloyalty of the Orvers Populistic vote. It is significant and hopeful. Socialists are not troubled over the personal showing for candidates; they only know that future safety depends on having a party as invulnerable as a stone wall in policy and principle when we line up for the final victory. They know that a judge who could accept a nomination from a party of nondescript origin and purpose, or the man who can vote for him when so nominated, is not sufficiently conscious of the issues at stake, or the forces to be met, to make the fighting timber required for the approaching revolution at the ballot box.

These are heart-stirring times in this Commonwealth of the Rockies; times which by their clear illustration of the nature and methods of capitalistic government should make it clearer to the world that no "steps at a time" and no concessions are possible, but only a clear-cut issue between the working class in conscious self-assertion as a class, and the class whose economic interest now holds the governments of the world in absolute subservience. If this fact is made more apparent by the crude, unblushing exhibition of capitalistic sway in Colorado, the suffering strikers in our state may feel assured that they are not bearing their burden of brutal injustice in vain. If the lesson is learned so well that strikes will become a thing of the past wherever Socialism prevails among the unions, to my personal judgment it would be a most happy result. Men who understand, as Socialists should understand, that governments and militias are always on the side of the owners and strike breakers, should hesitate long before putting their men up against such odds.



Defeated?

By May Beals



I HAD failed.
In the fierce, sullen struggle of each against all.
I was thrust into the ranks of the defeated.
I had struggled so long that even my courage
was gone and from the tired brain ambition
had vanished leaving only a longing for rest.
I thought of the rest of the dead.
In the grave it is very still.
No harsh sounds jar on the ear, no unbeautiful sights hurt
the eye,
The tired muscles and brain relax and dissolve into dust.
I thought of these things and at last I said, I will rest.

Then—it was only the cry of a child that first drew my
thoughts from myself, a heart-breaking cry that
seemed voicing to me the woes of humanity.
The woes of little children toiling among spindles and in
mines.
The woes of strong men fighting for their lives and the
lives of their own.
The woes of women crushed into a degradation they abhor.
I thought of the giant wrong I had dreamed of righting.
I turned away from the rest that allured me so.
I said, While I live I will fight and while I can fight I will
live.

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Chant of the Industrial Rakshasa*

By Forrest S. Green



I AM that monstrosity the Demon Competitive Industrial System. I am nothing tangible that can be laid off or killed by explosive bullets, but I am none the less real and terrible—a great, forbidding, ominous shadow, obscuring the sun of progress. I am the horrible “dweller on the threshold” of civilization, and I rejoice thereat. I seize you in my loathsome embrace and almost stifle you. You look for a way of escape, but there is none. So you go on, doggedly, sullenly, sometimes—but with me, with me.

I have my feet firmly planted at the four corners of the earth. I threaten the lives and happiness of millions of people. I menace the existence of governments—your governments, too.

Morally I am like a compound of the fetid hippopotamus, the repulsive wart-hog, the ingrate hyena and the ferocious tiger. The whole earthly atmosphere is tainted by my exhalations.

In my cavernous, rapacious jaws are thrown the best blood and brain of the nation, to emerge many of them mangled physically and perverted morally. Children of tender years are fed to me, that the fetish of private ownership may continue to be worshipped by those “conservative” persons who can imagine nothing better or nobler than my immoral, disease-breeding system. (Ah, they are my friends, those “conservatives”!)

My wrecks are everywhere. I yearly spew forth thousands of them, to harass and menace society, instead of their being cared for—as they should in justice be—by the persons in whose interests they were exploited and their lives wasted.

For my sake there are two sets of morals, one to teach on Sunday and the other to practice on week-days. Do you doubt it? Those who are not in “business” may doubt this. My dear victim, you are taught love and brotherhood on one

day, but on the other six days love and brotherhood are manacled and gagged. Children are taught certain great ethical truths, only to unlearn them in my school when older unless they be of exceptionally strong moral fibre. They are told by the “shrewd business man” that there is no sentiment in business. And that is true; if there were sentiment in “business” it would interfere with my functioning.

O, I make your civilization a roaring farce to the onlooker, but a relentless and murderous tragedy to the participants, especially to those underneath in the struggle. I laugh at the distress and woe of the great Ninety-Seven Per Cent. who fail in business. Ask them. I assure you comfortably-situated people who talk platitudes and philanthropy from a safe distance that the thing you call “business” is almost inconceivably rotten.

And after all I am really an illogical and senseless creation—a scarecrow that could be easily set aside by my great army of gulls. This fact is my stupendous joke. A few see this clearly and raise their voices against me. The sound of their warning does not reach far; it is drowned by the roar of “business” and the jeers of the heedless and the ignorant, and ascends with the despairing wails of the thousands of victims of the commercial juggernaut. But occasionally it reaches and opens the ears and eyes of one of my followers, and then he is forever lost to me. The number of these clear-eyed ones is growing rapidly of late years.

Afar I can hear the rumbling and muttering of coming Democracy—its upward pressure is tremendous. My time is drawing to a close. But I will give you a memorable battle, Democracy. I will leave deep scars on you before I yield to that evolution which is the will of One who is over and through all.

* Rakshasas in Hindu mythology are “powerful, energetic demons, malignant spirits, enemies of piety.” They are fully cognizant of the nature of their work and the part they play in evolution.



