

# THE COMRADE



Strenuous Teddy discovers that there is no "Race Suicide" after all — Among the Trusts,

## How I Became a Socialist.

By Jack London.

Author of "A Daughter of the Snows" Etc.



It is quite fair to say that I became a Socialist in a fashion somewhat similar to the way in which the Teutonic pagans became Christians—it was hammered into me. Not only was I not looking for Socialism at the time of my conversion, but I was fighting it. I was very young and callow, did not know much of anything, and though I had never even heard of a school called "Individualism," I sang the pæan of the strong with all my heart.

This was because I was strong myself. By strong I mean that I had good health and hard muscles, both of which possessions are easily accounted for. I had lived my childhood on California ranches, my boyhood hustling newspapers on the streets of a healthy Western city, and my youth on the ozone-laden waters of San Francisco Bay and the Pacific Ocean. I loved life in the open, and I toiled in the open, at the hardest kinds of work. Learning no trade, but drifting along from job to job, I looked on the world and called it good, every bit of it. Let me repeat, this optimism was because I was healthy and strong, bothered with neither aches nor weaknesses, never turned down by the boss because I did not look fit, able always to get a job at shoveling coal, sailorizing, or manual labor of some sort.

And because of all this, exulting in my young life, able to hold my own at work or fight, I was a rampant individualist. It was very natural. I was a winner. Wherefore I called the game, as I saw it played, or thought I saw it played, a very popular game for MEN. To be a MAN was to write man in large capitals on my heart. To adventure like a man, and fight like a man, and do a man's work (even for a boy's pay)—these were things that reached right in and gripped hold of me as no other thing could. And I looked ahead into long vistas of a hazy and interminable future, into which, playing what I conceived to be MAN'S game, I should continue to travel with unflinching health, without accidents, and with muscles ever vigorous. As I say, this future was interminable. I could only see myself raging through life without end like one of Nietzsche's *blond beasts*, lustfully roving and conquering by sheer superiority and strength.

As for the unfortunates, the sick, and ailing, and old, and maimed, I must confess I hardly thought of them at all, save that I vaguely felt that they, barring accidents, could be as good as I if they wanted to real hard, and could work just as well. Accidents? Well, they represented FATE, also spelled out in capitals, and there was no getting around FATE. Napoleon had had an accident at Waterloo, but that did not dampen my desire to be another and later Napoleon. Further, the optimism bred of a stomach which could digest scrap iron and a body which flourished on hardships did not permit me

to consider accidents as even remotely related to my glorious personality.

I hope I have made it clear that I was proud to be one of Nature's strong-armed noblemen. The dignity of labor was to me the most impressive thing in the world. Without having read Carlyle, or Kipling, I formulated a gospel of work which put theirs in the shade. Work was everything. It was sanctification and salvation. The pride I took in a hard day's work well done would be inconceivable to you. It is almost inconceivable to me as I look back upon it. I was as faithful a wage slave as ever capitalist exploited. To shirk or mangle on the man who paid me my wages was a sin, first, against myself, and second, against him. I considered it a crime second only to treason and just about as bad.

In short, my joyous individualism was dominated by the orthodox bourgeois ethics. I read the bourgeois papers, listened to the bourgeois preachers, and shouted at the sonorous platitudes of the bourgeois politicians. And I doubt not, if other events had not changed my career, that I should have evolved into a professional strike-breaker (one of President Eliot's American heroes), and had my head and my earning power irrevocably smashed by a club in the hands of some militant trades-unionist.

Just about this time, returning from a seven months' voyage before the mast, and just turned eighteen, I took it into my head to go tramping. On rods and blind baggages I fought my way from the open West, where men bucked big and the job hunted the man, to the congested labor centers of the East, where men were small potatoes and hunted the job for all they were worth. And on this new *blond-beast* adventure I found myself looking upon life from a new and totally different angle. I had dropped down from the proletariat into what sociologists love to call the "submerged tenth," and I was startled to discover the way in which that submerged tenth was recruited.

I found there all sorts of men, many of whom had once been as good as myself and just as *blond-beastly*; sailormen, soldier-men, labor-men, all vrenched and distorted and twisted out

of shape by toil and hardship and accident, and cast adrift by their masters like so many old horses. I battered on the drag and slammed back gates with them, or shivered with them in box cars and city parks, listening the while to life histories which began under auspices as fair as mine, with digestions and bodies equal to and better than mine, and which ended there before my eyes in the shambles at the bottom of the Social Pit.

And as I listened my brain began to work. The women of the streets and the man of the gutter drew very close to me. I saw the picture of the Social Pit as vividly as though it were a concrete thing, and at the bottom of the Pit I saw them, myself above them, not far, and hanging on to the slippery



▲Jack London.

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wall by main strength and sweat. And I confess a terror seized me. What when my strength failed? when I would be unable to work shoulder to shoulder with the strong men who were as yet babes unborn? And there and then I swore a great oath. It ran something like this: *All my days I have worked hard with my body, and according to the number of days I have worked, by just that much am I nearer the bottom of the Pit. I shall climb out of the Pit, but not by the muscles of my body shall I climb out. I shall do no more hard work, and may God strike me dead if I do another day's hard work with my body more than I absolutely have to.* And I have been busy ever since running away from hard bodily labor.

Incidentally, while tramping some ten thousand miles through the United States and Canada, I strayed into Niagara Falls, was nabbed by a fee-hunting constable, denied the right to plead guilty or not guilty, sentenced out of hand to thirty days' imprisonment for having no fixed abode and no visible means of support, handcuffed and chained to a bunch of men similarly circumstanced, carted down country to Buffalo, registered at the Erie County Penitentiary, had my head clipped and my budding mustache shaved, was dressed in convict stripes, compulsorily vaccinated by a medical student who practised on such as we, made to march the lock-step, and put to work under the eyes of guards armed with Winchester rifles—

all for adventuring in *blond-beastly* fashion. Concerning further details deponent sayeth not, though he may hint that some of his plethoric national patriotism simmered down and leaked out of the bottom of his soul somewhere—at least, since that experience he finds that he cares more for men and women and little children than for imaginary geographical lines.

To return to my conversion. I think it is apparent that my rampant individualism was pretty effectively hammered out of me, and something else as effectively hammered in. But, just as I had been an individualist without knowing it, I was now a Socialist without knowing it, withal, an unscientific one. I had been reborn, but not renamed, and I was running around to find out what manner of thing I was. I ran back to California and opened the books. I do not remember which ones I opened first. It is an unimportant detail anyway. I was already It, whatever It was, and by aid of the books I discovered that It was a Socialist. Since that day I have opened many books, but no economic argument, no lucid demonstration of the logic and inevitableness of Socialism affects me as profoundly and convincingly as I was affected on the day when I first saw the walls of the Social Pit rise around me and felt myself slipping down, down into the shambles at the bottom.



## The Right of the Child: A Letter by William Morris.

This letter, now for the first time published, has been placed at our disposal by Mrs. Sharman to whose husband, the late Rev. William Sharman of Preston, England, it was written some time in 1886-87. Mr. Sharman was a Unitarian minister and he and Mrs. Sharman were among the earliest members of the old Socialist League. He was a most remarkable man and won lasting respect on account of his bold championship of Charles Bradlaugh's historic parliamentary agitation at a time when it meant social ostracism and personal sacrifice. He was a fellow of the Geological Society of England and counted among his friends such men as Ruskin, Massini, Walt Whitman, and others. He died in 1889. At some future time we may be able to give a more extended sketch of this interesting man of whom all too little is at present known.

(Error.)



Y DEAR SHARMAN: I believe I shall be about on the 28th. I shall be pleased to see you at my house if you can come; but let me have notice. As to the matter of education, it is after all a difficult one to settle, until people's ideas of the family are much changed; but in the meantime here is the problem: How is it possible to protect the immature citizen from the whims of his parents? Are they to be left free to starve his body or warp his mind by all sorts of nonsense, if not, how are they to be restrained? You see that one supposes in a reasonable community that experience will have taught the community some wisdom in such matters; but the parents may, and probably will, lack this experience. Well, then, hasn't the young citizen a right to claim his share of the advantages which the community have evolved? Must he be under the tyranny of two accidental persons? At present the law says yes, which means that the young citizen is the property of the two accidental persons.

Putting myself in the position of the immature citizen, I protest against this unfairness. As for myself, being the child of rich persons, it did not weigh heavily on me, because my parents did as all right people do, shook off the responsibility of my education as soon as they could; handing me over first to nurses, then to grooms and gardeners, and then to a school—a boy farm I should say. In one way or another I learned chiefly one thing from all these—rebellion, to wit. That was good; but, look you, if my parents had been poorer and had

had more character they would have probably committed the fatal mistake of trying to educate me. I have seen the sad effects of this with the children of some of my friends.

On the whole, experience has shown me that the parents are the *wafittest* persons to educate a child; and I entirely deny their right to do so, because that would interfere with the right of the child as a member of the community from its birth to enjoy all the advantages which the community can give it. Of course, so far as grown people are concerned I quite agree with your view of complete freedom to teach anything that any one will listen to. But for children I feel that they have as much need for the revolution as the proletarians have. As to the woman matter, I do not think Bax puts it unreasonably in his article,\* though I have heard him exaggerate that in talk and have often fallen foul of him. By the way, you must try to write something for us.\*\* Let me know what you think of it.

Mind you, I don't think this change in the family (or in religion) can be done by *force*. It is a matter of opinion and must come of the opinion of people free economically. I rely on the stomach for bringing it about.

Yours fraternally,

WILLIAM MORRIS

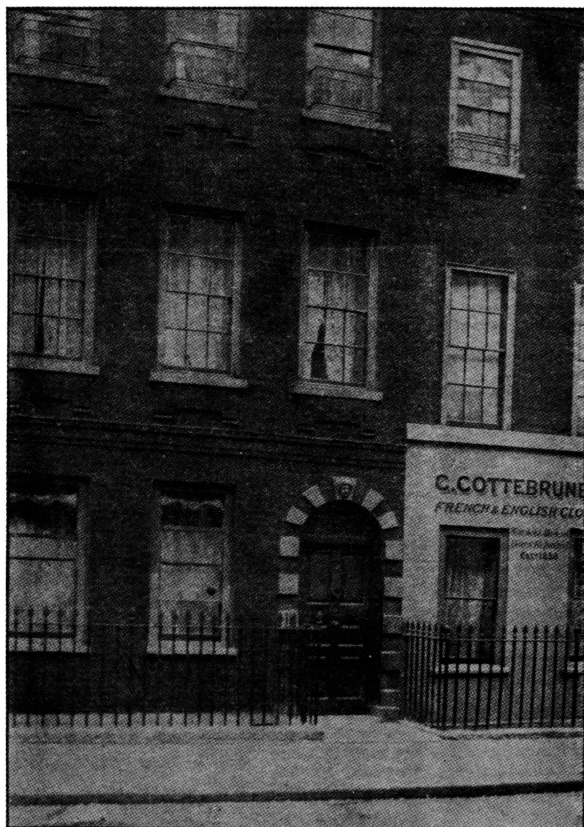
\*An article had appeared in the *Commonweal*, Morris' paper, to which Mr. Sharman had taken exception.

\*\*i. e., for the *Commonweal*.

## The London Residences of Karl Marx.

By John Spargo.

Photographs by T. Jefferson.



28 Dean Street, where "The Eighteenth Brumaire" was written.



IN those wonderfully tender and all too scanty "Memoirs" \* of Marx, Liebknecht tells of "A Voyage of Discovery" which he made in 1896. With him went Eleanor, the brilliant but ill-fated daughter of Marx, and the man whose name she bore; the erratic genius whose vagaries so sadly blighted her bright and hopeful life—Edward B. Aveling. The object of this "Voyage" through London's busy streets was to discover, if possible, the three respective houses in which Marx had lived with his family: houses perfectly well known to Liebknecht in the days when he was a fellow-exile with Marx. It is well that the "voyage" ended satisfactorily, and that beyond all possible chances of mistake Liebknecht was able to identify the first London residence of the Marx family (the first, save only for a brief lodging in Camberwell), which Engels and "Lenchen"—Helene Demuth—that faithful friend and assistant of whom all the members of the Marx family spoke with such reverent love—had failed to find.

It was, I have reason to suppose, the intention of Liebknecht and Mrs. Eleanor Marx-Aveling to have photographs of this and the two later residences made. At least, so Dr. Aveling told me soon afterward. But, apparently, the intention

was never carried out by them. All three have died since then: Eleanor—broken in spirit, by her own hand; Aveling—who shall say that *his* death was not of his own desire and choice?—and Liebknecht, the veteran in the fight, the strong, brave leader, who bore all the burdens of life without flinching, and met death squarely in the thick of the fight.

Perhaps I am sentimental, and the Socialist movement leaves small room to indulge such sentiment, but it seemed to me that, with the identification complete, the opportunity of making and preserving a photographic record of these houses where the illustrious Marx made his home should be grasped ere they are swept away or the means of identifying them are lost once more. So, with Liebknecht's identification, and the co-operation of a mutual friend who satisfied himself that nothing had been changed in any way since 1896, and that, therefore, there could be no confusion, I obtained the assistance of a good London comrade, who is a photographer, to that end.

After having had some trouble in their lodgings in Camberwell, the landlord being insolvent, and the creditors having seized their furniture, the Marx family stayed for awhile in a family hotel, and then moved, in June, 1850, to No. 28 Dean Street, off Oxford Street, Soho. Liebknecht has refuted the one-time common lie about Marx: that he lived in luxurious



46 (Formerly No. 9) Grafton Terrace, where "Value, Price and Profit", "Mr. Vogt", "Capital" etc. were written.

