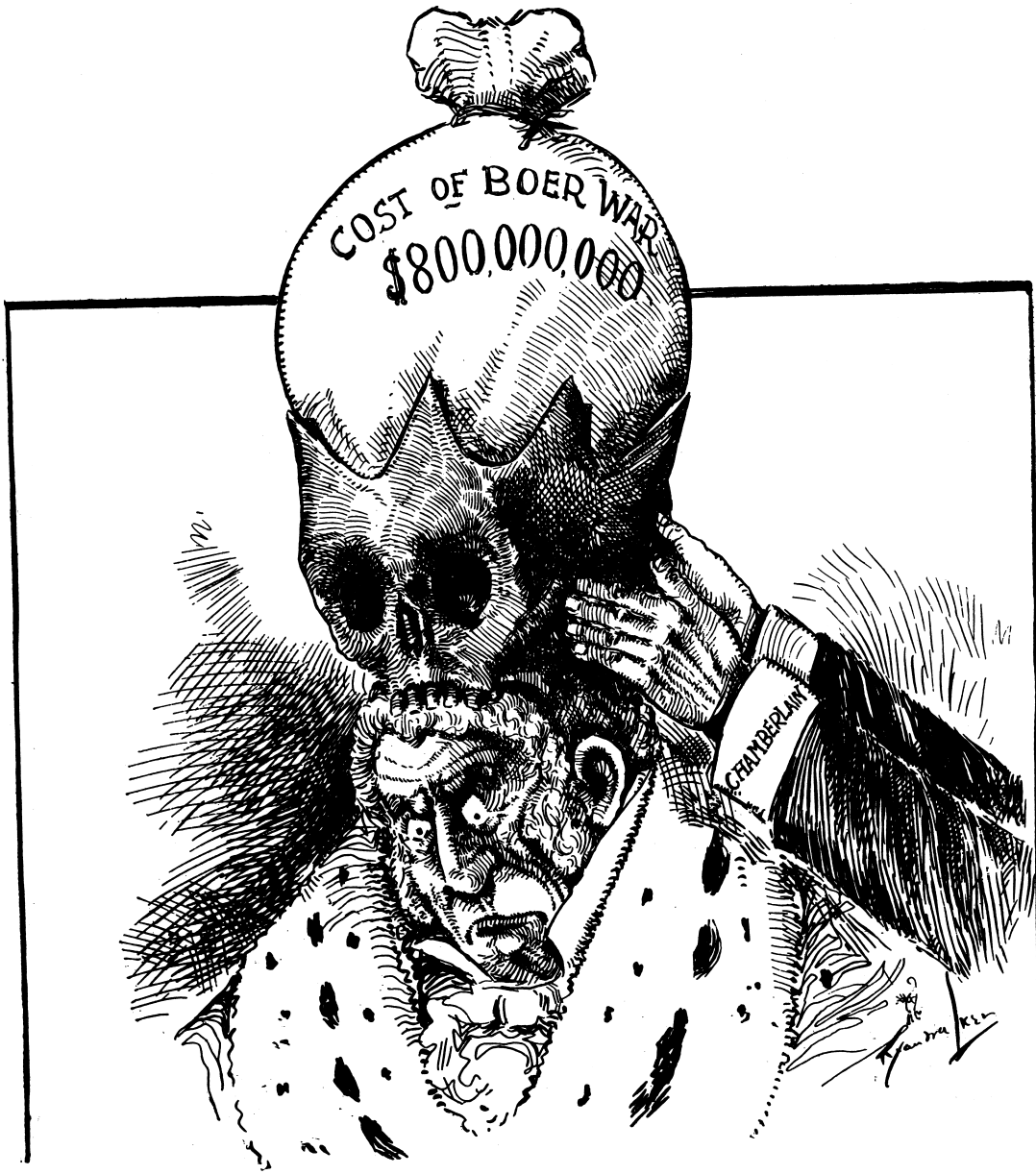


# THE COMRADE



## The Coronation of John Bull.

"Uneasy is the Head that wears a Crown."