“Johnny”

By Ellen Morris



JOHNNY was a little girl fourteen years old, sick in a ward of the hospital. Her real name was Mamie Maginnis. No one knew much about her. She had no parents or relations and but a few friends, needy as herself. As a poor weed struggles to grow between two tight bricks, so she, a forlorn little waif, misshapen and diseased, abandoned by an indifferent world, had fought her way through the perilous years of babyhood, knowing only such care and affection as some poor soul, unfortunate as herself, and hard pressed in the struggle for bread, could bestow. Thank God, though they have little time for aught but the grind and toil, they find time to comfort and bless these little forgotten ones of society. It is like the ray of sun to the weed—like a peek of the blue sky to a weary prisoner, these attentions of the poor to each other. She was a practical little waif, not given to sentiment, looking on certain phases of the hospital life with curious eyes, accepting the luxuries and attentions of the nurses quietly, wonderingly. Deformed and

wasted by hip disease, she had plodded on year after in a big factory. Her face was white and sharp. Her eyes had a hunted look; a shrewd expression was there, too—as if she knew where to hide a bone against a hungry day.

She was found by one of the “out practice” in a crowded tenement, sick with typhoid fever. A dozen families or so were crowded into a dirty, unhealthy, tumbling down house they called home. Poor little girl, lying there sick to death, the shrill cries of the children racking her head, the foul air poisoning her system! Oh, men and women, how can you be so satisfied and content when you know these things are happening every day all around you! Does your heart never ache when you see it?

Through the long weeks she remained bright and cheerful—not looking at herself sympathetically, or as if she had been abused; that view of it had never entered her little head. But I, walking round in health and financial comfort, looked at her with pitying glance, and questioning soul to God. One day after her head had been shaved, it seemed to amuse her, and she remarked she “must look like a Johnny.”

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And so we called her. She took a great fancy to her night nurse, a young, pink-cheeked thing in her first year. The child was fascinated by a pin, a cheap miniature she wore of her mother. She would hold it tightly in her thin little hands long after lights were out and all settled for sleep. Every night in her stiffest, formal manner she would say, "How's your mother?" for Johnny's soul was polite if her grammar was shaky. Sweet consideration for all was root and fibre of the child's character, the unselfish thoughtfulness for others that God has not selected any one class as pasture for, but planted deep in plain little souls like Johnny's.

We thought she would pull through, for she made a plucky fight, but one day we found her gasping and we knew the tired soul was traveling fast. It was "heart failure" of course, but there was a long story before that, wasn't there, Johnny? A story you did not make and knew little about, except that it crushed your poor body till you only breathed your painful existence as a little outcast in a big, hard city. A story of a foul street, a stifling room in a crowded, unhealthy house, poor food, and your weak little hands toiling, toiling to keep life in a sick body. All this with a great green country near, with the beautiful blue sky over head, and the warm sunshine of God to make the earth rich and plentiful. Her life had its lesson, do you say? Would you accept it had you the power to refuse, on such niggardly terms? If it were only to serve as a guide for some other to mould their existence by, your misfortune a ladder for their heaven? To be crushed, thrown aside, a nuisance, a disease that infects the happy domain of others? Johnny saw about as much of beauty as that weed between the bricks. Who shall say her potentialities were not as great as the best of us, greater than most of us? Ah, what

we miss when such sweet little beings are killed in our midst! How dare we fold our hands, raise our eyes and leave it to heaven with the Lord? We know of old that He sometimes sleepeth, though our Christian friends hold their breath at the blasphemy and chant their *Te Deum*. Men and women, we have rested smug in our virtues, shoved our vices on the shoulders of the Devil, and between God and Satan we have rid ourselves of uncomfortable responsibilities and let beautiful babes be trampled, mutilated, ground in the mud. We say we can't help it, that our voices are but a few drops of protest in an ocean of indifference. We lie! We don't even feel. We pass them with an emotional thrill and go home to our little ones with the selfish thought, "I am glad it is not my child." But it is your child, just as much, oh, woman who prides yourself on your tender heart, just as much as though you had felt the labor agony, and clutch of its baby lips on your breast; just as much, oh, strong fearless man, as the child whose cry you heard that day when you knew your firstborn had come into the world—as a pledge between you and the woman you loved that all child life should be sacred and inviolate to you both forever. Until you believe it, and until you live it, the world will be the hell it is. Let God alone. He does not need your prayers or love. Johnny did; and she dragged through fourteen painful years while you were going to church and avowing your creed. Do not flatter yourself that your child is any finer clay than hundreds that are starved and dwarfed under your very nose. And when you look in the sweet, pure face of your baby, think of another little soul that had a nature as fine and rare, as capable of glorious development, as kind and loving, as any you could father or mother—and that child was dear little Johnny.



Capital

By Henry L. Slobodin



IN general use a word may have several meanings. The popular mind and use as a rule attach to many words a meaning quite differing from that which a scientist attaches to them.

How is the true meaning of a word to be determined?

The two chief theories and methods are here presented.

One theory is that each word has a certain inherent true meaning, regardless of the attributes of the thing for which it stands; that such meaning, being inherent, can be one only and no other; that it is the object of Logic to discover that true inherent meaning of the word.

Accordingly, the method employed by this school of thought is to study not the attributes of things, but the metaphysical meaning of words. The metaphysical theory and method is discarded by Socialists in the study of social phenomena as well as by advanced science in general.