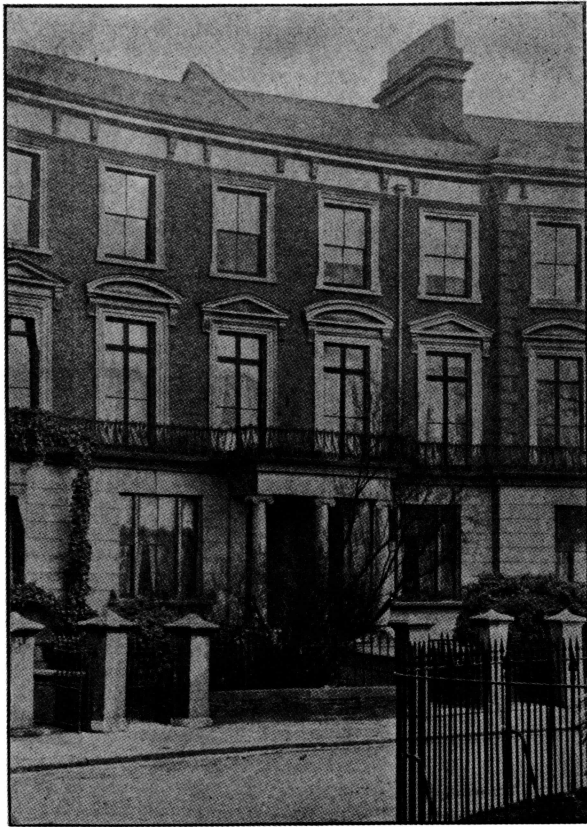
\* "Karl Marx: Biographical Memoirs", by Wilhelm Liebknecht, 1901

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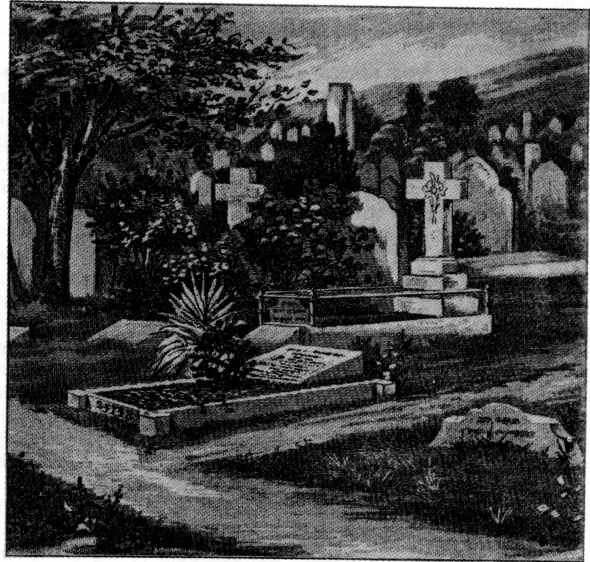
extravagance, while his fellow-refugees were starving—let this picture also give answer to the calumny, for Liebknecht bears witness that the house bore much the same appearance in 1896 as when Marx lived there. Just as at that time it and the neighboring houses were occupied by foreign refugees, so to-day it is inhabited by foreigners, many of whom went in and out during the time the photographer sought to secure the proper view. And here let it be recorded that but for the friendly aid of a policeman the picture could not have been obtained, for Dean Street is narrow, the houses are tall, and the traffic is great.

The Marx family occupied the second floor. They lived here for about seven years—lived in penury and exile. Here Marx wrote his "Eighteenth Brumaire," and made his enormous preliminary notes for "Capital." Here, too, he wrote the letters to the *New York Tribune*, under Charles A. Dana's editorship, which have been collected and published under the titles of "Revolution and Counter Revolution" and "The Eastern Question." Here the Marx family lived, when, in 1852, Liebknecht took two of the children to witness the funeral procession of the great "Iron Duke," when they so narrowly escaped death—an event which Liebknecht describes in the "Memoirs" under the heading, "A Bad Quarter of an Hour." Eleanor Marx was born here.

The extreme poverty of the family at this time has been delicately brought out by Liebknecht in a number of incidents. Of these, one only must I quote. It is a diary note by Mrs. Marx in which she tells of the death of one of the children who died here: "On Easter of the same year—1852—our poor little Francisca died of severe bronchitis. Three days the poor child was struggling with death. It suffered so much.



No. 41 (Formerly No. 1) Maitland Park Road, where Marx died.



The Marx Family Grave: Highgate Cemetery, London.

Its little lifeless body rested in the small back room; we all moved together into the front room, and when night approached we made our beds on the floor. There the three living children were lying at our side, and we cried about the little angel who rested cold and lifeless near us. The death of the dear child fell into the time of the most bitter poverty. . . . (The money for the burial was missing.)—I went to a French refugee living in the vicinity who had visited us shortly before.

"He at once gave me two pounds sterling (about \$10), with the friendliest sympathy. With this money the little coffin was purchased in which my poor child now slumbers peacefully. *It had no cradle, when it entered the world, and the last little abode also was for a long time denied to it.* What we did suffer, when it was carried away to its last place of rest!" The italics in this extract are mine—what a tale of sacrifice and heroic devotion to the cause they indicate!

Liebknecht says that Marx wrote "Mr. Vogt" in the Dean Street house, but this is evidently a mistake, as may be seen even from the "Memoirs." And there is other evidence, including an article on Eleanor Marx-Aveling, written by Liebknecht in 1898, shortly after her death. Eleanor was born in 1856, and when she was a year old the family moved into a better and more comfortable house, No. 9 Grafton Terrace—now bearing a new number, 46. "Mr. Vogt" was not written until three years later—1860.

Marx, as is well known, wrote "Mr. Vogt" partly in self-defence, Carl Vogt being one of his most bitter and unscrupulous calumniators. Marx, ever a formidable opponent, caused something of a sensation by openly charging Vogt with being in the pay of Napoleon. Ten years later, in 1870, when the French Government of National Defence published a list of the Bonapartist hirelings, under the letter "V" appeared: "Vogt, received August, 1859, 40,000 francs."

Not only "Mr. Vogt," but the "Zur Kritik der Politischen Oekonomie," 1859, "Value, Price and Profit," 1865, the first volume of "Capital," 1867, and "The Civil War in France," 1871, were written wholly or in part in this cottage and prepared for publication. Constantly suffering ill-health, and harassed by poverty, the industry of the man during these years was remarkable.

Of the struggle for existence during this period I quote from one of Marx's letters to his friend, Dr. Kugelmann, pub-

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lished some time ago in the *Neue Zeit*. The date is October 13, 1866, shortly before the first volume of "Capital" was sent to the printer's:

"Owing to my long illness, and in consequence of the many things I have had to give up, my private affairs have become embarrassed and I am in the midst of a financial crisis. This, in addition to the unpleasantness for my family, is especially awkward in London, where so much depends on appearances. What I wanted to know from you was whether you knew one or more persons who would lend me about 1,000 thalers at 5 or 6 per cent. for two years. (I need hardly say that this is strictly private.) At present I am paying 20 to 50 per cent. interest for the small sums which I borrow, and I do not know where to turn for money, and if it goes on there must soon be a crash."

Our illustration shows the little balcony from which Mrs. Marx, when recovering from an attack of smallpox, used to greet her three daughters as they stood in the roadway below. Lastly, the house in which the last ten years of Marx's life were spent—from 1872-73 to 1883. The house where the faithful wife, after long months of torture from cancer, died with the name of her beloved "Karl"—and ours—last upon her lips; the house where, on the afternoon of March 14, 1883, "the greatest mind of the second half of our century had ceased to think." He had gone from his bedroom to his study and sat down in his armchair. Alarmed at his great weakness, the members of the household were in tears when "the General" (Engels) called. Lenchen said he was "half asleep," but Engels found him in a sleep from which he would never again awaken. Marx was dead.

They laid him to rest in the Highgate cemetery beside the faithful wife whose death was really his also. A few days

later their little grandson, Harry Longuet, was laid in the same grave, and seven years later the faithful and well-beloved "Lenchen." In a modest grave marked by a simple stone they lie together. The inscription upon the low marble slab reads:

Jenny von Westphalen  
The beloved wife of  
Karl Marx

Born 12 February, 1814  
Died 2 December, 1881.

And Karl Marx  
Born May 5, 1818; died March 14, 1883.

And Harry Longuet  
Their Grandson

Born July 4, 1878; died March 20, 1883.

And Helene Demuth

Born January 1, 1823; died November 4, 1890.

No word of his devotion to the cause he loved so well, no word of his genius, or of his colossal work; but that bare inscription, the name alone, is sufficient sculptured memorial. Standing a few years ago by the grave of Adam Smith, as I read the ornate inscription upon his tombstone I asked myself what need of monument of stone to perpetuate his memory who left "The Wealth of Nations" for monument? And so long as the story of humanity's struggle shall be told, the name and memory of Karl Marx shall be enshrined in countless hearts in every land. And in those long, far-off years, when every trace of the wrongs against which he struggled have disappeared, this simple, unpretentious grave will perhaps be the object of many a pilgrimage of free men and women where they will tell their children how great was his work for them.



## The Contending Thoughts.

By Peter E. Burrowes.

### *The Socialate.*



HE overflows of your teeming life  
You lose to things of grace and gentleness,  
And from the winter berries of our strife  
Come summer garlands for my loveliness.

### *The Isolate.*

To thee I wedded am, strange other mind;  
Yet must I smite and wound thee to the dead,  
For I am most unkindly armed and blind  
Against the heart that rests my aching head.

### *The Socialate.*

Bless thou the strife which leads thee thus to rue  
And sends thee purged and broken to the race.  
What, with thy overflows couldst thou do  
But bring them to this holier human space?

### *The Isolate.*

A parricide! This is my fated part.  
I hate the race to save my property;  
Come hell, come death, come treason and black art,  
And let us slay the new humanity.

### *The Socialate.*

When state and church have lost the shame of wrong,  
Though mouthing speech of holy liberty;  
When thou hast grown most guilty and most strong  
In the worst day of toil's captivity.

### *The Socialate.*

Aye, rouse ye well; your class go quickly tell;  
For only now can human soul have birth.  
Life, or thy property implacable,  
Must either hold alone the homestead earth.

### *The Isolate.*

Class strife I hate; but oh! I love to strive  
Where I can pick me out mine enemy.  
For sure the meaner sort can only thrive  
When classes do not fight by championry.

### *The Socialate.*

Goliath's spear and David's supple tricks  
Must needs pass into deeper modes of strife,  
Me sitting down to daily politics  
And lifting thee to spiritual life.

### *The Isolate.*

When comes the day of proletarian woe,  
When Armageddon's flag shall be unfurled?  
Oh tell, that I may greatly deal the blow  
Which puts my foot upon the labor world.

## Theroigne de Mericourt

By Frank Stuhlman.

*"In the year of the change of things,  
When France was glorious and blood-red, fair  
With dust of battle and death of kings,  
A Queen of Men with helmeted hair."*

—Swinburne.



HEROIGNE de Mericourt!

Theroigne the angel-browed, with feet  
upon the path bent hellward!

*Out of the murk and mist of the past,  
flitting menacingly bright, spring strange,  
weird creatures of Nemesis. A warning for  
all men and to all time. Take heed, O*

World of To-Day!

For a thousand years a people lie prostrate. Caste and Wealth tread upon their bodies and souls, crushing squalid lives that Caste's and Wealth's dainty feet may not touch dust. Millions hunger to enable arrogance to riot in luxury. For ages there is no cessation. The wretch in the hovel moans, "There is no justice"; the noble in the castle sneers, "There is no God." But in the hour of the oppressor's pride Nemesis comes clothed in flesh; the wrongs of a cycle, personified, wreaking upon a generation the accumulated heritage of sin.

So, out of the shadowy past glows flame-fire bright, Theroigne de Mericourt. Theroigne the cast-off plaything of a lordling, and Theroigne the Arbiter of Life and Death! Theroigne the woman of the pavement, and Theroigne the leader of a people's career; the outcast and the Avenger!

The famous 10th August glowed hot and fierce—the day that rocked the thrones of the world and left its impress for all future. At the Tuileries, ensconced by cannon, musket, and saber, privilege and oppression stood at bay, stupid Louis and heartless Austrian. Around them the great palace was girt by a horde of Famine's sons and daughters. The Day of Payment was at hand. Brutal faces, no doubt, greed and the power of aristocracy had stamped all else out. Cruelty was there; when had they received mercy? Degradation was there. What else, in the progeny of such a civilization? But Truth and Humanity and a gleam of the Light that Never Dies were there, also, shining, star-white, in the gloom.

In the palace, too, dwelt brutality, but it was well-fed. Cruelty was there, cruelty of the most heinous. The kind that wasted the sustenance of a thousand in a day's revel, or wrecked a life for a night's pleasure. Degradation, lower than the beasts, was there, too, but it was clad in silk and velvet. Within its walls were truth and honor and valor, too, but only in the hireling Swiss Guard, who died for an evil cause, but loyal to their plighted troth.

Hour after hour the crowds surged about the palace walls. Cannon boomed, muskets flashed, and the seething mass fell in swaths before the stern cannoners. Despairing, grimly tenacious, the people charged again and again. Hopeless, yet

ever urged by an implacable hate, they closed up to the barricades with less vigor. Now they halted just out of musket reach.

Santerre the Brewer retired from the field to drink his own beer in a summer house. Swart Barbaroux's six hundred black-browed Marseillais, "who knew how to die," died, but could not conquer. Even that hardy fighter, iron Westermann, the Alsatian, doubted the result. The sturdy Swiss stood a living rampart.

