

THE COMRADE



A Garland for May Day.

By WALTER CRANE.

How I Became a Socialist.

II.

By JOB HARRIMAN.

The intellectual process involved in one's transition from an advocate of the capitalist system to that of the socialist system is profoundly different from the process by which a sinner is transformed into a religious devotee.

The former is purely intellectual, while the latter is almost entirely emotional. The one terminates in a new judgment or conclusion which arises from an entirely different premise, resulting in turn from newly acquired knowledge; the other is the expression of an old judgment which at all times existed in the mind of the devotee and which is only a final determination to do what he at all times thought to be right. Intellectually he has undergone no change, acquired no new knowledge or convictions, but has simply determined to make his conduct conform to his previous convictions. The former is necessarily slow and more or less permanent in character; the latter is oftentimes spontaneous and for the most part superficial and temporary. It is temporary because after the moment of enthusiasm will have passed the lifeless professions will frequently be continued, while the devotee will return, wholly or in part, to his old and familiar habits.

It is with the former process that we are particularly interested. During my early life I was surrounded by religious influences, and in due time, as was the custom in that community, I joined the religious organization to which my parents belonged. I remained in the "straight and narrow path," which led through college into the pulpit of the Christian church. When I entered the latter station I was convinced that it was only a matter of placing the doctrines of the church and its injunctions clearly before the people in order to turn them from their immoral lives to more righteous conduct. To my utter amazement they were all familiar not only with the doctrinal points, but also with the moral injunctions, and the remote prospects of future punishment over which they seemed to be only slightly troubled. In business they took advantage of their neighbors whom they were enjoined to love; they constantly sought gain by doing unto others what they struggled to prevent others from doing unto them; their conduct in life was in almost all respects practically the same whether they did or did not belong to the church. To all intents and purposes the only difference between the member of the church and the non-member was that the one had made some sort of confession (depending upon the sect to which they belonged), while the other had made no confessions or professions. It required some years for me to discover that this was a distinction without a difference. I confess my obtuseness, but I had company, and misery loves it.

While these experiences were growing into a doubt as to

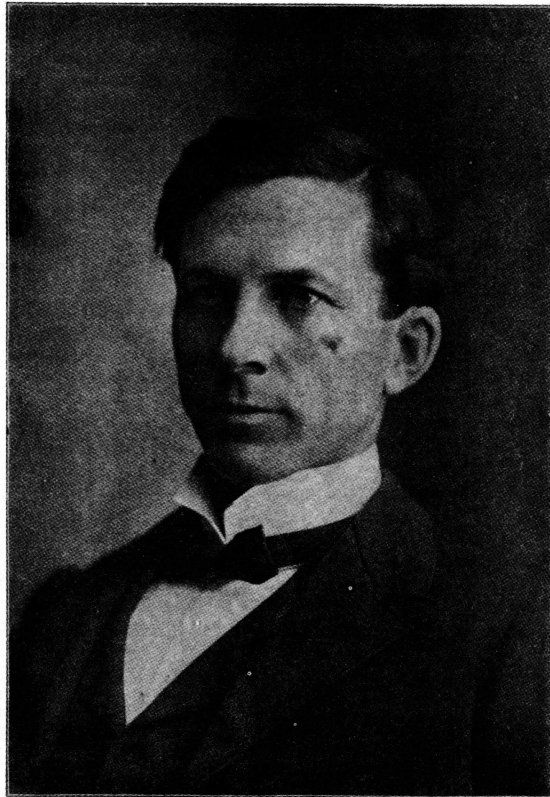
the "efficacy of the gospel of Christ unto salvation," I was also interested in the modern conception of the philosophy of history. By this path I was led to the conclusion that all languages and literature were evolved and not inspired. For religious literature I found no reason for exception. As those ideas ripened I learned to doubt. Though this was the last fruit that I gathered in my religious career, it should have been the first. It is in doubt and not in faith that the salvation of the world is to be found. Faith is a delusion and a snare; a pitfall, a prison. It intimidates the intellect. With fear of eternal damnation religion crushes intellectual activity; with hero worship it destroys individuality; with hopes for the beyond it prevents the growth of ideals for the present. It makes of us a race of intellectual cowards; it changes but little if any

our daily conduct toward each other. But doubt sets us free. On the day that I felt free from fear and secure in my right to doubt, I experienced a new sense of intellectual liberty that is absolutely unknown to the devotee of religious thought. It was on that day that life of itself became of interest to me. It was then that I caught the first glimpse of the fallacy of dogmatism, and at the same time began to see the advantage of always keeping one's mind in a receptive condition, reserving the hallowed privilege of doubt.

Following this change of position came three of the most trying years of my life. It seemed to me that I was a strange man in a strange country, without friends and surrounded by foes. My former church companions condemned my course and sullenly manifested a desire to discontinue our friendly relations. I had not yet succeeded in making connections with the outside world. I did not fully understand liberal people, nor did they with whom I met understand me. I was undergoing an intellectual reformation, but the change was not completed; I was not anchored, but was drifting. During these three years I never experienced a moment's regret for

the intellectual change, but profoundly regretted the loss of my friends. This I could only partly understand. Whoever experiences such a change will discover before he is through with it that happiness does not arise from the nature of a conviction, but from the fact that one has a conviction — that is, the conviction itself is the primary condition of happiness.

In every new conviction there necessarily arises greater happiness than arose in the one preceding it. It is this fact that gives courage to persist, even against the wishes and advice of one's nearest friends. At the end of these three years I found that the premise from which I had previously reasoned was completely changed. I had passed from the dualistic to the monistic philosophy. That is, I had ceased to believe that the



world is composed of matter and spirit, that matter is inert, and that spirit moves in and through it and moulds and transforms its various shapes, and had come to believe that force and matter are only different names for one and the same thing; that an understanding of the laws of motion will suffice to explain the various and complete world phenomena of which man is but one expression; that the various forms manifested in animal and vegetable life are results of different environment and not of special creation. I was convinced that there was no such thing as divine revelation of knowledge of any kind, but that we must study the environment of the object of our concern, as well as the environment of its ancestors in order to gain any rational understanding of its characteristics and its tendencies. It was at this period that "Looking Backward" was placed in my hands. I read it with considerable interest, but looked upon it rather as a beautiful story, told of a desirable condition than as a practicable proposition. The more I considered it, however, the greater seemed to be the possibilities that lay in that direction. I had no idea, what-

ever, that this book was akin to socialism, and, of course, knew nothing whatever of socialism. My previous reading had been in an entirely different direction, and until within three years of that time I probably would not have read socialist literature had an opportunity arisen. I met in the meantime with men of broader vision, and among them was one of an enquiring mind who seemed to be familiar with every subject within my ken, and an infinite number of subjects beyond me. I took occasion to inquire of him if he had read Bellamy's book, and with a smile he replied, "With much pleasure." I then inquired if he was familiar with any substantial literature bearing out the same idea. He thought he could supply my wants, and in a few days handed to me Marx' "Capital." I read it and re-read it, and read it again, and marked it and compared passage with passage, and tried to find a way through his irresistible logic, but—the rest need not be told.

John Harriman.

Forty Years.

By LEO TOLSTOY.

[CONTINUED.]

NO RIGHTS RESERVED.

VIII.

After staying about a fortnight at Loobki, the Yashnikoffs returned to St. Petersburg. Their way lay through Moscow; about 30 versts from the road they had to traverse stood a famous monastery, known to all the Russian orthodox world for its wonder working image of the Virgin, which attracted pilgrims from far and near. Leaving the post road the Yashnikoffs turned aside to the convent hotel, where they engaged rooms.

During a visit to the Archmandrite, they learned that there was at the monastery a monk invested with the schema, Father Paphnti, an old man of 75, who was gifted with second sight. For the rest, the Archmandrite thought it necessary to add "the reverend father does not allow anyone to visit him out of curiosity."

Trophim Semionovitch decided to go and confess to this venerable man.

Accompanied by a friar he accordingly made his way to the cemetery, which was separated by a low brick wall from the principal enclosure of the monastery in which stood the churches. Adjoining the cemetery was the cell of the ascetic, the only entrance being from the graveyard. In accordance with the instructions of the friar Trophim approached the little window of the cell and repeated the words, "Lord Jesus Christ, our God! have mercy upon us!" A voice from within replied: "Amen." Then the door was opened.

Trophim Semionovitch entered the cell. It was a small room, with a stove-couch* instead of a bed, in addition to which it contained only a small table with two books on it, and a rough bench. Over the stove-couch hung an image of the Savior wearing a crown of thorns. The venerable monk was dressed in a black hair-shirt with a breast-plate, such as is worn by ascetics, on which was an Adam's head surmounted by a cross. Trophim would have kissed the ascetic's hand, but the old man drew it back.

"I," . . . began the gold-dealer.

"You," the hermit interrupted him, "are a sinner! But all crimes are forgiven by God, in his infinite mercy, if only they are humbly repented of before Him. There is one sin worse than all others—and that is haughtiness of spirit. For

*A low stove or oven used as a couch.—Trans.

the Lord said: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God!' Be humble and repent."

"What they say is true," thought Trophim; "he is a seer. He evidently recognizes the man who has come to him." And he related to Father Paphnti the whole story of his life, beginning with his childhood, and making no secret of the terrible deed committed by him at the ravine in the wood.

"Finished?" asked Father Paphnti in a stern, calm voice.

"Finished," replied Trophim Semionovitch. "What troubles me most. . . ."

"Let not your mind be troubled," said the hermit. "Bear God's punishment and trust in His infinite mercy."

"What is troubling me," continued Trophim, "is just this circumstance, that I have had no punishment whatever to bear, and I fear that chastisement is awaiting me after the forty years have elapsed, as was promised at the grave. Hitherto everything has proved successful, money pours into my pocket, the only sorrow I have had was caused by the loss of my wife, but God has blessed me with another wife, just as worthy as the first. With my children, too, I am satisfied."

"It is just in that way that God is chastising you," said the hermit, "by giving you success in everything; this is the beginning of God's chastisement. If after committing the evil deed some misfortune had befallen you, then you would have looked upon it as God's punishment, but now you tell me you have been fortunate in everything and that God is putting off your chastisement till some future time. It would indeed be well if some misfortune, or some illness, were to befall you before the expiration of the forty years; otherwise it will be worse for you, when, after the forty years have passed without anything happening, you have plenty of money, are in god health, and fortunate, and all your affairs prosper; then you will cease to dread punishment and will entirely lose—I will not say faith in God, for you have no faith—but you will lose the fear of God which you still possess. And that will be your last chastisement on earth! Men listen with their ears, but do not hear; they look with their eyes, but do not see; what is in reality a great misfortune often appears to them to be happiness; where there is real evil they see goodness. Looking at you, men think: 'There,

God's blessing is upon that man! That is why he is successful in everything, but they are mistaken: this is not a blessing to you but a punishment. Even if the Lord were to cause you to suffer for something wherein you were guilty neither in soul nor in body—even then it would be better for you; even though men should accuse you wrongfully while you yourself knew that you were enduring an undeserved punishment. But if until your death, you have nothing but success, and men praise and extol you not knowing that you have been a great sinner and miscreant, then woe to you! This will mean that you have sorely angered the Lord."

"What, then, am I to do, Reverend Father? Tell me what I am to do? I thought to please God and obtain His mercy by making sacrifices for the Holy Church. I have erected a Temple, have given alms to the poor."

"But," replied Father Paphnti, "is it not written: 'If I were to bestow all my goods and had not love, it would avail me nothing?' Built a church, given alms to the poor! You think to bribe God with your alms? But did not Judas the traitor also care for the poor when he reproached the woman who had poured the precious ointment over the Lord? What did the Lord say to him? 'The poor ye have always with you, but me ye have not always.' And he—the Lord, who is He? He is love, most perfect love. When love enters into our hearts that means that God Himself has entered. Then Christ is with us. Profit, oh, man, by the moment when Christ is with thee! That precious moment will pass, you will by your cunning designs and intentions drive Christ from you, and then months and years will pass in the usual course, but He will not be with you; you will call to Him but He will not come. Then, however much you may distribute alms, however many churches you may build, all will be in vain, it will avail you nothing, men will praise you and that will be all. From men you will receive your reward, but expect none from God!"

"What then," said Trophim Semionovitch, "what then is to be done if, as you say, it is possible neither by alms nor by pious deeds to expiate one's sin? And yet the Reverend Master, who commanded me to build a church for the redemption of my crime, assured me that as he had absolved my sin here, so also should it be absolved in heaven."

"A sin is remitted in heaven in accordance with the priest's absolution," said the ascetic, "only when the sinner himself repents with faith. But you have no faith. Without personal faith on the part of the sinner the absolution of the priest is in vain. And in order to obtain faith one must pray humbly to God for it."

"How, then, is this to be done? Teach me," said Trophim Semionovitch.

"If I were to point out to you the way, you would not take my advice," said the hermit.

"I will, I will, most Reverend Father! Give me your advice," exclaimed Trophim.

"I will point out to you the way," said Father Paphnti, "which, however, you will have neither the determination nor the strength to tread."

"Distribute all your riches for the good of your fellow-men, and leave yourself without a penny! What did your wealth commence with? With a crime, with a misdeed! Then give up voluntarily all you have acquired in this evil way! Then it will be possible for you to pray and beseech God to absolve you completely from your grievous sin. Give away everything, leave yourself nothing; do not associate yourself with Ananias and Sapphira. Distribute your wealth in such a way that no one will know what you are doing. Do not sound a trumpet before you in the town."

"But how," asked Trophim, "can I make beggars of my own children, who had no part in their father's sin?"

"But," said Father Paphnti, "don't you say in your daily prayer: 'Give us this day our daily bread?' If you pray thus, then why fear for your children? God will give them their daily bread. The Lord is able to feed and clothe

your children. You have no faith, I see; but without faith, no charity, however liberal, will reconcile you to God. Without your personal faith, no priest's absolution will redeem you from your sin, faith must be acquired, and for the acquiring of it I give you this advice: When you have renounced all your riches, and left nothing for your children, then you will have given them over to God's will. Thus will you show your faith in God. What is important in this matter, is not that you should spend your millions in pious deeds. What are millions? Dust, frailty, mire. What are pious deeds? Deeds will justify no man before Him. What is important here is just the fact that although your children are dearer and sweeter to you than anything else, you will leave them nothing, but will give them over to the will of God. Thus will you draw down upon yourself God's blessing."

Trophim Semionovitch was silent, hanging his head. His face wore an expression of uneasiness.

"Well, my rich man?" said the ascetic, "this is evidently a hard saying, I see you are like that rich man to whom Christ said: that if he wished to be perfect, he should distribute all his riches to the poor and come and follow Him. The word of the Lord seems true of you, which says: It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God. May then the Lord Himself teach and direct you; I will say nothing more. Leave me!"

Trophim Semionovitch bowed silently and left the cell.