The other story is that each word stands as an expression of attributes of a certain thing; that the attributes of things are in a state of constant change, and either the meaning of the word needs must change accordingly, or as the composite nature of the thing changes a new word must be coined to denote new attributes. The latter is mostly the case.

Hence, a word has no inherent, one meaning. A word is worth as much as it stands for. Therefore the object

of Science is to study the physical attributes of things for which the word stands. Accordingly, the method pursued by this school is the study of natural phenomena. This is the materialistic theory and the dialectic method, and is employed by the Socialist in the study of social phenomena.

* * *

Socialism is the science of the dynamics of society. One of the requisites of any science is the use of exact and clear terms. A scientific word or term must embrace, "conote," all those attributes of the thing of which it treats. In science of Socialism the term must conote, designate, the thing for which it stands in its dynamic aspect, in its relation to time and place. For since Socialism treats of social development it must use its term with the clear understanding of their historical relation, in their relation to the particular epoch and place.

Virtue is easier preached than practiced. Precision and clearness in the use of terms is only too often neglected. It is remarkable how much error on error is spun and woven, all due to the misuse of one term. The abuse of the terms is due to the fact that the knowledge of the terms of any science involves the study and knowledge of the whole subject, and ignorance of the precise meaning of a term shows ignorance of the science.

* * *

One of the most cruelly abused terms is the word Capital. It is maltreated by the understanding of the general public. It is abused by teachers, in colleges and uni-

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versities, and it often fares badly even at the hands of Socialist agitators. The cause of such failure to grasp the meaning of the term is that the lack of scientific training in the methods of research exposes one to the danger of being deluded by the metaphysic method.

Capital is generally defined to be the means of production,—the instruments of production and the raw material being included in the definition. In our estimate this definition has not the requisites of scientific exactness and clearness and is therefore erroneous. Still, many accept it as a correct definition, and this first error—as the original sin—is, to its victim, the starting point of an erroneous career, of becoming an adept of many heresies.

To the Socialist-killer this fallacy is a true god-send. He creates his own "Socialist," puts into his mouth certain opinions, and then floors his straw man in argumentative encounter.

Are not Socialists denouncing the "Capitalistic" system? Here is a chance, by a little sleight of hand work to substitute the word "Capital" for the word "Capitalistic," and then didactically lecture the Socialist on the errors of his ways. Why, one can pass for a scientist at a cheap rate. With a knowing air, he announces that Capital is as much a necessary factor in production as Labor; and that for Labor to fight Capital is as if the stomach rose in rebellion against the arms.

The Socialist-killer is not the only victim of the fallacy. There are teachers in colleges that regard Socialism favorably. As opposed to the Socialist the professor, who accepts the definition of Capital as the means of production, and argues with the Socialist-killer that Socialism is opposed not to Capital but to the private ownership of Capital; that the aim of Socialism is to introduce the collective ownership of Capital.

While this argument of our professor is well meant, it is for all that not the less erroneous than that of the Socialist-killer.

* * *

Does the definition "the means of production" really embrace the essential elements of Capital?

There is a steamer plowing the Atlantic. It sits twenty-two feet deep in water, for it is loaded to the brim with coal. This is Capital, sure enough. The steamer strikes a reef and goes down. There it rests on the bottom of the sea. Is it Capital or not now—the steamer and the coal? It is none the less an instrument of production for being on the bottom of the sea. Some may be inclined to dispute

to the sunken steamer the honor of being an instrument of production. And why, please? Because it can no more be used. Well, then; here we have an indispensable element to make a thing what we call Capital. It must be in use.

The given definition does not comprise this element, and this omission is one of its errors. But one only. There are others, perhaps graver ones. For we may find a thing in use for the purposes of production and still neither the Socialist-killer, nor the Socialist-saver will dare to contend the thing to be Capital.

Let us take the ever handy example of Robinson Crusoe. He has saved spade, gun, and some other instruments of production from the wrecked vessel and used these instruments for the purpose of production on his uninhabited island. Was then Robinson Crusoe possessed of Capital; was he a Capitalist? If he was, then the system in which he lived on his island was a Capitalistic system,—a manifest absurdity. Here then was a thing that was both an instrument of production and in use, and still not Capital. Thus, using the Socratic method, we stumble over another attribute of Capital.

Capital exists in an organized community only. It is not only an instrument of production in use, but it occupies in addition certain relations to society. For a thing may be in use for productive purposes in an organized community and still not be Capital. The gens of the primitive period; the latter-day Christian communes, and the various communistic fraternities of many denominations and creeds—were all organized communities and used tools of production. But they had no Capital; they could have no capital, for they lived under a communistic and not a capitalistic system of production. An essential element of Capital is Private Ownership.

The early Middle Ages with their lords who owned both the tool and the producer had also not known of Capital, or to very small extent only. The system of production of this historical period was feudal and not capitalistic.

For though the feudal system furnishes to a large extent the feature of private ownership, still it remains not the less feudal and not capitalistic; though this private ownership of the tool and exploitation of the producer feature lends it very much resemblance to the capitalistic system. The difference being that in the feudal system the producer is a slave or serf, while in the capitalistic system the producer is politically a "free" agent.

And here we have come to the last and most characteristic attribute of Capital.