Back more and more fell the people. Again they felt the spurred heel upon their necks. Again the chains of bondage were claspng them tighter and firmer. The wild, delirious dream of Freedom and Equality was fading away, and they were preparing to crouch before the lash of the master's whip.

In the blackness of defeat comes the Herald of Victory. From the edge of the sullen mob a murmur arises. It stirs anew the hearts of the patriots. From man to man the electric current moves the pulses of the crowd.

Hark! like the tones of a silver bell is heard the clear notes of a woman's voice: "Make room, make room!" Threading her way through the multitude comes angel-browed Theroigne. Red as blood from throat to feet, her glorious hair flowing out in the air, she passed to the forefront of the array. Over her head floated a plume, black as night. Two pistols were in a broided sash, and from a baldric hung a tiny rapier. With a catlike spring she leaped upon a disabled cannon. She raised her hand, and the sweet, clarion voice rose above the murmur of the mob.

Hush! she is speaking.

"Listen to me, Brothers and Sisters. You all know me. I am Theroigne! I am the people! I am the degraded—the miserable! As I am, so are you! We are the grist that is ground in that accursed mill in yon palace. *Down with the mill and death to the miller!* When your children died for bread the Austrian woman sneered, 'If they have no bread, let them eat cake.' People of France, if you leave her lips to take either bread or cake into, you are worthy to be slaves! Better to die by the cannon than by the gibbet! Is

life so sweet that you fear death? Listen to me, O, my brothers: I go into the palace this day or die upon the stairway! Who comes with me? Who dares follow where Theroigne leads?"

A shout that shakes the Tuileries is her answer. But yesterday Theroigne the courtesan, to-day a goddess to follow to the death! She waits no longer. A gleam of scarlet at the head of a gray throng—a lightning flash in the van of the cyclonic storm-cloud of doom, she rushes at the defences. Follow, swart Barbaroux, gallant soldier that you are; follow, iron Westermann, braver leaders no cause ever had. But you are leaders no longer. Follow, for Theroigne is the people incarnate. Now tremble, spiritless King and haughty Queen! Look to your arms, steadfast Swiss, but it will not avail you! Never again will your feet tread your loved mountain sides.



Theroigne de Mericourt.

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Never again will the little cottage in the valley open its doors in rejoicing for the home-coming of the brave lad who went to seek his fortune as a soldier in the guard of the King of France. Mortal men never beat the mountaineers back a foot, but Theroigne is the wrath of God. In vain their valor. The cowardly King flies in haste and an alien guard perishes nobly for a worthless monarch. Down goes the doctrine of Divine Right of Kings, trampled to perdition by the feet of the very creatures its centuries of infamy had created.

The Swiss lie dead in heaps in the courtyard. Now the hunt begins. Befrilled courtiers are thrown from the uppermost windows to fall with sickening thud upon the stone pavements or to be caught upon the points of the merciless pikes awaiting them. White-handed lackeys are brought before Theroigne, her hands red as her garments. A moment's glance, and her judgment is swift: "An enemy to the people," and a dozen weapons are sheathed in their quivering flesh. Now, a more important captive is pulled from some hiding-place. His finery proclaims him of rank. Glistening jewels bedeck his person and cover a craven heart. They drag him before the Queen of Retribution. As he gazes upon the Amazon, recognition gleams in his white face, hope lights his eye. He grovels at the feet of the outcast.

"Anne, Anne," he cried, "do you not know me? Mercy, Anne! I gave you love once! You were but a village convent girl and I a noble, but I gave you love. Mercy, mercy!"

Theroigne started. Then she laughed an intensely mocking

laugh. "You gave me love, my lord, and it made me what I am. Mother of God, you dare remind me of that! But I will repay you well, my gracious lord. You gave me your love and the fruit was bitter, for it led to the gates of perdition. But I will give you death, which is very sweet." Swift as a serpent's tongue the tiny rapier leaped hissing from the steel scabbard at Theroigne's side. It flashed in the sunlight and passed through the nobleman's throat. The victim gave a choking gasp and was still.\* Theroigne withdrew her weapon and brandished it over her head: "So may it be with all enemies of the people!" she cried. Back came the response in an ominous growl from a thousand tiger throats, mad with the blood-lust: "So it will be with all aristocrats."

The mist of time hides all. Shapes become dim. Dead and nameless dust are mad Theroigne and her wild followers—swart Barbaroux, iron Westermann, and many another champion of freedom—King, Queen and parasite. All have vanished, but this truth ever remains. On the trail of tyranny Nemesis ever camps biding its time. It travels with "leadens feet, but strikes with an iron hand."

*Out of the murk and the gloom of the past, flitting menacingly bright, spring strange, weird creatures of Nemesis. A warning for all men and to all time. Take heed, O World of To-Day!*

\* Theroigne is said to have killed Sulleau the royalist with her own hand.



## The Evolution of Democracy and the Rise of Socialism in Norway.

By Olav Kringen.

Norwegian Delegate to the International Socialist Bureau.

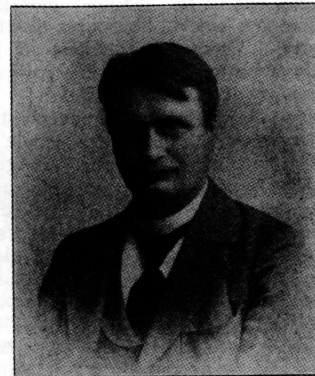


THE rustic population of Norway has always as far back as history has any record of it, led a free and independent life and reached early a high stage of civilization which its great mediæval literature, the Icelandic sagas and songs, testifies to. This rural independence is still to a very large extent a recognized fact among our widespread people.

When the Lutheran reformation of the church broke in, in the first half of the sixteenth century, Norway was in many respects one of the foremost countries of Europe. This "reformation" robbed Norway of its educational institutions, of the beauty and wealth of its churches, and with the removal of its spiritual teachers without substitution of others of competence, of its century-old culture in many places. Not till the common schools and country high schools, and other educational institutions of the nineteenth century did their work was Norway again lifted up among the rest of the nations of northern Europe in regard to education.

After a dark night of four hundred years' union with Denmark, a great awakening took place in 1814, when that union was dissolved and Norway adopted its own constitution with every organ of independent democratic government, and afterward was united with Sweden under the same king. Practically Norway is a republic as regards government institutions.\*

\* When the Constitution for Norway was adopted in 1813 the Reverend Nicolai Wergeland, the father of the poet of that name, proposed universal suffrage for men in state affairs. This proposition was rejected against one vote — the ministers own.



Olav Kringen.

From the beginning of the nineteenth century dates our science represented by the names of Abel, Munch, Sars, S. Lie, Getz, and others—our art with its many representatives—'Gude, Tidemand, Werenschjold, Sinding, Thaulow — our literature with Henrik Ibsen, Bjornson, J. Lie, and Garborg at the top—our music with names such as Ole Bull, Grieg and Svendsen—our collections of folklore—aye, even our university, our museums and theaters. As the awakening to this great national work still is in the memory of our grandfathers, it is no wonder that politics have followed suit and been absorbed in a national reconstruction hardly leaving any room for party division.

From the first years of the century a religious lay preacher, a peasant's son, Hans N. Hauge, who to a very large extent brought about a new church life, showed the people how to establish industrial plants along the rushing rivers and instituted a reign of love and reciprocal respect between the leaders of these industries and the laborers. But Hauge was imprisoned for seven years and his great mission thereby stopped, but his work has, yet to-day, a hundred years after, left its marks. Hauge was a very practical man and was for Norway almost what Robert Owen was for England. He also tried to introduce among his followers in some places a communistic order. He died in 1824. He is now considered one of the greatest men we have had.



## THE COMRADE.

The great lyrical poet, Henrik Wergeland, tried to reach the laboring class through his paper, called *For the Working Class*, and did much good in educational directions, but his language had still an upper class ring.\* Wergeland's work fell between 1830-45. It was not till Marcus Thrane, in 1848-50, raised the revolutionary Socialistic war cry in the country, that the laboring man awoke. Thrane organized the mass of the laborers on the farms and in the woods, and also in the cities, in 273 unions with a membership of about 50,000 in these years. He built up a widely circulated paper and established good organs for agitation. Thrane was a young and very gifted student who had traveled much and studied social questions in France and Germany. He was of an aristocratic family and his brother and uncle were both high officers in the army. Thrane was imprisoned in 1851, the movement crushed as an attempt at revolution, and when he got out of prison, in 1858, he found no field for his labor. In 1863 he migrated to America, edited a little Norwegian Socialist paper at Chicago in the early seventies, lectured a good deal over the western States, and died at Eau Claire, Wis., in 1890.

After the clearly Socialistic movement under the leadership of Thrane came another movement purely social, the so-called Labor Societies, established by Eilert Sunot. He preached cleanliness and thrift and was a direct follower of Wergeland, with more sense of the practical. In his Labor Societies there was room for all classes and trades and everybody was invited.

Sunot's Labor Societies had no tie between them, and still existing, they have taken different currents of evolution. Some have raised the Socialist flag, some are utterly conservative.

The more direct heirs of Thrane's movement were the radical politicians and the radical party whose work lies between 1882-98. The leader in this great and successful movement was a lawyer, Johann Sverdrup, afterward prime minister. Sverdrup was a true democrat, especially in the first two-thirds time of his career. In his old age he failed. Johannes Steen, who took the leadership of the party after Sverdrup, is also to be mentioned with honor in the history of democracy in Norway. The radical party took up almost all the purely political parts of Thrane's program, and on that winning a government majority, gave the country many democratic reforms, winding up the work with the universal suffrage for men in state and municipality, and for women in the municipality, in 1898-1901. There are yet some restrictions in regard to women voting. It is a long chain of school reforms, suffrage reforms, administration reforms, jury reforms, etc. But purely economic questions have not been considered in proportion to their growth, and lately the party has shown conservative tendencies and some corruption.

Under these conditions the Socialist Labor Party of Norway has grown up since 1885, when the first Socialist unions were formed at Kristiania and Bergen. Foremost in the movement have stood Chr. H. Knudsen, Dr. Oscar Nissen, Ludwig Meyer, C. Jeppesen, O. G. Gjosteen and others. These men are still the leaders, with the exception of the last-named, who has acted more independently in later years.

The party was formally constituted at a congress held at Arendal in 1887. Since then it has had a steady growth. Hindered by the restrictions of the suffrage, it was not until 1894 that it could take part independently in the elections. It polled that year 537 votes, which, of course, did not fully represent our strength then. At the municipal elections, later on in the same year, we polled 900 votes, and at the state elections in 1897 about 1,000—these being only one-tenth of our real strength. At the municipal elections in 1898, when the new method of proportional vote was introduced, we had 1,765

votes in Kristiania and Bergen, and in fifteen municipalities where we had separate lists we elected about fifty of our candidates in all. At the state elections in 1900 we polled in all little more than 7,000 votes, but, as the elections of parliamentary candidates are indirect, and for large districts with four or five candidates together, we could not elect any of our men. Our real voting strength in 1900 can be numbered at over 10,000. In 1901, at the municipal elections, the women also, to a fairly wide extent, had votes. Our party elected in twenty-two municipalities, where we put up lists, 147 councillors. There are no reliable statistics showing our strength that year, but it can securely be put at 25,000.

The party organization is almost exclusively founded on trade unions. The growth of our organization is shown in the following table of unions which have joined the party:

Year.	Unions.	Total Membership.
1898.....	105	9,810
1899.....	114	10,655
1900.....	150	10,921
1902.....	211	12,000

The Socialist press of Norway consists of three dailies, one at Kristiania, the *Socialdemokraten*, with a circulation of 8,000; one at Bergen, the *Arbeidet* (Labor), with a circulation of 2,000, and one at Trondhjem, *Ny Tid* (New Time), with a circulation of 1,500. Far north of the polar circle, at Karlo, a Socialist paper is published three times a week. It is nicely gotten up and well edited by the parish minister at the place, Dr. Fil. Alfred Eriksen. The paper bears the well-chosen name, *Nordlys* (Northlight: Aurora Borealis). A weekly Socialist paper is published at Savanger, and a monthly, *Det Tjvende Aarhundrede* (The Twentieth Century) at Kristiania.

In connection with the radical party there is also a kind of labor organization, but it has been of no importance and has not shown any independence. More interesting is an organization which was formed in 1894 by the conservative party and called "The Labor Union of 1894." It is a unique affair, as its work has chiefly been to prevent the adoption of universal suffrage, or the extension of the right to vote to the laborers! It is proper to state here that this organization has been the laughingstock of every thinking man and has had little adhesion and no influence.

Norway is a country of not many large fortunes, and not very deep poverty; the misery of the very densely populated great industrial centers has not been felt intensely here. Our largest city, Kristiania, has only 235,000 inhabitants, and our next largest, Bergen, 100,000.\* Trondhjem and Stavanger have about 40,000 each. The small cultivated areas yield good harvests of potatoes, barley, oats, rye, and some wheat. Fruit also grows fairly well: apples, peaches, plums, cherries, and even grapes. In June all the hillsides are red with the finest wild strawberries, and there is much big and small game in the woods. The country's chief resources, though, are its forests and fisheries. The climate is pleasant and the people strong and happy. But the grasp of capitalism is now beginning to be more tightly felt, and the fairly well educated laborer is awakening rapidly. The present year has seen more Socialistic growth in Norway than ever before. Unions are being formed in every corner of the country, and our agitation is carried on everywhere.

\* According to the last census Kristiania has 227,626 inhabitants and Bergen 62,251, but industrially the number given here is correct as part of both those cities officially belongs to the country. Nowegian cities outgrow their limits and are very conservative in regard to extension.