Trophim said nothing to his wife and daughter, who, during his visit to the hermit, had been viewing the sacristy. After his return, both mother and daughter went—by the advice of the Archimandrite—to see the ascetic, but both returned to the hotel without having seen him. Three times in succession did Yashnikoff's wife repeat at his door the usual prayer: "Lord Jesus Christ, our Lord, have mercy upon us!" but it was not followed by the desired "Amen!"

IX.

The Yashnikoffs left the monastery and continued their journey to the capital.

During the journey, Trophim Semionovitch was sad and silent. He lied to his wife and daughter, saying that he too, like them, had failed to gain admittance to the hermit; and then becoming absorbed in his own thoughts, he began to turn over in his mind the words of the ascetic. "There, you see," he thought to himself, "give away without rhyme or reason all your capital and leave yourself with nothing! It is all very well for him to say so, when he has nothing, and probably never had anything—when he has not even a bed in his cell! But how am I to do it?" And Trophim began to imagine himself giving all his bank-notes and coin to charitable institutions, selling his house on the Nevsky Prospect, and directing into the same channels the money thus realized—acting just as the hermit had bidden him. No one would know whence these large donations came; he would receive nothing in return: neither an order, nor the Tzar's favor, nor ministerial gratitude, nor the praises of the press! No one would be aware that he had done this great deed. Only his children would come to know about it, how could they help knowing, since through this act of their father's they would become beggars! What would they say? The thought was terrible to Trophim. "Oh, what a fool I am! I went to ask advice of a childish old monk!" said Trophim to himself. "But I am a man of the world and if advice must be sought I should seek it of a man who lives in world among men, and not in a graveyard among corpses. And, indeed, have I not expiated the sin of my youth and ignorance by living for many years an honest life, and one useful to the community at large? Has it been for nothing that I have gained the approbation of men? What, have I been niggardly towards the poor? Have I not bestowed enough favors on the needy as well as on the Church? The bishops are of more importance than this hermit, and they have set me up as an example of piety and every other virtue; and the reverend

Agafodor has long ago absolved me of my previous sin! And how did he absolve it: imputing it to me as a fresh sin if I should continue to be uneasy about the first one which had been absolved by him! I recollect now what that wise prelate said about the distribution of charity: that it must be done with discretion, with judgment, and not to such an extent as to ruin one's self or one's children. Now that is really wise teaching! But this monk—what did he say? Enrich idlers, and send your own children into the world beggars. And besides, why should the poor be so dear to God that other people must work hard in order to give their all to the poor? Much more real charity is done by the man who never gives away a farthing, but undertakes some enterprise by which he can give work to the poor and pay them for it. Even though he derives some benefit himself, still he gives to others also, and he gives, not gratuitously, but in exchange for their labor. This is far more praiseworthy, for in this way men get money without being encouraged in idleness. And is it not in this way that I have acted? Are there only a few people in my employ—in the lease-hold and gold-mining concerns? All receive their wages punctually. No one can complain that I have not paid him all that is due to him, or that I have deceived him. Is not all this a work of charity towards the community at large? It is just this that constitutes real charity, and not the foolish squandering of money upon idlers and tramps, as we are taught by these ascetics! See what their teaching amounts to. 'If you want to be saved,' they say, 'give away all your property to the poor,' and this means: you work hard day and night, and then you are to give all that you acquire to those who will not work for themselves, and do not understand how to make money, preferring to live at other people's expense! And why do men become poor? one might ask. Because they are not willing to work. Of course it is so; he who works and is also endowed with intellect becomes rich, while the lazy and stupid remain beggars all their lives. But these monks reason in this way: you are a rich man, you have plenty of everything, give it all to those who have nothing, and become a beggar yourself. Then you will go to heaven. A rich man, they say, cannot enter the kingdom of heaven; so God himself has said. Ah, those clever and learned people are evidently not very wide of the mark when they have not much belief in a God. What Omniscient God was it indeed that said that a rich man is not to enter the kingdom of heaven!"

And by reasoning thus with himself, Trophim Semionovitch again arrived at the negation of the Deity.

X.

On his return to St. Petersburg, Trophim Semionovitch plunged again into commercial and industrial enterprises. These showed no signs of decline, but were, on the contrary, more prosperous than ever. The leasehold business he now entirely gave up, devoting himself exclusively to the gold mining, in connection with which he went in the summer to Siberia.

Two family celebrations caused the house of the gold merchant to resound with unusual merriment. The first was on the occasion of his daughter's marriage to a prince of distinguished family, who had chosen Helena Trophimovna for her beauty, as well as her rich dowry. The second festivity was in honor of the marriage of Trophim's son, who was in the diplomatic service. The father endowed both his children with fortunes worthy of his position.

But now arrived the fatal fortieth year since the commission of the crime, that weighed so heavily on Trophim's conscience. In the June of this year Yashnikoff's wife visited her estates on business, but Trophim Semionovitch excused himself from accompanying her by declaring that important affairs necessitated his presence in the capital. After seeing his wife off Trophim retired to his own country house at Tsarekoye Selo, whence he made frequent business to town. The agitation of his mind daily increased. The crime had been committed on the 13th August, and Yashnikoff awaited

in terror the fortieth August since the event. He pictured to himself in the most varied forms, the punishment that God was to inflict exactly at the expiration of the forty years. Now he thought that he would be attacked by a mortal disease, and tried to ascertain if there were any symptoms of dropsy, or cancer, or any other serious malady. Now the thought occurred to him that he might die of an apoplectic fit. Now he feared lest he should perish by fire, or the roof of the house should fall and kill him. At other times the mine-owner was possessed by a dread of secret enemies, persons envious of his success: having a design upon his life, they might bribe his servants, or find some other means of poisoning him. The phantoms by which he was haunted grew ever more and more intrusive. At the beginning of August Trophim invited his son to come and stay with him, at his country house.

"Alexander," said the father one day, 'I want to have a talk with you. You, my son, are very learned, whereas we sinners have had but scanty means of study, and even those soon came to an end.'

'Well, father?' replied the son.

"My friend," said the old man, "I have always been frank with my family and above all with you. There is no incident of my life since you have known me—no matter how important—of which I would not have informed you. But you do not know of a certain event that happened to me before you came into the world. This event was of such a nature that, up to the present time, I have revealed it neither to you nor to anyone else; not from want of confidence in my family; but, you see, it sometimes happens that there remain in a man's soul from his past life, things which it is painful for him to recall: he would rather they had never taken place; but there is nothing for it, when you know they did take place!"

"I should not think there was a man in the world, father," said Alexander, "in whose soul there was not some unpleasant recollections, and if I am not mistaken you are disturbed by some such recollection, which has lain like a heavy load upon your conscience—the recollection of some event in your life in connection with which you have acted as you would not wish to have done, and you would be glad if that event had never happened. Is it not so, dear father?"

"That is just it, Alexander!" said Trophim. "You have guessed rightly. Well, you know me, your father, tell me am I capable of injuring my neighbor?"

"You are expressing yourself, father, in somewhat of a religious style," said Alexander. "The word 'neighbor' is frequently used, but not always in the same sense. You probably wished to know whether I considered you capable of injuring anyone? To this I answer that the man has never yet been born into the world who could please everybody. There will always be people who will be displeased with your actions, and find a pretext for complaining of having been wronged by you. There would be nothing astonishing, in your case, in men complaining of having been injured. But I believe that my father is incapable of intentionally doing harm to anyone."

"And to me, my friend, it seems," said Trophim, "that from the commencement of my commercial activities, I have not committed a single act of which my conscience could reproach me. But there was a time, when I was young and inexperienced, and so poor that I was in want even of necessary food. And in addition to this extreme poverty I found myself in a state of complete ignorance—unable to distinguish good from evil—and knowing nothing myself, I was obliged to take other people's advice in everything. Just at that time, Alexander, I caused harm to a man, who wished me neither good nor evil. I could not undo this harm, because the injured man went down to his grave."

"That often happens," said the son, "but what has been, is, they say, overgrown with past occurrences. The past will not return!"

"That is just the misfortune—that it will not return," said Trophim Semionovitch with a sigh. "Therein lies man's greatest misfortune—that one cannot amend an evil deed!"

"Still, father, you had the desire to amend it!" said the son. "I can tell that from your very words. But is it your fault that the injured man has gone down to his grave?"

"And if it *were* my fault?" asked Trophim.

The son grew pale and became confused; the father, noticing this, continued:

"I will not tell you to-day how it happened. By-and-by—some other time—I will tell you all. At present it is painful for me to recall the details."

"Nor do I ask it," said the son, "I understand the substance of the case. The injury caused by you brought the injured man to his grave. Was it not so?"

"Yes, it was so," replied the father gloomily. "But spare me the necessity of telling you about it now, Alexander. By-and-by I will tell you everything in detail. But for the present let me just say that it has troubled me for forty years, and troubles me still. Tortured by my conscience, I went at midnight to the grave of the man I had injured, and there prayed that my sin might be forgiven! Then I heard a voice from the grave saying: 'Lord! Punish him who has . . . who has injured me and brought me to the grave!' To this a trembling voice—I know not where—replied: 'I will punish after forty years!' It is now almost forty years since that time. I am awaiting God's punishment, at midnight on the 13th August of the present year the term of forty years will expire. This, Alexander, is what is tormenting and agonising me."

"All this appeared to you to be so—that's all," said Alexander. "You were agitated and in an unnatural condition, drowsy, half asleep—well that appeared to you which is impossible. The voices you heard issued, not from the grave, not from heaven, but from your own imagination. They were the creation of your own agitated and disordered nerves!"

"So I have frequently thought," said Trophim Semionovitch, "but sometimes I fancy it was God's voice, and that God intends to punish me after forty years. Alexander, you are a clever and learned man, do you believe in God?"

"Of course not!" replied Alexander. "How could anyone, but the utterly uneducated, believe in God in these days?"

"Why then do people believe?" asked Trophim, "for those who believe in God are not all fools. There are clever people among them, too. Why then do they believe?"

"Because they have never yet thought it out," replied Alexander. "Those who have thought it out do not believe in God."

"Then there will be no terrible judgment day after death?" asked the father.

"Judgment will pass upon us after our death," replied the son, "by those who are then living upon the earth. The human race will not cease: one generation dies and another takes its place, that one lives out its time and in its turn dies; a third generation follows, and after the third a fourth, and so on. The new generation acquires more sense and knowledge than the previous one possessed, and consequently passes judgment upon its predecessor, estimating the good as well as the evil that it has done. That, father, is your terrible judgment day! But that we shall all after death live somewhere, and be subjected to the judgment of some Lord God—of this science affords no proof whatever, and the belief in the immortality of the soul is a mere superstition like the belief in ghosts creeping out of their graves, and wandering about the earth in the darkness of night, as the people imagine."

"According to you, then," observed the father, "the soul dies along with the body."

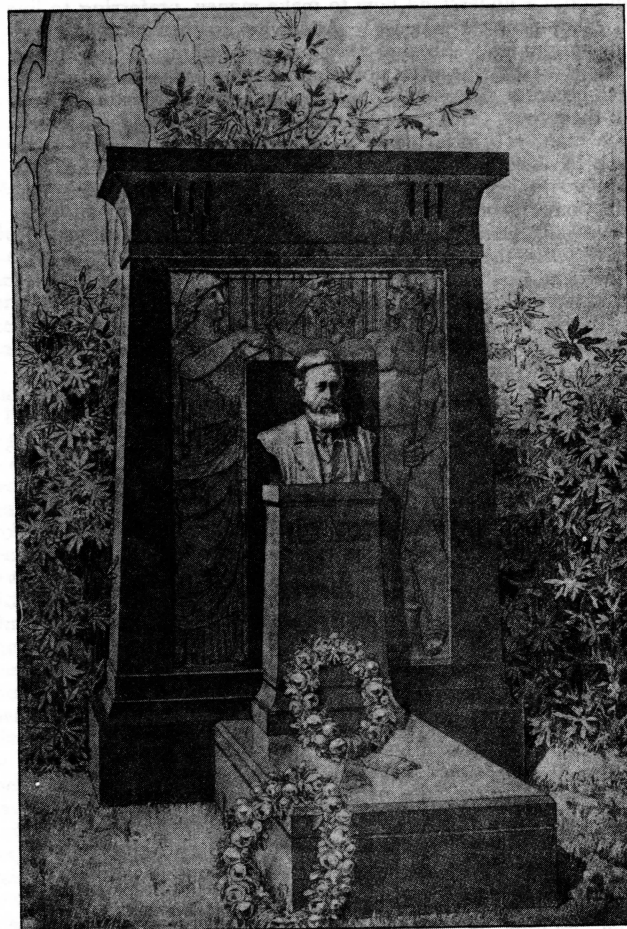
"See here, father," explained the son, "here is a burning candle; the candle will burn to the end, and then the flame will be extinguished, there will be no more candle and no more flame. Have you ever seen a flame without a candle, father,

or without something burning? No one ever has. Well, just in the same way, no one has ever seen a soul without a body. What does it mean—a soul? A man's ability to think, feel, desire and speak. When one talks of a man having a soul it means that he has these faculties. But a man also possesses the vital faculties of eating, drinking, sleeping, walking, and sitting. A man dies—and he no longer eats, drinks, sleeps, walks, or sits, because that which formerly ate, drank, etc., no longer exists. Just in the same way, a man dies—and he neither thinks, feels, desires, nor speaks, because that which formerly thought, felt, desired, and spoke exists no longer. There cannot be a living man without a soul; neither can there be a soul without a living body."

