

# THE COMRADE



Philip Krantz

Socialist  
Journalism  
and  
Journalists  
of the  
Ghetto  
by  
William Edlin



Abraham Cahan



HE Radical plays a very important role in the literature dealing with life in the Ghetto. The reason is simple enough. The types most interesting to the keen observer are not those simple, every-day characters one meets everywhere, but those who are complex in their moral and mental make-up, who, in the language of the Ghetto are "People of Principle"—either dreamers allied with different Anarchist groups, or doers taking a more or less active part in the Socialist movement.

One needs but peruse Hutchins Hapgood's "The Spirit of the Ghetto" to be convinced of the truth of this. Let us just mention a few names. There is Jacob Gordin, the most renowned Yiddish playwright. He is a radical. Morris Rosenfield, the greatest Yiddish poet in America, is undoubtedly a radical, in spite of his occasional renegade lapses. Abraham Cahan, the best Ghetto novelist, is an old-time Socialist. Leon Kobrin and Z. Libin, both literary men of repute, and playwrights of distinction, are Socialists. Morris Winchevsky and Abraham Wald (Liesen), two Yiddish bards of renown, are also Socialists. S. Janowsky and M. Katz, both journalists of force, are Anarchists. Joseph Barondess, the most popular orator of the masses in the Ghetto, is a pronounced Social Democrat.

These men, their friends and colleagues, associates and followers, constitute the so-called "Intellectuals" of the New York Ghetto. These are the people who feel intensely and think deeply. And it is amongst these that one finds the

types of interest to literature. Were it not for the radicals, and, chiefly, the Socialists, the Ghetto would not be half as interesting a place as it is at the present day.

Much has been said and written within recent years about the varied life of the Ghetto. But the field is by no means exhausted. The success with which the newest book dealing with Ghetto life in general—"The Fugitive," by Ezra S. Blundno—was received, by both the reading public and the literary critics, is fresh evidence that Ghetto life, provided it is pictured by real artists, will for many years yet continue to be a fruitful field for writers who are always on the hunt for interesting subject matter and picturesque backgrounds.

In his book already mentioned, Mr. Hapgood says that the "Yiddish Press, particularly the Socialistic branch of it, is an educative element of great value in the Ghetto." The fact of the matter is that the Yiddish press, excluding the radical branch of it, is no educative element at all, whereas only the radical branch of the Yiddish Press "is an educative element of great value in the Ghetto."

The non-radical press on the east-side of this metropolis is entirely worthless as a factor in uplifting the masses. It falls much below the yellowest kind of yellow journalism. It is not inspired by any ideals. It has no principles. It even lacks good taste, from the journalist viewpoint. It exists for "what there is in it"—profit, which it is bound to make "by hook or by crook." But it is altogether different with the radical press, which, to-day, consists of a daily newspaper, the "Forward," two weeklies, the "Freie Ar-

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beiter Stimme" and the "Arbeiter Welt," and three monthlies,—the latter being the "Zukunft," the "Freie Stunde" and the "Cap-makers' Journal." It must, however, be borne in mind that not all the radical journalists are now connected with these publications. For several years, up to a few months ago, the most important men in the editorial rooms of the orthodox and conservative press were pronounced radicals. This was due to an abnormal condition, the result of the famous split in the ranks of the Socialist Labor Party in the year 1899. This abnormal condition has not yet entirely disappeared. However, nearly all the radical journalists, including those who are compelled to seek a livelihood in the editorial rooms of the enemy, were and are to this very day in more or less close alliance with the organized labor movement in general, and they are the acknowledged champions of the masses in the Ghetto.

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It will be no exaggeration to say that the leading radical journalists are on the whole a more brilliant group of men than any of the other litterateurs of the Ghetto, barring Jacob Gordin, I. Hourwich, and a few others. These journalists are more than journalists. They are educators. They form a cultured group by themselves. They are men having certain missions to perform. Nearly every one of them can do much more than "write up" a news item in an interesting manner, or contribute a strong editorial. Some of them are prominent lecturers, such as Feigenbaum and Katz; others are well-known literary men, as Cahan and Winchevsky; and not a few are agitators of note, such as Zametkin and Miller.

That Abraham Cahan is the leading journalist of the Ghetto is admitted by all. This is logical enough in view of the fact that he has been connected with Yiddish journalism since 1889, when the once famous "Arbeiter Zeitung" first saw light. His connection for some time with English dailies, and his contributing articles to a number of the best English magazines published in this country, has given him the advantage of an excellent journalistic training. No wonder, therefore, that his superiority as a professional journalist is readily acknowledged.

As editor-in-chief of the "Forward," Abraham Cahan is at present giving the radical East-siders a newspaper which is up-to-date in appearance, methods and enterprise. It can not be said that this new kind of journalism meets with full favor among the old Socialists, whose minds have been fed for many years on "clear cut, uncompromising Socialism," but the great majority acknowledge Cahan to be a managing editor par excellence, and the best proof of it is in the tremendous circulation the "Forward" is enjoying under the guidance of Cahan's skillful hand.

But it is not the Cahan of to-day who is important to the East-siders as an intellectual leader and great educator. It is the Cahan of ten years ago, when Socialism was a religion with him, when the cause of labor taxed his oratorical power to its utmost, and his pen was at the command of the "movement" only. Then he was hailed a great leader of the Socialists and his influence on the East side was immense. But to-day his influence has waned considerably, and outside of his success as a journalist most of his old admirers heave a sigh of regret that Cahan is no longer the great impassioned leader he was in years gone by.

Another very able journalist of the Ghetto, whose skill as a newspaper man is unquestioned even in the editorial rooms of the most conservative dailies, is Philip Krantz (Jacob Rombro). He is a type altogether different from Cahan. Cool-headed, methodical, without bias, and possessed by a strong sense of public responsibility, Krantz is in every respect an editor of distinction. His education is of

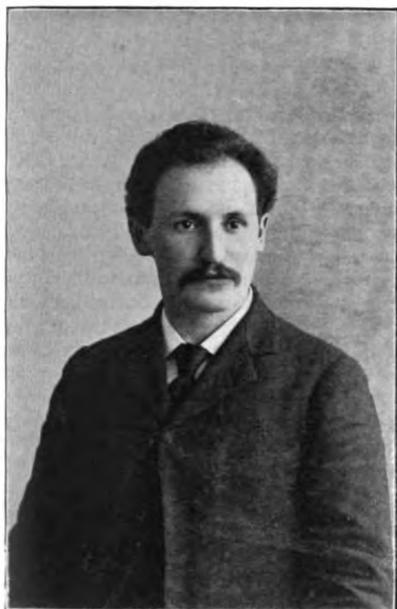
a varied sort; it is not limited to the social sciences. Besides being an author of historical works of great value for the Yiddish reading public, he is well known for his articles on natural science. As a writer on current politics he is second to none. His style, while lacking in poetical coloring, is pointed and highly interesting; it may even be said to be piquant.

Philip Krantz was never a leader of men. He lacks all the characteristics essential to leadership. But with his gifted pen he always exercised a strong influence upon the more sober and thoughtful minds of the radical camp. Under his leadership the now defunct "Abend Blatt" acquired fame as the great exponent of the aspirations of the then growing Socialist Labor Party. After the division of the Socialist movement, nearly five years ago, Krantz was obliged to work for the conservative press, leaving his position as news editor of the "Yiddishe Welt" only some months ago, on account of a strike occurring in that office. He is at present editor of the scientific Socialist monthly, the "Zukunft," and of the "Arbeiter Welt," a new weekly published by the United Hebrew Trades.

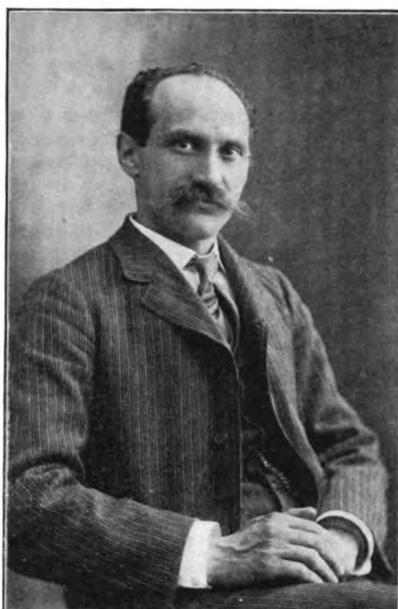
In marked contrast to both Cahan and Krantz, as journalists, stands the personality of Benjamin Feigenbaum. His influence as a writer upon thoughtful East-siders has not been less than that of Krantz, but he is far from having the recognition he deserves. Misunderstood by many of his own people, and misjudged by strangers, Feigenbaum has the occasional misfortune of being a target for all kinds of attacks and criticisms from both friend and foe, and he has, in consequence, developed a taste for polemical discussion which has still more helped to deprive him of his well earned glory. A journalist by profession, Feigenbaum is not one by nature. He lacks a sense of proportion, which is an all-important essential for a journalist of responsibility. But he is a voluminous writer and his pen is capable of adapting itself to different kinds of requirements; and when under proper restraint he is indubitably a great power for good in an editorial office. Feigenbaum's is a philosophical mind—philosophical not so much in the reflective as in the controversial sense. He is first and foremost a Socialist, and, forsooth, a Social Democrat. Always true to his convictions and loyal to his party—in a stronger degree than either Cahan or Krantz—he has always been on the alert, full of energy, and ever dominated by a desire to storm—with pen, of course—all the strongholds of the enemy. Feigenbaum has the distinction of being the first and only Socialist who made an attempt to interpret Judaistic biblical history and jurisprudence in the light of Marxian (materialistic) philosophy. As a steady contributor to the "Zukunft," in the days of Cahan's editorship, he published a series of articles dealing with certain phases of the Jewish religion, from the viewpoint of Marxian philosophy, of course, and this caused him to become known as the great atheist of the Ghetto.