\* Wergeland was a very radical almost revolutionary nature. His work was supported financially by King Charles XIV. Jean (Ber-)

## News From Nowhere.

By William Morris.

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER XXV.

## Still Up The Thames.



As we went down to the boat next morning, Walter could not quite keep off the subject of last night, though he was more hopeful than he had been then, and seemed to think that if the unlucky homicide could not be got to go over sea, he might at any rate go and live somewhere in the neighborhood pretty much by himself; at any rate, that was what he himself had proposed. To Dick, and, I must say, to me also, this seemed a strange remedy; and Dick said as much. Quoth he:

"Friend Walter, don't set the man brooding on the tragedy by letting him live alone. That will only strengthen his idea that he has committed a crime, and you will have him killing himself in good earnest."

Said Clara: "I don't know. If I may say what I think of it, it is that he had better have his fill of gloom now, and, so to say, wake up presently to see how little need there has been for it; and then he will live happily afterward. As for his killing himself, you need not be afraid of that; for, from all you tell me, he is really very much in love with the woman; and, to speak plainly, until his love is satisfied, he will not only stick to life as tightly as he can, but will also make the most of every event of his life—will, so to say, hug himself up in it; and I think that this is the real explanation of his taking the whole matter with such an excess of tragedy."

Walter looked thoughtful, and said: "Well, you may be right; and perhaps we should have treated it all more lightly; but you see, guest" (turning to me), such things happen so seldom that when they do happen we cannot help being much taken up with it. For the rest, we are all inclined to excuse our poor friend for making us so unhappy, on the ground that he does it out of an exaggerated respect for human life and its happiness. Well, I will say no more about it; only this: will you give me a cast up stream, as I want to look after a lonely habitation for the poor fellow, since he will have it so, and I hear that there is one which would suit us very well on the downs beyond Streatley; so if you will put me ashore there I will walk up the hill and look to it."

"Is the house in question empty?" said I.

"No," said Walter, "but the man who lives there will go out of it, of course, when he hears that we want it. You see, we think that the fresh air of the downs and the very emptiness of the landscape will do our friend good."

"Yes," said Clara, smiling, "and he will not be so far from his beloved that they cannot easily meet if they have a mind to—as they certainly will."

This talk had brought us down to the boat, and we were presently afloat on the beautiful broad stream, Dick driving the prow swiftly through the windless water of the early summer morning, for it was not yet six o'clock. We were at the lock in a very little time; and as we lay rising and rising on the incoming water, I could not help wondering that my old friend the pound-lock, and that of the very simplest and most rural kind, should hold its place there; so I said:

"I have been wondering, as we passed lock after lock, that you people, so prosperous as you are, and especially since you are so anxious for pleasant work to do, have not invented something which would get rid of this clumsy business of going upstairs by means of these rude contrivances."

Dick laughed. "My dear friend," said he, "as long as water has the clumsy habit of running down hill, I fear we must humor it by going upstairs when we have our faces turned from the sea. And really, I don't see why you should fall foul of Maple-Durham lock, which I think a very pretty place."

There was no doubt about the latter assertion, I thought, as I looked up at the overhanging boughs of the great trees, with the sun coming glittering through the leaves, and listened to the song of the summer black-birds as it mingled with the sound of the back-water near us. So, not being able to say why I wanted the locks away—which, indeed, I didn't do at all—I held my peace. But Walter said:

"You see, guest, this is not an age of inventions. The last epoch did all that for us, and we are now content to use such of its inventions as we find handy, and leaving those alone which we don't want. I believe, as a matter of fact, that some time ago (I can't give you a date) some elaborate machinery was used for the locks, though people did not go so far as to try to make the water run up hill. However, it was troublesome, I suppose, and the simple hatches, and the gates, with a big counterpoising beam, were found to answer every purpose, and were easily mended when wanted, with material always to hand: so here they are, as you see."

"Besides," said Dick, "this kind of lock is pretty, as you can see; and I can't help thinking that your machine-lock winding up like a watch, would have been ugly and would have spoiled the look of the river: and that is surely reason enough for keeping such locks as these. Good-bye, old fellow!" said he to the lock, as he pushed us out through the now open gates by a vigorous stroke of the boat-hook. "May you live long, and have your green old age renewed forever!"

On we went; and the water had the familiar aspect to me of the days before Pangbourne had been thoroughly cocknified, as I have seen it. It (Pangbourne) was distinctly a village still—*i.e.*, a definite group of houses, and as pretty as might be. The beech-woods still covered the hill that rose above Basildon; but the flat fields beneath them were much more populous than I remembered them, as there were five large houses in sight, very carefully designed so as not to hurt the character of the country. Down on the green lip of the river, just where the water turns toward the Goring and Streatley reaches, were half a dozen girls playing about on the grass. They hailed us as we were about passing them, as they noted that we were travelers, and we stopped a minute to talk with them. They had been bathing, and were light clad and bare-footed, and were bound for the meadows on the Berkshire side, where the haymaking had begun, and were passing the time merrily enough till the Berkshire folk came in their punt to fetch them. At first nothing would content them but we must go with them into the hayfield, and breakfast with them; but Dick put forward his theory of beginning the hay-harvest higher up the water, and not spoiling my pleasure therein by giving me a taste of it elsewhere, and they gave way, though unwillingly. In revenge they asked me a great many questions about the country I came from and the manners of life there, which I found rather puzzling to answer; and doubtless what answers I did give were puzzling enough to them. I noticed both with these pretty girls and with everybody else we met, that in default of serious news, such as we had heard at Maple-Durham, they were eager to discuss all the little details of life; the weather, the hay crop, the last new house, the plenty or lack of such and such birds, and so on; and they

## THE COMRADE.

talked of these things not in a fatuous and conventional way, but as taking, I say, real interest in them. Moreover, I found that the women knew as much about all these things as the men: could name a flower, and knew its qualities; could tell you the habitat of such and such birds and fish, and the like.

It is almost strange what a difference this intelligence made in my estimate of the country life of that day; for it used to be said in past times, and, on the whole, truly, that outside their daily work country people knew little of the country, and at least could tell you nothing about it; while here were these people as eager about all the goings on in the fields and woods and downs as if they had been Cockneys newly escaped from the tyranny of bricks and mortar.

I may mention as a detail worth noticing that not only did there seem to be a great many more birds about of the non-predatory kinds, but their enemies the birds of prey were also commoner. A kite hung over our heads as we passed Medmenham yesterday; magpies were quite common in the hedgerows; I saw several sparrow-hawks, and I think a merlin; and now just as we were passing the pretty bridge which had taken the place of Basildon railway bridge, a couple of ravens croaked above our boat, as they sailed off to the higher ground of the downs. I concluded from all this that the days of the gamekeeper were over, and did not even need to ask Dick a question about it.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

#### THE OBSTINATE REFUSERS.



BEFORE we parted from these girls we saw two sturdy young men and a woman putting off from the Berkshire shore, and then Dick bethought him of a little banter of the girls, and asked them how it was that there was nobody of the male kind to go with them across the water, and where their boats were gone to. Said one, the youngest of the party: "O, they have got the big punt to lead stone from up the water."

"Who do you mean by 'they,' dear child?" said Dick.

Said an older girl, laughing: "You had better go and see them. Look there," and she pointed northwest, "don't you see building going on there?"

"Yes," said Dick, "and I am rather surprised at this time of the year; why are they not haymaking with you?"

The girls all laughed at this, and before their laugh was over, the Berkshire boat had run on to the grass and the girls stepped in lightly, still sniggering, while the new comers gave us the sele of the day. But before they were under way again, the tall girl said: "Excuse us for laughing, dear neighbors, but we have had some friendly bickering with the builders up yonder, and as we have no time to tell you the story, you had better go and ask them: they will be glad to see you—if you don't hinder their work."

They all laughed again at that, and waved us a pretty farewell as the punters set them over toward the other shore, and left us standing on the bank beside our boat.

"Let us go and see them," said Clara; "that is, if you are not in a hurry to get to Streatley, Walter?"

"O, no," said Walter, "I shall be glad of the excuse to have a little more of your company."

So we left the boat moored there, and went on up the slow slope of the hill; but I said to Dick on the way, being somewhat mystified: "What was all that laughing about? what was the joke!"

"I can guess pretty well," said Dick; "some of them up there have got a piece of work which interests them, and they won't go to the haymaking, which doesn't matter at all, because there are plenty of people to do such easy-hard work as that; only, since haymaking is a regular festival, the neighbors find it amusing to jeer good-humoredly at them."

"I see," said I, "much as if in Dickens' time some young people were so wrapped up in their work that they wouldn't keep Christmas."

"Just so," said Dick, "only these people need not be young, either."

"But what did you mean by easy-hard work?" said I.

Quoth Dick: "Did I say that? I mean work that tries the muscles and hardens them and sends you pleasantly weary to bed, but which isn't trying in other ways: doesn't harass you in short. Such work is always pleasant if you don't overdo it. Only, mind you, good mowing requires some little skill. I'm a pretty good mower."

This talk brought us up to the house that was a-building, not a large one, which stood at the end of a beautiful orchard surrounded by an old stone wall. "O, yes, I see," said Dick; "I remember, a beautiful place for a house; but a starveling of a nineteenth century house stood there: I am glad they are rebuilding; it's all stone, too, though it need not have been in this part of the country: my word, though, they are making a neat job of it: but I wouldn't have made it all ashlar."

Walter and Clara were already talking to a tall man clad in his mason's blouse, who looked about forty, but was I dare say older, who had his mallet and chisel in hand; there were at work in the shed and on the scaffold about half a dozen men and two women, blouse-clad like the carles, while a very pretty woman who was not in the work, but was dressed in an elegant suit of blue linen, came sauntering up to us with her knitting in her hand. She welcomed us, and said, smiling: "So you are come up from the water to see the Obstinate Refusers; where are you going haymaking, neighbors?"

"O, right up above Oxford," said Dick; "it is rather a late country. But what share have you got with the Refusers, pretty neighbor?"

Said she, with a laugh: "O, I am the lucky one who doesn't want to work; though sometimes I get it, for I serve as model to Mistress Philippa there when she wants one: she is our head carver; come and see her."

She led us up to the door of the unfinished house, where a rather little woman was working with mallet and chisel on the wall near by. She seemed very intent on what she was doing, and did not turn round when we came up; but a taller woman, quite a girl she seemed, who was at work near by, had already knocked off, and was standing looking from Clara to Dick with delighted eyes. None of the others paid much heed to us.

The blue-clad girl laid her hand on the carver's shoulder and said: "Now, Philippa, if you gobble up your work like that, you will soon have none to do; and what will become of you then?"

The carver turned around hurriedly, and showed us the face of a woman of forty (or so she seemed), and said rather pettishly, but in a sweet voice:

"Don't talk nonsense, Kate, and don't interrupt me if you can help it." She stopped short when she saw us, then went on with the kind smile of welcome which never failed us. "Thank you for coming to see us, neighbors; but I am sure that you won't think me unkind if I go on with my work, especially when I tell you that I was ill and unable to do anything all through April and May; and this open air and the sun and the work together, and my feeling well again, too, make a mere delight of every hour to me; and excuse me. I must go on."

She fell to work accordingly on a carving in low relief of flowers and figures, but talked on amidst her mallet strokes: "You see, we all think this the prettiest place for a house up and down these reaches; and the site has been so long encumbered with an unworthy one that we masons were determined to pay off fate and destiny for once, and build the prettiest house we could compass here—and so—and so—"

Here she lapsed into mere carving, but the tall foreman came up and said: "Yes, neighbors, that is it; so it is going to be all ashlar because we want to carve a kind of a wreath

## THE COMRADE.



Illustrations by H. G. Jentzsch.

of flowers and figures all around it; and we have been much hindered by one thing or other—Philippa's illness amongst others—and though we could have managed our wreath without her—

"Could you, though?" grumbled the last-named from the face of the wall.

"Well, at any rate, she is our best carver, and it would not have been kind to begin the carving without her. So you see," said he, looking at Dick and me, "we really couldn't go hay-making, could we, neighbors? But you see, we are getting on so fast now with this splendid weather, that I think we may well spare a week or ten days at wheat harvest; and won't we go at *that* work then! Come down then to the acres that lie north and by west here at our backs and you shall see good harvesters, neighbors."

"Hurrah for a good brag!" called a voice from the scaffold above us; "our foreman thinks that an easier job than putting one stone on another!"

There was a general laugh at this sally, in which the tall foreman joined; and with that we saw a lad bringing out a little table into the shadow of the stone-shed, which he set down there, and then going back, came out again with the inevitable big wickered flask and tall glasses, whereon the foreman led us up to due seats on blocks of stone, and said:

"Well, neighbors, drink to my brag coming true, or I shall think you don't believe me! Up there!" said he, hailing the scaffold, "are you coming down for a glass?" Three of the workmen came running down the ladder as men with good "building legs" will do; but the others didn't answer, except the joker (if he must be so called), who called out without turning around: "Excuse me, neighbors for not getting down. I must get on; my work is not superintending, like the gaffer's yonder; but you fellows, send us up a glass to drink the hay-maker's health." Of course, Philippa would not turn away

from her beloved work, but the other woman carver came; she turned out to be Philippa's daughter, but was a tall, strong girl, black-haired and gipsy-like of face, and curiously solemn of manner. The rest gathered around us and clinked glasses, and the men on the scaffold turned about and drank to our healths; but the busy little woman by the door would have none of it, but only shrugged her shoulders when her daughter went up to her and touched her.