The War Concert of the Nations



An Incident in the late Chicago Street Railway Strike

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Not only must it be a privately owned instrument of production in use in organized society, but it must create certain relations between its owner and its user. The owner permits the producer to use the tool on condition that the result of the labor—the product, be divided between the owner and the producer; he, the owner, getting the lion's share of the product in the form of Profits and paying to the producer the by far smaller part of his product in the form of Wages. This arrangement is the result of a "free" contract between the owner of the tool and the toiler. The owner is free to engage him or anyone else of the waiting millions of toilers; the toiler is "free" to accede to the arrangement of producing big profits for small wages or starve. These relations between the owner of the tool and the toiler imply that the toiler owns nothing; no property to call his own except labor-power—the energy of his muscles and his nerves.

Here, then, we have the elements or attributes of the terms Capital, Capitalist, Capitalism.

Capital conotes or designates a certain thing in its historic or economic relations. Its attributes are:

1. A means of production.
2. In use.
3. Privately owned.
4. The owner to receive the larger part of the product in the form of Profits for permitting it to be used by the producer who is politically free to use or not to use the means of production, but economically compelled to use them or starve.
5. The producer, who uses it, gets back from the owner the smaller part of his product in Wages.

Eliminate any one of these elements and the thing ceases to be Capital. It is therefore erroneous to speak of Capital being owned collectively. The instruments of production may be, but then one of the attributes that are indispensable to make a thing Capital—private ownership—, being eliminated the thing is no more Capital.

Capitalist designates an individual in certain historic and economic relations.

Living in a rich community, having the absolute ownership of the tools of production, not being bothered with slaves or serfs, but having a free and abundant choice of labor in the overflowing labor-power market,—this makes a Capitalist. Your slave-owner with his cares for the health of his slaves knew not of the comforts of the Capitalist. He had to buy the laborer and then feed and clothe him in order to get his labor. Our Capitalist buys labor-power

only,—the choicest on the market—, for he has millions of ill-born, ill-fated, ill-bred, ill-fed, ill-clad sovereign citizens of this home of the free and land of the brave to choose from.

Owner of the tools which he does not use; purchaser of labor-power which uses the tools; taker of profits which is the product that he had no share in producing; payer of wages to the worker which is only a part of the product produced by him,—this is a Capitalist.

Capitalism designates a certain phase in the historic and economic development of society. It is a system of society that sanctions and defends Capital and Capitalist.

Economically, the Capitalistic Society is mainly divided into the class of exploiters—the Capitalists—and the class of wage workers. Each class is pitted against the other in ceaseless struggle for a larger share in the product of the wage-worker.

Politically, all the powers of government are possessed by the Capitalists and arrayed openly or covertly against the wage-worker. But these are not the strongest of the opponents with whom the wage-worker has to contend. All the conservative, traditional forces of society are in league with the Capitalist. From his cradle to his grave the wage-worker is followed by the many, watchful eyes of the agents of Capital.

The clergy, the teacher, the actor, the journalist, the philosopher, the poet are all, some unconsciously, agents of Capital.

For all the aspirations in which man is used to glory; all that he is taught to revere; all rules of personal conduct that he is trained to follow are skilfully used to prop up Capital.

Love of one's country, self-sacrifice, honesty in dealing between man and man,—all these sentiments are carefully trained by the agents of Capitalism, the priests of the spoken and written word for the sordid purposes of their master.

Capitalism, professedly sentimental, exceeds any past social form for its sordid, grasping cupidity. All that man has until now considered priceless, Capitalism buys or sells for ringing cash on the markets of the world. It has put a current price on mother, wife and child. For good cash. Capitalism provides the enemy with weapons to be used against its own country.

It plays wild havoc with all human relations. Death dealing, it is pitiless to man and is threatening even to mankind. The hope of the race is that its wild destructive career will be brought to an end at the morning of a new era—Socialism.



America—1904

By Max Ehrmann



INCOLN, rise up from out thy tomb to-day,

Thou lover of the lives of common men,
America hath work for thee again.

Here women want in sight of wealth's display,
Man grinds his brother down and holds a sway

As in the times of bloody lash and den,

Save now the flesh is white not black as then,

In toiling holds young girls grow old, decay.
Though thou art dead, could but thy soul return

In one who loved his fellow men as thou,
Instead of greed that we might justice learn,

Love character in place of gold as now,
Write far across our native land's sweet soil,

"Here none shall live upon another's toil."

Sentiment: It Is Not Dead

By Josephine Conger



SENTIMENT is not dead. Sentiment flaunts itself in one's face upon every turn. Sentiment! It is in the street, in the ally, in the tenement, in the boudoir, in the kitchen over the wash tub. The street waif, ragged and saucy, is full of it. The factory girl feels it. The rich women in their carriages are conscious of it. Sentiment! The human race is reeking with it—and it is all directed to one channel. It is tremendously concentrated. In its results it is an actual proof of the doctrine advocated by mental scientists that thought forces are creative, and that they do control conditions.

But my sentiment is possibly not the sentiment that you were thinking about when you said "sentiment is dead." You were doubtless thinking of that sort that creates brotherly love, beautiful pictures, great books. I am speaking of the kind that creates an aristocracy in a republic. That throws a halo of glory about the heads of the very rich. That turns vulgarity into sumptuousness. That bows at the shrine of a "puddin' head" money broker—or a pork dealer. I am thinking about the sentiment that makes the heart beat under rags when its owner chances to brush the gown of a blase "society leader." That makes the shop girl speak in low and breathless tones when Mrs. \$, the plunger's wife, gives her an extra tip. I am speaking of the sentiment that builds palaces, cathedrals and universities for the hallowed few, while the unhallowed many are housed in hovels, worship in missions, and gather their knowledge from the street.