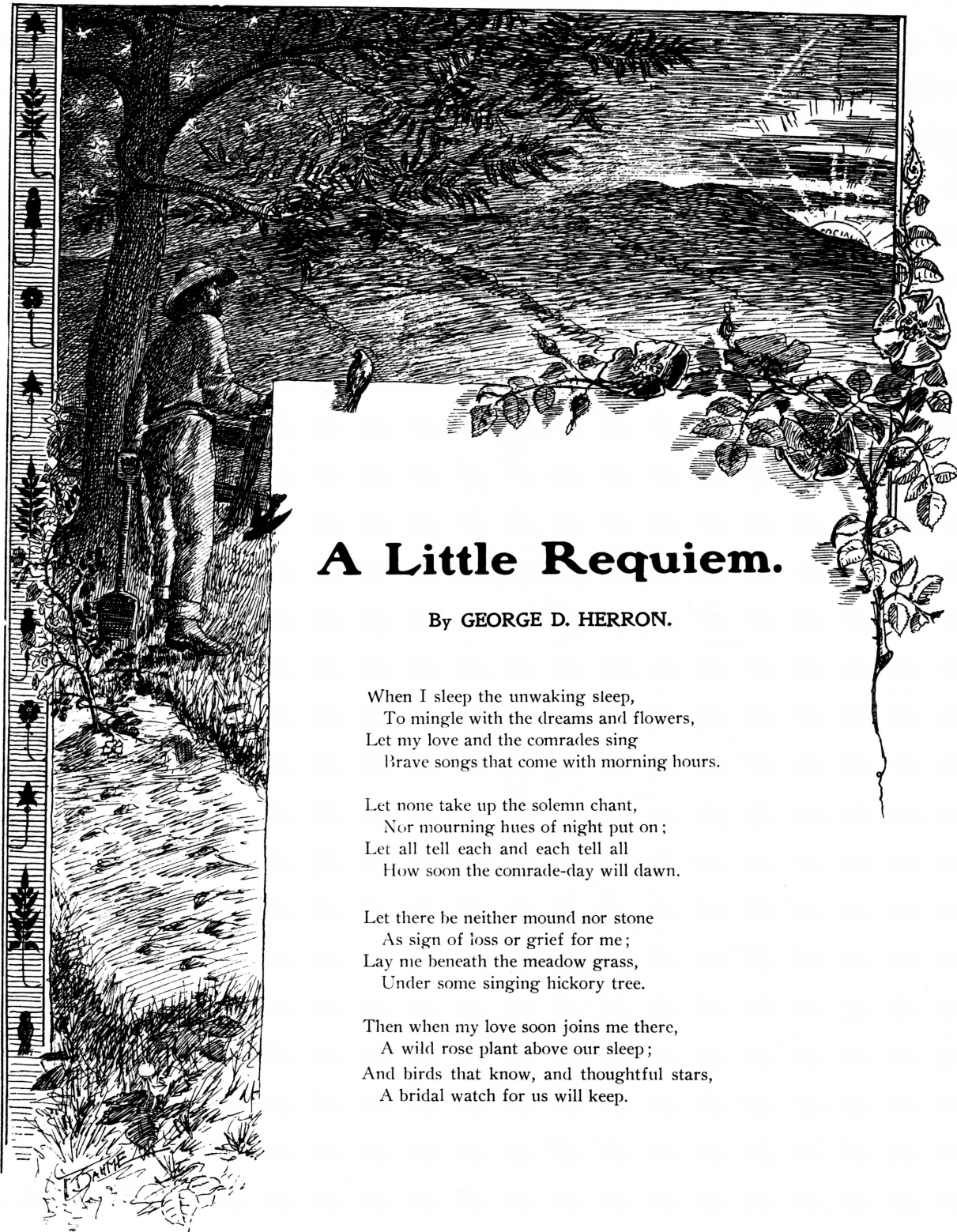
"Well," said Trophim Semionovitch, "while you are explaining it to me, all you say seems true. But by-and-by fear will again take possession of me—again I shall dread God's judgment and punishment, and I do not know how to escape that terror."

"Of course, father," said Alexander, "you are naturally a very clever man, but you have never studied, and in childhood you acquired various prejudices. It is well known that what has been acquired in childhood is not easily got rid of in after years. That is why the education of children is of so much importance."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



MONUMENT RECENTLY ERECTED OVER LIEBKNECHT'S GRAVE AT BERLIN



A Little Requiem.

By GEORGE D. HERRON.

When I sleep the unwaking sleep,
To mingle with the dreams and flowers,
Let my love and the comrades sing
Brave songs that come with morning hours.

Let none take up the solemn chant,
Nor mourning hues of night put on;
Let all tell each and each tell all
How soon the comrade-day will dawn.

Let there be neither mound nor stone
As sign of loss or grief for me;
Lay me beneath the meadow grass,
Under some singing hickory tree.

Then when my love soon joins me there,
A wild rose plant above our sleep;
And birds that know, and thoughtful stars,
A bridal watch for us will keep.

MAY, 1902.



Subscription Price, \$1.00 per year
 Foreign Subscription, Five Shillings
 Strictly in Advance.
 Single Copies, 10 Cents

John Spargo.....Editor.
 Otto Wegener.....Business Manager.

ADVISORY BOARD:
 George D. Herron. Peter E. Burfowes.
 Leonard D. Abbott. Courtenay Lemon.
 Morris Winchevsky. William Edlin.

OFFICE, 11 COOPER SQUARE,
 NEW YORK.

Entered at the New York Post Office as Second Class Matter.

Editorial.

When the multi-millionaire, "Barney Barnato," ended his strange career by dropping over the side of an ocean liner, the event made no great impression notwithstanding his position as a financial king. Yet, in a way, his development from the poor "old clo' " buyer, Isaacs, in Whitechapel, London, to the "Diamond King," Barnato was scarcely less remarkable than that of the weak and ailing young undergraduate, Cecil Rhodes, who, seeking health in South Africa, made it the theatre of his dramatic development into a very Napoleon of Empire, whose death should overshadow every other event in the public mind.

It is a fascinating study of psychology this public estimation of great personalities. Why, especially in a plutocratic age, should not the death of Isaacs, *alias* Barnato, attract as much attention as that of Rhodes? Perhaps the unreasoning public, all unknown to itself, and as if by instinct, discriminates against the mere wealth-grabber who sordidly grabs and hoards for himself. That was the very essence of the career of the illicit diamond buyer, Barnato, and the secret of his failure to impress lastingly the minds and hearts of men. Mere money-worship is perhaps not so prevalent as we are prone to think. If a Morgan or a Rhodes attracts universal attention it is by reason of their vast designs, commercial and imperial, rather than their vast hoards of wealth.

In all the life of Rhodes from the amalgamation of the diamond mines of Kimberly, which was the first great act of his to reveal his power to South Africa and to the world, up to the last anguished, disappointed, cry:

"So much remains to be done," it is evident that he was moved by an impulse less sordid than that of personal gain which animated the former "old clo' " buyer of Whitechapel. "To paint all this map of Africa red," in his own famous phrase, was his ideal. He lived for "Expansion"—the conquest of the world by his race. Better, perhaps, in itself and of more real value, finally, in the world's progress, it was still an ideal that fell short of true greatness. He was a genius of Empire if you will, but not a great man. Like many another genius not possessed of greatness he left his mark; and History holds for him a place in her Valhalla where the children of the future will think of him with awe, and perhaps with admiration, but not with the love and the reverence that the truly great always inspire.

Race patriotism, the dominant thought in all his professions of faith in later years, is, as an ideal, incomparable with that wiser humanism which Socialism represents. That he was not oblivious of this nobler ideal; that he even called himself a Socialist, though, fortunately for the glory of the word, qualifying it with the musty adjective "sane," adds to the interest of his life as a psychological study. It seems a strange paradox, this self-confessed belief in Socialism (if his intimate friends may be relied upon to speak truly concerning him), and a life such as he lived. The phrase "sane Socialism" has long been the cant expression of the coward, the hypocrite and the freak. Rhodes probably was no hypocrite and few would call him a "freak;" fewer still, probably, would call him "coward." And yet that is the word that best describes his strange mentality. "Drunk with sight of power," ambition lured him away from the loftier, holier ideal. He could not make the sacrifice which Socialism demands of those of her votaries with talents so great, so he chose the life dramatic and spectacular instead of the life heroic and true. His was the loss. Others will make the worthier choice and win that which he lost. But for him it shall not return.

It was always the spectacular that moved him. The mental vision before his eyes when he uttered his map-painting phrase was such another as that which inspired the old Matabele chief, Moselekatshe, and the proud Napoleon in their respective carnivals of blood. And even with the thought of death the love of the spectacular and dramatic struggled for mastery in his mind. He saw the possibilities of more than regal magnificence in his death and chose to lie in kingly grandeur in the great stone-heart of the Matoppos.

A cablegram published in the papers says that the Matabele chiefs were much impressed when they learned that in his "last un waking sleep" Rhodes was to lie near the old "Lion of the North," Moselekatshe, in the Matoppos. Well might they, and all men, be impressed—by the fitness of this! For these companions of the tomb under that wide African sky were both savages and the blood-stained soil teems with their victims. A cathedral service with requiem by surplised choir for the crafty, cruel old Matabele chief would have been proclaimed a bitter mockery. But the mockery is scarcely less evident or bitter in the case of Rhodes. For each the most fitting monument is the whitened skull and the unnamed grave upon the veldt: the most fitting requiem, sounds of deathly anguish.

Let the two savages sleep together! It is well fitting!!

* * *

No trustworthy estimate of any man who has played a rôle of importance can be made immediately after his death. In order to see a personage correctly a certain distance of time is necessary, and only those judgments are likely to be final and abiding that are made in what Matthew Arnold calls "the dry-light of history"; when the violence of the conflict between partisanship and opposition—or, it may be, indifference—has been spent.

Some echoing the cant phrase, "God's Englishman" (wasn't it coined by that erratic animate paradox—W. T. Stead?), regard the dead empire-builder as one of the greatest characters in the history of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. They accord him a place with Alfred the Great, at least, and say that the amaranthine wreath of honor shall be his as long as the race shall last or its story be told. On the other hand, there are those who say that the years will dwarf his memory or even destroy it altogether. They say that History, stern and unyielding, will, with its strongest irony, scoff at the name "Colossus," which his contemporaries gave him, and record that he was of very mediocre size when compared with other arbiters of the destinies of empires.

Although it would be absurd to assert that Rhodes had no talents above the average run of men, there is probably more truth in the latter view than in the former. That he possessed great qualities is certain. Few men in this generation have shown greater ambition or persistence than he united to an almost boundless imagination. But it is equally certain and obvious that he was not a "great" man in the truest and highest sense of the word. Call him a great *commercial* statesman if you will, for he was the very personification of commercialism, with its corruption and hypocrisy; its brutal methods and its blight.

When we reflect upon his connection with the Africander Bond, and his stand against what he called the "imperial factor" in South Africa, from which he receded not because of any change of conviction, but because it suited his personal ends, we begin to realize that he was ambitious but not great. And as we follow his career, we see from a thousand incidents, such as the secret and corrupting "gift" of \$50,000 to the Irish Party, with whose aims, in themselves, he had not one iota of sympathy; the misleading of Lord Loch, by which he brought about the overthrow or Sir Gordon Spriggs and his own election to the Premiership of Cape Colony; his defiance of constitution and laws—even though he might be Premier—as seen in the illegal sale of arms and ammunition to Lo Bengula for the Mashonaland concession, the famous "Countess of Carnarvon" incident, the flagrant defiance of the Payment of Wages Act at Kimberly, for which he was responsible, and at which he scoffed—in these and many other incidents we see the corrupt and unscrupulous character of the man who owned no ethical standard and laughed at the "unctious rectitude" of those who did.

Coupling these things and the disastrous war, for which he was responsible, that has made Africa's soil, if not its map, red with seas of blood, Posterity is not likely to regard Rhodes as a "great" man. Perhaps—who knows?—they will regard the homage and honor paid to him as the high water mark of the ethical degradation of his race! S.



The Trampling Gods.

By VAL. ORMOND.

THEME.

Hail to the day that heralds in the Free
And ushers out the enemies of Good!
Hail to the advent of a Liberty
As yet by man but dimly understood.

REFLECTION.

How have the ages brought their painful
way
Through eras drenched in blood, sur-
charged with crimes,
And brought us to comfort a noble day,
Itself the harbinger of nobler times?

Has man looked up with God-beseeking
eyes,
With clear-browed starry vision wept
and prayed,
While angels smiled in satisfied surprise
As slowly darkness lessened shade by
shade?

Has God come down in veil'd omnific
power
And armed with super-energizing
might
The mortal forces that have urged this
hour
Upon the world and given us such
Light!

Or think ye 'tis the work of mindless
Chance,
A mere result of Life's wild wayward
trend,
The outcome of an unbid Circumstance;
Which by an Accident became our
friend?

* * *

How grand, how wise, how golden
seemed our time,
And oh! how God-like look the On-
going hosts,
As on they march, with faith in Self sub-
lime,
Convulsive shouts and brazen Counter-
boasts.

Yet answer me: How many are the slaves
Who writhing watch this arrogant ar-
ray,
Whose hopes lie trembling on the brink
of graves,
Who wait in vain Emancipation Day!

To these poor frenzied sons of low estate,
At whom Success in bald derision
nods,

For whom Disaster is precipitate:
How sound the clamorous tongues of
trampling gods?

Not music in their ears the Babel din
Which issues from the throats of Giant
ghouls,

Whose flexile creeds enable them to pin
Less faith in Heaven than in Trusts
and Pools.



Not music,—no! but gratings of harsh
strength,
Which rend their souls and torture to
the bone!
Which make them feel the time has come
at length
To mutiny! And trampling gods de-
throne!

* * *

The trampling gods? Aye, such are men
to-day
Who seize the sceptred priv'leges of
health,
And hire adept conspirators to sway
Whole governments by villainy and
stealth.

The trampling gods? Destroying human
rights,
Forestalling justice at the assize!
Providing for the rich knaves, parasites
A garb to pass them, Devils in dis-
guise!

The trampling gods? Has woman not
a voice
Wherewith to all the world her wrongs
proclaim?
Or has she only reason to rejoice
That trampling gods have never caused
her shame?

The trampling gods? How do the child-
ren fare
For whom are mills instead of merry
homes?
Did Destiny unsought for them prepare
A life within industrial catacombs?

Beyond yon great eternal Keyless Arch,
Which by no trampling Gods was
planned,
Lives One for whom Events must hum-
bly march,
Who grieves to see that wonder, man,
unarmed.

To Him the sobs and groans of millions
rise,
To Him ascend their prayers on silent
wings;
He does not heedless hide behind the
skies:
God still is God! and cares for under-
lings!

'Twill come—His prime decree that man
must shake
The fetters of all sordid instincts from
his soul,
That to his noblest passions he must
wake,
And from his mind the mists of Greed
must roll.

The Freedom that has bred another race
Of weeping slaves, with faces coarse
or chaste,
Must to a grander Liberty give place,
And trampling gods to their destruc-
tion haste!

The Socialist Movement in Italy.

By ALESSANDRO SCHIAVI, Editor of "Avanti", Rome.

When American citizens come as tourists to visit our country, it is always the Italy, repository of classic art, the Italy of the golden sun, of the blue sky, that they dream of, that they gaze at with more or less ecstasy, and of which they keep, even across the Atlantic, the sweetest memory.

Their task is accomplished after a visit to the Moses of Michael Angelo, to the Island of Capri and to the college of the "Propaganda Fide." A kiss to the "rags" of the Pope, in the splendid saloons of the Vatican, and a disdainful glance at the "lazzaroni" of Naples, and that is all.

But they little dream that there is a new Italy outside of the pictures and the Papacy whining after Peter's pence, that there is a hive of new energy at work in the fields, the workshops, the ports, for the development of the industrial movement and the uplifting of our working population. And this movement is being originated by the workingmen themselves. But the tourists of America and other countries cannot loiter, for the "Cooks' Agencies" count the days of travel—they cannot visit the power-houses of electrical motors at Vizzola, the largest of Europe; or observe the bustling port of Genoa, which competes with that of Marseilles, or even consider the growing movement of organization and the strikes of the Italian proletariat. Only three years ago the working class was disorganized, and in a degrading state of servility to the boss and to the priest. After the obstructionist battle in the Chamber in 1897-1900, was gained a relative liberty of coalition and strike. Under socialist lead the industrial organizations amounted, at the end of 1901, to 300,000 members, and the agricultural leagues to 150,000 members. And there, where formerly all proletarian movements were tumultuous and ending often in bloodshed, succeeded regular and well-ordered agitation. In the years 1900-1901 the agricultural workers alone have gained, with or without striking, more than 60 millions increase in salary, and the railroad employes, by the simple threat of a strike, have obtained from the companies and the government an increase of 24 millions.