Feigenbaum's Yiddish journalistic experience dates as far back as 1888, when he was connected with the London "Arbeiter Freund." In 1891 he came to New York, and till the breaking up of the Socialist Labor Party in 1899, he was associate editor of the "Arbeiter Zeitung" and the "Abend Blatt." After that time, he, too, was compelled to seek employment in the capitalistic press, and only several months ago the publisher of the Yiddish "Morgen Journal" gave him the choice between writing a "circulation challenge" to the "Forward" or surrendering his position. He naturally chose the latter, regardless of his pecuniary loss and the difficulties it meant for him. This is worth noting, in view of the fact that Feigenbaum's relation to the "Forward" was never of a friendly kind. He says that no power in the world can make him join hands with the enemy in at-

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**Louis Miller**



**Benjamin Feigenbaum**



**M. Winchevsky**

tacking anything which is more or less connected with his party. This is admirable discipline and deserves praise.

Altogether different from any of the already mentioned is Louis Miller. He is chiefly an agitator, with his pen as well as with his tongue. He is by profession a lawyer, but is well known both as a forceful speaker and writer. He has a poignant style, whether he speaks or writes. Occasionally he is inclined to be epigrammatic, and is nearly always figurative in expression. But there is a great deal of force in whatever he says; and it is this characteristic which has for a time made him a somewhat feared person in the Ghetto.

He is a Socialist by conviction. But it can not be said of him that he has ever been religiously devoted to the cause. He is an energetic man, but his activity in the "movement" was and is of a spasmodic sort. Whenever there was fighting to be done, Miller's bitterness of style was a valuable invective to be employed against the enemy, and he usually made his mark on such occasions. Far from being a popular man, he is nevertheless one who can arouse an audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm when he is in his element, i.e., aroused. He was one of the leading seceders from the Socialist Labor Party in 1897, and it was due to his efforts, together with those of Winchevsky, Cahane, and Zametkin, that the "Forward" was launched. More than once, in times of great financial reverses, he revived interest in this daily by the sheer force of his oratory and thus saved the existence of the "Forward."

And there are many others, of course, who are distinguished for what they did or for what they are, or both. Many of these are no longer in the journalistic profession, such as Winchevsky, who, as editor of the "Emeth," a literary weekly published in Boston in 1896-1897, became the inspirer of the famous East-side "opposition movement" in the Socialist Labor Party; or Baranoff, the greatest satirist of the "movement" in the Ghetto, who edited Socialist publications at London, and was, after coming to this city, connected for many years with the "Abend Blatt;" or Zametkin, the eccentric but fiery orator, who edited the "Forward" in its early days, but who is now completely retired. And these names do not by any means complete the list. These are only the most widely known.

The history of the Socialist movement in the Ghetto is resplendent with strong and interesting types of both men and women. Many of these have by this time taken back seats, due to one thing or another, but chiefly to the disintegration of the Socialist Labor Party and consequent breaking-up of deeply rooted ideals and traditions. Just now the Socialist movement in the Ghetto is reviving slowly, thanks to the efforts of the "Arbeiter Ring" and the "Bund" organizations, which, although they have no direct connection with the Social Democratic Party, are nevertheless working in the proper direction, and, indeed, for the good of our sacred cause.



## Woman and Her Masters

By Peter E. Burrowes



If the devil who has been out so long among us on ticket of leave should ever get a new trial, the world will vindicate him above all the other angels for the world of good he has done. Other angels have fluttered down among us through history to help the people who had been taught how to pray, to open a heart here and there, but the devil has been opening people's eyes all along which is far better.

The eye salve of His Majesty's chief superintendent is now being very liberally applied to the eyes of woman. The capitalist urged by the ruthless and blind necessity laid upon him to get more profit, and forget everything else, is taking from the home, her, the mainstay of property and individualism.

If Greed could only reason he would have known that she is worth more to him by the cradle side than ever she could be by the spindle.

Individualism in this, as in other things, has long ago denied itself. Home influence, about which so many square miles of genteel enthusiasm has been printed, was good only on an income. And it seems to me that among all the base imitations of reasoning which the property ideal has sent dribbling from the pens of man, that which is written on home influence and the parental fount of morality is "the only original and genuine article" in the line of spurious imitations.

In no species of slavery have the owners ever been willing to let the slaves moralize for themselves. The masters must substitute something else for the father and mother teacher. Slaves cannot be allowed to teach themselves. And the capitalistic form of slavery has not, of course, departed from the old types in this important particular. From the beginning of Christianity morality was taken out of the home and planted on the altar; and while married folk were confessing their sins the religious orders were teaching the children. And since the capitalist often finds himself in lands where religion fails to do the work smoothly, he trains his own lay army of teachers in agnostic times, ostensibly to teach science, and so forth; but actually to teach subjection and patriotism. Whether he does it by cleric or layman, however, the capitalist must and does break up the families of the people.

But since it takes two to make a kiss the slave masters, in a system which still allows a limited freedom of marriage choice to its victims, must if possible wheedle the folk together: and there the masters' interest ends, so far as responsibility for the cost is concerned, and the modern liberty of the slave there begins. But there does not end the masters' concern to meddle with the children whom as prospective slaves they never propose to relinquish.

The man is always away from home, so the woman has to be "treated" in order to get a grip on the children. Then begins her martyrdom. By the money master cheapened and degraded to the lowest pinch; by the soul master mockingly and outrageously glorifying her into something a little higher than the angels she is smitten on both sides. What she endures from the money master comes to her in common with her husband, what she endures from the soul master comes to her alone. And behold what a crucifixion is her's.

First she must produce children. This is a contract the church has always had with the state to teach the doctrine of compulsory production. The well-churched countries are all, as you know, well populated except where the slaves are killed off by the war spirit and mortal ignorance of their masters. Taught to look upon virginity as the soul-saving way of life before marriage the same church imposes absolute surrender to her third master, the husband, for ever after. We can see here one of the reasons why Tory kingdoms and Tory republics favor the good old church. We can see also why so many widows, when their sinful slavery is over, hasten with their inheritance to the bosom of the church and take the veil.

Within the limits of a sordid home, cheapened in the labor market, where her husband sweats, down to rags and crusts she pines. After having been bedizened and glorified from her first communion to the nuptial hour she is abandoned to penury and grime; after having been inoculated with a false conventual conceit as to sex impurity she is bound over to it hand and foot on the peril of her soul when married. Having the outlook of her life narrowed down to the role of a child producer and nurse, a caretaker of single bodies, she becomes the primitive custodian of the narrowest interest in society; that of the single life or the life of the single family. In an age and country where intellects are opening all around her to social horizons her's, by domestic imprisonment and economical struggle, is contracted to an intensified individualism. She is robbed of the intellectual power of understanding the Socialist philosophy because it is outside of her home, and Socialism, the gospel of the race, is robbed of her co-operation. For by the very outrages which individualism has inflicted upon her she has been made its priestess. Truly she has served her masters well. Yet by an incomprehensible blindness, I am thankful to say, they are sending her to the factory. Not because of the labor or the shame inflicted upon her am I thankful, for I do not think either to be greater there than in her home. But I know that in the labor market her mind and will shall return from the masters' cause to the cause of her own man in all that really constitutes his life and the life of society. She will become a unionist and a Socialist.

What is the use of living? that question which is tacitly answered in every life by the things we voluntary choose and are content with, has been answered by her in this unspoken course, to throw a few more wholesome men into the money mill of the masters that their life blood may be ground out into profit. And now they are sending her and her daughters also into the factory. What will be the future woman's answer to this query. She will not in old age be content to think of the bones lying in the grave yard as bones that once lay within her body. She will want to be able to look around at the race movements of her time, the immortal forces of life, the co-operations, the organizations, the fellowships of society, and to say, "I was mother of some of these and my children pushed them on, for in the factory I learned the purpose of life."

Woman has been cruelly glorified. I know of no greater wrong than to have clothed her with angel attributes and then to have left her to struggle out that lie as the wife of a working man. Poor victim, how could you be better off worse than your times? You are not an angel, you are not a devil, you are just the twentieth century marching on. But

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they wanted you to be moral captain without marching; they wanted you to be a knower of right without working, though such a being as a moralist separated from active participation in the work, the working will and working interest of the world has never yet existed. And therefore, my dear sister, I am glad your ungrateful masters are sending you to the factory. You need not wait for the whole sex to be sent there before you know what it means.

Enthroned on the tip top of all the cardinal virtues above base man, the poets have sonnetized and the priests have purified you, but the business requirements of capitalism will play with your Madonnaship no longer, it has a job for you, so shorten your skirts and handle your dinner pail and hearken to the factory bell. After having been martyred by the hypocrisy of Christian centuries into a spurious celestial they now drive you to work. We will search in vain for any subject on earth, outside of religion itself, about which all are so insincere as "the difference between the sexes," and this insincerity itself perpetuates that difference. Not until our minds are freed from cant and women know themselves to be our plain partners in decent work can we begin to achieve equality. And capitalism, to give the devil his due, is impressing our generation very much with the working women. We may howl with heroic virtue against the wickedness of employing frail and tender women in the factories; but it is better thus to let the good devil carry out his honest program of smashing romances. He is giving us one of those great experiences in which the truth shall make us free.

Christianity boasts that she has elevated womanhood. But how? Inversely. As she has degraded man, woman has been elevated artificially. As children who play the part of stage angels, only to be let down with a cruel bump into the cold and darkness when the play is over. And the play seems to be nearly over now. For though the poets continue to write sonnets to the eye brows of real ladies, and the priests continue to besoul them in church, neither poets nor priests are rushing, madly or otherwise, to save the woman from the factory. We therefore hail with gratitude the brutal capitalist, and taking our sister man for just what she honestly is—and how very much she honestly is—we walk into the new country thus, free men and women. Oh strong age of disillusion! for every spangle torn off how much real life throbbing there is at hand. For every censor extinguished, for every wing cut off, how much real sunshine, how much wise and satisfied abiding upon the earth shall there be when men and women have lost their masters.