It is a wonderful thing, this sentiment. And powerful. The poor man believes that the rich man is divinely constituted. The rich man, through the force of the poor man's thought comes to believe it also. To actually believe it. Thus we have the "common herd," and the "exclusive" circles. And this is proof that sentiment is all turned in one direction; that it is powerfully concentrated. The "common herd" accepts its cognomen without protest. The "exclusives" accepts their's—cheerfully. And this condition, this product of sentiment, is the only thing under the sun that stands in the way of certain developments, certain achievements, that Socialists are desirous of bringing about. When

the poor and the rich combine in believing that the rich are made of a different material, are sacred, divine, what in the world are we going to do about it? It is a hard thing to overthrow divinity. It is still harder to break down sentiment. Sentiment is a tough proposition. Bread and butter are not so hard. Hunger is not so hard. Thousands of empty stomachs will continue to hug their sentiment. They will die for it. It is easier for a man to die for sentiment than it is for him to give up sentiment for bread and butter. It is easier for men to go to wars in which there is no gain for them, but because a master class has decreed it, than it is for them to stay away from war because a woman loves them, because they have homes, little children, personal interests. I say again that this sentiment is a peculiar thing. And it takes a peculiar direction—ah, that's it. It is the direction that is wrong, and not the sentiment. And since it is the direction that is wrong, and not the sentiment itself, there is a hope for the Socialist—a mighty hope. He may teach men and women to direct their sentiment into another channel. Towards themselves. Let them imagine themselves divinely constituted. Let them build for themselves cathedrals and universities. Since suggestion has such power, let them suggest splendid qualities for themselves. Let them learn to put halos about their own heads, to see the glory in their own souls, to feel the power of flesh and blood as it is expressed in them. Let them learn to believe that the rich man is not necessarily greater than themselves—nor less. That they are not necessarily greater than themselves—nor less. That they are not necessarily less than the prince of capital—nor greater. There is divinity in all men, and power and glory—when it is permitted by the man himself. But there is nothing above this in any man. And when we have withdrawn a large portion of our sentiment from the present super-divinities, we will find them seeking their level like collapsed stock from which the water has been drawn. They are much the same, watered stock and our "exclusive" sets. They all do business on faith, on air, on sentiment. They have no inherent power of their own. It is all in the sentiment of the people.

Now I believe that you will agree with me, that this quality is not dead. It is merely misdirected. Let the Socialists set it right, and relieve society of her horrible abortions.



Views and Reviews



WILLIAM MORRIS'S first volume, "The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems," first published nearly half a century ago, has been recently issued in an edition of great merit by Mr. John Lane of The Bodley Head. Notwithstanding the low price at which it is published, this edition is equal in appearance to many an Edition de Luxe. Miss Jessie M. King is the artist who is responsible for the artistic features of the book and the result of her work is distinctive in every way. Not often does one find such beautiful illustrations and decorative pieces as are found in this volume, equally noteworthy in themselves as works of art and as interpreters of the text of such an imaginative writer as Morris was.

In these finely reproduced line drawings there is almost as much appeal to the imagination as in the poems which

they illustrate, and in almost every instance perfect harmony of poem and drawings is manifest. I confess, however, that Miss King's conception of the disconsolate Guenevere does not appeal to me very strongly. I imagine that Morris, devoted to the strong, lithsome type of woman, would have been little likely to care much for the spineless and eery creature Miss King gives us. But taken all in all these illustrations and decorations make the edition one which every booklover will desire to own and treasure, and entitle Miss King to high rank among present day illustrators.

Of the poems themselves, familiar, I hope, to most of my readers, little need be said here. They were the product of Morris's youthful fancy and romantic imagination. Full of defects technically, they gain a certain picturesqueness and charm from their very defects. For sheer richness of color it would be difficult to find anywhere a collection of poems

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to equal this collection of the youthful poems of the great Socialist poet-artist. One reads a poem like *The Eve of Crecy*, for example, and feels as if one had been looking upon the scene as Rossetti would perhaps have painted it. And it is in this suggestion of the highest art of the romantic school that the proof of Morris's greatness as a narrative poet is contained. Steeped in the lore of medievalism he went for themes to the Arthurian legends and the chronicles of Froissart and gave us the most dramatic of the stories gleaned there, such as would appeal to his love-filled mind, in a succession of word pictures, which, despite their defects in some other particulars, enchant us by their marvellously rich coloring.

Mr. John Lane, ever the modest booklover's friend, deserves our thanks for this inexpensive but beautiful edition.

* * *

Readers of "The Dream of John Ball," by all odds the ripest and strongest example of Morris's prose work, will welcome a new novel which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have published from the pen of Miss Florence Converse entitled, "Long Will." The hero of the story is 'Long Will' Languard, the priest-poet and author of "Piers Ploughman," to which the English peasants' revolt of the fourteenth has been largely ascribed. Other characters in the book include the youthful king, Richard II., John Ball, Wat Tyler, the poet Chaucer, and Calotte, the daughter of Long Will who acts the part of a veritable Jennie D'Arc to the revolt. The noble sentiments which Morris has put into the speech of John Ball, as for instance, "Fellowship is Heaven; lack of Fellowship is Hell," have given to the character of "The Mad Priest of Kent," as he was called, a nobility and sweetness which Miss Converse apparently thinks he did not possess. For while he preaches Fellowship and Love, John Ball, as he appears in these pages, countenances violence and murder as also do some of his associates in the struggle—including Wat Tyler. It is Languard and his daughter who insist that the Kingdom of Love and Comradeship can never be reached by way of War and Hate and Blood.