These conquests follow step by step the economical development of the country which has been considerably increased industrially by the exportation of manufactured products. Financially, its general wealth has mounted, from 1897 to 1901, to from 50 billions to 57, the budget of the state more active, the income to 100, the exchange quoted at 102 on the Bourse of Paris.

But the agitation of the Proletariat is not easily conducted against the long-lined Bourgeoisie of the shops and country. The latter are filled with venom, because their profits are menaced by the demands of the workers, and their spirit of authority is compromised by the arbitrations proposed by the leagues and delegations of the workingmen. Of course they raise oppositions, they resist and loudly cry out for the intervention of the soldiery to save the fatherland, which they consider identical with their pockets.

We are in a period of transition from feudal Papacy to the future of progress and equity, based on the new rights of labor which the working-class movements are beginning to build.

The liberal government itself is fluctuating betwixt these two currents, and is now reactionary, now liberal, according as the wind blows. It *militarises* the employes of the railroads and at the same time enters into communication with the commissions of these organized employes in which are two socialists,



Nofi and Turati, and the arbiter of the situation at the Chamber is always the socialist group, who with the vote of its 29 deputies can provoke the overthrow of the semi-liberal ministry to the profit of the reaction, or save it.

One then understands that the Socialist party draws its own advantage from this situation and votes, if necessary for the ministry, to secure its neutrality in the struggles that the proletariat undertakes to better its material conditions. At the same time it pursues its campaign against all colonial extension (the conquest of "La Ripalitaire" is at the horizon) and for the diminution of military expenditure, in order to lighten the burden of the working and producing classes, and even the Bourgeoisie. This would give more elasticity to the profits, and be favorable to the increase of salaries, and to the economic development.

Besides, in the country, the Socialists in the north direct the economic agitations. In the south they unmask the administrative and municipal corruption of the Bourgeoisie under the form of the "Cannouva" and even bring some of the "responsibles" to the bar of the tribunals. The activity of the Socialists is varied according to the different conditions of economic development and the moral and political education of our country.



The Month and the Symbol.

By JOHN SPARGO.

Since the decision of the St. Louis convention of the American Federation of Labor in 1888, and of the International Socialist Congress of the following year at Paris, the celebration of the First of May as Labor's great festival day has steadily grown in favor; and this year it will be celebrated as never before, wherever downcast humanity lifts its eyes to the glorious dawn of Hope and Liberty. In far away Japan and in war-stirred Africa; in Australian mining camp and on Russian Steppe; in feudal Poland and Priest-cursed Italy; 'neath the shadow of Mohamedan mosque and amid the sun-bleached bones of stricken India; in the factory hells of England and America and in the crowded tenements of London, New York, San Francisco, and elsewhere, the promise of May Day and the Red Flag, its most sacred symbol, will make sad hearts glad and bring back the light of Hope to eyes that care and sorrow have dimmed. In an age that is full of pessimism, Socialism alone points with confidence to the future. Either men rest upon the promise and hope of Socialism or they are without hope for the life and the days that we know.

The hirelings of capitalism will seek to terrorize the unthinking by bitter denunciations of the Red Flag as a menace to the world's well-being, but in vain. The struggling proletarian feels instinctively that these mighty demonstrations which affright the ruling class bode no ill to him: with child-like confidence he trusts the spirit of revolt to lead him into the promised land of a free and unfettered manhood, though he may not understand the beautiful symbolism of the Red Flag associated with the dawn of the "smiling month of May."

In almost all the religions of the world May is a sacred month—sacred as the month of the great all-mother; the mother of Christ whether he be called Bacchus, Mishras, Vichnu or Jesus. In the Roman Catholic Church, indeed, it is to this day called the month of Mary. Now, if we trace these religions back to their common origin, Nature Worship, we shall find that in the Isis of ancient Egypt, the Nishagara of India, the Venus of the Roman Empire, the Frietag of Scandinavia, the Vendredi of early France, or the Friday of early Britain, we have but a survival of the worship of the female element in nature. The very word May, in Egyptian, means seminal fluid, and very properly typifies the most active period of gestation—the full development of the essentially female attribute.

Thus the month of May represents the female or bearing principle—the second half of Nature's dual-principle expressed in Fire and Water, Summer and Winter, Male and Female.



THE SPIRIT OF MAY DAY.—BY A. SEIFERT.

And the Red Flag represents the creative or male principle. Just as the worship of Isis was the primitive expression of adoration of the female element so the earliest sun or fire worship was an expression of adoration of the male, creative element. The regeneration of nature through the heat of the sun must early have impressed primitive man. He soon observed that as the earth in its course [though he understood it not], turned away from the sun, summer began to die away and winter and death came. He observed that the trees lost their leaves, that animals ceased breeding, and that the whole process of regeneration was arrested. Then the days began to grow longer and the trees to put forth buds and leaves; the animals began again to mate with each other as the sun rose from the under-world, and, after being transfixed on the cross formed by the ecliptic and the equator, covered all nature with life. So he worshipped the sun as the source of all life: as its creator. And the cross formed as the sun crossed the central line of the heavens into the winter solstice was dreaded as the sign of death. All the Christs of all the religions are but human personifications of that great manifestation of life-giving, the great unfathomed First Cause of the sun worshipper.

Then, too, fire is the great purifier, and man's first fire was but another expression of his worship of the sun. And his first flag, rudely conceived, was in all probability red: another imitation of the sun and of fire. Thus red is the color of the greatest regenerating and purifying power in the universe. Without heat there can be no motion, minerals cannot be fused, salts cannot crystallize, and no life can exist. Fire purifies; heat regenerates. Thus in the association of the Red Flag with May Day the dual principle of the universe is represented, and, all unconsciously, we do but reach a higher plane of the primitive Nature worship with Orisis and Isis enshrined in a great universal law.

Priestcraft has long tried to suppress the true significance of the death of the Nazarene Christ upon a cross; for its own base ends it has taught people to believe that I. N. R. I. inscribed upon that cross meant *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Iudeorum*. Yet these letters might more properly be inscribed upon our banners, for we know that Jesus was never the "King of the Jews," but that the letters mean *Ignis Natura Renovatur Integra*

THE COMRADE

("Nature is entirely regenerated by fire"), a profound truth which none can deny.

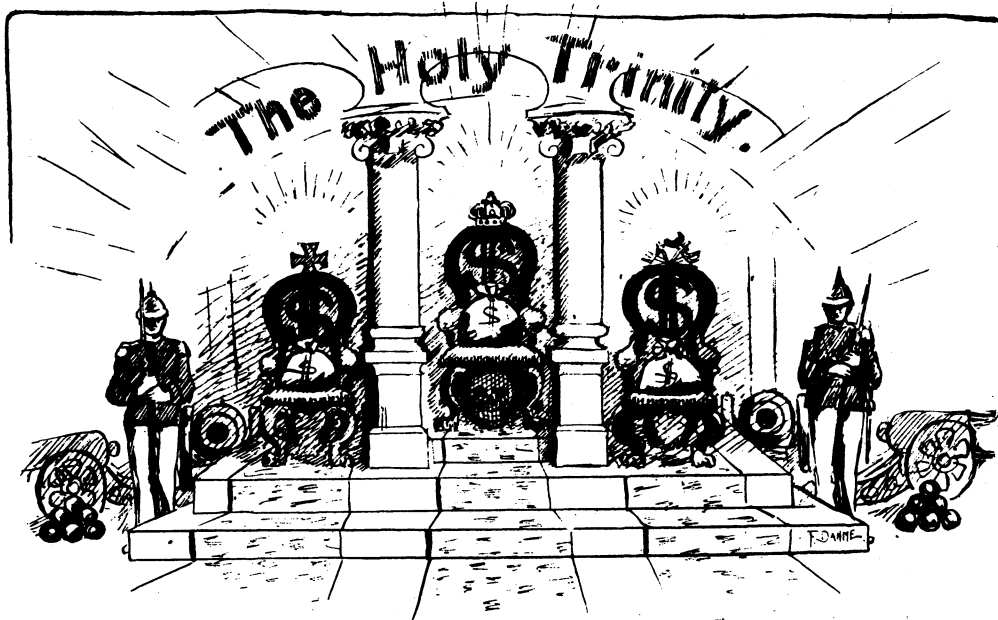
Red also is the color that symbolizes the two great virtues, Courage and Love—Love of humanity by the common color of the blood of mankind: an apt symbol of human brotherhood. And does not this great Socialist movement call forth a courage, a persistence in the face of great dangers, of the highest type? Love

of mankind, too, is its great motive power.

Thus our red flag symbolizes the male creative idea; the regenerating force; Courage; Love. Truly this is a magnificent banner for a movement that seeks to regenerate society, to make men strong and free; to establish the kingdom of Love—of human brotherhood! As we raise it aloft on May Day, it is the token and assurance of the final consummation

of these things as a result of the unity of action typified: the male principle—the idea; the female principle—the *mater*—which our ideas animate. The Red Flag is the heat that makes the earth absorb the moisture unto the germination and the fructification of the seed sown. May is the virgin womb of nature in which it grows.

Surely never was worthier or more beautiful symbol!



The Holy Trinity.

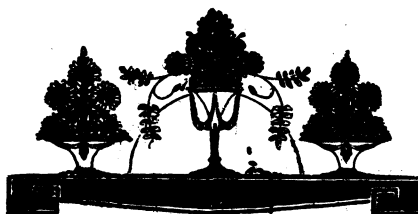
Holy, Holy, Holy! Thou art Almighty!
Thy dominions know no bounds of race or clime or sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! Great Thou art and Mighty!
Great is Thy power, Blessèd Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! Joyous before Thee,
All the rulers of the earth now clap their hands in glee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! With songs they adore Thee,
Triumphant songs that sound from sea to sea.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Tho' the clouds should hide Thee,
And though some should cry aloud with pain and misery:
Thou art still Almighty; there is none beside Thee!
The world doth own Thy Sovereign Majesty!

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Lust and Hate and Greed and Pride minister unto Thee,
Holy, Holy, Holy! Thou indeed art Mighty!
O, Mammon, there is none like unto Thee!

S.



An Incident.

By FRANK STUHLMAN.

All through the hot August day the blacklisted man trudged in the burning dust of the highway, ground into a shifting powder by the ceaseless procession of vehicles. No stir of air moved the drooping leaves of the wayside trees and the sun poured its fiery rays upon his aching head. Faint with hunger John Murray looked back over a dismal year of his life. He had been a cog in the wheels of a vast corporation, whose greedy tentacles covered the extent of the nation. While the managers of the avid octopus bribed the public conscience by here building a church and there endowing a college with a portion of its ill-gotten hoard, it remorselessly worked for the ruin of labor organizations that dared to withstand its policy of aggrandisement. The hour came when to submit meant industrial slavery. Then, as freemen always will, we hope, the workers struck for the principles of eternal right; and the smokestacks of a thousand mills sent no longer a cloud-reek into the azure air.

John Murray, true as steel, was a leader in the strike. Then came the long days of waiting. Court injunctions bound the workers hands and feet. New men were called in. One by one the mills started. Hunger crept into the humble homes, and men who would have charged the grim San Juan Hill as gallantly as any self-advertised rough rider, broke ranks and deserted when they looked into the pinched faces and famished eyes of their little ones. One dropped out one day and applied to be reinstated. The next day there were six. Then came the stampede. Most were accepted at reduced wages, but the leaders were marked men. From mill to mill, from city to city, John Murray searched for the right to work and earn his bread. ~~Whenever~~ he came the blacklist had preceded him. The "mark of the beast" was set against his name. His store of savings became exhausted and his clothes bore the stamp of tramping. One day an idle wind tossed to his feet a page of a newspaper. Listlessly he picked up the fragment and read. It contained an article written by a prosperity boomer (at two dollars per column) A fairy tale of how the farmers in the interior of the state were wild to obtain help at fabulous prices. Hope revived in the despairing man's heart and he left the region of smokestacks and furnaces and made for the open country. With the aid of perilous rides on the bumpers of freight cars he reached the promised land described by the writer with a fertile pen and a more fertile imagination. The harvest time was over, and the farmers were discharging men instead of hiring; and Murray, ignorant of the kind of work required, was a drag on a falling market.

Two days ago he had spent his last cent. Since then no food had passed his lips except some half-ripe apples. He knew that one of three things he must do—beg, steal or starve. Doggedly he stumbled along, debating in his mind the course he should take. As he came to the top of a gentle rise of ground a little village lay before him. He paused to look about. God, how his head throbbed as if the mighty hammers of the mills were beating at his temples!

Fair and beautiful extended the road ahead, lined with tall trees on each side and green grass plots in front of comfortable looking houses. Church spires thrust themselves into the blue air as if to proclaim to the wayfarer that this was a Christian community. He walked down the street and the laughter of bright-faced women and merry children came to his ears from the open windows. At the sound of happiness the blacklisted man set his lips in a bitter malediction at the rapacious corporation that had driven him from his home and made of him an outcast in the land. The pangs of hunger became unbearable. He turned into the gate of one of the more pretentious of the dwellings. Crushing his pride he knocked at the open door. A tall, angular woman answered the summons.

"Madam," he asked, huskily, "can you give me something to eat?"

"We never feed tramps," she answered, acidly.

"God in Heaven," he cried, "do you call yourself a woman? I tell you I am starving! The day has been when not even a stray cat or dog went away hungry from my door!" And hot, bitter words poured in a torrent from his lips. The woman shrunk back half frightened at his vehemence.

"Here, you blasted tramp, what are you doin' here? I've been watching you ever since you walked in!" blustered a rough voice, as the burly, stupid-faced village constable swung up to the porch.

"What business is it of yours?" retorted the man.

"I'll show you," shouted the representative of law and order, as he reached for his revolver.

The blood tingled to Murray's finger tips and he turned to resist. The momentary strength that excitement brought failed him—his head whirled in a dizzy maze and he caught at the door to prevent falling.

"Drunk, too," commented the rural Dogberry. "You come along to the Justice. He'll 'tend to your case!"

Now, our modern Justice Shallow was very busy writing an address to be delivered before a Sunday school convention on the morrow, and was much averse to being disturbed. His subject was CHARITY.

"Well, officer, what's the trouble with that fellow?"

"Drunk and annoying folks by begging, your Honor," answered Dogberry.

"No honest man need beg in these good times," announced Shallow, austere. The justice had made his first money by failing in business and lived by usury ever after that happy stroke of finance.