So we shook hands and turned our backs on the Obstinate Refusers, went down the slope to our boat, and before we had gone many steps heard the full tune of tinkling trowels mingle with the humming of the bees and the singing of the larks above the little plain of Basildon.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### THE UPPER WATERS.



WE set Walter ashore on the Berkshire side, amidst all the beauties of Streatley, and so went our ways into what 'once would have been the deeper country under the foot-hills of the White Horse; and though the contrast between half-cocknified and wholly unsophisticated country existed no longer, a feeling of exultation rose within me (as it

used to do) at sight of the familiar and still unchanged hills of the Berkshire range.

We stopped at Wallingford for our mid-day meal; of course all signs of squalor and poverty had disappeared from the streets of the ancient town, and many ugly houses had been taken down and many pretty new ones built; but I thought it curious that the town still looked like the old place I remembered so well; for indeed it looked like that ought to have looked.

## THE COMRADE.

At dinner we fell in with an old, but very bright and intelligent man, who seemed in a country way to be another edition of old Hammond. He had an extraordinary detailed knowledge of the ancient history of the countryside from the time of Alfred to the days of the Parliamentary Wars, many events of which, as you may know, were enacted around about Wallingford; but, what was more interesting to us, he had detailed record of the period of the change to the present state of things, and told us a great deal about it, and especially of that exodus of the people from the town to the country, and the gradual recovery by the town-bred people on one side, and the country-bred people on the other, of those arts of life which they had each lost; which loss, as he told us, had at one time gone so far that not only was it impossible to find a carpenter or a smith in a village or a small country town, but that people in such places had even forgotten how to bake bread, and that at Wallingford, for instance, the bread came down with the newspapers by an early train from London, worked in some way, the explanation of which I could not understand. He told us also that the townspeople who came into the country need to pick up the agricultural arts by carefully watching the way in which the machines worked, gathering an idea of handicraft from machinery; because at that time almost everything in and about the fields was done by elaborate machines used quite unintelligently by the laborers. On the other hand, the old men among the laborers managed to teach the younger ones gradually a little artisanship, such as the use of the saw and the plane, the work of the smithy, and so forth; for once more, by that time it was as much as—or rather, more than—a man could do to fix an ash pole to a rake by handiwork; so that it would take a machine worth a thousand pounds, a group of workmen, and half a day's traveling to do five shillings' worth of work. He showed us, among other things, an account of a certain village council who were working hard at all this business; and the record of their intense earnestness in getting to the bottom of some matter which in time past would have been thought quite trivial, as, for example, the due proportions of alkali and oil for soap-making for the village wash, or the exact heat of the water into which a leg of mutton should be plunged for boiling—all this pointed to the utter absence of anything like party feeling, which even in a village assembly would certainly have made its appearance in an earlier epoch, was very amusing, and at the same time instructive.

This old man, whose name was Henry Morsom, took us, after our meal and a rest, into a biggish hall which contained a large collection of articles of manufacture and art from the last days of the machine period to that day; and then he went over them with us, and explained them with great care. They also were very interesting, showing the transition from the make-shift work of the machines (which was at about its worst a little after the Civil War before told of) into the first years of the new handicraft period. Of course, there was much overlapping of the periods, and at first the new handiwork came in very slowly.

"You must remember," said the old antiquary, "that the handicraft was not the result of what used to be called material necessity; on the contrary, by that time the machines had been so much improved that almost all necessary work might have been done by them; and indeed many people at that time, and before it, used to think that machinery would entirely supersede handicraft; which certainly, on the face of

it, seemed more than likely. But there was another opinion, far less logical, prevalent among the rich people before the days of freedom; which did not die out at once after that epoch had begun. This opinion, which, from all I can learn, seemed as natural then as it seems absurd now, was that while the ordinary daily work of the world would be done entirely by automatic machinery, the energies of the more intelligent part of mankind would be set free to follow the higher forms of the arts, as well as science and the study of history. It was strange, was it not, that they should thus ignore that aspiration after complete equality which we now recognize as the bond of all happy human society?"

I did not answer, but thought the more. Dick looked thoughtful, and said:

"Strange, neighbor? Well, I don't know. I have often heard my old kinsman say the one aim of all people before our time was to avoid work, or at least they thought it was; so, of course, the work which their daily life forced them to do seemed more like work than that which they seemed to choose for themselves."

"True enough," said Morsom. "Anyhow, they soon began to find out their mistake, and that only slaves and slaveholders could live solely by setting machines going."

Clara broke in here, flushing a little as she spoke: "Was not their mistake once more bred of the life of slavery that they had been living?—a life which was always looking upon everything, except mankind, animate and inanimate—'nature,' as people used to call it—as one thing, and mankind as another. It was natural to people thinking in this way that they should try to make 'nature' their slave, since they thought 'nature' was something outside them."

"Surely," said Morsom; "and they were puzzled as to what to do, till they found the feeling against a mechanical life, which had begun before the Great Change among people who had leisure to think of such things, was spreading insensibly; till at last, under the guise of pleasure that was not supposed to be work, work that was pleasure began to push out the mechanical toil, which they had once hoped at the best to reduce to narrow limits indeed, but never to get rid of; and which, moreover, they found they could not limit as they had hoped to do."

"When did this new revolution gather head?" said I.

"In the half-century that followed the Great Change," said Morsom, "it began to be noteworthy; machine after machine was quietly dropped under the excuse that the machines could not produce works of art, and that works of art were more and more called for. Look here," he said, "here are some of the works of that time—rough and unskillful in handiwork, but solid, and showing some sense of pleasure in the making."

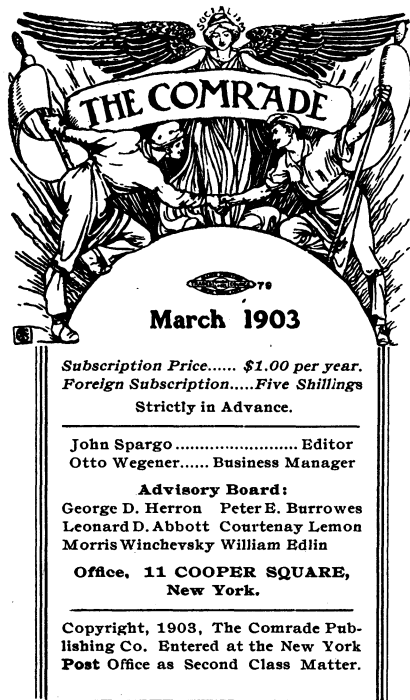
"They are very curious," said I, taking up a piece of pottery from among the specimens which the antiquary was showing us; "not a bit like the work of either savages or barbarians, and yet with what would once have been called a hatred of civilization impressed upon them."

"Yes," said Morsom, "you must not look for delicacy there; in that period you could only have got that from a man who was practically a slave. But now, you see," said he, leading me on a little, "we have learned the trick of handicraft, and have added the utmost refinement of workmanship to the freedom of fancy and imagination."

(To be continued.)



## THE COMRADE.



### EDITORIAL.



N Victor Hugo's story, "By Order of the King," there is a scathing chapter upon the degradation and abuse of childhood by that falsely-named monster, Civilization. Written many years ago, it is nevertheless a terrible arraignment of an evil which exists in every part

of this great republic to-day. Read the book and let the great French humanist's indignation possess your soul. For there is work to be done—the freeing of the thousands of child-slaves whose helpless suffering mocks and threatens all that is best and dearest in our national life. To that work must be brought all the force of an enraged national conscience determined upon its accomplishment.

There is nothing more terrible in the whole hideous phantasmagoria of capitalism than the enslavement and degradation of children. And nowhere, at any time, has childhood been more brutally enslaved and degraded than in this country, at this time. As we look back upon that dark, sordid page of English history, the beginning of the last century, and read of the horrors against which those brave and good men, Robert Owen, Richard Oastler, Lord Ashley, and others, fought so nobly and well, how we shudder! How ghastly it all seems! How incredible the inhumanity of that great Christian nation! But not even in those awful records can we find anything worse than can be found in every one of the industrial States of the Union to-day. Not only in Alabama, Georgia, and the two Carolinas, but in the self-righteous North, where the horrors of the child-slavery of the South are piously protested against; in the glass works of New Jersey, the sweatshops of New York, and the mines of Pennsylvania, no less than in the cotton mills of the South, does child labor exist.

Dr. William H. Maxwell, Superintendent of Public Schools of New York City, recently delivered an address at the annual dinner of the Doctors of Pedagogy of New York, in which he insisted upon this in a manner that does him credit. We quote from the *Times*:

"When you go back to the early years of the nineteenth century, and read the accounts of children's sufferings due to the cruelty of slave-drivers, your hearts are apt to cry out in anguish. Just think of to-day. Think of to-day in these great United States, children five and six years old, working from 6 in the morning until 6 in the evening, and at the hardest and most trying kind of labor. These children are being ruined by thousands by the manufacturers. It is killing the whole white race of the South.

"It may be surprising, but it is the absolute truth, that things just as bad are going on right here in New York City. Child slavery thrives here in greater proportion than in the South.

"There are parts of this city where little children are driven to work early in the morning for two hours and then sent to our American schools, and after school are forced into sweatshops, where they are obliged to work from 3 in the afternoon until 11 o'clock at night."

As in all other countries, the Socialist Party is the only political party which declares against this gigantic and widespread evil. When it was not quite so fashionable as now, the Socialists of the country almost alone protested against it. But is that enough? Is it not our special duty and mission to force the question to the front? Surely, if we are to faithfully represent the interests of the working class, the answer must be yes! For our part, we wish that the comrades throughout the country would take up this and kindred questions in real earnest. Why should not the Socialist Party (Social Democratic Party in New York and Wisconsin) make this the subject of special agitation? It is a working-class question—it is the children of the workers who are enslaved—and it is the duty of the Socialist Party, as the party of the working class, to take the lead in all such matters. We cannot afford to leave these questions to the mere "reformer." Comrades, it is high time to stir ourselves!

\* \* \*

The present outlook for the British trade unions is decidedly not encouraging. A few legal decisions have shattered the whole fabric of trade unionism and rendered all the struggles of a century almost, if not entirely, abortive. Because of the well-known fact that the decisions of the English courts are largely followed in this country the position is not without interest, and peril, for the unions here. In the first place, the decision in the famous Taff Vale Railway case, confirmed by the House of Lords itself, renders the union funds and property liable to attachment for damages to compensate the employers for loss suffered in case of a strike; and since there can never be, by the very nature of a strike, any sort of a strike which does not involve some loss on the part of the employers, it is not easy to see how the unions are to exist at all as forces for the protection and advancement of the interests of the workers. The British trade unions have always prided themselves upon their financial strength, but now that their funds—and not merely their strike funds, but all funds, even those set aside for benevolent purposes—are liable to attachment, what can they do? Unpleasant as it may be, the fact is that until the workers of Great Britain are strong enough, and wise enough, to take possession of the means of government, their trade unionism must be a very slender reed. And what will our American unions do when such decisions become common here?

And now, as if to make doubly sure of crushing the unions out of existence, comes the decision of the British Court of Appeals in the case of the Denaby Main Colliery Co. against the Miners' Association of Yorkshire.

This decision is scarcely less important than that of the Taff Vale case. Briefly stated, the facts are as follows: Early last year the miners employed at the Denaby Main Colliery sought to be paid for what is known as "bag dirt." Believing they had a legal claim they first brought action in the County Court. The verdict being against them, and failing in their negotiations, they went out on strike without giving proper notice. The union officials, however, refused to sanction the strike unless the members worked their full notice. The employers on their part sued the men for breach of contract, and they were individually mulcted in damages to the extent of about \$30. Then they reconsidered their position and decided to go back and work the required fourteen days' notice. At the pit top, however, they were told that they would not be allowed to work even the fourteen days unless they signed a book containing several new rules. To this the men objected, but presuming upon an old legal custom, went to the pit top every morning for fourteen days only to be sent home again. This, naturally enough, was construed as a lockout and the union officials allowed the men the usual benefits.

So far good and well. But there was employed at the colliery a sort of sub-contractor named Howden. He worked for some time after the lockout began, but when the mine was completely shut down, he too was thrown idle and came upon the union funds. Now, this man applied to the famous judge, Mr. Justice Grantham, for an injunction to prohibit the payment of any of the union funds to the locked-out men. It came out in the hearing of the case that while the action was entered in Howden's name, the real pursuers were the Denaby Main Colliery Co., and that they were paying the whole of the expenses involved, Howden himself living luxuriously in London at the company's expense. Mr. Justice Grantham, notorious for his hostility to organized labor, granted the injunction, and upon appeal his decision has been sustained. Now the position of the union officials is being seriously discussed. If they have acted illegally in paying away something like \$150,000 of the union funds, as is implied by the verdict in the case, they may be held liable to refund that amount, or be sent to prison. And it is evident that the colliery company will now have good grounds for an action against any committee or combination of any kind which renders financial assistance to the locked-out men.

At the present time, therefore, the position of trade unionism in England is a most precarious one. This decision makes it possible for the employers, by having only one of their hirelings enrolled as member of the union, to prevent the union, no matter how large its funds, from paying to its members the funds they have themselves subscribed. And the same rule holds good in the case of any sympathetic assistance of one union by another. And by the Taff Vale decision any union is to be held responsible and liable in heavy damages for any illegal action committed by its most irresponsible member. As in the other case, any individual hireling of the employers, by committing an assault upon any of the employers or their agents, or by an attack upon their property, can render the union liable for damages, and its property attachable, for the total loss suffered by the employers in a strike. Under such circumstances trade unionism cannot be anything more than a toy—a pitiable farce.