Woman has had three masters, property, priest and husband, and she can get rid of the first two by frankly accepting equality with her husband. When she no longer senses herself as the reservoir and grand emporium of all the virtues, and becomes full mated for defense and resistance with working men we will all be free. And this she is likely to do soon, for they are sending her to the factory. She has been a martyr to sinister puff and exaggeration; false pictures of herself have been preached at her from the authors of the immaculate conception to Auguste Comte, so that she has become the victim and madonna of that self-conceit which is at bottom the spiritual malady of the world. And yet, though palsied individualism, in its last hours, can find nothing to bank virtue upon but her poor sex—it is sending her to the factory. In this most loveless system of profiting upon the slave's disaster, conscious of its own innate loveliness, we have chattered about love. We have pretended to base our ethics upon it, and we have made woman to be at once the altar, the fire and the victim. Having no conception of race love we have compounded personal lust with profit and with this opiate we have poisoned the soul of the

world. What concept of a love that would work alike for the weal of all could the masters imagine? They could only begin at the positive pole of hate and all the lesser shades from that down must pass for love. Woman is destined for a higher love. As the mind, reason and will of the people change with their conditions the truths of yesterday will not be true to-morrow; and the love of women also will be transformed into a new and more blessed affection.

The ordinances of wise love are being constantly counterfeited by the classes who flourish on the narrow gauge laws of inheritance and by them the great human wisdom of sex relation has been shrivelled down, debauched and held within the requirements of property descending. So constantly is the apprehensive gaze of property fixed upon the dangers of love's children dividing up, that it has long ago logically assumed to be the lawmaker for love, the lawmaker for that which it cannot understand. And as the property master has been always making our laws, that is making decrees over us which are not laws; it has happened at last that the words moral and immoral are words which now principally relate to sexuality. A not surprising distortion. But as all moral codes are mere articles of war, current only as regulators of battle, love knows them not as they know not love.

The world is said to be made up of materialistic people and sentimental people (or scientific people and ideologists). This is the sort of sentiment that "told" when we were emerging on the European continent from the hospital bandages of theology. We saw with greatest interest those bandages fall off which covered our deepest wounds and our tenderest hurts. We talked much anti-sentiment, because in the German hospitals where the minds of our old comrades had been bandaged, the fatherlands, the mediaevals, the mysticals, the beautifuls, the heavenlies and the heroic-als had been worked for all that was in them and were beginning, all of them, to leak with a very bad stink indeed. The people whom they had long kept thinking sentimentally, on the lock step without moving onward any, began to move onward; they were getting conscious of their own economic facts and interests, and they were getting the new sentiment proper to the new consciousness. They saw the old passing away, they had reason to execrate it, and they did so under the bad name of sentiment. They sent sentiment out of the Socialist circles and then gloried in the sentiment that led to its expulsion. Good bye, old sentiment. The king is dead, but long live democracy and the sentiment that is new.

What is this live new sentiment? It is opinion in course of formation; interest not yet articulate; facts of life not yet broken into the dictionary. What is dead sentiment? That which is fallen down under live sentiment and does not want to get up on earth, because it wants to get up in heaven, or because it has a sentiment on the subject which works as well as a real want, or a real persuasion, or a real faith; such a sentiment is a substitute for anything that has not come yet. And it works the same way whether the thing may or can never come.

I know this is a long way around to my subject of the woman and her masters; but I had it in mind that the women of the world have been the chief custodians of those embryonic opinions which never graduate into the dictionaries. She has been the priestess of property conservatism, because she was not herself the exploited one, and because she and the priest and the lawyer and the lord were alike parasite upon man the laborer. They were all for the same silken sentiment that held down his interest under the masters' interest.

But revolutionary determinism has broad shoulders to hold a great many things upon it and to throw a great many

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off when they are no longer endurable. And, indeed, this is all that revolution, economically begotten, ever will do.

The capitalists are calling for more heads and hands, nimble and cheap, into the factories and, like certain mine owners, they are cutting into the coal pillars which keep their property from staving in, they are building woman out of the home where she was their chief prop and sending her into the factory.

To be sure our President, nevertheless, calls for early and fertile marriages; he stands for larger litters in other men's houses. So would you if you were at the head of the united trust companies of America. But who among us now really thinks of getting married in reference to the needs of the army or the requirements of a well-stocked labor world? Alas, we are not all Presidents having our public spirit reduced to a carnal virtue.

To tell the truth, men are growing sentimentally cautious, and to tell the truth again, women were cautious on this line for a long time before men woke up to it.

If the human race happens to come out all right for numbers at the end of our property regime, that's its luck. But to-day's average intellect thinks that so long as the little bit of property is kept together so as we may know where it belongs to and how far it will go among the heirs, it doesn't make any much matter what becomes of that glittering generality, the rest of the human race.

The keen woman of America has taken sides against population and with property. It is the result of centuries of hard usage. She has had no property. She has had no political rights. She has had no public force; not even in the house of her friend, the priest. She is now getting some of each. She wants more. She is steering for all. And the war is on.

Since private property has come to be protected more by fixed law than personal prowess, it is swaying back to the old order of female ascendancy; and it is because of this social transformation that we are experiencing so much sex war in America. So much sex war, I say it with deliberation, for in no other country is the sentiment of mutually belittling of each other so much in evidence as here. And whom the gods, or what you call ems, fore-ordain not to marry, those they endow with a mutually hypercritical spirit and a wintry shoulder.

On her liberation into revolutionary sentiment the first kick the keen woman gives is to her husband and all the men of the family. She becomes a woman's woman. So that to-day hardly any of the women's rights alliances have risen above this queer temper. But she will, when she understands the economic determinism under the ruling of which she is already throwing off the priest and foolishly charging the masculine gender per se with having used his dead weight and brute force for centuries to sit upon her gentleness.

Under capitalism the ambitious woman has been withdrawn from race motherhood to property motherhood, so that she is par excellence the property sex, whose interest it is to depress the human stock rather than to improve it, and to raise railroad stock to the highest market notch. She rocked other men's children formerly into opulence and her own into slavery and rags, so she is learning now not to rock children at all.

I am not angry with the familyless and unmarried women, but I am angry with her masters. Neither do I blame the rich wife for the sneers she hurls at us rich husbands, because of the habit, by many contracted, among us of surviving our wives. I am only angry with the property causes which produce these logical sentiments. Having toiled so long as sleeping partners in the fortune-making business it is no wonder they now desire the other partner

at last to go asleep while they taste the luxury and power of owning and controlling others. Love formerly enabled women to rule children and it gave them the love of rule, as we all have known; but money enables them to rule men. And what are men but their runaway children who, having escaped the apron strings, must now come back to the dollar strings of the widows into whose hands is surely falling the bulk of the world's fixed property? Thus, property arms the endowed lady against us and puts the factory woman beside us to beat down wages. It is in behalf of these amiable dowagers who have been holding the swag for their buccaneer husbands and are now ruling and rolling luxuriously over us, that public opinion is appealed to so sentimentally against the working man when he claims the right to live. It is of this awfully enlarged ladyism, and of its sons, the trust presidents, and of its daughters, the wearers of coronets, and a few minor incidental widows, who also live upon interest, that they are speaking when they appeal against the strikers and on behalf of the widows and orphans. If there be widows and orphans who may claim the halt of society for their allowance it is not these. To be a widow, or an orphan, is in itself nothing, to be without support is the sting of it. For a woman to have masters is itself nothing; the sting of it is that her masters are her husband's enemies and her own. They are master fleecers who hitherto fleeced her husband and children with her approval; but now that they are laying hands upon her own back, why— A woman may change her mind, you know. That has always been her privilege.



The King of Brigands

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# Wrongs and Remedies

By Ernest Crosby



ONCE upon a time a certain bank-watchman in our town was found in the morning lying on the floor outside of the safe-deposit vault blind-folded, gagged and bound. He was moaning piteously, for the strands of rope had penetrated into the flesh, and it was impossible to tell whether he was conscious or not, for he could not utter a word on account of the gag, nor move even a finger, so securely was he tied. The serious question at once propounded itself, what to do with him. One bystander remarked that he must find the floor very hard and suggested that we send for a couch to lay him upon. Another noticing how the man's skin was lacerated, went off to get some cotton to insert under the ropes. A surgeon, more far-sighted than the rest, declared that he would eventually starve to death with that gag in his mouth, and rang for a messenger-boy to send for his instruments, for, said he, the poor fellow could go on living indefinitely if tracheotomy were performed and a silver tube placed in his throat. "He never will be able to walk again tied up like that," said a professor from the neighboring college. "I will chip in a dollar to buy him a bath-chair, and he can be wheeled about it in quite comfortably," and he set to work passing round his hat, and he had soon collected much more than he needed. "And he never can read again with that towel over his eyes," cried a benevolent old lady, the tears gushing from her eyes. "I will come every Sunday afternoon and read aloud to him." There was not a dry eye in the assemblage on hearing this kindly suggestion. Just then the town fool came in. "Why don't you untie him?" he said. "Perhaps he isn't much hurt, after all. When he is once untied we can see if he can see and talk and eat and walk as usual, and then if he needs a little doctoring or other help, we shall know exactly how much and how little. But clearly the first thing to do is to untie him." Fortunately the constable came in at that moment and carried the fool off. But notwithstanding the fact that all the other remedies were successively tried, and a lot of others which I have forgotten, the all-fated watchman died within the week.

I am moved to give this piece of local news to the public now for the first time, because, in view of the friendly criticisms of Mr. Alexander Wight in your columns, and of many other similar complaints from other friends, I find myself in a position not altogether dissimilar from that of our town-fool, who, by the way, is a particular crony of mine. Our industrial society is bound hand and foot. The natural play of its muscles is impeded at every point by this, that and the other special privilege and monopoly,—of tariff, banking, patents, right of way, mines, transportation, land. But when I come forward modestly, and, with all due recognition of my mental limitations, mildly suggest that the first thing to do is to untie it, I am immediately set upon by my Socialist comrades. "What is the matter?" cry I; "when a man is tied isn't it best to untie him before we attempt a diagnosis?" "Not at all," they shout in an impressive chorus (and I see them all, their mouths opening in unison, Spargo and Wilshire and Herron and the rest), "not at all. The State must take over all the means of production!" Now I protest that while this may be musical Socialism or poetical Socialism, it most certainly is not scientific Socialism. The scientific thing to do when a wrong exists is to abolish the wrong. We all admit that unjust monopolies exist. Let us then, as a first step at least, abolish the mo-

nopolies. For until we do this we cannot possibly determine how much artificial interference with natural laws may be necessary, nor indeed whether nature may not prove in the end to be sufficient unto herself.