"I'm as honest as most," muttered Murray, sullenly.

"Why don't you go to work like the rest of us?" demanded the justice, whose work consisted in the laborious occupation of drawing interest and shaving notes.

"I have asked for work a thousand times and for bread but once," replied the prisoner.

"Don't you talk back to me. I'll give you thirty days breaking stone for vagrancy. That will give you time to work off your drunk."

The pain in Murray's head was intense. The unjust treatment goaded him to recklessness. "You lie!" he cried passionately, "I'm not drunk." And he cursed the worthy justice with vigor.

Shallow's offended dignity empurpled his face. As soon as his rage allowed him speech he shouted: "Thirty days additional for contempt of court. Constable, remove the prisoner!"

The next day John Murray, for the heinous crimes of being blacklisted, homeless and hungry, took his place breaking stone among petty thieves, wife-beaters and other criminals with his manhood shamed and degraded.

When the constable and the victim had departed the justice returned to finish preparing his address. Upon the paper before him he had written these words:

I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink. Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered or athirst, and did not minister unto thee?

Then shall he answer them, saying, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not to me.

"So, my hearers, from this text we learn that we should be charitable to all; for we do not know but—"

And the justice again began to write.

News from Nowhere. ♣

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

AN OLD FRIEND.

WE now turned into a pleasant lane where the branches of great plane-trees nearly met overhead, but behind them lay low houses standing rather close together.

"This is Long Acre," quoth Dick; "so there must once have been a cornfield here. How curious it is that places change so, and yet keep their old names;! Just look how thick the houses stand! and they are still going on building, look you!"

"Yes," said the old man, "but I think the cornfields must have been built over before the middle of the nineteenth century. I have heard that about here was one of the thickest parts of the town. But I must get down here, neighbors; I have got to call on a friend who lives in the gardens behind this Long Acre. Good-bye and good luck, Guest!"

And he jumped down and strode away vigorously, like a young man.

"How old should you say the neighbor will be?" said I to Dick as we lost sight of him; for I saw that he was old, and yet he looked dry and sturdy like a piece of old oak; a type of old man I was not used to seeing.

"O, about ninety, I should say," said Dick.

"How long-lived your people must be!" said I.

"Yes," said Dick, "certainly we have beaten the three-score-and-ten of the old Jewish proverb-book. But then you see that was written of Syria, a hot dry country, where people live faster than in our temperate climate. However, I don't think it matters much, so long as a man is healthy and happy while he *is* alive. But now, Guest, we are so near to my old kinsman's dwelling-place that I think you had better keep all future questions for him."

I nodded a yes; and therewith we turned to the left, and went down a gentle sloop through some beautiful rose-gardens, laid out on what I took to be the site of Endell Street. We passed on, and Dick drew rein an instant as we came across a long straightish road with houses scantily scattered up and down it. He waived his hand right and left, and said, "Holborn that side, Oxford Road that. This was once a very important part of the crowded city outside the ancient walls of the Roman and Mediaeval burg: many of the feudal nobles of the Middle Ages, we are told, had big houses on either side of Holborn. I daresay you remember that the bishop of Ely's house is mentioned in Shakespeare's play of King Richard III.; and there are some remains of that still left. However, this road is not of the same importance, now that the ancient city is gone, walls and all."

He drove on again, while I smiled faintly to think how the nineteenth century, of which such big words have been said, counted for nothing in the memory of this man, who read Shakespeare and had not forgotten the Middle Ages.

We crossed the road into a short narrow lane between the gardens, and came out again into a wide road, on one side of which was a great and long building, turning its gables away from the highway, which I saw at once was another public group. Opposite to it was a wide space of greenery, without any wall or fence of any kind. I looked through the trees and saw beyond them a pillared portico quite familiar to me—no less old a friend, in fact, than the British Museum. It rather took my breath away, amidst all the strange things I had seen; but I held my tongue and let Dick speak. Said he:

"Yonder is the British Museum, where my great-grandfather mostly lives; so I won't say much about it. The building on the left is the Museum Market, and I think we had better turn in there for a minute or two; for Greylocks will be wanting his rest and his oats; and I suppose you will stay with my kinsman the greater part of the day; and to say the truth there may be some one there whom I particularly want to see, and perhaps have a long talk with."

He blushed and sighed, not altogether with pleasure, I thought; so of course I said nothing, and he turned the horse under an archway which brought us into a very large paved quadrangle, with a big sycamore tree in each corner and a splashing fountain in the midst. Near the fountain were a few market stalls, with awnings over them of gay striped linen cloth, about which some people, mostly women and children, were moving quietly, looking at goods exposed there. The ground floor of the building around the quadrangle was occupied by a wide arcade or cloister, whose fanciful but strong architecture I could not enough admire. Here also a few people were sauntering or sitting reading on the benches.

Dick said to me apologetically: "Here as elsewhere there is little doing to-day; on a Friday you would see it thronged, and gay with people, and in the afternoon there is generally music about the fountain. However, I daresay we shall have a pretty good gathering at our midday meal."

We drove through the quadrangle and by an archway, into a large handsome stable on the other side, where we speedily stalled the old nag and made him happy with horse-meat, and then turned and walked back again through the market, Dick looking rather thoughtful, as it seemed to me.

I noticed that people couldn't help looking at me rather hard; and considering my clothes and theirs, I didn't wonder; but whenever they caught my eye they made me a very friendly sign of greeting.

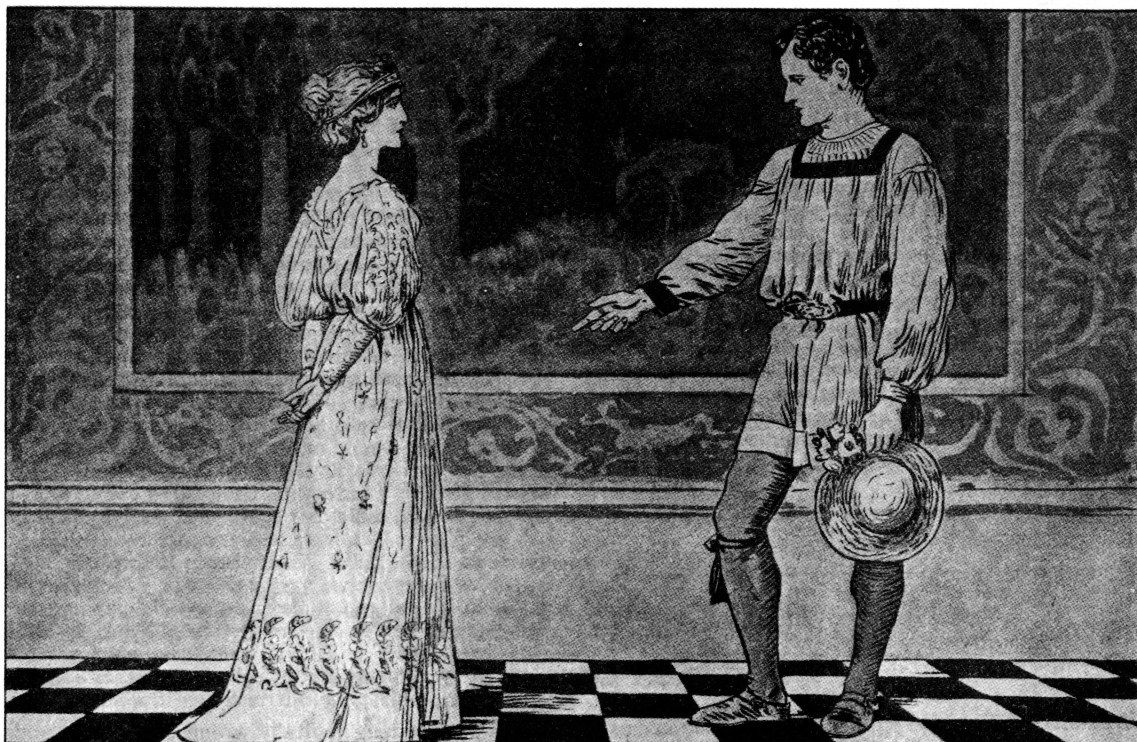
We walked straight into the forecourt of the Museum, where, except that the railings were gone, and the whispering boughs of the trees were all about, nothing seemed changed; the very pigeons were wheeling about the building and clinging to the ornaments of the pediment as I had seen them of old.

Dick seemed grown a little absent, but he could not forbear giving me an architectural note, and said:

"It is rather an ugly old building, isn't it? Many people have wanted to pull it down and rebuild it; and perhaps if work does really get scarce we may yet do so. But, as my great-grandfather will tell you, it would not be quite a straightforward job; for there are wonderful collections in there of all kinds of antiquities, besides an enormous library with many exceedingly beautiful books in it, and many most useful ones as genuine records, texts of ancient works and the like; and the worry and anxiety, and even risk, there would be in moving all this has saved the buildings themselves. Besides, as we said before, it is not a bad thing to have some record of what our fore-fathers thought a handsome building. For there is plenty of labor and material in it."

"I see there is," said I, "and I quite agree with you. But now hadn't we better make haste to see your great-grandfather?"

In fact, I could not help seeing that he was rather dallying with the time. He said, "Yes, we will go into the house in a minute. My kinsman is too old to do much work in the Museum, where he was a custodian of the books for many years; but he still lives here a good deal; indeed I think,"



Illustrations by H. G. Jentsch.

said he, smiling, "that he looks upon himself as a part of the books, or the books a part of him, I don't know which."

He hesitated a little longer, then flushing up, took my hand, and saying, "Come along, then!" led me toward the door of one of the old official dwellings.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCERNING LOVE.

"YOUR kinsman doesn't much care for beautiful building, then," said I, as we entered the rather dreary classical house; which indeed was as bare as need be, except for some big pots of June flowers which stood about here and there; though it was very clean and nicely white-washed.

"O, I don't know," said Dick, rather absently. "He is getting old, certainly, for he is over a hundred and five, and no doubt he doesn't care about moving. But of course he could live in a prettier house if he liked: he is not obliged to live in one place any more than any one else. This way, Guest."

And he led the way upstairs, and opening a door we went into a fair-sized room of the old type, as plain as the rest of the house, with a few necessary pieces of furniture, and those very simple and even rude, but solid and with a good deal of carving about them, well designed but rather crudely executed. At the furthest corner of the room, at a desk near the window, sat a little old man in a roomy oak chair, well becushioned. He was dressed in a sort of Norfolk jacket of blue serge worn threadbare, with breeches of the same, and gray worsted stockings. He jumped up from his chair, and cried out in a voice of considerable volume for such an old man, "Welcome, Dick, my lad; Clara is here, and will be more than glad to see you; so keep your heart up."

"Clara here?" quoth Dick; "if I had known, I would not have brought—. At least, I mean I would—"

He was stuttering and confused, clearly because he was anxious to say nothing to make me feel one too many. But the old man, who had not seen me at first, helped him out by coming forward and saying to me in a kind tone.

"Pray pardon me, for I did not notice that Dick, who is big enough to hide anybody, you know, had brought a friend with him. A most hearty welcome to you! All the more, as I almost hope that you are going to amuse an old man by giving him news from over sea, for I can see that you are come from over the water and far off countries."

He looked at me thoughtfully, almost anxiously, as he said in a changing voice, "Might I ask you where you come from, as you are so clearly a stranger?"

I said in an absent way: "I used to live in England, and now I am come back again; and I slept last night at the Hammersmith Guest House."

He bowed gravely, but seemed, I thought, a little disappointed with my answer. As for me, I was now looking at him harder than good manners allowed of, perhaps; for in truth his face, dried-apple-like as it was, seemed strangely familiar to me; as if I had seen it before—in a looking-glass it might be, said I to myself.

"Well," said the old man, "wherever you come from, you are come among friends. And I see my kinsman Richard Hammond has an air about him as if he had brought you here for me to do something for you. Is that so, Dick?"

Dick, who was getting still more absent-minded and kept looking uneasily at the door, managed to say, "Well, yes, kinsman: our guest finds things much altered, and cannot understand it; nor can I; so I thought I would bring him to you, since you know more of all that has happened within the last two hundred years than anybody else does.—What's that?"

And he turned toward the door again. We heard footsteps outside; the door opened, and in came a very beautiful young woman, who stopped short on seeing Dick, and flushed

as red as a rose, but faced him nevertheless. Dick looked at her hard, and half reached out his hand toward her, and his whole face quivered with emotion:

The old man did not leave them long in this shy discomfort, but said smiling with an old man's mirth: "Dick, my lad, and you, my dear Clara, I rather think that we two oldsters are in your way; for I think you will have plenty to say to each other. You had better go into Nelson's room up above; I know he has gone out; and he has just been covering the walls all over with mediæval books, so it will be pretty enough even for you two and your renewed pleasure."

The girl reached out her hand to Dick, and taking his led him out of the room, looking straight before her; but it was easy to see that her blushes came from happiness, not anger; as, indeed, love is far more self-conscious than wrath.

When the door had shut on them the old man turned to me, still smiling, and said:

Frankly, my dear guest, you will do me a great service if you are come to set my old tongue wagging. My love of talk still abides with me, or rather grows on me; and though it is pleasant enough to see these youngsters moving about and playing together so seriously, as if the whole world

depended on their kisses (as indeed it does somewhat), yet I don't think my tales of the past interest them much. The last harvest, the last baby, the last knot of carving in the market-place, is history enough for them. It was different, I think, when I was a lad, when we were not so assured of peace and continuous plenty as we are now—Well, well! Without putting you to the question, let me ask you this: Am I to consider you as an enquirer who knows a little of our modern ways of life, or as one who comes from some place where the very foundations of life are different from ours, —do you know anything or nothing about us?"

He looked at me keenly and with growing wonder in his eyes as he spoke; and I answered in a low voice:

"I know only so much of our modern life as I could gather from using my eyes on the way here from Hammer-smith, and from asking some questions of Richard Hammond, most of which he could hardly understand."

The old man smiled at this. "Then," said he, "I am to speak to you as—"

"As if I were a being from another planet," said I.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"The Man With the Hoe":

A LITERARY CONFAB, BY F. REFIE.

MR. STRAIGHT—"The Man with a Hoe and other Poems"? Well—some of the "other poems" are really great. But "The Man with a Hoe"? ho, ho, ho—pshaw!

MR. ANVIL—It has been said of you, Mr. Straight, that you were able to recognize a Greek god at sight—whereupon, permit me to ask, do you base your contention regarding "The Man with a Hoe"? Your remark implies a strong dislike of the poem.

MR. OVERMAN—Sit down on it, Straight!

MR. STRAIGHT—Well, then, the po—ah—the thing contains a false sentiment. If you, Mr. Anvil, belong to the Markham gang, it is probably of little use trying to reason with you.

I will say this, however: "The Man with a Hoe" of Millet Markham is not bowed down by the weight of centuries of toil; he is an atavistic survival of primitive man. A poet blaming rulers, lords and masters for this man's slanting brow is certainly off the track. Rough, ceaseless toil is the only appropriate mode of activity for men whose jaws hang down. Keep them busy and away from mischief.