## The Battle of the Libraries.

By UPTON SINCLAIR.

Being the Merry Tale of the Wooing of Dame Notoriety, of Manhattan, and the Bloody Duel between Charley Squab of the Two Hundred Billion Dollar Steal Trust and Andrew Arniky, Leading Gentleman of the Old Homestead Company.

*With apologies to Jonathan Swift and Homer.*

Oh, come ye muses, nerve my trembling hand,  
That fears the fronting of such high design;  
Lend me the vision swift and flowing verse  
To chant a mighty tale unto men's ears:  
A tale of love and fearsome battle-shock,  
Of champions paramount in deadly strife  
For sovereign favor of a lady fair.  
And come, ye nymphs, that visions bright of love  
Inspire in Man, for else how can I sing  
Of that high damsel of the radiant eyes,  
Dame Notoriety, in golden sheen,  
The crowned mistress of Manhattan Isle?  
And sovereign queen of Tragedy, descend,  
And lend thine aid to my adventurous song  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Æonian mount while it pursues  
A Squab so bold, a Squab invincible,—  
A greedy, growing, all-devouring Squab,  
A sleuthing Squab in peacock-feathers dressed,  
A new Squab of a kind unplucked by man.

'Twas on a lofty throne of jewels piled,  
She sat, the mistress of Manhattan Isle;  
And Andrew Arniky, a champion slight,  
A modest, mild, unwarlike hero he,  
Poured words of tender pleading in her ear:—  
Oh, come with me, fair lady, sovereign bride,  
And we will wisdom's lofty pleasures taste;  
A thousand libraries thine home shall be,  
A thousand books thy bridal bed shall form,  
And thou shalt dine three times a day on Lamb,  
With Bacon garnished, and shalt know the joys  
Of pure beneficent philanthropy;  
And daily in the papers shalt thou read  
Of ten new libraries, in cities vast,  
In villages, and Indian wigwams too,  
In Texas ranches, and Esquimaux huts,  
In Heaven, Hell, and stations in between.

Thus spoke he, when with clanging iron tread  
Strode Squab upon the pair with haughty gaze,  
Armed with a billet huge of steel, and spoke:—  
Who art thou, puny man of books, that durst  
Affront the sovereign lady of my choice?  
Hark to me, Notoriety, I say!  
No man of books am I, no student pale,  
A scorn of such things is my warrior-boast.  
Seest thou me in my majesty? I am  
The lord of millions that obey my nod,  
And the earth trembles as I walk; and that,—  
All that I made myself, and yet ne'er read  
A single book in all my days!—Avaunt!  
Pale dreamer; in mine empires span there is  
No place for thee, and for thy musty tomes.

But harken now, Dame Notoriety,  
If thou wilt be my bride, my sovereign bride,  
In splendor shalt thou dwell the like of which  
No king of ancient legend ever knew;  
Through palaces unending shalt thou roam,  
Built all of gold, with diamond corner-stones;  
And golden argosies shall speed thee forth—  
Across the flowing deep, and thou shalt have  
Robes made of roses, with the starlight sheen,  
And all shall bow before thee, all shall serve—  
Science and art thy handmaid slaves shall be.  
Know, lady, that the Steal Trust King am I,  
A mighty band of barons in my train;  
And we are lords of all Manhattan Isle,  
And all men serve us, and kneel as we move,  
In gold and jewelled splendor shining far.  
The millions toil, but to our pomp to add;  
The huge machinery of an Age of Steel  
Moves but to make us mighty, and to swell  
The chorus of our revelry and joy.  
See, Lady Notoriety, I lay  
The whole world at thy feet; yea, thou must know

That all the millions who in sorrow toil  
My power to forge, their life is short, and when  
They die, I make a tower of their skulls  
To lift me high above the world of woe,  
That I may gaze and watch the pageant pass;  
Come to that throne with me, my lady fair,  
For what were life without thy favor's smile?