We have not the slightest doubt that these judgments will be extensively followed in this country and it is pertinent to inquire of the trade union "leaders" what they propose to do. Will the purblind "no-politics-in-the-union" philosophers of the American Federation of Labor move in time, or is their torpor too great? What have Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell to say? S.

## Socialism and Social-Democracy: The Origin of Our Names.

By John Spargo.



It is difficult for us to-day, so accustomed are we to their use, to realize that the words "Socialism" and "Socialist" are quite new words, being in fact only some seventy years old. Yet such is the case. These words, which now play such an important part in the language and literature of every civilized country in the world, are of very recent origin.

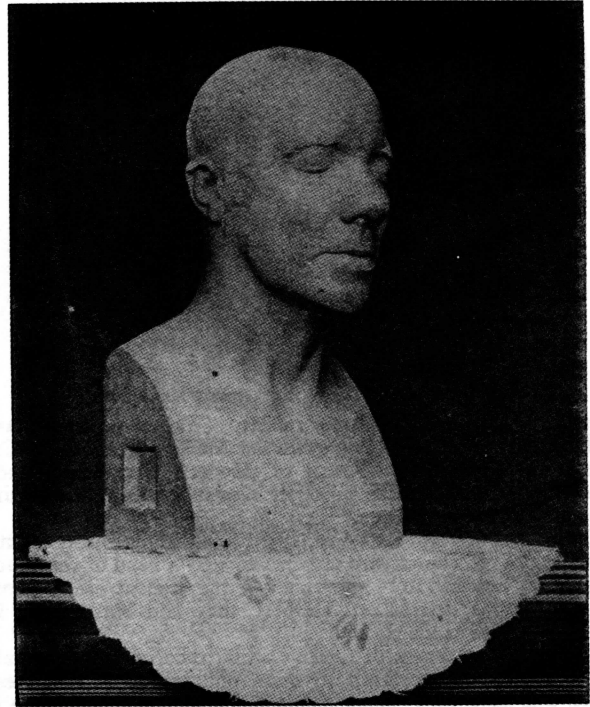
It is to Robert Owen that the imperishable honor of having "coined" these words is by common consent ascribed; but, singularly enough, although all the contemporaries of Owen acknowledged him as the author of the words, and he himself, I believe, claimed that honor, the first instance on record of the use of the word in print is by an unknown writer. In 1831, Henry Hetherington, the well-known English Pioneer Chart-ist, in his fight for a free "unstamped" press, began the publication of a paper called *The Poor Man's Guardian*, "A Weekly Paper for the People, published in Defiance of Law to Try the Power of Might Against Right," and in this paper, on the 24th day of August, 1833, appeared a letter signed "A Socialist." No earlier instance of the word has, I believe, ever been found. The phraseology of this letter is that of the early Owen agitation, and it is quite evident that its author used the word Socialist as a synonym for "Owenite," the name popularly given to Robert Owen's followers. The general opinion is that the new word had been used and to some extent popularized by Owen in his propaganda before this appearance of it in print.

Of Owen's life and work the main features are well known. Whatever the verdict of time upon his social experiments and philosophy, it must be admitted that he was one of the most remarkable men of his own or any age. He was born in the little village of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, on May 14, 1771. His parents were poor, though at one time they seemed to have possessed a fairly good income, for the son relates that they were at one time possessed of an estate the yearly income of which was \$2,500. This estate, he alleges, they lost through the treachery of their lawyer. How humble their circumstances were may be judged from the fact that at eight years of age young Robert, who had already learned to read Milton's "Paradise Lost" and to write legibly, had to provide for his own further tuition by becoming a sort of usher or assistant to his teacher!

At ten years of age he set out for London to make his own way in the world, becoming an apprentice to a Stamford draper. Fortunately, he was able here to spend several hours a day in the well-selected library of his master, thus gratifying his youthful ambitions for learning.

At eighteen, Owen entered into partnership with a man named Jones for the manufacture of the newly-invented machines for spinning cotton; but, finding Jones an unsatisfactory partner, he withdrew, and began cotton spinning on his own account, making something like \$1,500 profit in the first year. This was the beginning of that almost sensational commercial career which gave Robert Owen a standing as one of the foremost manufacturers of his day. "The Cotton King" he was called, and his judgment in matters of commerce was held in great respect.

It is not difficult to see how Owen succeeded in making such vast profits for himself and his associates in the various business enterprises with which he was identified. It was a period of transition in the industrial life of England. The inventions of Watt, Hargreaves, Arkwright and Crompton had brought about a revolution in the life of the nation, and the



Bust of Robert Owen: Now in the possession of Mrs. Nina Dale Parke.

country, from being an agricultural country, producing mainly for use, and even exporting foodstuffs, was fast becoming a manufacturing country, producing for foreign markets and importing its foodstuffs. To show how enormous were the profits that were made at that time, it may be mentioned that for a particular kind of fine thread for weaving into muslin, Owen received while he was associated with Mr. Drinkwater in partnership, nine pounds, eighteen shillings and sixpence per pound (about \$47.60), whereas the price of the raw cotton was only five shillings (about \$1.25). At present the difference between the price of the raw cotton and the spun yarn is only a few cents per pound. These figures tell, too, a story of wonderful changes in manufacture since Owen's day.

It is not for me in this brief article to attempt the task of recounting the story of his social experiments at New Lanark, in Scotland, and New Harmony, Ind. His success in the commercial world shows that at least he was no "mere visionary, out of touch with practical life," as has so often been said tauntingly of other Socialists; and if New Lanark and New Harmony are only "great memories," let us not be deceived into talking of his "failures." Taking all things into account, I doubt if it can be shown that any one man ever achieved such a large measure of success, or left such enduring, living monuments to bear witness to that success as Robert Owen. He laid the foundations of that great system of protective industrial legislation in England exemplified by the various Factory and Mine Acts for the protection of women and children; he laid the foundations of the great systems of Infant Education in England and America of which both nations are proud in spite of a growing sense of their inadequacy; he laid the foundations of the great co-operative move-

## THE COMRADE.



Robert Owen: The New Harmony Medallion.

ment. "Father of the Factory Acts," "Father of the Infant Educational Systems of two great nations," "Father of the Co-operative Movement," "Father of Modern Socialism"—such are the names by which posterity remembers him whose life was proclaimed a "failure."

Owen died on November 17, 1858, being in his eighty-eighth year. In the old churchyard at Newtown, by a bend of the winding river, not far from the ruins of the ancient castle home of the famous deist, Lord Herbert, they laid him to rest in the same grave as his parents.

The great weakness of Owen's social theories lay in his attaching undue importance to mere philanthropy. Doubtless there was something wonderful in the achievement, as there is in the record, of securing the sympathy and interest of such persons as the Duke of Kent, grandfather of the present King of England\*, the Dukes of Sussex, Bedford and Portland, and Lord Brougham, in England; the Grand Duke Nicholas, afterward Emperor of Russia, and the King of Saxony. There is something inspiring in the great confidence of the man presenting his memorial to the crowned heads of Europe in convention, but history's stern decree is that "the working class, to be free, must free itself." Robert Owen had not grasped the truth of the class conflict.

James Bronterre O'Brien was a very different sort of a man from Robert Owen, and although he was a remarkable thinker, to some extent a precursor of Marx, little or nothing concerning him is known by present day Socialists.

The immediate reason for coupling his name with that of Owen in this paper lies in the fact that he was the first man to use the compound terms "Social-Democrat" and "Social Democracy." For a long time the impression has prevailed that these terms are of German origin, but, as a matter of fact, as far back as 1838—years before either Lassalle, Marx or Engels had been heard of—Bronterre O'Brien had used the terms and made them quite popular in the early Chartist agitation, as a reference to the files of the *Poor Man's Guardian*, *The People's Guardian*, and Feargus O'Connor's paper, *The Northern Star*, will prove.

\*I have read somewhere, but cannot for the moment recall where, that Robert Owen was the first person, outside of the immediate members of the household, to hold the newly-born Princess Victoria—afterward Queen of England—in his arms. This is probably true. At any rate, there was a very close friendship between him and the Duke of Kent, lasting until the latter's death.—See Sidney Lee's new "Life of Queen Victoria."

James Bronterre O'Brien was the son of a wine and spirit merchant and tobacco manufacturer, and was born in the County of Longford, Ireland, in 1805. From his early childhood young O'Brien manifested a real genius for learning and we read of him studying several languages, "in which he attained considerable proficiency," before his tenth year. Soon after this his father failed in business and went to the West Indies with the view of retrieving his fortune. There illness overtook him, and he died. The boy's mother decided that he should be educated for one of the learned professions and in a few years he acquired a remarkable mastery of the Latin, Greek, French and Italian languages. He was also a brilliant mathematical scholar.

At the urgent request of Lowell Edgworth, brother of Miss Edgworth, the novelist, he joined the Edgworth School, where he soon became principal monitor. His general scholarship, and his aptitude for prose and verse writing, attracted considerable attention, and brought him many friends, among them Sir Walter Scott, the famous Scottish novelist. He remained at the Edgworth School for several years, then moved to Dublin and entered the university of that city, where he won several honors during his undergraduate course. After taking his B. A. degree, he left Ireland and entered Gray's Inn, London, to qualify for the bar.

But just as he was about to reach the goal of his ambition to be a barrister-at-law, O'Brien fell under the influence of Cobbett and Hunt, the famous radical agitators, and was drawn into the actual movement. His first public appearance on the platform took place in 1830, at a public meeting in London. Hunt spoke of the pleasure it gave him to introduce a gentleman of rare abilities to the meeting, and then called out in his blunt way: "Come up, my man, and speak for yourself." Diffident as was that first speech, many who were present predicted that the speaker would soon become one of the ablest orators of the working-class movement—a prediction that was abundantly fulfilled.

He became the editor of Hetherington's paper, *The Poor Man's Guardian*, and his work in that capacity soon made him one of the most popular leaders of the working-class movement, as he was certainly the most able. "The Chartist Schoolmaster" he was afterward dubbed, and it was a common taunt toward the other Chartists that they learned all they knew from O'Brien. It was, I believe, Feargus O'Connor who first bestowed the title of "Schoolmaster" upon him. One of the papers which abused him in a virulent article, described him as "having more in his little finger than all the other Chartist leaders put together."\* He published in 1836 a translation of "Buonarotti's History of Babeuf's Conspiracy for Equality," with copious notes and a valuable introduction. He held that all the previous so-called historians of the French Revolution were libellers chiefly, and thought Buonarotti's work well calculated to give a fairer idea of the men and events of that period. The work was highly praised by the great literary journals of England, the *Tory Quarterly Review* among them. Later, he published at "Life of Robespierre," in which, like Belfort Bax in later years in the case of Marat, he defended that great conspirator from his defamers.

His personal appearance is described by a contemporary as follows: "In stature above the middle size, of fine figure \* \* \* with the stooping posture of the profound student. \* \* \* Viewed while unpleasant thoughts were agitating his mind, he was certainly not prepossessing, but under the influence of pleasant sensations there was no man more fascinating. His lofty, broad and massive brow showed him to be a man of extraordinary ability, while that portion of the head where phrenologists have fixed benevolence was of unusual development." He was several times arrested and sent

\*It is somewhat surprising that Frederick Engels should have held the vindictive, ranting Utopist Feargus O'Connor in higher esteem than he held O'Brien.



## THE COMRADE.

to prison, but that was a common enough experience in those trying times.

O'Brien's conception of what constitutes a Social-Democrat was pretty much that which we hold to-day. He proclaimed the class war with as much force as any Marxist, and, like Marx, he vigorously attacked the pretensions of the Free Traders. No good, or very little—and certainly not sufficient to offset the capitalist gain—could come to the workers from Free Trade, unless, beforehand, land and machinery were Socialized. He taught the futility of mere political reforms, pointed out the dangers of so-called "State-Socialism," and the limitations of mere trade-union efforts. He wanted no Socialist "philanthropy," such as Owen advocated, nor did he believe it could succeed. "You cannot hand down liberty to us, we must take it ourselves," he wrote. He regarded politics as of no importance, except as a means of solving social problems. His writings are full of passages insisting upon the danger of the Chartists mistaking the means for the end. Socialism, he said, in criticism of Owen's ideas, must be democratic. Because he realized this, and that only by using political methods to create a Socialist Commonwealth in place of the existing class state, could the workers hope to be free, he called himself a Social-Democrat, and proclaimed, in season and out of season, his belief in "Social-Democracy, i. e., Democratic Socialism."

Because of the disrepute into which the word Democratic has been dragged by the party which bears that name, some of our comrades chafe at the name Social Democratic Party, which in some States the Socialist Party has to bear. For my part, however, I glory in the name and its inspiring associations, and am proud to call myself a Social Democrat.

NOTE.—For the two photographs of Robert Owen we are indebted to two of his grandchildren, Mrs. Nina Dale Parke and Mr. Horace P. Owen. They have not before been published. The medallion was discovered at New Harmony in 1899, being found beneath the floor of one of the houses of



James Bronterre O'Brien.

that historic community. On its reverse side is the following inscription:

RATIONAL  
RELIGION

Consists in the knowledge that the character of man is formed for him by the power which creates his organization, and by the external circumstances which exist around him from his birth, especially by the society with which he associates; in having charity, in consequence of this knowledge of human nature, for the convictions, feelings and conduct of the human race, and in promoting to the utmost in our power, the well being and happiness of every man, woman and child, without regard to their class, sect, party, country or color.



## The Future Is Ours.

By John Addington Symonds.



THESE things shall be! A loftier race  
Than e'er the world hath known, shall rise  
With flower of freedom in their souls  
And light of science in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong,  
To spill no drop of blood, but dare  
All that may plant man's lordship firm  
On earth, and fire, and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,  
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;  
In every heart and brain shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternity.