Miss Converse evidently possesses a full meed of symmetry and dignified charm of the medieval order of things and her work carries with it a profound lesson for the earnest Socialist. The pitiful striving for leadership in which the spirit and vision of the comrade-life is lost sight of, is not without a parallel in our own times. Too little effort to realize comradeship, and too much striving for leadership, are, alas! sadly evident sometimes. It was that spirit which wrecked the peasants' revolt. It wrecked, too, the Commune of Paris as it had done the Chartist movement in England a few years before. We shall do well to learn the lesson.

Miss Converse has the poetic feeling without which the beauty and dignified charm of the medieval order of things cannot be perceived. The external pageantry, the quaint speech so full of symbolism, and the passion of the time are admirably united in her work. The literary qualities of the book are of a very high order. There are a number of fine full-page illustrations by A. Garth Jones, an English artist of repute.

* * *

From the same publishing house comes Miss Vida D. Scudder's new volume, "A Listener in Babel." Miss Scudder, whose earlier work, "Social Ideals in English Letters," secured her a position in the very forefront of present day writers on social topics, does not attempt in this book anything like a definite plot. She secures, it seems to me, the wider suggestiveness evidently aimed at by the freedom which the absence of plot trammellings gives to the writer who desires to present what I may be pardoned for terming the drama of thought rather than the drama of action.

In one sense this book may be regarded as presenting a series of imaginary conversations dealing with the most vital social questions of the time. The cynic, the atheist, the opportunist, the anarchist and the Socialist, thrown together in the great unrest, discuss these questions each dominated by his,—or her as it is more often—intellectual viewpoint. Foremost in these discussions is the heroine, Miss Hilda Lathrop, a lady of culture and position who forsakes everything to become a Settlement worker. After much disappointment and serious questioning she turns back again to her art. It is rather as the story of the mental development of this young woman that Miss Scudder's book has interested me. The hopes and fears which beset the pathway of the earnest seeker after social faith and truth; the conflict of the glowing enthusiasm of the ideal with the depressing real are strongly and pathetically manifest. Coming into contact with representatives of capital, labor, the church and the college, the accomplished heroine's beautiful theories are discussed from almost every conceivable point of view. Finally, when she is overwhelmed by the magnitude of the evils around her and the sense of the utter inadequacy of the paltry reforms which are generally associated with Settlements, she decides to turn back to her art, or rather to the Arts and Crafts movement, a Socialist, apparently, but with no knowledge of, or faith in, the Socialist movement.

The dialogues are brilliantly written and the reader's interest is well sustained throughout. Miss Scudder shares the noble idealism of her heroine and I rather suspect that there is a good deal of autobiography in her analysis of her mental development.

* * *

Mr. Louis F. Post, editor of "The Public," has issued through the Moody Publishing Company of this city a volume of Essays entitled, "Ethics of Democracy." Mr. Post is perhaps the ablest living exponent of the Single Tax theory associated with the name of the late Henry George, and upon him the mantle of the Master may be said to have descended by right. A brilliant and forcible writer, devoted to its propaganda, he is the only literary exponent of the Single Tax whose work is comparable to that of the author of "Progress and Poverty."

The reader who turns to this volume with the hope and expectation of finding anything like an ordered and systematic discussion of the ethics of democracy, or an examination of ethics from a democratic standpoint, will be disappointed. Instead of either of these which the title of the book might lead him to expect, the reader will find a series of brilliant and trenchant essays upon a variety of topics not organically connected, a few of them bearing little or no relation to ethics, and having nothing in common except that they are all written from the point of view of the Single Tax philosophy—which may or may not be regarded as democratic according to one's concept of democracy.

As a book of essays, however, Mr. Post's book deserves more than mere passing recognition. Not all of the papers are equally good, but some of them, notably the chapters entitled "Destruction for Construction," "Imperialism," and "Trampling Upon Democratic Ideals," are exceptionally lucid and vital. But perhaps the most pregnantly suggestive paper in the whole volume is that entitled "An Economic Exploration" in which the author treats of the fundamentals of political economy in a simple and effective manner which all who have to attempt such elementary elucidation know to be exceedingly difficult. The treatment of labor as the source of wealth is particularly luminous. Upon that point the Socialist and the Single-Taxer can agree. But Mr. Post's treatment of Value is weak and by no means clear even if one concedes the principle. The pith of his contention is that "It is not the Labor saved-up or stored in

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a serviceable object, but the Labor to be saved or avoided by possession of the serviceable object, that gives it value; and degrees of value are regulated by the degrees of Labor to be saved by possession of the objects, respectively, to which value attaches." This, of course, we have heard from Henry George and others before him. But is it sound? I think not. Some other reason must be found to explain why a diamond for instance, a commodity in which the power to save labor on the part of the possessor is almost nil, possesses more value, many times more, than a sack of potatoes which does have the quality to a marked degree in that it will if need be save the possessor—or enable him to avoid, to use George's language—the labor of producing food for so many meals. Assuming that a beaver hat may be said to save its possessor from any amount of labor—the labor of covering his head with his hands, for instance—it is evident that one of inferior fur would serve the same ends and "save" just as much "labor." And it is quite conceivable that the hat of superior grade might demand more labor of its possessor to keep it in good order than the inferior hat. Or take the case of the products of a well-known firm of manufacturers whose fountain pens are made in several styles. The catalog of such a firm lies before me as I write. "Grade A" is described on the list as having ornamental gold bands while "Grade B" is described as being "the same in every respect except that it has not the gold bands." There is a considerable difference in the respective values of the two grades. Does Mr. Post seriously imagine that the difference in value must be interpreted as meaning that the gold band on "Grade A" saves its possessor labor, and that if he possessed "Grade B" instead he would have about one third more labor to perform?