And my chief objection to scientific Socialism is its lack of faith in the laws of nature. The laws of political economy,—of supply and demand,—of competition, if you will,—are essentially beautiful laws and they are inherent in the nature of things, just as the laws of gravity, or of combustion, or of the expansion of gases. I may injure myself by falling down, or by burning myself, or by the explosion of a boiler, but it would be foolish of me to turn my back on nature's laws in consequence and attempt to make a special providence of myself for the future. For me to play the part of providence is to undertake a task infinitely beyond me, and yet this is what the Socialist state would have to try to do. The law of nature provides of itself that when too much of a given article is produced the price automatically falls and thus the manufacture is discouraged. When a trade is overcrowded, the earnings fall and new recruits are not attracted to it, while they are attracted to a trade whose high returns show that it has room in it for more. These laws in themselves are beautiful,—quite as beautiful as those which the professor of chemistry exhibits to his class when he exemplifies the fact that water tends to rise to its own level and that the mixture of certain liquids will precipitate a certain salt. Water may drown and liquids may poison, but it is only because their laws are abused. And so we see the laws of competition acting under evil conditions, in a monopolised and forestalled world, and we make the mistake of attributing the resulting disasters to competition instead of attributing them to the monopoly. The competition of fifty ship-wrecked men to get into a life-boat which will only hold fifteen is fearful and diabolical, while, if there were room for a hundred, you would find these same men politely making way for each other. And yet the law of competition would remain the same; only the conditions under which it exercises itself have altered. The real remedy is not to abolish the law of competition, but to provide more room in your life-boat.

I should like to see a Socialist fairly cornered on this matter of competition. I have never found one meet it fairly. One will say, "We do not object to competition, but to the competitive system." But if competition is proper, how can a system based upon it be improper? Another says, "We condemn competition, but we recognize emulation," which means, being interpreted, that he objects only to the kind of competition to which he objects, and to the kind to which he does not object he gives another title. But surely this is not scientific. I expect that what he really means, if he could only become less vague, would be that he objects to competition under monopoly, but would not object to it under free conditions, and there I am at one with him. But it really makes very little difference whether we object to competition or not. It has come to stay and it is really another name for life. So long as men prefer good things to bad things there will be competition, and when they cease to prefer them they will be ready for eternal death. It is not a matter of human will at all. As a rational being I cannot help having my preferences, and every time I sit down at the dinner-table one dish competes with another for my favor and no State in the world can ever prevent it. And the great law which exhibits itself in such minute instances is part and parcel of the whole fabric of nature.

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I do not wish to be understood, however, as supposing that the abolition of injustice is the only remedy which the world requires. Injustice, strange to say, has been of great use in the world, (and it seems as if for that very reason men's eyes had been blinded to its nature so long as it was necessary to progress. Civilization is built upon co-operation and nature made use of means which now appear to us unjust in order to force men to co-operate. Slavery was unjust and yet it was absolutely necessary to the civilization of the ancient world, for a slave population will not co-operate without compulsion. The motive power of slavery was fear. The wage-system is an advance on slavery, because it requires a higher motive power in the workers. The wage-earner is less driven than drawn. It is the desire for the wage, the sense of property, the love of money, which impels him. This is a higher motive than fear of the lash, and in a slave population it does not exist. The love of money is a bad thing from the point of view of those who have risen above it, but it is a great virtue when viewed from the plane of slavery, and when the injustice of slavery became evident to men the new motive was already sufficiently developed for civilization to trust itself to it.

We are now on the eve of another advance (and when I say "on the eve" I do not prophesy the precise decade or century or millenium in which it will be accomplished), and the new kind of co-operation will require again a new motive. Human nature will have to be transformed again, and that is really the essential business of human nature. The wage-motive has never been a mere desire to get the fruit of one's labors. It has always been a monopoly-gamble with many blanks and a few prizes, and the excitement of the game has kept the great enterprises going. To turn the city of New York into a place in which men could only get what they earned would at first seem to take the life out of business. The abolition of graft in all its forms would not only break the hearts of the successful grafters, but of the hundreds of thousands, who, suffering from injustice though they may be, still live on the hope of becoming exploiters some day. Before society can be successfully transformed a new motive for co-operation must develop, and the fact that the injustice is becoming clear is a sign to me that we may expect its advent. And this new motive is the real co-operative, communistic, socialistic spirit, which will make men combine for the purpose of assisting each other and the community, from public spirit, from esprit de corps. The main object of business now is to manufacture divi-

dends. When the dividend is abolished we shall have to rise to the higher moral level of the squirrel and bee who manufacture honey and accumulate walnuts, because they expect actually to need them. I am interested in all attempts to cultivate the co-operative spirit. Every Rochdale store, every little colony is an informal rehearsal of the great symphony; but the history of many of these trials make me believe that we are not quite educated up to the point yet. The assumption that it is easier to co-operate on a great scale seems to me faulty. If we are ready now for fraternal co-operation, many of the little experiments of late years should have succeeded. It is a poor law that does not work on a small scale as well as upon a great one. I believe that the co-operative principle will in the end triumph, but it must be a spirit and not a mere machine, and the establishment of conditions of justice will doubtless do much to clear the ground for it and encourage it. I do not in the least believe in the imposition of it by the form of the government. It seems to me that we are assigning as large an order to government as it is likely to fill when we ask it to abolish the monopolies which it has created and sustained, and to operate those public utilities which necessarily involve monopoly. Even these might be reached by a full franchise tax, but the drift seems to be in the direction of public ownership. My position is in short that we should establish economic freedom, thus giving nature a fair field, before we undertake to remedy her defects by an artificial system of our own.

Let me add, by way of postscript, the denial that I based the right of the community to land-value upon the ground that it had created them, as Mr. Wight implies. Many single-taxers take this position, but it seems to me faulty. All exchange-values are created by the community. If I have a pair of trousers on a desert-island, they have no exchange-value, but as soon as a dozen other men are stranded there, such a value is at once created in those useful articles, but that fact does not transfer the title in them to these gentlemen. The creation of values does not consequently transfer title. The right of the community to land-values depends upon the fact that no individual in it has a better right to them than any other, and that the values have not attached to anything which the individual had created by manufacture. The equal rights of all in the raw material of the globe can only be measured by exchange-values, but the creation of those values does not give title.

## Some Reflections Upon Mr. Crosby's Critique of Socialism

By J. Spargo



MY friend Crosby does himself an injustice when he assumes the role of humorist. When he is in serious mood he is not infrequently humorous enough though blissfully unconscious of the fact; but when he is in one of his would-be-humorous moods the result is as often serious. Witness, "Captain Jinks," "The Whim," and the foregoing paper.

The parable of the town fool has been sadly overworked. It is only "news" to the inhabitants of very rural districts who, like Crosby, go by last year's almanacs. That there is a good deal of rustic ingenuity about the parable may be admitted, but Crosby was never in danger of being arrested as the town fool. He is too respectable and too conservative for that. Report has it that he got cold feet standing by the poor bound and gagged watchman holding the cotton-wool-

To quit parables.—Nobody ever suspected the sage of Rhinebeck of anything more revolutionary than the advocacy of mild measures for the amelioration of social ills as ineffectual to produce permanently beneficial results as those of the men who wanted to put cotton-wool beneath the ropes to prevent some of the galling of the poor watchman's flesh.

"The scientific thing to do when a wrong exists is to abolish the wrong," says Crosby. Perhaps it may occur to him later that there is an important intermediate step—to discover how to accomplish that end. If a doctor were called to a patient, one of Crosby's vegetarian friends being choked to death by a peach stone lodged in his throat, to remove the stone would certainly be the end aimed at, but the function of science would be to discover the means to that end. And a little more science might help Crosby to see that there may be, coexistent, a number of wrongs. The

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choking patient may have fallen and broken his collar-bone, a thing easily set right. The doctor, as a scientific man, lets the lesser ill wait upon the greater. But Crosby is disgusted. "Why not cure what you can at once?" he demands to know.

"We all admit that unjust monopolies exist. Let us then, as a first step at least, abolish the monopolies." So says the Delphian Crosby, and, having delivered himself, smiles complacently at the imagined discomfiture of the poor Socialist. Try the logic of that as applied to his suffering friend: "We all admit that a broken collar-bone is very painful. Let us then, as a first step at least, set that."

Socialists admit, of course, the evils of private monopoly, but they are not all the evils, nor the most important evils, from which we suffer. The evils resulting from competition are at least as great, and whether competition or monopoly predominates, the supreme evil remains, the private ownership by one man, or any number of men, of things upon which all other men must depend. And this is the foundational wrong to which all others are subordinate. The private ownership of socially necessary things is the essence of slavery; the denial of human brotherhood and faith; the arch-blasphemy of life. It is that which is choking social man; it is that which the Socialist, in the truly scientific spirit, challenges first of all. It is the "reformer" dealing with superficial wrongs, great in themselves, perhaps, but dependent upon and arising from the clearly diagnosed fundamental wrong, who is unscientific. All our so-called "reform" movements are in truth nothing more than so much quackery.

Remedies worse than the evils they pretend to cure are not unfamiliar either in medicine or sociology. Friend Crosby advocates competition as a remedy for the ills of monopoly, and I say that experience teaches that the evils of competition are far greater, and not less, than the evils of monopoly. Great and undeniable as are the ills arising from private monopoly it is a step forward: it is a step towards recovery and not a reaction. Wages have never been so low; gluts and panics have never been so frequent; industrial conditions have never been so bad as in the periods of intensest competition. If I could possibly regard competition as possessing any of the attributes of a remedy, good, bad, or indifferent, for monopoly, I should certainly class it as one of the "worse than the disease" kind, analogous to the remedy for toothache recommended by a rustic who, I take it, is another of Crosby's cronies, that the sufferer fill his mouth with cold water and hold it over the fire until the water boiled!