Thus Squab; but then in sudden rage he frowned,  
For Arniky, undaunted by his might,  
Stood firm, and would have spoken yet again.  
Such insolence the tyrant's soul made mad,  
And clenching his mailed fist he cried aloud: —  
Avaunt, I say, thou dreamer, man of books!  
Avaunt! — and raised his club of steel on high.  
And at the moment suddenly changed his form;  
A monster he became of aspect dire,  
With face of savage rage and yawning jaws  
Of crunching steel, with glow of fire between,  
And arms of clanking terror grasping far.  
So strode he on the man of books, but he  
Waved in the air his magic wand, and tore  
From out his waist-coat pocket swift a thing  
Huge, and far-towering, a house of books,  
A library, and hurled with lightning shock  
The mass upon the monster rushing on.  
Like to the face of mountains was the roar,  
Like to the earthquake dire, and Squab fell back:  
Aghast; but soon he charged with battle-yell,  
And now Homeric grew the giant fray,  
A war of gods with might immortal armed.  
For Squab, the lord of endless wealth, hurled forth  
Mountains of iron and spears of girders huge,  
Steel rails that cleft the shuddering earth, and sent  
Echoes that shattered heaven, and made men flee  
In wildered terror from the Titan fray.  
Palaces huge he hurled, and showers of gold  
To blind the eyes, castles of regal size,

Speeches galore, and European tours,  
And banquets huge, and royal audiences,  
And all things else to stun the mind of man,  
And win the smile of Notoriety.

But all was naught unto the doughty knight,  
Andrew the bold, who dodged the fearsome hail,  
Replying with the weapon that he loved,  
His libraries; and forth he hurled them swift,  
Both large and small, in deafening thunder shock,  
And as he flung them, cried aloud in glee  
Their price: — Five thousand — fifty thousand now —  
Three hundred thousand — twenty — forty-two —  
A million! — five! — ha, Squab, what say'st thou now?

So raged the fiery combat, while the dame  
With fickle favor cheered the latest stroke.  
Yet ever Squab fell back, nor all his wealth  
Could save him, till at last he bent him swift,  
Tore up a huge green bank beside the stream,  
The bank of Monte Carlo, famed afar,  
And broke it with his might, and flung it fierce  
Full at poor Andrew's head; the lady cried  
In wild alarm; but Andrew bore the shock,  
And sudden leapt upon his weakening foe  
Armed with a mighty weapon long delayed,  
A university ten million big;  
And as he saw it poised, Squab moaned in pain,  
Turned, and fled madly from his ragin' foe,  
Fled and fled ever, and when safe at last  
He stept into an automobile swift,  
And sped away unto the south of France.

But Andrew Arniky, the hero bold,  
Stood on the field, with libraries high-piled,  
And bore as best he might the love embrace  
Of Notoriety, in golden sheen,  
The crownèd mistress of Manhattan Isle.

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## How They Managed It. ♡ ♡

By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by L. N. ORNSTON.

She had a repulsion for girls who were brought up as housekeepers for their future husbands. Such a fate was not tempting, therefore she learned a trade which could give her a living in case of necessity. She acquired the knowledge of making artificial flowers and reached a high degree of efficiency.

He spoke with disappointment of those "unfortunate beings" who could not do anything but wait for a chance to be kept women in virtue of a lawful marriage. He entertained a hope of finding a free and independent woman who could look after herself, capable of being a friend and comrade to her husband; a woman who was an equal in mental development. He would marry only such a woman.

Fate decreed that they should meet. . . . It is necessary to mention that he was a painter and that the meeting took place in a Capital, where both of them were permeated with "new ideas."

They married.

Yes, it was an exemplary pair and everybody went to admire the way they kept house. They had three rooms: of which the middle one was their mutual working room; the husband occupied one of the side ones, the wife the other. They had no servants! The janitor's wife agreed to come mornings to sweep up the rooms, and the cooking part they undertook to do themselves, as a matter of course together.

All that was a matter of very simple justice, as they explained it, and it was surprising that people had not thought of arrangements of the sort before. To live as human beings ought to—that is all.