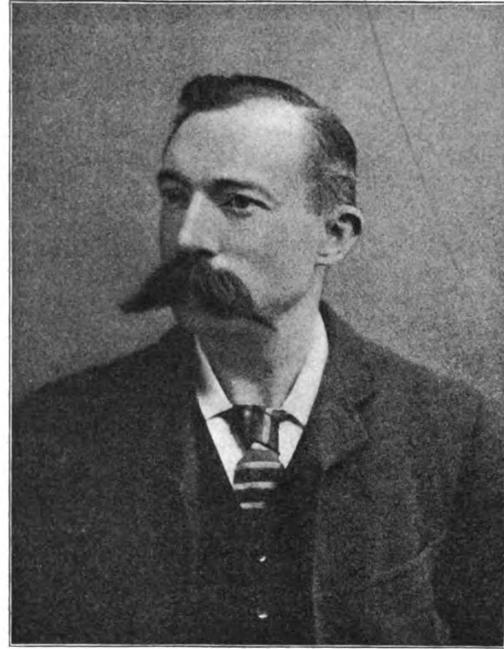
Then, too, I notice that Mr. Post accepts the "Wages Fund" theory and talks about it as freely and with as much confidence as if it had never been seriously questioned. Yet the facts are that it was abandoned by Stuart Mill half a century ago and is generally discredited by all modern economists. As an economist Mr. Post seems to me to be anything but a success. The book is well printed and bound.

* * *

Robert Blatchford, otherwise "Nunquam" of the London "Clarion," has stirred up the theologians of England as they have not been stirred for more than half a century by his latest book, "God and My Neighbor." By his fierce attacks upon Christianity Bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries of all sorts have been roused to reply. Never since the late Professor Huxley's early propaganda has there been such a fierce controversy waged upon the subject.

The book consists of the substance of a series of articles published in the "Clarion" which at once attracted wide attention. Somehow, Blatchford became possessed of the idea that the church, organized Christianity, constitutes the most serious menace to the cause of Socialism and Progress—a conviction which many of us share with him. The result of this conviction was the publication of the articles which "God and My Neighbor" is composed. There is little that is new in the book. All the old arguments of Secularism are here reinforced by all the most vital and substantial arguments resulting from the so-called "Higher Criticism." But, while "Nunquam's" book contains little that is new it possesses one great merit which most other works of its kind heretofore have lacked—a charm and simplicity of style which fascinates and compels the reader's attention.

There are few living writers, if indeed any at all, who can equal Blatchford's mastery of the English language. A poet, deeply religious by nature, he brings to the propaganda of Secularism the tremendously powerful weapon of a fine imagination and strong human sympathy. What "Merrie England" did to popularize Socialism "God and My



James G. Gully
Robert Blatchford

Neighbour" seems destined to do for Secularism in even larger measure.

Whether it is all "worth while," especially in a paper like the "Clarion," is a question upon which we may well differ. Maybe the choice was not wise and good. I do not know. Of the merit and importance of the book as a contribution to a most serious problem there can be no question.

* * *

Some time ago I received from the Twentieth Century Press of this city a book published by them entitled "Ethics of Literature." The author of the book, Mr. John A. Kersey, is not, presumably, one of the 'shining lights' in the world of letters, nor, I fear, is his book very widely known or read. And more's the pity, say I: for indeed Mr. Kersey has given us a work of much value and one which every lover of literature will surely find uncommonly suggestive and interesting.

Mr. Kersey writes always from the point of view of the man for whom the gods are in truth dead. He is a thinker of the ultra-rationalist school and, naturally, a good deal of an Iconoclast. The Ethics of Literature is not, it seems to me, a very appropriate or accurate title for the book: it is nothing quite so definite in scope and aim as that phrase would suggest. Yet it would be hard to properly classify it with anything like exactness. It possesses many of the essential characteristics of a manual of criticism, but not all of them: there is something lacking and something added. And it is not a history of literature, though its scope is from Milton's "Paradise Lost" to Kidd's "Social Evolution." No, I shall not attempt to classify the book notwithstanding my objection to the author's classification of it.

Really these pages—and there are nearly six hundred of them compactly printed—represent the reflections of a cul-

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tured fearless and independent thinker who has wandered far in the fields of literature and learning. He is never commonplace and his utter disregard of authority is perfectly charming. He is at his best, I think, in the essay on "Faust" which fairly sparkles with brilliant ideas forcibly expressed. There is a chapter on "Scientific Socialism" which is the weakest in the whole book. For the most part it is pedantic and irrelevant where it is not obscure. That is perhaps an indication of that fact that Mr. Kersey is very much of a bookworm and closet philosopher, and very much out of touch with life itself.