But competition cannot be looked upon as a remedy for monopoly. Competition is not a remedy at all, but a disease. And it is not a different disease from monopoly, but the same disease. Monopoly is a phase of the same disease as competition; it merely marks the passing of a critical stage in the progress of the disease. Modern physicians of the bacteriological school are quite familiar with the method of combatting one germ disease by introducing into the system germs of another disease. The tubercular germ, for example, may be combatted, they say, by introducing the typhoid germ, and so on. But I have never heard of anybody combatting disease germs of any kind by introducing further colonies of the same germ. But that is what Crosby does. To return for a moment to the illustration of the man choking to death, Crosby's proposition is on all fours with a proposal to give the poor fellow more peach stones!

Competition is the cause of monopoly, not its antidote. Fourier long ago made that perfectly plain. And you cannot have unrestrained competition for any length of time without monopoly resulting therefrom. If it were possible to destroy every monopoly in the land by a single statutory

enactment to-morrow, and place every department of industry and commerce on a competitive basis, it would not be long before monopoly would again assert itself. Against Crosby's theory I set the facts of industrial and commercial development. What but the intensity of competition and its ruinous results gave birth to the Standard Oil Company organized by Mr. Rockefeller in this country, or the famous De Beers Consolidated Diamond Mines Company organized in South Africa by the late Cecil Rhodes? Here is the law of development in its simplest form: A opens a shoe store and sells shoes of a certain brand at \$3.00 per pair, making a substantial profit. B, noticing A's success, decides that he will open a shoe store upon the opposite corner. To attract as much of the trade as possible he sells shoes similar to A's at \$2.75 a pair. A now has to reduce his price to that or a lower level in order to maintain his trade. But B makes another "cut" to \$2.50 which A must follow or be wiped out. So the fight continues. Now, if there is to be a fight to the finish the stronger will defeat the weaker and force him out of business, in which case the victor will have a monopoly and be able to put the price back to \$3.00 or even higher. If this does not happen, there will be either a mutual understanding arrived at between them as to prices—in which case all the results of monopoly, so far as the consumer is concerned, are reached—or A and B will merge their interests in a joint-stock enterprise. Here the results will be the same so far as the consumer is concerned, but A and B will reap additional advantages from the economies effected in rent, advertising, and so on. The result is monopoly more or less perfect in each of the three cases. Multiply this simple case by millions to meet the complexity and scope of modern industrial and commercial life and you have the law: competition must end in monopoly or total extinction.

Friend Crosby labors under the delusion that monopoly is a special creation of government. His anarchistic zeal carries him far ahead of the facts. As a lawyer he ought to know, and probably does know, that as a matter of fact monopoly flourishes not by reason of the favor and support of governments, but in spite of their opposition. The history of the past five hundred years teems with evidences of this, and for every governmental action favoring monopoly which can be cited a hundred contrary cases can easily be given. Even ordinary restraints of trade, like the disposal of "business goodwill" for example, have been condemned by the common law of the last five centuries. And from the reign of Queen Elizabeth legislation and jurisprudence have been strongly antimonopolistic. The history of the Elizabethan era is the history largely of legislative and judicial opposition to monopoly. And of the nineteenth century the same thing is true though less conspicuously so in consequence of the more complex political and social problems with which its legislators and jurists had to deal. A bibliography of pro-monopolistic governmental acts could be written on a sheet of foolscap, but for a similar bibliography of governmental anti-monopolistic acts volumes would be required. Crosby admits that some public utilities "necessarily involve monopoly," but he would call upon the government to abolish all the other monopolies it has created and sustained." This is the blast of a penny trumpet merely. From demagogues of the Bryan and Hearst type we expect such fatuousness, but Ernest Crosby ought to know better. The Standard Oil Company, for instance, has won its way in the teeth of the relentless persecution of government. Against friend Crosby's Anarchism I set the Truth.

No elaborate argument is necessary to prove that tariffs, banking, rights-of-way, land and mineral laws, and so on, are not peculiar to, or specially important features of, mon-

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oply in industry or commerce. Tariffs may be unwise and unjust, but so far as they inflate prices they help the small manufacturer and the small merchant just as much in proportion to their trade, as they do their bigger rivals. It must not be forgotten, either, that the weapon used by the bigger man to force his weaker rivals to the wall is not that of high prices which the tariff creates, but that of low prices which his larger sustaining capital and the economics of larger production make possible. The tin-plate industry is protected to the advantage of the small producer and the big producer alike. But the Standard Oil Company which owes nothing to protection pays better than the Tin-Plate Company. And Free Trade England is monopoly-ridden.

Banking is not a State created or State-sustained monopoly. If I have the money I can start a bank subject, of course, to the provisions of the National Bank Act. And banking was a feature of the competitive regime. Railways have always necessarily depended upon rights-of-way, but there has never been fiercer competition than between rival railroads. And governments have made the rival companies and their competition possible. The same may be said of mines and transportation companies, and there is only one remedy in sight for the evils of them all—socialization.

Land monopoly cannot be separated from land ownership. The ownership of an acre of land is a monopoly of that acre. Will competition end land monopoly? No, first of all there cannot be any such thing. Division of the land into a large number of small proprietorships would only mean the creation of a large number of small land monopolies; secondly, nothing could prevent owners from disposing de facto or de jure of their rights till larger and more powerful land monopolies asserted themselves. And Crosby sees no hope apparently in that sort of a solution, so he compromises his Anarchism and, like Tolstoy, embraces the Single Tax. Now, Socialists have no objection to the principle of the State appropriation of land values, Before George had been heard of that was incorporated in the Communist Manifesto, but as a transitional ameliorative measure and not as a solution. Socialists want to socialize the use of the land and not merely its rental values. Furthermore, the question of how a nation's revenue is spent is as important as how it is derived. No appreciable advantage to labor could possibly result from the Single Tax or any other tax-reform so far as it resulted in doing away with other forms of taxation, the burden of which falls upon the master class. Here we come to the bete noir of Crosby and so many other well-intentioned reformers—the class struggle. If we regard the revenue accruing from the appropriation of land values by the State as an additional revenue instead of as a substitute for all other sources of revenue by taxation, we shall see this more clearly. Suppose that the British Government were to receive the enormous rental values which now flow into the coffers of the great landowners of Great Britain, how would it spend the money? Shooting down Ashantis, Arabs and Thibetans, and pensioning still further its vast army of parasites. In this country, too, such an increase of revenue would be used for very similar purposes. Anti-imperialist and peace advocate as he is, Crosby would nevertheless provide the means whereby imperialism and war could flourish.

Crosby would like to see a Socialist "fairly cornered" upon the subject of competition. Perhaps so. But surely no Socialist with a heart would like to see Crosby so "cornered." It would be too harrowing for my nerves at any rate. Even when he is not "cornered," but free to wander at will to the furthest extent of speech, with no hateful logic-fences to embarrass him, his plight is woeful enough to move the gods to tears. I have not been able yet to decide

whether his dinner-table-competition is to be regarded as an example of his very serious humor or of his very comical seriousness. If he were not a vegetarian the argument would present highly diverting possibilities. One could enjoy the imaginative spectacle of the roasted chicken running across the table to get ahead of the very heavily handicapped blind and legless consommé, and imploring for a chance to be eaten. And the poor shad-roe's misery at being left behind has possibilities too. But imagination—mine at least—balks at the idea of such struggle between lima beans, carrot cutlets and succotash. Crosby, dear brother, dost thou after all eat things that have not ceased to squeal. Art thou so fallen? Or is it in thine own mind that grim battles are waged 'twixt soup, salad and butter-milk?

Of course, this universal law of competition of Crosby's is too absurd for an opera-bouffe. You might as well say there is competition among the stones in the street-sidewalk as to which of them shall have the honor of being stepped upon first. And if the stones, why not the sands upon the sea-shore? This is the reducto ad absurdum of Crosby's fantastic logic. And even in these things there is co-operation to which our friend is blind apparently. It is the co-operation of vegetables that makes Crosby's soup, and the co-operation of several mysterious things makes his dinner. The co-operation of stones makes the sidewalks and the co-operation of millions of grains of sand is necessary to make a single foothold on the sea-shore. There, now, I think I have demonstrated that there is a great universal law of co-operation!

With charming naivette Crosby makes the question one of esthetics. The laws of nature and all the laws of political economy are "essentially beautiful." Well, beauty is a matter of taste, so I simply say that the beauty is not apparent to me. But I would weigh the scientific pretensions of Crosby's argument a little. The law of gravity may be beautiful as he says, but if a stone falls from the top of a skyscraper in course of erection and kills a luckless passer-by, I do not see that the law itself has been violated or abused. It has operated perfectly—"beautifully," let us say, but it has not been abused. "I may injure myself by falling down, or by burning myself or by the explosion of a boiler," says Crosby, "but it would be foolish of me to turn my back on nature's laws in consequence and attempt to make a special providence of myself for the future." Does this mean that it would be foolish to cover a dangerous man-hole, or to put a screen in front of the fireplace to prevent flying sparks from burning the house down, or to provide the boiler with an efficient safety-valve? Or does it mean anything at all?

Of course, it would be foolish to turn one's back on nature's laws. But is it not nature's law that a strong cover placed over the manhole of the town sewer will prevent one from falling therein; that a strong enough cover over the sidewalk will protect passers-by from being killed by falling stones accidentally dropped from the building in course of construction? Or must we, because of the law of gravity, be killed?

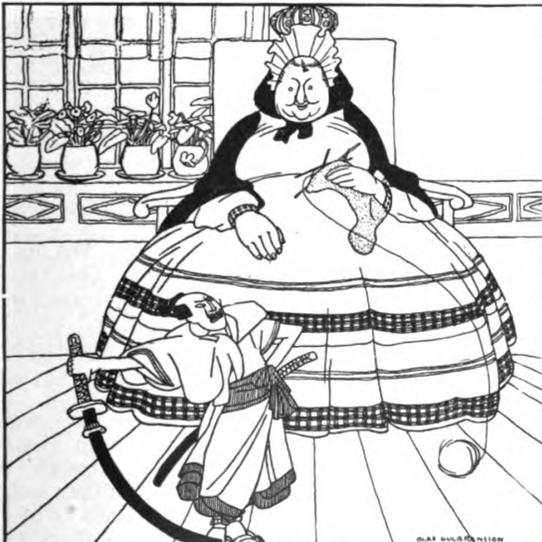
Granted that in economics there is a "law of nature" which provides that "when too much of a given article is produced the price automatically falls and thus the manufacture is discouraged," is that a good reason why we should not regulate production to prevent such senseless alternating periods of over-work and enforced idleness? Is it any reason why we should not so regulate things as to have larger leisure while producing enough in comfort, instead of excessive toil while producing too much—and then having too little to eat or wear because we have produced too much of each? Are we in the name of law to be

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forever doomed to industrial anarchy with its inevitable despotism? It is not violation or abuse of the law, but observance of it, to say that we will avoid senseless and planless methods in order that we may escape the miseries and hardships which they result in. If a man commits a certain crime the law provides a certain penalty. He suffers the penalty and the law is fulfilled. But if he commits no crime he is not punished—and the law is also fulfilled. If we produce things after a certain fashion certain results will follow, and economic law is fulfilled. If, however, we refrain from so doing we do not incur the evil results—we have obeyed the law.