MR. OVERMAN—That's it! Give the laws of evolution and selection a chance. The inefficient, "The Man with a Hoe" will eventually disappear, simply because he lacks the capacity of accommodation, finally his doom is inevitable.

MR. STRAIGHT—Speaking of Markham, it is sometimes easy to create a stir in the pool of literature if you have an eye for success only and are not above using the catchwords of the demagogue. But poetry, which I consider to be the highest expression of truth, degenerates when this is done, and I think that a man who is kept awake nights by fear lest to-morrow he should write something not wholly true has a right and a duty to express himself on every such occasion in unmistakable terms.

MR. ANVIL—Success, I admit, is not always the criterion of the value of a poem. But I hardly think that Markham had success in view when he sat down to write his "Man with a Hoe." According to current sentiment a hymn on Queen Victoria or the Stars and Stripes would have carried more chances of success than the wail of a down-trodden peasant. Your sentiment is opposed to that of the poem. Well, psychologically, your sentiment can be traced back to its birth. You

cannot see anything radically wrong in a system under which your evolution into a well-dressed gentleman with a catarrh, a pessimistic world conception and a prominent position on a Metropolitan Daily has been accomplished. You are under obligation to the system and interested in its perpetuation. Now, it is a curse of successful journalism that its fortunates—al tho' they be honest—are being brought to see with the eyes of their capitalistic masters, and not only pretend to see, but actually do see much good in things which are hopelessly bad.

Therefore, instead of considering your view-point as the fruition of that mental attitude called the "judicial mind," I will look closer at your argument.

But bear well in mind: Much as philosophers disagree concerning the value of the sentiment of the poem, the genius of poetry smiles approvingly upon the poet.

To-day the man with a hoe is the same man his ancestor was three or four thousand years ago, you say; allow me to ask: How did man live so many thousand years ago?

MR. STRAIGHT—Well—hunting, robbing, and killing his fellow-man, I suppose.

MR. ANVIL—Now, you put our man back in his old environment. Strange, isn't it? This biped, slow of motion and sluggish of perception, is going to hunt big game!

Behold his faltering step, his stupid stare. Where among savage tribes or in the animal kingdom do you find an analogy?

Every animal upon the face of the earth is able to see danger ahead; the most stupid beast has a certain look of intelligence and a quickness of perception and action, unless—and here I find an analogy, which, by the way, is no point in your favor—unless this particular animal is a poor, overworked horse, or, to use a metaphor, a horse "with a hoe."

No, man as he existed long ago walked erect and resented insults.

MR. OVERMAN—To me it does not make a particle of difference; he is what he is—let that suffice. I would not burden the coming centuries with this tyro. "The world for the strong and intellectual" is my maxim. To stir up discontent among the masses is dangerous, and that is precisely what Markham is doing.

MR. ANVIL—I do not for a moment think myself capable of convincing you of the falsity of your sentiments, however false they be. No man can convince you of anything against your will. But listen: you are not so heartless as you seem. Your sympathy with the downtrodden exists. At the sight of an ill-used horse you will call an officer and have its tormentor punished. Why should you sneer at the sight of down-trodden man? But remembering your own prerogatives and deeming his degradation necessary for your well-being, you sneer. You have the same reason for sneering that the coward has for whistling on passing a graveyard. But your sympathy is there, nevertheless; it is hidden away in the recesses of your heart and confined there by strong will-power.

Do your theories concerning the progress of the human race prevent you from showing a fellow feeling? Not at all! You do not blame the physician for trying to make the unfit, the sick members of society, fit again. Men have too many conflicting theories to care much for any particular one, and whenever they see something wrong, then their gray theories are overthrown by a deed. Your attitude implies the conviction on your part that some members of the human family must be barred out from participating in the progress of the age in order to insure your well-being. But what if you err in this? What if a better system is destined to replace that of your cut-throat competition with its waste of human labor its moral degradation and intellectual prostitution? What if you are working against progress? That is a very serious thing to do, you know! Dante would have relegated you to one of the innermost circles of Hell for less. Have you listened to the other side? Do you know what men like Marx, Engels and others have written? Have you studied Socialism?

The fact is, you will not hear the other side until you get paid for listening.

You emphasize your love of truth. If love of truth had been your guiding star, you would know more about man's economic relations than I know, for you are wise. You would know that "The Man with a Hoe" has given to his "rulers, lords and masters" in the form of labor, something for which he never received an equivalent.

True, high-souled teachers of men and molders of public opinion could not write editorials for the powerful press without being conversant with those ideas that have set the hearts and brains of all the world's best thinkers aflame, but somehow, it seems that you can write editorials without knowing much about social science.

Your way of writing is, after all, the only safe way, if you wish to prosper.

MR. OVERMAN—Enough, now; just enunciate your ideal, the survival of the unfit, and we will then change the subject.

MR. ANVIL—To transform the so-called unfit members of society, those that cannot be weeded out, into fit members.

For "The Man with a Hoe" will not be weeded out.

Your successful business men are most fit to survive to-day; they build weird mansions on Fifth Avenue, New York, and on Nob Hill, San Francisco. But to propagate their kind does not seem to be their lot.

The unfit, the down-trodden, on the other hand, possess a surprising fecundity. "The Man with a Hoe" is propagating his kind with a vengeance.

MR. STRAIGHT—I fear he is; it's a point in favor of pessimism, I suppose.

MR. ANVIL—One moment, and I shall have finished. You love truth unto distraction, you say. Well, you have written many bright things in your splendid style and faultless grammar. You have repeated the thoughts of the really great, Plato, Shakespeare, Cervantes and the whole host of the great of the ages, in modern English. You had wit and ideas of your own, too. You have denounced political corruption in a general way and have made the rich unlettered *Parvenu* the pickpurse for your wit.

You have spoken truly very, very often. But have you spoken the whole truth? Haven't you sometimes forgotten

your Socrates and employed the methods of the Sophist when you considered what to write, and what to be silent upon?

There are truths that mean much. There are also truths that mean little. By suppressing the first and proclaiming the latter from the housetops, your reputation remains safe; you retain your respectability and your salary is forthcoming.

Who will blame you?

But your truths concerning political corruption, your truths about man's suffering, man's vanity and man's sin—all your fine sounding words are like tinkling cymbals. There are great truths about which you are silent. Those truths need a voice, and need it badly. Do you carry on board of your ship the gods of the future? Can you rouse men to action? No! You are wise in a worldly way. The man uttering the truths I have spoken of is not wise in a worldly way, but his words eventually bear fruit. His former friends know him no more, and want and poverty are his bed-fellows—unless his genius *compels* attention.

There is a reward, too, for proclaiming this truth.

But this reward is something that does not seem to possess value in the world's currency.

To most men it is nothing at all.

But to him it is a priceless treasure. Would you like to try it also? You smile—for you are wise.



GRAVEDIGGER ROOSEVELT.

In Memoriam.

Decoration Day! With the advent of awakening nature the living seek the abode of the dead to hold communion with those whom death has endeared to them. "Death doth not separate, nay, death unites; 'tis life which forcibly doth part us," the immortal Heine meditates. The first embryonic indications of life causes paternal hearts to vibrate in joyous expectations and millions are greeted with fond expressions of endearment only to be persecuted or enslaved as they develop into manhood, blossom into womanhood. All born to curse

the natal day. Myriads have lived, hoped and died in despair. Neither the logic of philosophic thought nor the charity of religious sentiment has prevented the slaughter of the world's great army of noble souls, or the throttling of genius by the disciples of fanaticism.

Ah, noble Volney! Well may you weep upon the "ruins of empires," devastated and laid low by the tempests of ignorance and prejudice. And deep is the grief of him who knows the source of the crimes of centuries, upon entering the sacred precincts of the departed. *De mortuis nisi nil bonum* is the text for the literature of the graveyard. Here they all lie in peaceful juxtaposition, they who madly faced each other in deadly strife while breathing the air of life. Let us forgive them. Let us also be indulgent with their errors. Whatever their faults may have been, they could not do otherwise, for they knew not what they did.

But look, behold. Here come the living, ostensibly to honor the dead; to atone for the many wrongs committed perhaps unwittingly against those who vainly craved for the milk of human kindness. Ah, the silence of the dead is the loudest accusation which unfailingly reaches the spiritual ear of merciless man. And yet the dumb sermon of the departed souls is still unheeded by the hypocrisy of the living preacher of the gospel of peace, of good will to men.

Hark! It is the approach of muffled drums "beating funeral marches to the grave." In solemn tread with draped standards the worshippers of Mars approach the resting place of one who has sacrificed his precious life for a phantom bringing unspeakable woe, aye even privation and want upon those nearest and dearest to him. With uncovered heads all the disciples of mock patriotism listen to words of solace and exhortation from one whose profession is the message of love, but whose habiliments are the regalia of carnage. The sword at his left, the Scriptures in his right. Not a word spoken for the thousands mowed down on the battlefield of industry or crucified on the cross of truth.

Oh, where are the prophets of the people! Where are the inspired champions of the proletariat? Awake, comrades, awake! March to the neglected graves of your comrades who have fallen before you in the battle for human emancipation. Plant the emblem of international brotherhood upon the mounds of true, moral heroes. Lift your voices in song and proclaim the gospel of Socialism to young and old on the crossroads of the dead past, the living present and the nascent future. Speak aloud that your words may forever crush sycophancy and that erring man may learn the truth. Honor YOUR dead on Decoration Day.

FREDERICK KRAFFT.



WHERE NEXT?

"— FEAR FOR TOMORROW'S LACK OF EARNING AND THE HUNGER WOLF ANEAR."

Who Believes Them?



"YOU'RE A LIAR, CHRISTMAS, WE NEVER TOOK BRIBES!"

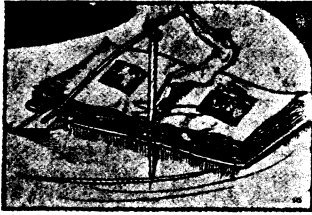


Comradeship.

- word that thrills a man!
- fact still unattained!
- universal need!
- thing abhorred, despised and dreaded by the well-to-do!
- longed-for good (while we are poor, down-trodden and oppressed!)
Hast thou arrived?
- God-begotten clue to equity!
- stifler of all hates and rivalries!
- thou subduer of War-demon with fraternal kiss!
- thou entwiner and close-knitter of the hearts of rich and poor!
Hast thou arrived?
- Age-waited; still we wait!
- E'er longed-for; still we long!
- Much-sought-for; still we seek,
And find thee not.
Hast thou arrived?

There is a stirring of the leaves,
There is a stirring of the sap,
There is a burgeoning of limbs;
But who shall ward the nipping frost?
But who can ward the icy blast?

—EDWIN ARNOLD BRENHOLTZ.



Views and Reviews.

An altogether charming volume of verse is "Wind Harp Songs," by J. William Lloyd, of Westfield, N. J.—a poet whose work is not so well known as it ought to be. For Mr. Lloyd is no mere versifier, though he is occasionally guilty of writing "verses" that are not poetry. But at his best, and at his best every poet has a right to be judged, he is a true poet with a keen appreciation of Nature's charms and a delicacy of touch that too few of our modern poets possess. Moreover, these poems are marked by a strong individuality that commands respectful attention. Right well are they dedicated to "The Free Spirit," for the poet himself is as free as the love he idealizes in beautiful song.

The recent vogue in literature of "Nature books," as the phrase goes, if it does not prove to have been a mere fad due to some successful "book-booster," may be regarded as a cheering sign of a healthy revolt against the insipidity and morbidity of much of the literary output of recent years. That there must be a large number of people earnest in this revolt is evident, and all such will welcome this dainty volume. For Mr. Lloyd lives close to Nature's heart and knows her mood's as few in these days of stress and strife. A very child of the woods he cries out:

"O wings of the great winds, whirling, whistling,
O serpents of flame,
O voices of terror,
O breaths of tempest,
Storm-hearts, I love you!
As the dark eagles of the mountains,
As the fierce wild falcons of the desert,
As the sea-gulls flashing over the breakers,
As the stormy petrels of the black seas."

Only such a fearless, conscious Nature-lover could have written the "Wind Harp Song," which gives the volume its quaint and charming title. When the lady said to J. M. W. Turner, after looking at one of his pictures: "But, Mr. Turner, I never see the skies like that at Margate!" the painter's reply was a brusque: "True, but don't you wish you could, Madam?" And if you don't see or hear in the woods what Mr. Lloyd does, it is your misfortune and no fault of his:

"The petaled stars are blooming,
In the skies, serenely lifting;
Their light in the weird woods faintly falling;
The dark woods, dim and damp,
Where the fern leaves droop,
And all the trees stand waiting,
Silent, alive, waiting
Till you have gone
And they may whisper and shiver
And move at will.

"But now they watch,
With their many eyes, attentive,
Gravely silent and waiting,
Knowing much and remembering,
When you have gone,
Then will they beckon and whisper,
Stealthily, stealthily,
Murmuring Sagas olden.

"Old, old things they remember,
Of the burnt-out years,
Which, past-ward,
Like smoke-puffs, dim, are drifting;—
In fine ineffable whispers,
Each to each, they utter
Stories of battle and murder;
Beasts and birds and their hunting;
(The dead bones, buried beneath,
Their roots are sluggishly sucking);
Black nights and sobbing tempests;
The weeping of rain;
Long lights and shadows of mornings;
And sultry, slumberous noons."

With just one other brief quotation we close with the advice to the reader to secure a copy for quiet reading and companionship. Rare, and to be pitied, is the man or woman who will not feel better, braver and kinder, after reading some of these poems so exquisitely tender and so manfully strong. This, from the fine "Proem," better than words of ours shows the spirit of the poet:

"I would my song could kiss with lover's lips!
Could weave all charms whereby men's thoughts are drawn,
And speak to shaken hearts a guiding word!—
My lay could paint the sea with wind-spiced ships,
And breathe a bugle note to souls unstirred!"

It is a great and a worthy ambition to stir the souls of men, and in these songs of life and love and beauty there is abundant evidence that Mr. Lloyd has not wholly failed.

One of the most permanently interesting and useful volumes recently issued from the Socialist press is the new and revised edition of "American Communities," by William Alfred Hinds, Ph.D., which comes from the press of Chas. H. Kerr & Company, of Chicago, who seem to be intent upon loading the movement with obligations to them for their manifold services in issuing good, sound, socialist literature. The books recently issued by them have been especially noteworthy in that a considerable advance in the quality of the mechanical work, and materials used, has been accomplished without making the prices prohibitive. In this they are deserving of the whole-hearted support of every Socialist.

The first edition of Mr. Hinds' book was published in 1878, and, in revising it, the author has taken care to verify many portions and to add further chapters so as to include various "colonies" that have come into existence since that time. The wisdom of this latter proceeding may be seriously questioned, as it is doubtful whether some of them at least have any claim to be remembered. Such, for example, are the Altruist Community of St. Louis, Mo., and the Commonwealth of Israel, neither of which has up to the present succeeded in doing anything to merit mention in a serious history.