They managed things finely. Mornings he would go to the market, and meanwhile, his wife in company with the janitor's wife, made the beds, dusted, etc. Then they made coffee, breakfasted and went to work. When it was necessary to rest, they talked, consulted about different things and laughed a great deal. They were always gay. When the time came to cook, he would make the fire while she cleaned the vegetables; while she ran to the grocery store, he looked after the soup: they cooked the meat together. She covered the table, he brought in the dishes and they would eat. It was a delight, not a burden, to keep house!

Let us be frank and say that they did not live exactly like brother and sister. At night they wished one another good-night and went each into a separate room; in the morning, they woke up in their own rooms as if nothing had happened. He loudly knocked at the door of her room.

"How is my little girl?" he would shout. "Have you slept well?"

"Thank you, first rate. How have you?"

"Oh, splendidly, could not expect better!"

# THE COMRADE

It was always equally pleasant to meet mornings. Evening they went visiting or to some café. She was not afraid of the tobacco smoke. Besides she was not bashful in the company of men and did not inconvenience them at all. Everybody thought that she was sweet. Their acquaintances plainly declared that it was an ideal marriage, the couple did not deny it, but claimed that they were the happiest people on earth.

The lady had parents, who lived in some provincial, out-of-the-way, dull place. The old people did not know a thing about the new ways; they hoped for grandchildren and asked in every letter "whether the dear Elizabeth had any hopes." They even went as far as to remind their dear Elizabeth that married life without children had no sense, because bonds of union did not exist for the comfort of the contracting parties, but only for the perpetuation of the human race.

Elizabeth wrote her parents that their views were antiquated. The mother acknowledged in her next letter that she was a little behind the times and did not understand "ideas." She just wanted to know if the world is now supposed to come to an end? This, however, did not affect Elizabeth. She was contented; her husband was contented, too: it is only natural that people should think about themselves first. The whole of the matter was that outsiders saw at last one happy pair and growled from envy!

Yes, they did live good! Neither bossed, the money belonged to both. It happened sometimes that he would make more, but the next month the balance would be in her favor, so that in the long run their income was equal. On her birthday she was called by the janitor's wife, who appeared in her room with a large bouquet of flowers and a small envelope ornamented with a tiny picture in water colors. The letter read "Mrs. Elizabeth Blomsterknop is begged to accept from her painter congratulations and an invitation to visit him immediately to have an elaborately served breakfast in his room." The old woman was dispensed with. A knock could be heard at the door leading to the husband's room, and then breakfast was begun, lasting until noon. Oh, what a time they had! But the most important part was that their bliss continued for two years, and for two years all the prophecies of skeptics were defeated.

It happened once that the lady felt ill and complained that she was constantly nauseated. She feared she had been poisoned by the colored paper which she used for making her flowers. He suspected germs. He was sure that germs had something to do with it, as the air and water in the Capital were full of them nowadays. It is true that everything was not alright in other respects. Nothing unusual, but still. . . . Some trifle, probably a cold she had caught somehow or other, that was all!

Her ailment lasted, and the young woman began to grow wonderfully around the waist. Was it one of those interior chalk stones about which she read such horrible things? She went to see a doctor. . . .

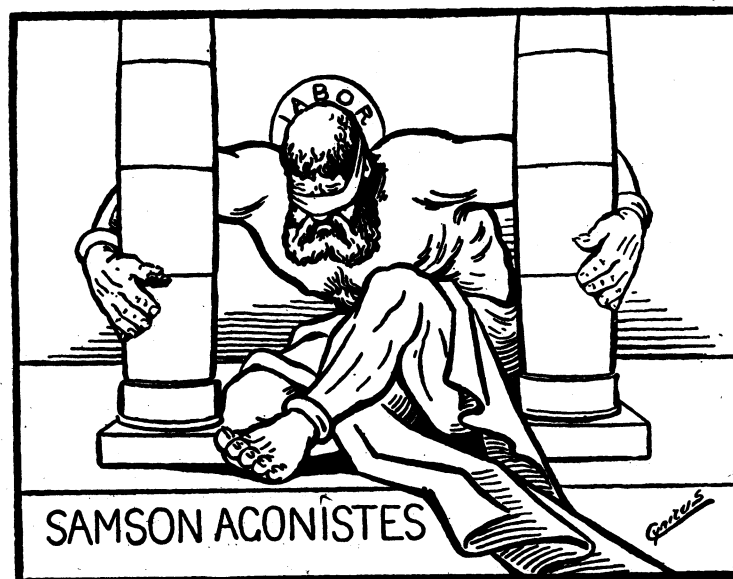
On her return she cried bitterly. But her husband did not. That light-headed man assured her that everything on earth was for the best, and he went to boast of the occasion to his chums.