All this is so plain that one feels like offering an apology for setting it forth. I think I know why Crosby is not a Socialist. That he would like to be a Socialist is no secret. Like Noah's dove he has wandered long and far vainly seeking a resting place. His difficulties are spiritual, I think, rather than intellectual; his unfaith is the obstacle which he finds so insurmountable. He fears to trust the common integrity and intelligence of the world, and so sets himself above it. He loves liberty and is very solicitous for it, but it is the liberty of the individual, of self, and not of the race which constrains him. That the whole race must be free ere any one of its members can be free, that individual liberty is impossible except as the blossoming of common liberty, he is too far self-exalted to see. So he remains a slave to his fear because he is afraid to trust the wisdom and justice of a socialized world. Socialism, the enthronement of the common life, will, he fears, rob him of his personal liberty. In truth he has never known any personal liberty: he is the bondsman not only of the world's wrong but also of his fears and self-love. He demands pledges and guaranties that Socialism will bring him only great and good gifts, imposing no obligation in return.

Poor Crosby! The hope of Socialism and the joy of building its temple of human faith and brotherhood are not for him. The call to join in the work reached him and found him more than half inclined to respond. But self-love and pride held him back. And every shout of Socialist triumph mortifies him in the flesh. Poor Crosby!



GRANDMA EUROPE: That's right, my boy! Show these Russians that you are not afraid. I can't do it because I am an old woman and have to keep quiet.

—Simplicissimus

### ARE YOU AFRAID?

By Edwin Arnold Brenholtz



ARE you afraid of Caesar? Is your's a coward soul?  
Now let earth's shame-bells toll!  
And toll and toll unceasing, and start the flush of  
shame  
To mortal cheeks forever, reminding how there  
came

Disaster to the people, to Freedom's cause defeat,  
And sudden death to thousands (With scorn let men repeat  
The name of him who faltered!) because betrayal's breath  
Found you the kin of cowards, when Caesar threatened  
death.

Are you afraid of Caesar? All Hail, Courageous Soul!  
Now let earth's joy-bells roll

A pæan to all people, reminding how one died  
Foretelling Freedom's future; how he at once defied  
Crowned Caesar and his minions, rejected, scorned, all  
bribes,  
And steadfast stood for Freedom throughout earth's farth-  
est tribes.

All unafraid of Caesar, his soul embraced, with joy,  
The death that Caesar threatened—stooped not to his em-  
ploy.

Beware the fear of Caesar! Constrain your life to face  
What Caesar and his minions will brand as deep disgrace.  
Remember how To-morrow repudiates decrees  
E'er branding those as traitors who bend no servile knees.  
To live a slave ignoble, may suit a coward soul—  
A sycophant to Caesar—surrendering self-control;  
But, praised be the Eternal that gave to you and me  
A soul that scorns such service, that will be brave and free!



### WAKE UP! THE HOUR HAS COME!

WORKMEN'S BATTLE-SONG

By William Benignus



WAKE, workmen sleep-encum-  
bered!  
Rise, slaves to shackles  
spliced!  
To battle! million-numbered  
Great hosts of the despised!

Beg work? For bread and shelter  
To work,—is this your pay?  
Is this your lot,—to welter,  
Downtrodden, on the way?

Why do you stand and hunger  
And shiver in the cold?  
Fools? Stand these wrongs no longer,  
Ye workmen scorned and sold!

Ha, longer this? So blandly  
You protest? Clear a path!  
The grain is ripe! Swing grandly  
Your keen-edged scythes of wrath!

Don't beg for Justice! Make it!  
Weaklings, or men? Strike home!  
Don't beg for Right, but take it!  
Wake! wake! The hour has come!

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# The Strange Case of Jonathan Pinchbeck

By Thomas Holmes



ANY strange stories are brought to light in London Police Courts during "Application Time."

The outside world has little chance of knowing the variety and peculiarities of the many people who come to ask the magistrate's advice or seek his help. In a busy Court about 10,000 applicants present themselves during one year to make their difficulties or sorrows known. Among this mass of people will be found old and young, men and women, boys and girls. As they follow, one by one, into the witness-box, to speak to his Worship, they present food for thought and earnest reflection, for they voice the difficulties of London life, and exhibit all its intensity. The satirist, the humorist, and the eminently respectable would find many things to laugh at or to scorn. But to me this strange procession of humanity is full of interest, for not only does it parade the difficulties and sorrows of life, but also the whims and oddities of human nature.

As I sit to write, a troop of them passes by me, and strange beings they are, often strange in their physical appearance, but doubly so in their mental equipment. Among such was Jonathan Pinchbeck. His name may have had something to do with the formation of his character, which in turn doubtless had a great deal to do with the form of his body, and the conformation of his features. Jonathan was old and bent, his body a small one, and his calves bowed outward. His face, nearly the color of terra cotta, had the appearance of being made of indiarubber. His nose, a large one, was globular at the end; his lips thick, protuberant, and almost bell-shaped; his eyes were large and distended. A strange looking man was Pinchbeck, evidently a "character."

### To Summons the Vestry

He stepped into the witness-box, with a scrap of paper in his hand.

"What can I do for you?" asked his Worship.

"I want a summons against the Vestry."

"What for?"

"For non-fulfilment of contract."

"What contract have you with the Vestry?"

In reply Jonathan handed up his scrap of paper.

"Why this is an order for two day's work to be given you at the vestry stone yard," said the magistrate. "Who gave you the order?"

"The relieving officer," said Pinchbeck. "But they won't give me any work at the yard."

"Well, what do you think I can do?"

"Make 'em give me work or the money."

"How can I make them?"

"Why grant me a summons against the Vestry?"

The magistrate told him that he had come to the wrong place for a summons of that description, and that he had better go to the County Court. With a disappointed air the poor fellow stood down, and went sadly out of the court.

Thinking he was worth knowing, I followed him out, gave him the price of two day's stone-breaking, made his acquaintance, and formed a close friendship with him. He gave me his address, so one afternoon I called to see him. The neighborhood was a God-forsaken place, and Pinchbeck's room was by no means in the best house. Jonathan was not at home, and I was on the point of leaving, when a husky voice called out, "Tell the gentleman to come up." I went up and found myself in a strange room and strange company. The room was a fairly large one, but the

contents were of the queerest description. The furniture, even the wooden bedposts, were painted the brightest red. Three large wooden arm-chairs, one wooden bed frame, three tables, a bench, and two stools, a wooden fender, all enamelled the brightest red and studded thickly with bright brass nails. In one of the strong arm-chairs sat the owner of the voice that called me upstairs. She did not rise to bid me welcome; she could not, for she was about twenty stones in weight. When I looked at her I understood why the arm-chairs were so massive and so strong. She was dropsical, and, of course, asthmatical. She informed me that she was Mrs. Pinchbeck. I bowed humbly to her, for she sat like a queen on a throne. She saw me looking at the furniture, and informed me that her husband had made the whole of it, his only tools being a knife, hammer and a saw.

"But why did he coat the furniture with vermilion enamel; why did he put all these brass nails in?" I asked.

"It was his fancy," she said, and she thought it looked very nice. I found many things to interest me in that room—it was quite a curiosity shop.

### A Lowly Statistician

In one corner was a great pile of tea papers—every piece of paper in which Mr. and Mrs. Pinchbeck had bought tea had been carefully saved; here they all were, up to date, neatly tied together, with a card attached telling how much money they had lost by the purchase of paper instead of tea.

Near to was another pile of paper, in which they had bought sugar. A card was also attached in this case telling of their loss on sugar-buying.

In a corner lay a great heap of rusty nails: nails of all sizes and patterns from the old-fashioned "ten-penny" to the newest French nail. I inquired about these nails, and came upon the story of Pinchbeck's life.

He was a dock laborer, and could neither read nor write. He lived five miles from the docks at which he generally worked. Every morning a long tramp to work, every evening a return tramp. Many years before I met him he had picked up a few odd things as he had tramped along the streets. The habit grew upon him till it became a part and parcel of himself. From January, 1876, to January, 1883,—seven years—he had walked no less than 11,823 miles in his journeyings to and from work. In covering all those miles he had gone with his body bent, and his eyes peering into every corner. Every night he returned home—like a bee to its hive. Nothing was too small for him, neither did he refuse larger articles.

He had picked up bits of old iron, weighing 23 cwt.—70,000 bits in all, 25,000 of them being boot tips, or portions of boot tips, and 6,000 portions of horse shoes.

Jonathan had a little cottage in those days, but his back garden lay very low, and was often flooded. This troubled him, so he picked up and carried home 7,000 pieces of bricks and stones. He removed the soil in his garden, put down his tons of bricks and stones, replaced the soil, raised his garden, and bade defiance to the floods.

### The Mightiness of Little Things

Great as his feats in these directions were, they were as nothing compared with his accomplishments in cigar-end collecting. He was no smoker, so he saved them all; there they were before me, but in a peculiar shape; they weighed nearly 2 cwt. During those interminable tramps he had collected 60,000 cigar ends. There was a ticket on them, telling that they would, if entire, and put end to end, measure  $3\frac{1}{4}$  miles, telling also how much they cost at 2d. each. His wife glowed with enthusiasm, in spite of asthma, as she told me

## THE COMRADE

of her husband's great feat. I asked her where the cigars were: she pointed to a big brown monumental cross, tied round with yellow ribbon; not far from it stood a smaller edition of the same cross. Both of these crosses stood on big square blocks of the same brown material. I examined them and found them to be made of Jonathan's cigar ends! The burnt end of each bit of cigar had been carefully trimmed, every bit of dirt had been removed; he had made strong wooden frames in the form of a cross. One by one he had packed and pressed the pieces in; to bind them together, he had poured in a solution of treacle and water; for months they had lain drying on the floor, and at length the happy day came, a proud day for the worthy couple, when the frames could be removed, and the crosses stand erect, as monuments to Pinchbeck's industry and skill.