Mr. Hinds' book is not exactly a "History" however. It rather consists of a series of pen-pictures, of very unequal value and interest, of most of the Utopian movements in America which mark the history of the conscious endeavor to establish better social conditions.

When one remembers that most of the great Utopists of Europe—St. Simon, Fourier, Owen, Cabot and others—tried to put their ideas into practice here in America it will at once be seen that such a book must possess great interest and value for the American Socialist in particular. Those of our readers who possess the now almost inaccessible works of Nordhoff and Noyes will be glad to add this complementary work by so careful a writer to the number, whilst those who are not so fortunate will find in Mr. Hinds an admirable guide through the troubled and tangled ways of early American "Socialist" history.

Here the story of Robert Owen and his utopist experiments; of the Brook Farm idyll; the Fourierist "Phalanxes;" the Shakers and the Icarians, is told with much sympathy but with a commendable fairness and a frankness that adds charm and authority to the work. In connection with the all too brief chapter on Brook Farm, in which, however, in spite of its brevity, the author goes to the very heart of the cause of its failure; there is a short bibliography, and we cannot but regret that Mr. Hinds did not furnish something akin to it to every one of the more important sketches. That is a piece of work that has long waited a loving, patient hand.

The value of the work is enhanced by a number of excellent illustrations admirably illustrative of the text. The book, which consists of over 430 pages, is published at one dollar and is a marvel of cheapness. Unlike too many Socialist books, it is well printed upon good paper and worthily bound. The publishers have rendered the movement another considerable service, and this book ought to be found upon every Socialist's bookshelf. We shall look forward with pleasure and interest to the appearance of the several other works which Messrs. Kerr & Co. have announced for early publication.

With its April issue "The Craftsman" began its second volume, and, apparently, the publishers have every reason to be gratified by the reception which has been accorded to the magazine. From the point of view of practical interest the April issue is, without doubt, the best so far. Miss Sargent, whose papers upon Morris, Ruskin and Robert Owen—particularly that on Ruskin—whilst sympathetic enough, showed an almost entire lack of understanding of those great men, finds a theme more suited to her talent—"Beautiful Books." The article is admirably illustrated and we are pleased to note that there is a considerable improvement in the quality of the illustrations generally.

We much regret, however, to find in a magazine of this character, so many inexcusable typographical blunders as we do in "The Craftsman." Surely it is not too much to expect that a little more attention will be given to proofreading in future! Nothing can tend to discredit the work of the United Crafts more than such slipshod work in their journal. We find, for example, that the date of William Morris' death is given, through an obvious misprint, as 1876 instead of 1866, and that the first name of Mr. Walker of the Doves Press is given as "Emory" and again as "Emery," whilst on page 50 the misplacing of a full line is very confusing. It is because we have the sincerest friendship for the United Crafts and "The Craftsman," and not from any spirit of carping criticism, that we call attention to these things. S.

Books Received.

WIND HARP SONGS. By J. William Lloyd. 132 pp. Art linen. Price, \$1.00. J. W. Lloyd, Westfield, N. J.

AMERICAN COMMUNITIES. By William Alfred Hinds. 433 pp. Cloth. Price, \$1.00. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

THE PRIDE OF INTELLECT. By Franklin H. Wentworth, and WHAT IS A SCAB? by A. M. Simons. Pamphlets. Price, 5 cents each. Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

NO BEGINNING (free thought). By W. H. Maple, 183 pp. Cloth. Price, 75 cents. W. H. Maple & Co., Chicago.



In Lighter Mood.

Deacon Skinflint's Dilemma.

It was after the lecture when the chairman, who had seemed very uncomfortable and fidgety all the evening, had invited discussion.

The lecturer, a youthful iconoclast, had assailed the "Thrift" idea and left "Self Help" in a battered state. The meek audience was composed partly of innocent looking young men, without the courage to do wrong except in a petty sneaking way, and partly of old men hard visaged and scornful. There were no middle aged men and no women.

There was a craning of necks when old Deacon Skinflint rose to speak. He was the bulwark of the Young Men's Christian Union Social Forum, and they were proud of him. Nobody, they believed, could withstand his onslaught—especially when the subject was "Original Sin" or "Verbal Inspiration." No one dare attack these helpful doctrines in his presence.

Although it wasn't one of his favorite topics, it was easy to see that the Deacon was confident of his power to crush the young iconoclast who had assailed the noble doctrine of thrift. His eyes flashed, and he stood for a minute or so like a panting greyhound in the slips eager for the fray.

"This So-sheer-liz-um is a foolish, wicked, dangerous doctrine of the Devil," he shouted with a thundering emphasis on every adjective.

"Many a mickle makes a muckle" he said with a brave effort to recall the Scotch accent he seemed to have heard accompany the phrase.

The harmless looking young men cheered with the evident approval of the Chairman. Surely the Deacon was a veritable Oracle of Delphi!

"Christ said 'gather up the fragments that nothing be lost,' my young brothers. That means be thrifty!" he added.

What wonderful exegesis! The applause was deafening. Deacon Skinflint was a marvel!

As his eloquence grew in intensity he fell into a confidential mood and told them part of his life-story.

"My father came to this city" he said, "when I was a baby and he had only a dollar in the world. Only a dollar, young man!" he cried shaking his bony finger at the youthful orator. "He got work digging drains at a dollar and a quarter a day—and kept house upon that" he added proudly.

The young men gazed admiringly at the Deacon and tried to feel something like Christian Charity for the "poor deluded young man" upon the platform.

Encouraged and inspired by their applause, Deacon Skinflint told how his father, after he had worked ten hours at digging drains, would work on until far in the night at odd jobs earning sometimes thirty and sometimes even fifty cents a night. He told how they lived upon coarse food and how every cent went into the bank.

"We never had any lollipops or candies," he said, "at which there was much cheering."

Then he told how he himself had gone to work at nine years of age in a factory, and how his mother had never gone for a day into the country. "But the reward came" he said. "When I was twenty my father had saved enough to buy a few shares and then, after a year or two he bought a house. He worked on until he was sixty, or thereabouts, and then decided to stop working. That was his reward, my young brothers, and when he

died he owned twenty good tenement houses and some mining and railroad shares and I owe it to his thrift, his industry and his perseverance that I am what I am."

The chairman's face beamed with joy and gratitude and the harmless young men made the rafters of the church ring with their applause and cheers.

But the orator had not yet done. He waved his hand impressively and began again:

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night."

"My father toiled and won" he said, "and what my father did every other man can do."

When the fresh outburst of applause had subsided, the Chairman rose with a look of glorious radiance.

"I am sure we have all enjoyed the noble speech of our beloved brother, Deacon Skinflint," he said, "and I am sure that our young brother here who has been led away by the wiles of the Wicked One to preach this false doctrine ought to be grateful for the words of light and leading which have fallen from our brother's lips. It is customary, to allow the speaker a few words by way of reply and I call upon our wayward brother, hoping that he will even now renounce his evil doctrine."

There was no applause as the lecturer rose but he heeded not. There was a smile on his face.

"Will Mr. Skinflint answer me one or two questions?" he asked.
"If God gives me the aid of his spirit" was the sententious reply.
"Well, since you have said every man could do as your father did, will you please tell me who would occupy nineteen-twentieths of the houses if every man had twenty—wouldn't nineteen of your father's have been empty and useless? And if every man had shares in mines and railways who would do the work there? Above all, if every man were to leave his children with a competence, that, like yourself, they need do no work, how would the work of the world be done?"

"Well, er—er—you see—well, er—er—"

But the Chairman saved the Deacon by declaring the meeting closed, forgetting in his haste the Benediction—and the Collection!

J. S.

Wheezes.

THRIFT.

I believe in being thrifty,
But still I cannot see
If the habit became common,
What good my thrift would be!

PITY US!

("It is reported that Miss Stone will give a series of lectures on her experiences during her captivity in Bulgaria."—Daily Paper.)

And so at last they've set her free—
The joy is her's (and *theirs!*) alone!—
And we still further bored must be
By lectures from this talking Stone!

WHY?

I wonder why it thus should be,
That ev'ry blessed mail should bring
A sheaf of gushing "poetry,"
Each piece beginning, "Welcome Spring"??
J. S.

The Baron and the Capitalist.

At last, after many years of lusty living, the baron lay dying upon his bed in the turret-chamber of his embattled stronghold.

All was still and sombre, the psalmody of the attending priest being the only sound audible. Very gently was the old baron sinking; death had already laid its hand on the worn body, but the mind was still at work, reviewing the past, and preparing to meet the future. Many were the dark deeds this mind had planned; many the dire wrongs and acts of violence this hand had wrought. "What shall befall me, what shall befall me, in the dark place to which I go?" thought the baron, in the throes of a deathly fear.

Suddenly there stole in upon him, through the peaceful air of evening, the harmony of swaying bells, floating out from a far-away spire, lost in the distant hills. As their sweetness fell upon the ear of the dying man, a smile of calm and quietude settled upon the almost rigid features. That church, ringing forth to high God its Angelus praise, was the church he had built and dedicated; the church for which a place had been promised him in the golden hall of the saints. He could now die serene and at peace. He was safe. Nothing could assail him, in this world or the next.

* * *

Another picture is before us. A capitalist lies dying. The shades of evening are gathering over this man. "Only a brief space," he thinks, "and I shall pass away. I think I have done my duty well." And visions of the mighty industries he has mastered and organized rise before him. But there is another vision, and it is haunting,—the vision of haggard faces torn and crushed beneath the heavy feet of triumphant success, and they stare at him from out the darkness with eyes full of tears and blood.

The torment grows unbearable, and, raising himself from his bed, he gazes through the window until his eye rests upon a great marble structure, a Library that bears his name. His features relax, and joy comes into his heart. With his mind's eye he sees a great array of white libraries throughout the land, and upon them all is inscribed in golden letters his name.

He is content, and all the world with him.

MARGRANI.

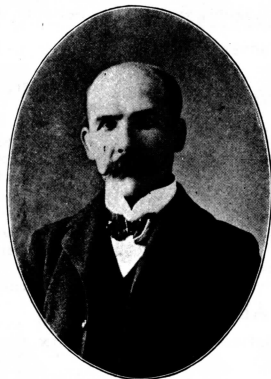


Portrait Gallery of Socialist Worthies.

II.



W. BENESSI,
Socialist Artist and Poet,
Kalamazoo, Mich.



ALEXANDER FRASER,
Lecturer and Organizer, Socialist
Propaganda Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.



MRS. FRASER,
President Brooklyn Socialist Women's
Society and Popular Lecturer.



W. A. JACOBS,
State Secretary of the Socialist Party,
Iowa.

TO OUR READERS.

Of all the issues of THE COMRADE the last seems to have been preëminently successful, if we may judge by the many letters which have reached us concerning it. From all parts of the country, from the learned and unlearned, have come letters of praise. For all this praise and encouragement we are truly grateful, but we need PRACTICAL SUPPORT as well as praise and kind words. We need, in order to keep THE COMRADE going and to improve it, a lot of new subscribers. Surely YOU, if you tried, could send us at least one each month. Work for THE COMRADE is work for Socialism that will bear fruit. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

* * * *

If you get two subscription postals from the office with a request that you sell them, remember that we need just that help from YOU, and don't lose an hour, but get to work in THE COMRADE ARMY. If you don't get postals—perhaps you buy from our agents and we haven't your address, or perhaps you may be overlooked—just drop us a card to say you will join THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE COMRADE ARMY, and we will send you order blanks. In this way every reader can help to make THE COMRADE better every month.

* * * *

Comrades! It's up to you now!

* * * *

A comrade writes from New Hampshire: "THE COMRADE is magnificent; there is nothing like it; what can I do to help it?" The answer is, "Make it known to your friends; push its sale; send us a club of subscribers from your district. Join THE COMRADE ARMY and bring in some recruits!"

* * * *

We think you will like this issue, too. It was our intention to have had a number of articles by prominent European Socialists on the movement there. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-glee," as Burns says. Many of our letters went by the "Etruria," which, owing to an accident, took nearly a month to reach Europe. So replies were delayed and we had to go on with our work. Some of the articles we have and will publish them from month to month with portraits of the writers. Read Schiavi's article on "The Movement in Italy," and we know you will want to read those from Belgium, Germany, Holland, Sweden, Russia and far-away Japan.

Our new series of articles, "How I Became a Socialist," bids fair to become the most interesting feature of the magazine for months to come. Every Socialist will want to read them, of course, and every one who is not a Socialist ought to be induced to read them. They will make not only history but good propoganda as well. The articles by Eugene V. Debs and Job Harriman will be followed next month by Miss Pemberton's, and; afterwards, A. M. Simons, Mrs. Simons, Peter E. Burrowes, George D. Herron and others will each contribute.

* * * *

Next month, too, in addition to a number of excellent features we shall publish an exceedingly HUMOROUS POEM entitled, "The Battle of the Libraries," by Upton Sinclair, the popular novelist, whose book, "King Midas," has been received with universal favor. Every one should read this clever satire in verse.

* * * *

Our leaflets and "Where We Stand," the editor's new pamphlet, are still selling well. Every reader of THE COMRADE should do something to push the sale of these. One of the best and most successful organizers in the country says of our last leaflet: "I have never seen anything to beat 'A Lesson from the Donkeys' for Socialist propoganda. The pictures attract immediate attention and the reading matter is clear and forcible." Other people think the other leaflets are about equally good. Send us 20 cents and we will send postpaid one hundred copies of either kind, or if you prefer assorted, postpaid. Fifty copies will be sent for a dime, but it's better to get a hundred at once.

* * * *

Ten copies of "Where We Stand" for 35 cents, remember. No other pamphlet compares with it for clearness of style and the force with which it deals with an extensive subject. It is as pleasant to read as a novel. Moreover, it is the best gotten up Socialist pamphlet in America. It ought to be in the hands of every Socialist and every one who is inquiring into Socialism. Single copies are five cents.

* * * *

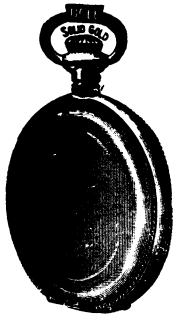
Let's hear from you that you are pushing THE COMRADE!
THE COMRADE PUBLISHING CO.

11 Cooper Square (Bet. 4th and 5th Streets), New York City.

* * * *

THE COMRADE

FACTORY TO POCKET.



WE SAVE YOU TWO PROFITS in Solid Gold, Gold Filled and Gun Metal Watches.

14K. 20 year guarantee American Watches, advertised by department stores at \$12.00; factory price,

\$6.75.

14K. Solid Gold, very thin Watches, worth \$45.00; factory price, **\$9.75.**



W. F. DOLL M'FG CO.,

175 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

ESTABLISHED 1876.