Woman shall be man's mate and peer  
In all things strong and fair and good,  
Still wearing on her brows the crown  
Of sinless, sacred motherhood.

New hearts shall bloom of loftier mould  
And mightier music thrill the skies,  
And every life shall be a song,  
When all the earth is paradise.

These things—they are no dreams—shall be  
For happier men when we are gone;  
Those golden days for them shall dawn,  
Transcending aught we gaze upon.

# A Love While Still 'tis Yours to Love

Translated from the German of Freiligrath.

By Edward Howard Griggs.



LOVE, while still 'tis yours to love!  
 O love, while love you still may keep!  
 The hour will come, the hour will come,  
 When you shall stand by graves and weep!

And see that warmly glows your heart  
 And love doth cherish, love doth give,  
 As long as close against it beats  
 Another heart where love doth live!

To him whose heart is opened you,  
 O all you may of kindness show!  
 And fill his every hour with joy,  
 And fill for him no hour with woe!

And govern well the hasty tongue,  
 For words unkind so soon are born!  
 O God, I did not mean it so!—  
 But ah! the other goes to mourn.

O love, while still 'tis yours to love!  
 O love, while love you still may keep!  
 The hour will come, the hour will come,  
 When you shall stand by graves and weep!



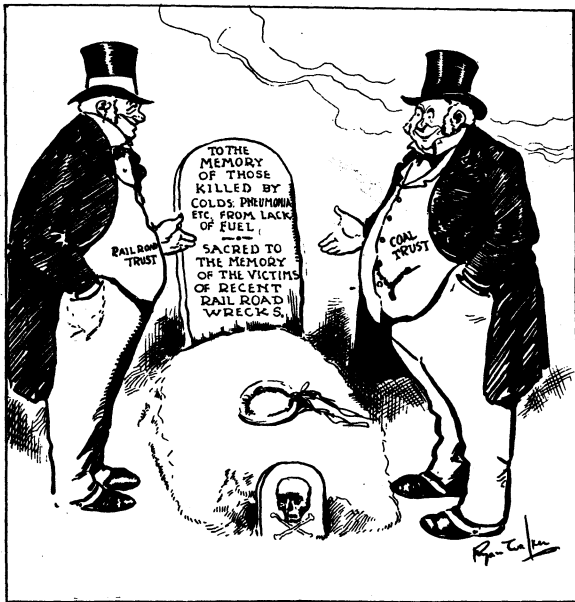
Then shall you kneel upon the grave,  
 And hide your tear-dimmed eyes  
 (Alas!  
 They see the other nevermore!)  
 In the long, dampened churchyard  
 grass.

And say: "O see me weeping here,  
 As I upon the grave bow low!  
 Forgive me, that I hurt you, dear!  
 O God, I did not mean it so!"

Nor sees nor hears he as of yore,  
 Comes not again to banish woe;  
 The oft-kissed mouth speaks nevermore,  
 "Dear, I forgave you long ago!"

He did forgive you long ago,  
 But often did the hot tears fall  
 For you and for your cruel words—  
 But peace—he rests, beyond your call!

O love, while still 'tis yours to love!  
 O love, while love you still may keep!  
 The hour will come, the hour will come,  
 When you shall stand by graves and weep!



Between them is a pretty full grave this winter.



His Success. Colonial Secretary Chamberlain authorizes the Compound System.

## Views and Reviews.



HAVE an old-fashioned liking for what I call "companionable books"—books which, above all else, give me a sense of friendship and communion with their authors. In them I seek, neither knowledge nor art, but the solace and help of friendship. I may find the knowledge and the art, but it is not these I most value in these silent friends. Your best friend may be also a profound scholar, but it is not his erudition which most endears him to you. So with these silent friends.

Just one of these companion books is Edward Howard Griggs' "A Book of Meditations," issued by W. Huebsch, this city. In this handsomely printed volume we have set out, without any attempt at order, the random impressions and fancies, in prose and verse, of a well-balanced and cultured mind. Professor Griggs is an essayist and writes in good, unaffected, but musical English. His verse is pleasing, though in the few poems given there is a great unevenness of quality. On another page will be found his translation of Freiligrath's beautiful poem, "O Love, While Still 'Tis Yours to Love," which, while far above the average, still falls short, in my judgment, of the standard set by some other translators of the same poem, notably among them the late J. L. Joynes. A cheery tone, and a fine ethical insight—these, together with a delightful poise, are the predominant features of an excellent book.

\* \* \*

Joaquin Miller, old and full of days, has gathered together and published "a final and complete" edition of his poetical works. But it is not complete. The Joaquin Miller that I have known and loved is not represented, or barely represented, in the book. It is like a good many of the "complete" editions of Swinburne, from which *my* Swinburne is entirely excluded. Poor Joaquin Miller! All the vigorous, revolutionary poems—like, for instance, the fine memorial poem to Sophie Perovskaia—have been excluded, and trumpety little jingles like that to Lillie Langtry, *alias* "The Jersey Lily," retained. Like Tennyson and so many others! What a tragedy there is in the dotage of the poets!

The old poet of the Sierras thinks he has a right to choose for us what we shall keep of his gifts. I do not concede that right: I do not contest it. But this I contend: that I am justified in measuring Miller by Miller, and choosing the bigger Miller. And the Miller of the days that knew not fear is my choice. In one of his wonderful bursts of fine, discriminating wisdom, Ruskin set the words of his young manhood firmly out of the reach of the fears of his old age. It was a prophetic utterance. And I would save Miller from himself by an appeal to the same great principle.

Yet there is fine poetry, and much of it, in this bulky volume. Some of the descriptive pieces are as fine as anything in the language. At his best—and shall we not judge every poet, and every workman, by his best?—Joaquin Miller was a great poet. "Was," for while still in the world he is no longer of the world. This volume is of interest mainly on account of the reminiscences scattered throughout its pages. There are several half-tone illustrations, none of them particularly good; the book would not be one whit injured by their omission.

\* \* \*

"The Social Unrest," by John Graham Brooks, is a book on Socialism of a type that will become more and more common in this country. As the Socialist movement grows politically, the keenest and best equipped defenders of capitalism will assail it. And, on the other hand, as the strife becomes keener and its issues are focussed in the political field, the turbulence, and the fear of turbulence, will call forth writers who, even when in sympathy with our general position, will

seek, by advocating compromises and a general truncation of principles, to make a definite triumph impossible.

There is so much in "The Social Unrest" which affords ground for argument, so much that challenges attention, that I am almost inclined to let it pass unnoticed here, and seek a less restricted medium where the exigencies of space are not so great.

It is a strangely contradictory work throughout. The arraignment of capitalism is strong and convincing, and that, coupled with the author's professed, and perhaps sincere, friendship toward the Socialist movement, may lead many of our less well-grounded comrades into an entirely unwarranted attitude of admiration. Or, what they may consider to be his "revelations" concerning the general Socialist movement, may shake their faith somewhat. Certain it is that the enemies of Socialism will base many an attack upon some of the things Mr. Brooks says. To those who are familiar with the history of the movement and its philosophy, however, there is little that is new or strange.

Mr. Brooks is somewhat elusive, and only occasionally does he make a critical statement in a manner that makes challenge or reply possible. It is generally the word of some anonymous "prominent Socialist," or some "well-known employer of labor," that is relied on to prove his case. For example, he speaks of the "best trained French and German Socialists" having admitted to him "that Marx's fundamental theory of value is unsound." This is in private, the same men apparently, judging by the context, publicly defending it. Now, this seems uncommonly like a libel, but you have no warrant for saying so: you don't know who the "best trained Socialists" referred to are. You cannot test the statement. Nothing is more unsatisfactory than this sort of thing. It looks big in print, but most students know how it must be discounted. I have heard people describe Hearst, the Democratic politician, as a "great Socialist," and I heard read not long ago a letter from an intimate friend of Walt Whitman in which Old Walt was described, even by an intimate friend, as a pretty thorough reactionary. It is so easy to find an agreement with your own thought in most private conversations! For my part, I will not accuse any of my comrades of this duplicity upon such intangible evidence. I, too, have talked with many of the "best trained" Socialists of Europe, and we have discussed various phases of the philosophy of the movement with perfect frankness; but I do not recall any serious questioning of the correctness of Marx's "Surplus Value" theory. Modifications of the general Marxian theory of value along the lines of Bohm Bawerk and Jevons have been held by some, but that is another matter. But Mr. Brooks might not agree that they should be classed with the "best trained Socialists." This is not a "refutation" of Mr. Brooks; I do not question his statement, but set mine down as equal to it on the other side. When I read Mr. Brooks's description of the late Dr. Edward Aveling as "the keenest and most faithful summarizer of Marx in England," I am entitled to question his judgment. I knew Aveling and his work too well to accept Mr. Brooks's estimate. And nine-tenths of the Socialists of England would laugh it to scorn, without at all denying the excellence and value of much of Aveling's work. Those Socialists, by no means counted among the "best trained" in our ranks, who subscribe to the so-called Jevonian theory—which is but the old supply and demand theory of Lord Lauderdale revamped—do not get away, ultimately, from the Marxian theory. Even Jevons—the "sun-spots man"—specifically admits labor to be the determining factor in value.

The purpose of Mr. Brooks throughout the entire book seems to be to show that great changes have taken place in the Socialist movement, which have struck at the roots the "vicious

## THE COMRADE.

growth" of the class fight, and that now, the class struggle having been abandoned, Marx and Engels (Mr. Brooks never spells the name of Engels correctly) having been thrown overboard, "the trade union, Socialism and business management, taken at their best, are so far in touch that a common working basis of industrial and administrative experiment is at least possible." The class-struggle is the supreme heresy to Mr. Brooks. He hails with joy the signs of its being so regarded by Socialists. He does not attempt, however, to prove it false, except by trotting out that ridiculous old saw about the middle class men who have "made the movement." Liebknecht, Marx, Engels, Lassalle, and others are named as having come from the middle class, *ergo*, there is no class antagonism. That these men themselves were forced into the movement by class antagonisms, if they themselves are to be believed, does not count! One thing is quite certain, and that is that Mr. Brooks attaches quite an undue importance to the opportunist tendencies lately displayed in Belgium and France. I venture to predict that the immediate future will see not a lessening, but an increasing of devotion to the class struggle. And while Mr. Brooks denies the existence of class antagonisms, I find abundant evidences of them in his own book. Did space permit, I could give scores of quotations from "The Social Unrest" to prove how real is the strife between the two classes in society. The existence of a bitter class struggle can often best be proved by the admissions of those who most vociferously deny it.

Our author, after pointing out that the Socialist demand for the social ownership and control of all the means of production, logically followed, would prevent a woman from using her sewing machine "to make an apron or shirt for sale on the market," exults in the fact that the "cannier Socialists" do not demand this absolute socialization and the utter exclusion of private industry it involves. There is at least nothing new in this view that much petty industry might remain in private hands in a Socialist state. Kautsky has long held this, and I might refer Mr. Brooks to certain very frank and explicit statements of this kind by Belfort Bax and others, in those debates with the late Charles Bradlaugh, in England, in the early eighties. We Socialists have never held that bureaucratic ideal which Mr. Brooks imagines.

So with the Materialist conception of history associated with the names of Marx and Engels. The scholarship of the Socialist movement has never accepted the work of those great thinkers as final. At best, their treatment of this profound theme was suggestive and fragmentary, rather than final and authoritative. The fatalism of Marx, and of those Socialists "more Marxist than Marx," has never been accepted unreservedly by some of the ablest men in the international movement. But here again the important thing is to discriminate between the accidental and the essential. While few of us agree with all that Marx said on the subject, and while important reservations have been made by many of the most scholarly men in our ranks, it is nevertheless true that the prevailing economic methods must form the *basis* of any interpretation of the history of any given epoch. That is now generally conceded, even by our opponents, and that is the essential. The fatalism is the accidental and non-essential.

Mr. Brooks makes much of what he considers to be the failure of Marx's thesis of the concentration of agricultural industry. Marx, the "prophet," the "great autocrat," the "master"—Mr. Brooks overloads poor Marx with such titles—included farming in his sweeping prediction that "the accumulation of riches at one pole was at the same time the accumulation of wretchedness, slavery, ignorance, brutalization at the other pole." But the concentration does not take place in agriculture, according to Mr. Brooks; therefore, the Socialists have abandoned Marx. Let me say here, in connection with all these various criticisms and allegations, that, upon the whole, this questioning of the work of Marx and Engels represents a wholesome tendency in the Socialist move-

ment. The most imminent danger to Socialism for a long time was the placing of these great thinkers upon a pedestal of infallible authority. I once shocked a good comrade by telling him it might have been better if Marx had been a less gifted man. It sounded uncommonly like treachery to the good comrade, but he afterward realized that I referred only to the danger of such colossal genius overawing the intelligence of the movement. Without at all accepting the criticisms of Mr. Brooks, it is refreshing to find that the old cry of "making a pope of Marx" is giving place to a sense of the self-dependence and self-sufficiency of the Socialist movement, even though it takes the form of an exultant shout that Marx is dethroned. The great thing is the unconscious admission of the intellectual self-sufficiency, the integrity, and the dynamic qualities of the movement.

But upon this question of concentration in agriculture: It is not settled yet that Marx's theory of concentration does not hold good in agriculture. As our friend, A. M. Simons, has clearly shown, there are varied forms of concentration in agriculture, generally overlooked, an adequate study of which has yet to be made. I commend "Socialism and the Farmer" to Mr. Brooks, and to the readers of his book, for its suggestiveness.