There the crosses stood: there sat the poor dropsical, asthmatical woman, wanting food and nourishment, yet proud—intensely proud—of the crosses and the other unconsidered trifles about her.

I could not laugh at her or her husband. To me it was pitiful. What a story they all told! Years of incessant plodding work, years of weary tramps, years of anxious scrutinizing search. Day by day, year after year, Pinchbeck had returned home weary and heavy laden. Little by little, here a little and there a little, he had collected his stores and now—penury, almost starvation, and parochial stone-breaking, when he could get it. Alas! Pinchbeck had fallen on evil days. He had grown old before his time, he could no longer press, jostle and fight for a day's work at the docks. The dock strike too had altered matters. Young, strong, and erect men were required for six-pence an hour. The workhouse seemed to gape for the couple, but death kindly stepped in, and Jonathan was left alone.

The partner of his life, the sympathizer with his schemes, the participator in his triumph, the big wife of the little man, died, and was buried—for her there is no monumental cross.

I told their story to some friends, and Robert Buchanan, poet, dramatist and novelist, came to see Jonathan. He sat in one of the vermilion chairs. He talked to the poor bent, old docker; he gave him a commission to make a chair for his study, the chair to be in all respects similar to the one he sat in, vermilion red, brass nails and all. He did more, he paid him handsomely, lavishly, in advance—"Requiescat in pace."

But Jonathan got older, and found few friends. He sold his old iron, his horse shoes, his boot-tips, his rusty nails. They brought him but little. His darling crosses still remained to him. He decided to exhibit them in the street and trust to the generosity of passers-by. I gaye him a few shillings to hire a strong barrow. Carefully, reverently, but hopefully, he took his stand in a busy thoroughfare. No one wanted to see them, the odd pennies never came his way, but rough lads did, and they made sport of the old man; they chivvied him, and derided the old man's crosses. Poverty again stared him in the face. He decided to sell his crosses to a wholesale tobacco merchant. It was a sad journey for Jonathan, as he pushed his barrow with his crosses on to the merchant's, but the return journey was sadder still.

### The Catastrophe

"Bring them in," said the merchant, "let me look at them." They were taken in. So was Jonathan. "Leave them till to-morrow, and I will make up my mind what to give you."

The crosses were left. The next day he went for his money and the fruit of his toils. He found a revenue officer waiting for him. The tobacco had been impounded, and Jonathan was accused of selling tobacco without a license.

In vain he protested that the Government had not been defrauded, and that they—his cigars—had been sold by persons holding licenses. Nothing availed. No proceedings would be taken against him, but his tobacco was taken from him.

So once again Jonathan appears at application time in a police court, and argues with the magistrate for a summons against the merchant for the detention of his property. Again he is told to apply to a County Court, to fix a value upon his tobacco, and sue the merchant, and again the poor old man went empty away.

Several years passed, and I saw nothing of Jonathan, till one cold winter's day I met a procession of forlorn men—"Sandwich men." Jonathan was among them, looking older, sadder, and more poverty-stricken than ever. I slipped some money into his hand and passed on.

Once again I met him, three weeks since, in a well-known road. He looked brighter. I told him I was glad to see him looking so well.

"Yes," he said. "I thank the Lord He gives me strength to walk about."

"I wonder why He does that," I said.

A strange, bright look came into his eyes, and he said, "To help me find things." He quivered with excitement as he spoke.

"What are you finding now?" I asked him.

"Oh, all sorts of things."

"Are you doing anything in the tobacco way?"

He drew closer to me, and said cautiously: "You won't tell anybody?"

"Not a soul," I said.

"Well, then, I am."

"Crosses?"

"Yes, I have got two."

"Going to sell them?" I asked him. I wished afterwards that I hadn't, for a pained, sorrowful look of disappointment came into his queer face.

"I am finding cigarettes now," he continued.

Again I asked, "What are you going to do with them?"

Poor old man, I could have cried over him. "I have got a nice little cross of cigarettes to lie upon my breast when I am in my coffin."

"And what of your cigars?"

"I have got a bigger cross of them to lie on the outside of my coffin. I don't want no wreaths."

Small chance indeed of any wreaths being sent at Jonathan's funeral! No child or near relation to mourn his loss; he is not a costermonger, or there would be wreaths—expensive wreaths—galore. Some day, not far distant, there will be a pauper's funeral. The tobacco crosses will never lie on his breast and coffin; he will be promptly and unceremoniously "interred," and the bye-ways of life will know his peering eyes no longer. But before that day arrives Jonathan will be an inmate of one of our large work-houses. Once a month he will get his holiday, oftener if he possibly can. He will come out, peep and peer, here and there, "find things," pieces of cigars, and bits of cigarettes, and return to the workhouse with his pockets well stuffed. His master passion will only end with death.

Note:—We have departed from our usual custom in reprinting this sketch from the pages of *The Commonwealth of London*. We were moved to this partly by reason of the interesting and kindly reference to that brave, generous and much misunderstood genius, Robert Buchanan, and partly also—mainly perhaps—by reason of its interest as a character study of one of the world's "Submerged"—common not only in London but wherever the "great cities" of capitalism are found.—Editor.

THE COMRADE



Freedom Comes!

By Lucien V. Rule



AVE you heard the joyful word; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!  
Borne by breeze and sung by bird: Freedom comes! Freedom comes!  
O'er the hills and by the rills; God decrees and man fulfills;  
Tramping feet and throbbing drums; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!

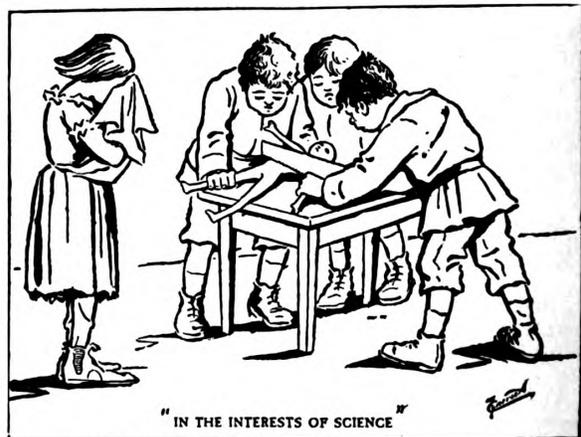
Ope, ye cells and wage slave hells; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!  
Lo a risen race rebels; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!  
Break the bands from minds and hands, till mankind exalted stands;  
Mammon's curse no more benumbs; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!

Millions strong to right the wrong; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!  
This their dream and this their song; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!  
Valian youth with swords of truth smite for maidens sweet as Ruth,  
Saving souls from Mammon slums; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!  
Aged men grow young again; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!  
In the cause that triumphs when Freedom comes! Freedom comes!  
Mothers kneel with one appeal; solemn vows their service seal;  
This one dream their life hope sums; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!

Wave the palm and lift the psalm; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!  
Broken hearts, there is a balm; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!  
Peaceful sleep to eyes that weep; sound the song on land and deep;  
Lazarus, leave thy rags and crumbs; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!  
Mortal gloom shall Love illumine; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!  
Desert wilds shall sweetly bloom; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!  
Hark, I hear the toilers cheer from the fields afar and near,  
And from where the city hums; Freedom comes! Freedom comes!



UNCLE SAM: Young man, I'm liable to eat you up, for I have a very dark brown taste.



"IN THE INTERESTS OF SCIENCE"

## THE COMRADE

### An Incident

By M. E. Oswald



SOON and the 21st of March in the year of our Lord 1904—a day when the wind whistled and howled round the corners of the tall buildings and penetrated the warmest clothing. The throng of men and women hurried along even faster than usual, intent on shelter and “quick lunches.”

As I turned into Duane street the wind seemed to gather additional strength, and I was obliged to hold my hat with both hands to prevent my being scalped by its frantic efforts to break away from its moorings. It certainly was a very comforting thought that “The Merchants” and a cup of hot coffee were not far off.

But as I hurried on the sound of music arrested my attention, and in spite of the cold I stopped. There, in the centre of a group of children, stood an old man of about seventy. His hair was as white as the snow which had not entirely disappeared, and he seemed to be of American birth. His appearance was pitiful in the extreme. Scantly clothed, his toes protruding from broken shoes and his hat tied on by a ragged handkerchief to save it from being blown away, he was sawing away at an old violin. But one could see at a glance that it was not dissipation which was responsible for his woeful condition. The fact that his audience was not apt to respond to his efforts in any substantial manner appeared not to trouble him. For the moment he had forgotten that he was tired and cold and hungry, and thought only of the pleasure he was giving the children. That was probably typical of his whole life and character. Had he been shrewder and more mercenary he would not have been there then.

Open mouthed stood the children, and I listened with them:

“My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty!  
Of thee I sing.”

The trembling fingers drew the bow across the strings, the children humming the words:

“Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.”

The old man's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, and he drew up his poor, bent, emaciated figure with a dignity that would have been ludicrous if it had not been pathetic.

What mattered it that he was a wanderer in the streets, without shelter or food, and this after a life of toil from which others were reaping the benefit. Was he not a citizen of the “land of the free and the home of the brave?” Surely that was enough glory for any reasonable being!

Glued to the spot I stood, and as the music was repeated again and again, applauded by the children, I wondered if the passers-by could not see the sarcasm, the awful tragedy of it. Apparently not, for they hurried on their way and only the children had time to spare. I do not know which was the stronger—the feeling of pity or of indignation which swept over me, but I do know that I blushed for the “land where my fathers died.”

\* \* \*

The form of the old musician was in my memory all that afternoon, and as I thumped my typewriter I could still see the bent form and ragged dress and hear the strains of his violin—

“My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing.  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!”