TELEPHONE, 3434 CORTLAND.



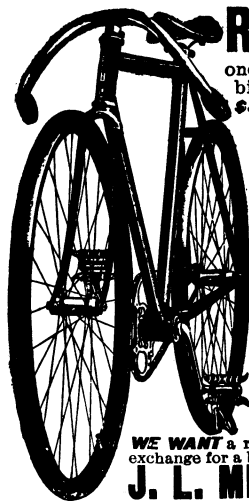
UNITED HATTERS OF NORTH AMERICA

This is the Union Label of the United Hatters of North America.

When you are buying a FUR HAT, either soft or stiff, see to it that the Genuine Union Label is sewed in it. If a retailer has loose labels in his possession and offers to put one in a hat for you, do not patronize him. He has no right to have loose label's. Loose labels in retail stores are counterfeits. Do not listen to any explanation as to why the hat has no label. The Genuine Union Label is perforated on the four edges exactly the same as a postage stamp.

JOHN A. MOFFITT, President, Orange, N. J.

JOHN PHILLIPS, Secretary, 797 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

one in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1902 model bicycle of our manufacture. **YOU CAN MAKE \$10 TO \$50 A WEEK** besides having a wheel to ride for yourself.

1902 Models High Grade Guaranteed **\$9 to \$15**

1900 and 1901 Models BEST MAKES **\$7 to \$11**

500 Second Hand Wheels **\$3 to \$8**

taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores, all makes and models, good as new.....

We ship any bicycle **ON APPROVAL** to anyone without a cent deposit in advance and allow

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. You take absolutely

no risk in ordering from us, as you do not need to pay a cent if the bicycle does not suit you.

DO NOT BUY a wheel until you have written for our **FACTORY PRICES & FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

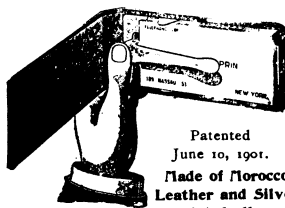
Tires, equipment, sundries and sporting goods of all kinds, at half regular prices. In our big free sundry catalogue. Contains a world of useful information. Write for it.

WE WANT a reliable person in each town to distribute catalogues for us in exchange for a bicycle. Write today for free catalogue and our special offer.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE CO., Chicago, Ill.

100 Printed Cards & Case 50c.

POSTPAID 55c.



A 1 Cards and Printing. No Perforation or Adjustment necessary. Case is Simple and Elegant Size 2x4 in. Orders by Mail receive prompt attention.

CLASP CARD CASE CO.,

109 NASSAU ST., N. Y.

Agents wanted in all cities. Big profits. Write

Be careful in selecting your propaganda literature. Use only such leaflets as are bound to attract attention. Send us a dime and get an assortment of our illustrated leaflets. They are in great demand because they are good.

COMRADE PUBLISHING CO.,
11 Cooper Square, New York.

Are You Ruptured?

The Best Truss

Single \$2.00
Double \$4.00

Can be sent by mail
R. H. LUTHIN, Druggist,
191-Bowery, New York.

MANDELKERN,

PORTRAIT AND ILLUSTRATING

PHOTOGRAPHER,

196 EAST BROADWAY,

Opp. Educational Alliance, NEW YORK.

Books at Reduced Prices.

	Reg. Price.	Our Price
Allen, The Woman who did	\$1.00	\$.72
Bellamy, Looking Backward (cloth \$1.00, 80c.)	.50	.40
" Equality (cloth \$1.25, \$1.00)	.50	.40
Büchner, Force and Matter	1.00	.75
" Man in Past, Present and Future	1.00	.75
Dostojevsky, Crime and Punishment	.25	.20
Gorki, Foma Gordeieff	1.00	.75
" Orloff and his Wife	1.00	.75
" Stories, Twenty-Six and One, Tchelkache, Malva	1.25	1.00
Heptameron	1.50	.65
Krapotkin, Fields, Factories and Workshops	—	.90
Lissagaray, History of the Commune (1871)	1.00	.30
(Library edition) ...	3.00	.70
Marx, Civil War in France25	.20
" The Eighteenth Brumaire25	.20
Merry England (paper 10c.) cl.60	.40
Meslier, Superstition in all Ages (50-40c.)	1.00	.75
Pain, Age of Reason25	.15
" Rights of Man25	.15
Peters, The Jew as a Patriot	1.00	.72
Senkiewicz, The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus75	.15
" Without Dogma	1.00	.60
Sombart, Socialism	1.50	.50
Tchernichevsky, What's to be done	.25	.25
Tolstoy, Resurrection (p. 50-35c.)	1.50	1.10
" What is Art?40	.32
" Slavery of our Time	1.25	.50
" Kreuzer Sonata25	.05
" Kingdom of God is within you	1.00	.25
Volney, Ruins of Empires (paper 50-40c.) cl.75	.60
Zola, Paris (2 vol.) cl.	2.00	1.00

Add one-fifth of price for postage.

International Book Store,

A. WASSERMAN,

29 Clinton Street, New York.

H. GOLDBERG'S

Book and Stationery Store

65 Rivington St., New York.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

OLD AND NEW BOOKS BOUGHT, SOLD AND EXCHANGED.

BRUNO STEINERT,

BOOK BINDER.

CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.

109 NASSAU ST.,

NEW YORK.

BLANK BOOKS TO ORDER.

JUST ASK FOR IT

and we will send you our booklist. It contains the best Socialist and Radical Literature, sold by us at the very lowest prices. We furnish any book published and in most cases at a considerable discount.

COMRADE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
11 Cooper Square, New York.

THE COMRADE

THE ONLY SALESROOMS IN GREATER NEW YORK FOR
THE CELEBRATED

PIANOS **SOHMER** PIANOS

ARE NOW LOCATED IN THE NEW **SOHMER BUILDING**
FIFTH AVENUE CORNER 22d STREET
THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

DO IT NOW!

LATER ON IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

Complete your File of "The Comrade."

If you like to have a full set of "The Comrade," order the backnumbers now, since the supply will soon be exhausted.

Ten Cents Per Copy.

COMRADE PUBLISHING CO.,
11 Cooper Square, N. Y.

The Fox and the Mule.

A FABLE.

Once upon a time the Ox became dissatisfied with his lot: the fodder was poor and insufficient, the yoke was too tightly put on, and there was no access to the stalls, except as it pleased the farmer.

For a long time the Ox grumbled loudly enough, but the farmer took little or no notice of it, for he was not trained in the tongue of Oxendom.

In his impatience the Ox tried to make use of his horns in a rather aggressive way.

But the farmer secured a new and sharp saw and cut short the long and sharp horns, leaving just enough to attach the yoke to.

Still the Ox was aggressive. And the Fox was selected as an arbitrator.—After much wrangling and bargaining, it was decided that the horns should remain short, but the Ox should have free access to the stalls.

As a guaranty of good faith the farmer delivered the keys of the stall to the Fox. The latter tied them up with a nice pink ribbon, and hung them up on the stout and strong neck of the Ox.—There was great rejoicing in Oxendom.

All went well enough till fodder became scarce, and the Ox went to the stalls. But to his great surprise he could not open the gate, though the keys were dangling at his very neck.

And he went away in great distress.

On the way he met the Mule, and told him his sad story.

"Well, well," said the Mule after some hard and slow thinking, "I never had horns, but I can make use of my hind legs. Couldst thou?" But the Ox could not kick, no matter how hard he tried.

There was some more hard and slow thinking, and the Ox decided to go to school to the Mule, and to learn how to kick.

Here the story must end, for the Ox has yet to graduate from the Kicking-School.

G. O. Jesharun.

BOOKS

FOR MILITANT SOCIALISTS.

Derringer, Pocket-Book of Statistics, 15c.

Handbook on Scientific Socialism - 15c.

Useful Principles of Logic - 15c.

A Philosophy of Happiness - 15c.

Send order to Thomas Bersford, 609 Stevenson Street, San Francisco, Cal., or to the office of "The Comrade", 11 Cooper Square, New York.

PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT FOR ALL

We want a representative in every town, village and county and offer good pay. Our work can be done by men and women, boys and girls and the salary is in proportion to time spent. Those who can give their entire time can make from \$8 to \$15 weekly. Any one wanting regular employment or having a little spare time is invited to write, stating what time they can give to our work. We will make them an attractive offer. Address,

BURNS & REED,

NEW YORK CHINA AND JAPAN TEA CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, ETC.

209 Hudson Street,

NEW YORK CITY.

No Capitalists

No Paupers

"Peru Before the Conquest."

By G. B. BENHAM.

The History of a Country without Paupers or Capitalists.

94 Pages, Referenced and Indexed.

Paper Covers, Postpaid, 10c.

Cloth 25c.

Bureau of Socialist Literature,

Established 189c.

Publishers—Dealers—Importers.

Send for Book Catalogues, Price Lists and Special Offers.

123 7th St., San Francisco, Cal.

Truth
Stranger
Than
Fiction

The Goose-Quill Magazine.

\$1.00 yearly. 10 cts. a copy.
THE GOOSE-QUILL is a new magazine that is making a great sensation on account of its virile contents. It is not the least like the brain-annihilating insomnia producing slushmushgush magazines. Each month in addition to numerous original articles it publishes some notable reprint. Thus the contents of recent numbers include:

Oscar Wilde's sadly beautiful "Balad Of Reading Goat"

Rosetti's tender poem "Jenny."

Buchanan's savage attack on Swinburne's poems, entitled "The Fleehly School of Poetry."

A Scathing indictment of Elbert Hubbard, entitled "About That Man In East Aurora."

A mordant criticism of certain recent novels, entitled, "The Current Rage For Leg-Literature."

A searching examination of Kipling's later books, entitled "Kipling's Deal."

"The Goose-Quill" is for sale at all news-stands, price 10c.

a copy; or will be sent post-paid to any address on receipt of dime or stamps. Address The Manager, The Goose-Quill Studio Building, Chicago, Ill.

Note—Those subscribing for one year (\$1.00) will receive the above-mentioned numbers FREE.

Books, etc., Wanted.

Autograph letters of Marx, Engels, Lassalle Robert Owen, etc.

"Republik der Arbeiter," New York, 1854.

Early vols. of William Morris's paper "The Commonweal," George Julian Harney's "Red Republican" and Henry George's "Standard."

First edition of "Progress and Poverty."

"Life and Times of William Lovett, Chartist."

Address, stating price,

Bibliophile, c. o.

EDITOR OF THE COMRADE.

The Globe With Hands Clasped Across

With inscription "Socialist Party" and "Workers of the World Unite" is our latest Socialist Campaign button, which is artistically executed in several colors. This button will be in demand in some States and we can furnish it at the following rates: One button 5c; on dozen 35c; 50 buttons \$1.35; a hundred \$2.50. We pay postage. Send 25c. for a dozen different Socialist buttons with illustrated price list.

THE COMRADE, 11 Cooper Square, New York.

The Chicago Socialist,

edited and managed by the
SOCIALIST PARTY OF CHICAGO,

is acknowledged to be an

UNCOMPROMISING CHAMPION OF INTERNATIONAL SOCIALISM

and contains contributions from

THE ABLEST SOCIALIST WRITERS.

Weekly, four pages, 50c. a year, 25c. for six months.

Address: THE CHICAGO SOCIALIST,

36 N. Clark St., Room 1, Chicago, Ill.

THE CLEVELAND CITIZEN,

193 Champlain St., Cleveland, Ohio.

A progressive labor paper. Enjoys the distinction of being one of the few newspapers in the United States conducted solely in the interest of the working class, under the auspices of the organized workers of Cleveland.

If you wish to keep yourself informed on labor topics, read "The Cleveland Citizen."

\$1.00 per Annum; 50c. for 6 mos.; 25c. for 3 mos.

MENTION THIS MAGAZINE TO ADVERTISERS.

The best Socialist Literature.



HISTORY OF THE COMMUNE OF 1871. Translated from the French of Lissagaray, by ELEANOR MARX AVELING. 8vo., 514 pp.; clear and large type. Cloth, \$1.00. Library Edition, \$3.00.

THE SILVER CROSS, or THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH. A translation from the French of EUGENE SUE. Price: Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 50 cents.

THE EASTERN QUESTION. By KARL MARX, edited by ELEANOR MARX AVELING, and EDWARD AVELING. An elegant volume of 656 pp. with maps, clear and large type. Cloth, \$2.00.

THE PEOPLE'S MARX. A popular epitome of Karl Marx Capital by GABRIEL DEVILLE, done into English by ROBERT RIVES LA MONTE. An elegant volume of 295 pp. Cloth \$1.50. Paper 75 cents.

SOCIALISM AND MODERN SCIENCE. (Darwin,—Spencer—Marx.) By ENRICO FERRI. Translated by ROBERT R. LA MONTE. An elegant volume of 212 pp.. Cloth, \$1.00.

ADDRESS:

International Library Publishing Company,

23 DUANE STREET,

NEW YORK.

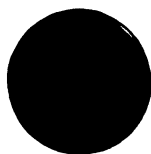
☞ Socialist Photo Buttons ☞



Marx, Engels, Lassalle, Debs, Harriman, Hanford, and others.

5c. a piece, 25c. a dozen, 50 for 95c., 100 for \$1.75 one kind or assorted.

☞ One Dollar a Hundred ☞



for these SOCIALIST PARTY BUTTONS, of which nearly 100,000 have been sold. These Emblem-Buttons may also be had with the inscription "SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY." At this low price, our supply will not last long, so you better order now.

Comrade Publishing Co.

11 COOPER SQUARE, NEW YORK.

AN OFFER

- | | |
|---|----------|
| Railroading in the United States by BEN HANFORD | 5 Cents |
| The Clerical Capitalist by Rev. Father McGRADY | 10 Cents |
| Why Workingmen Should be Socialists by H. GAYLORD WILSHIRE .. | 2 Cents |
| Labor Politics and Socialist Politics by ALGERNON LEE | 3 Cents |
| The Proletariat by Karl Kautsky | 5 Cents |
| The Class War in Idaho by JOB HARRIMAN. Third Edition..... | 5 Cents |
| The Communist Manifesto by KARL MARX and FRED'K ENGELS .. | 10 Cents |
| The Development of Socialism , from Utopia to Science. By F. ENGELS | 5 Cents |
| A Debate on the Tactics of the S. T. and L. A. toward Trade Unions | |
| between Daniel DeLeon and Job Harriman | 5 Cents |
| The Attitude of the Socialists toward the Trade Unions, by N. I. STONE | 5 Cents |
| The Capitalist Class by KARL KAUTSKY | 5 Cents |
| Now and Then A Socialist Play by FRED'K KRAFFT | 10 Cents |
- On receipt of **Only 40 Cents** above 12 books will be mailed postpaid.

Socialist Literature Co.,

184 WILLIAM St.,

NEW YORK.

Largest Assortment of Literature on the Labor Question.

CATALOGUE FREE.