I might linger in this mildly critical mood over "The Social Unrest" indefinitely, but for the exigencies of space. One other objection must suffice. On page 273 our author says: "It is true that many artists call themselves Socialists in their hot reaction against this same commercial tyranny; but I have rarely seen one who was not in his ideal, anarchist, like William Morris, and not properly Socialist." This absurd view of Morris is so utterly unwarranted that its longevity is surprising. No less surprising is it to find one so clever as Mr. Brooks repeating it. The spirit and purpose of Morris were far from anarchism. A brief illusion as to "non-parliamentary methods of conquest" does not make a man an anarchist. I will not now attempt to convince Mr. Brooks of the absurdity of his estimate of Morris by extensive citation, though that were easy. Upon another page will be found a hitherto unpublished letter which, I venture to think, ought to convince Mr. Brooks that, "in his ideal," Morris was far from anything like anarchism.

Upon the whole, "The Social Unrest" is well written. There is an indefiniteness about most of the references given that is quite exasperating and suggestive of "cheap profundity." There is also something akin to the priggish posing of those old-fashioned writers who sprinkled their pages with Latin quotations, in the frequent use of untranslated foreign quotations in the text, which do not help but hinder the general reader. False as most of its conclusions are, dubious as many of its assertions are, it is nevertheless so brimful of suggestion as to warrant its careful study by every thoughtful student of Socialism.

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"The Goose Quill" is a magazine of literary iconoclasm published in Chicago. Like all things iconoclastic and Chicagoan, it is extremely smart in spite of its lack of attractiveness externally. Badly printed upon abominable paper, the magazine has a backwoods appearance which mocks its pretentious mission. So far as I have been able to learn, its editorial policy is that which the doughty knights of Donnybrook pursued—"Wherever you see a head, hit it."

In its last issue appeared several cartoons by our friend, Martin Anderson (*Cynicus*), some of which have already appeared in THE COMRADE. But this Donnybrook Goose editor claims, in February, 1903, to have "discovered" *Cynicus*! And so patronizing is the discoverer! How grateful the kindly cynic of Tayport must feel for being so often discovered! A few years ago it was Germany, then it was Italy, now 'tis Chicago. Meanwhile, the first edition of his "Satires," only now "discovered" by the "Goose Quill," has advanced in price from a few pence to something like fifty dollars.

## THE COMRADE.

### THE GLORIFICATION OF LABOR.

By Lucinda B. Chandler.



THE editorial in the January number of THE COMRADE afforded me satisfaction. It sounded the keynote of the world-wide symphony that man as a worker will contribute to the not far off future. It will thrill with joy and hope and courage the heart of the race.

The "Man with the Hoe" pictures in bent form and downward gaze the bondage of the centuries; of the enslaved, ignorant, beclouded worker; but through expression in art, literature and music, the worker is lifting his gaze to the sunlit dome of an illuminated mind, and is reaching to crown labor the supreme aim, honor and power of mortal existence.

While in the present social order release from servitude must involve political action, the emancipation and rightful relation of the workers in a social organism is essentially, and must become, an educational and ethical movement. It must ultimately result in a further perfection of humanity. Man is by no means finished. Social life is as yet but a crude experiment.

Not only must "the great anthems of labor and comradeship come from the ranks of labor" but the ideals, that, actualized, will enlarge, ennoble and glorify man in mental power and moral excellence, can only come through the *glorification of work* and the freedom of the worker.

No being in human form is so deplorably inferior in all that honors manhood and womanhood, that lifts humanity above the groveling nature of the crawling worm, as the man or woman who is willing to live a useless life, or upon the labor of others, and void of high aims and noble purpose; no one so degraded as one willing to secure physical comfort and material gains through confiscating the profits of the labor of others. The social ethic that has established and justifies this robbery is the stronghold to be demolished by the loving spirit of human brotherhood and the irresistible unity of co-operation.

The human parasite is engendered and nourished in the perverted moral atmosphere of commercial feudalism. Usefulness is the insignia of true nobility, and work of muscle and brain the guarantee of *worth* of mind and humanhood. The possession of the earth and all its treasures could not add value to man or woman. One human soul is greater than all the visible universe.

A man or woman is *worth* only what he or she is in character and culture of faculties. The social relation of human beings should increase the worth of individuals because calling into activity the high qualities of love, liberty and justice.

When these become the major chord in human relations, the anthem of comradeship will fill human society with harmony, and all creation will re-echo the glad song of the *worker*.

LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.



Years of the Modern! Years of the Unperform'd!

Your horizon rises, I see it parting away for more angust dramas.

I see not America only, not only Liberty's nation but other nations preparing.

I see tremendous entrances and exits, new combinations, the solidarity of races.

I see Freedom, completely arm'd and victorious, and very haughty, with Law on one side, and Peace on the other.

A stupendous trio all issuing forth against the idea of caste; What historic denouements are these we so rapidly approach?

OLD WALT.

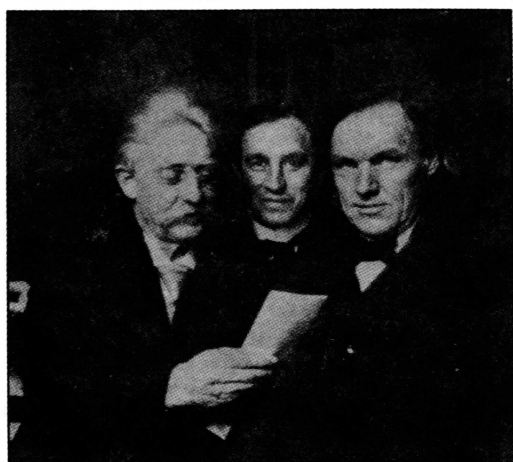
In spite of its vigor and strength, Jack London's novel, "A Daughter of the Snows," is, upon the whole, disappointing. His short stories were better. He does not seem to have the power to weld the many situations into a coherent whole. Sometimes he is crude and his portraits are caricatures. There is Frona Welse, the heroine, as a case in point. I admire so much about this strong, fearless, unconventional woman, that I cannot quite forgive London for having made her an impossibility. Take her in the supreme moments in the story, and she fails to convince. It is not the voice of a strong, brave, living woman, but of a rather tedious actress. Frona, intended to attract by her lack of self-consciousness, is all the while a most conceited *poseur*. Away from the footlights, Frona would bore a man to death. Somehow Jack London has failed to make the best of her strength and courage. To have made her hesitate between the weak and cowardly St. Vincent and Vance Corliss, both of whom love her, seems to me to be a mistake. Frona would scarcely have been likely to care for St. Vincent. Anyhow, I felt all the time that London acted unfairly to the heroine by placing her in a position where she was so unconvincing.

In the court room, where St. Vincent is being tried upon a charge of murder, she hurriedly intervenes and becomes his counsel and advocate. But even in Portia's role she is not attractive, only shrewd and tricky. And when death threatens her two companions and herself in the terrible canoe trip across the half-frozen river, she banters and makes impossible speeches. The incongruity of this is all the more jarring because of the magnificent descriptive power of the author, seen at its best in the vivid account of the trip referred to. Taking that, the scene between St. Vincent and the old Irishman, McCarthy, and the many other fine descriptive passages in the book, you have an idea of what Jack London can do. With these for a standard the book as a whole is disappointing. "A Son of the Wolf" was better. But this is the author's first novel, and, in spite of all its defects, shows him to be a force in present-day literature. I have heard and read strong criticisms of London's descriptive work. It is said that he is not true to the "local color" of the land of which he writes. This I cannot judge: I can only say that from cover to cover a feeling of the reality of the various scenes possessed me. I pin my faith to the color-sense of the author rather than to the imagined color-sense of the critics.

J. S.



### "The Miners' Trinity."



H. D. Lloyd, Pres. Mitchell, C. S. Darrow.

## To Our Readers.



WE believe that in some respects the present number of THE COMRADE is the most remarkable issue of any Socialist magazine ever published in the language. The exceptionally rare portraits and the accompanying articles alone would entitle the issue to more than passing notice. The articles by our friends, Jack London, Olav

Kringen, and others, will also, we are confident, appeal to a large number of readers.

\* \* \*

For the April issue we are pleased to announce several important contributions. George D. Herron will begin his promised series of "Meditations," Leonard D. Abbott will contribute a profusely illustrated article upon the work of the great French painter-etcher, Jean Francois Millet, and Mr. William Ellis, editor of *The Philosopher*, will write of that brilliant young American poet, Ernest McGaffey, who is already one of our contributors. "How I Became a Socialist," by Frederic Heath, editor of the *Social Democratic Herald*, and shorter contributions by Lady Florence Dixie, and others, will be included in what we hope to make a noteworthy issue.

\* \* \*

We shall also publish in our next issue a brilliant article dealing with the Coal Strike Commission, by Horace Traubel, the genial editor of the *Conservator*, and one of the editors of the magnificent "Camden Edition" of Whitman's works. Friend Traubel has long been regarded as one of the sanest and most powerful writers in America, and we believe this article to be one of the finest creations of his genius.

\* \* \*

Every Socialist who has friends connected with any of the peace societies should circulate our new pamphlet, "Socialism the Basis of Universal Peace," among them. This eloquent but simple and forceful presentation of our case by Dr. Gibbs deserves a wide circulation. Some of the best-known peace advocates in the country have written in warm terms of praise concerning it. Among ministers, members of churches, and those interested primarily in the movement for international peace, it can be used with great effect to make Socialists. Single copies, five cents; ten copies, 35 cents; twenty-five copies, 80 cents; fifty copies, \$1.40; one hundred copies, \$2.50.

\* \* \*

"Socialism and the Negro Problem," by Charles H. Vail, is a small pamphlet upon an important topic, by a distinguished writer. There is no other pamphlet upon the subject—enough said! Price: Ten copies, 20 cents; fifty copies, 75 cents; one hundred copies, \$1.25.

\* \* \*

Once more we have to thank our many friends for the generous reception accorded to our last issue. Had we the space to spare we could fill a couple of pages with extracts from letters praising it as one of the best issues so far published. For all this we are more grateful than any words of ours could express. Now, we believe that if our friends only realized how much it means to us (and to the movement in another sense) to issue this magazine, they would rally to support us by inducing others to subscribe, which is, after all, the best service they can render us. Look over the pages of this issue carefully and notice the number and quality of the illustrations, the quality of the paper and the printing. It surely does not need any special technical knowledge to convince you that it

must be by far the most expensive production of its kind. Will you not help bear the burden by inducing others to subscribe for THE COMRADE? By that means you will help us and also confer a real benefit upon your friends; and we shall be able to improve the magazine in various ways as the subscription list grows bigger. Note the special premium offer of Walter Crane's magnificent designs for framing, and prove your interest in THE COMRADE by sending in each month as many subscribers as possible. *May we not expect this service of you?*

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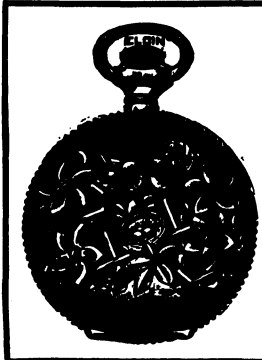
- A DAUGHTER OF THE SNOWS. By Jack London. Cloth, illustrated. 334 pages. Price, \$1.50. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.
- THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION. By Karl Kautsky. Cloth. 189 pages. Price, 50 cents. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
- COMMON PEOPLE. By Frank Oliver Hall. Cloth. 217 pages. Price, \$1.00. Boston: James H. West Company.
- \*LOYAL TRAITORS. By Raymond L. Bridgman. Cloth, 310 pages. Price, \$1.00. Boston: James H. West Company.
- \*CRITICAL CONFESSIONS, AND JOHN MARSHALL AND HIS TIMES. By Neal Brown. 259 pages. Wausau, Wis.: The Philosopher Press.
- \*SOME SONGS AND VERSES. By Frances Rosina Haswin. Ornamental boards, 153 pages. Wausau, Wis.: The Philosopher Press.
- THE SOCIAL UNREST. By John Graham Brooks. Cloth. 394 pages. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.
- \*EDWARD CARPENTER, THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE. By Tom Swan. (Brochure.) Paper, 39 pages. Manchester, Eng. Published by the author.
- \*KULOSKOP THE MASTER. By Charles Godfrey Leyland and John Dyneley Prince. Cloth, illustrated. 370 pages. New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Company.
- JOHN BROWN AND HIS MEN. By Richard Hinton. Cloth, illustrated. 752 pages. New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Company.
- A BOOK OF MEDITATIONS. By Edward Howard Griggs. Cloth. 226 pages. Price, \$1.50 net (postage extra). New York: B. W. Huebsch.
- \*THE HISTORY OF OVER SEA. By William Morris. Illustrations by Louis Rhead. Boards, Quarto, 29 pages. Price, \$1.50 net (postage extra). New York: R. H. Russell.
- HENRY ASHTON. By R. A. Dague. Cloth, 235 pages. Price, 50c. Alameda, Calif.: Published by the Author.
- \*THE JOURNAL OF ARTHUR STIRLING. Cloth xv—356 pages. Price, \$1.25 net (postage extra). New York: Appleton & Co.
- THE SUFISM OF THE RUBAIYAT. By Norton F. W. Hazeldine. Paper, 109 pages. Denver, Col.: The Author.
- THE DHAMAPADA, OR THE PATH OF RIGHTEOUSNESS. By Norton F. W. Hazeldine. Paper, 85 pages. Denver, Col.: The Author.
- FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Paper, 29 pages. Price, two shillings and six pence, net. Edenbridge, Kent, Eng.: "The Protest."

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