May it indeed soon ring with a meaning that will make such sights as this impossible—a meaning that it does not have to-day!

### The Poet's Philippic

By H. Ivan Swift



ES with sandals slipped and damnable conditions,  
I may taste the pateseries of your board,  
And snuggle in the summer of your sable!

Clink your gold!—it fits the saddle of ye bellied  
Unlock your sneers and fence me [beeves!  
With the frosty palings of your curse;  
I have your scoffing and would loath exchange it  
For your violable accumulation,  
And were I possessing of your hoard  
I'd give it—to its copper part—  
For your displeasure!  
Ye, who've earned my gratitude, and have it,  
Ye have turned this sluggish clay into a man!

Would ye shame me?  
Do I hang my head along your boulevards?  
Or shift and latch my shoe  
Beneath your accusing glare?  
Do I cower like a criming cad  
Behind the shadows of my muffled rags?  
You wonder?—Wonder still!

Ye'll wonder more before the wickets of Eternity!  
Think ye to drown me in the depths of isolation?

I?—a native of that sea?  
Wrap your bestial bosom in your furs!—  
The Reaper comes! Guard well thy life—  
'Tis all thou hast.  
I shiver not beneath my cotton fragments—  
Tremble not before the approach of Death.

My fasting shall be feasting of the sons to come!  
Thy paunches rot!  
I look upon the glories of the world of God,  
And shall!—Thy eyes are deadly seeing then as now!  
Hell's charnel temples rear upon the columns of thy gold!  
I touch the hand of God;  
I have a friend!  
These two—and life on earth is more than travail!—  
These two—and Death is warm!  
Enter in! Thou cursed of all the rich—  
Companion of my grief, my pride, my faith!  
Enter in!

## THE COMRADE

# Some Appreciations of The Comrade

By Some of its Friends

JACK LONDON, the famous author, writes: "My congratulations. It is excellent. . . . I really feel a respectable member of society, able to say to the most finicky: 'Behold the literature of my party! But, seriously, I must confess to a pleasant surprise at the work you have done.'"

ANNA STRUNSKY, co-author with Jack London of the "Kempton-Wace Letters," says: "We are all delighted with the magazine . . . It caused quite a flutter in our little radical circle."

EDWIN MARKHAM, America's foremost poet, says: "The Comrade is creditable in its appearance, and its cartoons are thoughtful and impressive."

WALTER CRANE, the great English artist, writes: "Let me close this letter by congratulating you upon the spirited way in which you are running The Comrade."

ERNEST CROSBY, author of "Captain Jinks," "Swords and Plowshares," etc., calls The Comrade "Excellent—almost perfect in fact."

B. O. FLOWER, editor of the *Arena*, joins the general chorus of approval by saying: "I read The Comrade with great interest and frequently buy additional copies to hand to friends."

E. BELFORT BAX, the well-known English philosopher and historian, writes: "Your Comrade is excellent."

PROFESSOR ENRICO FERRI the great Italian scientist and Socialist Deputy, writing in his review, *Il Socialismo*, calls The Comrade "the most brilliant and beautiful literary Socialist publication extant."

JOHN A. HOBSON, author of many important economic works, says: "The Comrade impresses me very favorably."

H. M. HYNDMAN, England's leading Socialist, author of "Economics of Socialism," "Commercial Crises of the Nineteenth Century," etc., says: "The Comrade is excellent and interesting. Good wishes to you."

EDWARD CARPENTER, author of "Towards Democracy," etc., writes, in the course of a cheery letter: "I like The Comrade very well. You have effected a good 'blend.' I wish the venture success."

KARL KAUTSKY, the famous German Socialist author, in an article, says: "Our American comrades have an illustrated family paper, The Comrade, which is well edited and excellently gotten up."

J. KEIR HARDIE, the well-known British member of Parliament, says: "The Comrade is always excellent, but let me congratulate you on the current number. If it is not the best it runs the best very close for the first place."

EUGENE V. DEBS, in a characteristically generous letter, says: "Each number is read with profit and delight. Subscriptions should come to you in such numbers that they would have to wait their turn to be enrolled."

DR. GEORGE D. HERRON writes: "The Comrade is beautiful, and there is nothing to compare with it in the Socialist movement in any country. It has the morning glory about it. I am delighted with it."

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD, author of "Newest England," etc., says: "You are doing a good work, and deserve all the thanks you will get—and a great deal more."

JEAN LONQUET, of Paris, grandson of Karl Marx, writes: "I love The Comrade. It is very interesting and beautiful. You must see that every issue reaches me. My aunt, Madam Lafargue, also is very much pleased with it. She liked especially your article on the London residences of her father, Karl Marx."

OLAV KRINGEN, member of the International Socialist Bureau for Norway, writes: "I am delighted with it. How can such a paper be got out? We in Norway have nothing so beautiful."

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE, the well-known humanitarian writer, says: "Thanks for The Comrade, to which please enter my name as a subscriber. It is a very interesting and ably conducted magazine."

DR. GUSTAVE BANG, of the University of Copenhagen, Denmark, says: "The Comrade should give joy to every one of its readers. I am too delighted to express in a letter."

JOSEPHINE R. CONGER, of the *Appeal to Reason*: "I have a penchant for beautifully printed things. I think The Comrade is fine. I am very glad that Labor has such a standby. . . . Your reading matter is of a high class, too, and sometimes your poems are like things we dreamed about but have never been able to express. I simply want to thank you for such a creation. That is all."

DAVID LOWE, author of "A Scot's Wanderjahre" and other works, writes from Scotland: "I trust The Comrade does well, for it certainly deserves success."

W. F. BLACK, editor of the *Labour Leader*, London, writes: "My praise for The Comrade in the *Leader* is honest. You are doing a specially good work. We cannot have our ideals too high, nor too constantly insisted on. And your setting of the truth is splendid as well as fearless. . . . We have nothing on this side which nearly approaches The Comrade's finely set-out letter-press and illustrations. I have just got your June number, and it seems to me the best yet. You are evidently aiming at perfection—have 'hitched your wagon to a star.' Eh? Remember this is honest criticism. The perfection of The Comrade almost makes me despair of the *Leader*."

*Le Mouvement Socialiste*, the leading Socialist review in France, says, in the course of an extended notice: "The Comrade continues to merit the high eulogies which it has already received from every part of the international Socialist movement."

*El Vanguarda*, the Socialist paper of the Argentine Republic, praises The Comrade as "the most noble and artistic expression of our social ideals and a splendid expression of the great movement of the working class."

PROF. EMILE VINCK, of the People's University of Brussels, writes: "I thank you for the beautiful form in which my article was published. It is a very excellent periodical and should be supported by all who love the cause of the people."

MR. FREDERICK PARSONS, the well-known leader of the Arts and Crafts movement in this country, writes: "I think you have done wonders with The Comrade, but I also think there is such a thing as giving too much for a dollar."

FRANKLIN H. WENTWORTH, the popular Socialist writer, says: "The Comrade improves right along. You are doing splendidly, and it ought to 'go' on its merits."

E. N. RICHARDSON, of the *Appeal to Reason*, writes: "A copy of the November issue of The Comrade lies on my desk. I have read every line in it and find myself at a loss for words to express my appreciation of its contents and the artistic way it is presented. It has been said that there was not room for another Socialist magazine, but The Comrade recalls to my mind the old axiom that I learned in my school days. 'There is always room at the top.'"

ERNEST MCGAFFEY, the well-known poet, writes: "Thanks for The Comrade, which is very pleasing to the eye and abundantly suggestive."

PROF. JOHN WARD STIMSON, author of "The Gate Beautiful," says: "I like The Comrade."

PROF. THOMAS ELMER WILL: "The magazine is very beautiful and inspiring. I am glad to be permitted to associate myself with you in your work."

ERNEST UNTERMANN, the well-known Socialist journalist, says: "The Comrade is so beautiful and full of true comradeship that I must write to let you know how helpful it is to at least one fellow-worker in the cause."

H. QUELCH, editor of London *Justice*, says: "I am glad to notice that your admirable Comrade goes merrily along. Good luck to you!"

MILA TUPPER MAYNARD, author of "Walt Whitman, the Poet of the Wider Selfhood," says: "Your Comrade is excellent, strong and beautiful."

FREDERICK STRICKLAND writes about The Comrade: "Now the fact is we like The Comrade. Its array of talent is as dazzling as its full-page sketch, 'The Sunrise of Socialism.' It puts the fodder pretty high, but how else can we be induced to hitch our wagon to a star? We must have the fodder if it does come high. Too much class struggle gives a man the dyspepsia. For a sweeter spirit and digestion give us more art. The class struggle we will have any way. There is no escape from it. But if we have are in this artless age, we must struggle for it."

JULIA DAWSON, of the *Clarion*, London, says: "To keep it so brightly interesting, and withal so loyal and true to our cause, must, I am sure, involve downright hard work, as well as considerable genius—and you are to be congratulated."

The Comrade, the new illustrated Socialist monthly, improves with each issue.—*Appeal to Reason*.

We have to congratulate our comrades of New York on the first issue of their illustrated Socialist monthly entitled The Comrade.—*Justice*, London, Eng.

The Comrade is the finest journal, typographically, devoted to Socialism that we have seen, and we congratulate its progenitors and the cause of human liberty that there is such an advocate.—*Now*, San Francisco.

We are glad to recommend it to our readers. The Comrade is by far the finest thing in an illustrated magazine we have yet seen along reform lines, and we hope it will have the success which it certainly deserves.—*People's Press*, Albany, Oregon.

The publishers of The Comrade are to be congratulated. It is better, even, than was anticipated. There is a big field for it, and it will, as it ought, win high success. Every Socialist in the land should subscribe for it.—*The Socialist*, Seattle.

The Socialists of this country have a positive treasure in The Comrade. There is nothing so distinctive in Socialist periodical literature either in this country or in Europe as The Comrade.—*Social Democratic Herald*.

All who are interested in democratic tendencies in literature and art will find The Comrade indispensable.—*The Laborite*, Youngstown, O.

Some of the illustrations, notably "News from Nowhere," by William Morris, are highly artistic. . . . We heartily recommend it.—*The Whim*.