When all allowances have been made, however, the fact remains that "The Ethics of Literature" is a notable book, and that it should have been relegated to comparative obscurity (for it is not a new book) is a sad reflection upon our present day literary journalism.

Some time ago my good friend, Prof. John Ward Stimson, author of "The Gate Beautiful," wrote in warm terms urging me to read "The Torch," a novel by Mr. Herbert M. Hopkins, who is, I believe, a professor in Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. I secured a copy of the book and read it in the enforced leisure time of a brief lecturing trip, much to my pleasure and satisfaction.

"The Torch" belongs, whether so intended or not, to that increasing class described as "novels with a purpose." Mr. Hopkins has chosen for his theme the capitalist control of our great universities, and conveyed it in a plot of singular interest and power. Professor Plow, who fills the chair of Political Economy in an important State university, works hard to secure the election of an old teacher of his to the presidency of the university. He succeeds in the attempt and his old teacher and friend, Professor Babbington, is duly installed. But Plow, who is really a scholar and gentleman, soon finds that promotion to a position of authority changes the attitude of his old friend who soon begins to show the cloven hoof of the cad. He begins by assuming an attitude of rigid official formality toward the man who had secured him his position with never the slightest recognition of that obligation. A desire to win the hand of a beautiful widow, Mrs. Van Sant, an arrant flirt, to which Plow and Professor Lee, instructor in English, both also aspire, soon adds the spice of jealous hate to the President's feelings. The bitterness and jealousy grow in intensity and Babbington is anxious to remove Plow from his position.

Like certain College Presidents whose names will suggest themselves to the reader, Babbington attaches far more importance to the financial success of his administration, his power to secure large gifts, than to intellectual and scholastic strength. In following this policy he humiliates himself and his position to win the favor and gifts of a wealthy but ignorant and vulgar old woman, who becomes his real boss, and whom, ultimately, he is on the point of marrying for her money, her death alone preventing that. At the bidding of this spiteful and vulgar old woman he discharges Plow, taking advantage of the latter's radical "socialistic" speech-making against the trusts as sufficient excuse. Later he dismisses Professor Lee also, but is overruled by the latter's wealthy relative who is at the head of the board of regents. Professor Plow, dismissed from the university, becomes Labor candidate in the gubernatorial campaign and is elected Governor of the State. He at once compels Babbington's resignation and Professor Lee is elected in his place. Governor Plow wins Mrs. Van Sant—and the curtain falls.

As a story merely, "The Torch" is full of intense human interest from beginning to end. The plot is good and the characterizations are uniformly excellent. But it is as a

scathing attack upon, and exposure of, the plutocratic domination of our great colleges that it is of most value and interest.

The book is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis, Ind., a publishing house which is rapidly forging its way to the front.

* * *

The Charles H. Kerr Company, of Chicago, has recently issued several publications of more than ordinary merit and interest. Foremost amongst these is Professor Labriola's "Essays on the Materialist Conception of History," of which I hope to write at some length in our next issue. A superficial reading of the book has convinced me that it is one of the most important books from a Socialist viewpoint which has been issued in this country in a long time.

"The Sale of an Appetite," a little story by Paul Lafargue, translated by Charles H. Kerr, issued by this house, is perhaps the most artistic production which has yet appeared bearing the imprint of an American Socialist publisher. It is well printed upon good paper and daintily bound, and there are some admirable illustrations by Dorothy D. Deene. The story itself is weird and interesting and is not unworthy of Poe, whose temperament it strongly suggests.

Nor should the appearance of a second edition of "The American Farmer," by A. M. Simons, be overlooked. Since the first appearance of this little work, something more than a year ago, a good deal of new material, notably the report of the Census of 1900 and that of the Industrial Commission has appeared. This has enabled the author to largely rewrite the most important parts of the book which has become, therefore, a more solid and stable contribution to an important subject. The author does not find that this new data alters his conclusions materially, but that, on the contrary, they are greatly strengthened by it. The book is issued as before as one of the firm's "Standard" series. J. S.



Books &c. Received

GOD AND MY NEIGHBOUR. By Robert Blatchford ("Nunquam.") Cloth; XVI—192 pages. Price, Two shillings and six pence. London: The Clarion Press.

THE CITY JAIL: A Symposium Edited by Fay Lewis. Cloth; illustrated; 95 pages. Rockford, Illinois; The Calvert Co.

POEMS. By Wilfrid Earl Chase. Cloth; Price 50c. Madison, Wis.: The Author.

*CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND. By Arthur V. Woodworth, Ph. D. Cloth; VIII—208 pages. Price, \$1.00. New York [imported by] Scribner's Sons.

ETHICS OF DEMOCRACY. By Louis F. Post. Cloth; XXIII—374 pages. Price, \$2.00. New York; Moody Publishing Company.

BLUFFING THE FOREIGN DEVILS; or DEAR BREAD IMPERIALISM. By Morrison Davidson. Paper; 54 pages. London: F. R. Henderson.

*ESSAYS ON THE MATERIALISTIC CONCEPTION OF HISTORY. By Antonio Labriola; Translated by Charles H. Kerr. Cloth; 246 pages. Price \$1.00. Charles H. Kerr.

*TRUST FINANCE. By Edward Sherwood Meade. Cloth; IX—389 pages. Price, \$1.25 net, postage 12 cents additional. New York: Appletons.

*JAPANESE ART. By Sadakichi Hartmann. Cloth; fully illustrated; 288 pages. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

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