She grieved: what would become of their ideal existence? She would be unable to earn as much as he did, consequently she would have to eat his bread. It would be necessary to hire a servant and change their whole mode of living, everything. . . . Oh, what a misfortune! All her expectations, the whole of her foresight, crumbled to dust! Was it impossible to avoid it? Above all, her parents wrote her enthusiastic letters; they teased her with their congratulations and again reminded her that marriages were established for the sake of the children, whereas the pleasures and comforts of the couple was a secondary consideration.

The husband swore that he would never agree that her earnings were decreased. Is not the care of a child as much labor as any other; is not labor money? To substitute money with labor, which is its representation, what can be simpler? He assured her that she would bring in her share in full.

All that did not console her. She worried that she would be compelled to live on his account. But when the baby appeared she was unable to grieve; in her fresh trouble she entirely forgot about the "new ideas."

She remained the wife and friend of her husband and became also a mother. He affirms that he values the last most.



"There is a poor blind Samson in this land,  
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel;  
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand

And smite the pillars of our commonweal;  
Till the vast temple of our liberties,  
A shapeless mass of wreck and ruin lies."—*Longfellow.*

# Forty Years.

By LEO TOLSTOY.

[CONCLUDED.]

NO RIGHTS RESERVED.

XI.

The 12th of August came. Trophim Semionovitch awoke before sunrise, and went out into the garden. Gazing towards the East, he mused: "Perhaps this is my last dawn that is now appearing; it will appear many a time yet, but never again for me; many a time will the sun rise, but never more will it shine for me, warm me!" And, involuntarily, he began to be troubled by the thought that the next night, when the term of forty years had elapsed, all would be ended with him. True, he felt not the slightest symptom of disease, but he recalled to mind many cases of men being overtaken by death so unexpectedly, that an hour or two before their end they had no anticipation of it. Life now appeared especially sweet to Trophim, and the value of his wealth was enhanced by the thought that perhaps, before twenty-four hours had elapsed, it would all have to be relinquished.

That day Yashnikoff's son dined with his father, and after dinner he said:

"Let us drive over to the Maroushkins'. We can spend the evening with them. They will have a large gathering to-day, and my sister and brother-in-law will be there. I will not leave you until to-morrow morning, father."

The Maroushkins were wealthy landowners living at their country house in Tsarskoye Silo, and who were on friendly terms with the Yashnikoffs.

The horses were put to, and the Yashnikoffs, father and son, drove off for Tsarskoye Silo. The sky was enveloped in clouds, lightning flashed and thunder rolled. Just as the trap was turning into the gates of Maroushkins' courtyard, an unusually loud peal of thunder suggested to Trophim's mind the thought: "I shall be killed here by the storm."

Again, just as they were taking their seats at the tea table, the thunder pealed, and Trophim trembled from head to foot. "Yes, the thunder storm will kill me," he thought.

The storm increased. Bright blue flashes of lightning glanced through the windows. One thunder peal followed close upon another. The rain poured in torrents, rattling on the roof and window panes of the country house. Trophim Semionovitch sat at the table more dead than alive: "There, now the thunder will kill me."

The thunder did not kill Trophim, however. They finished tea. The guests dispersed to the various rooms. The storm began to abate. But old Yashnikoff was so agitated that he could scarcely stand, and never left Alexander's side. All who spoke to him were astonished, and wondered what was the matter. He looked wild and spoke incoherently. At midnight he wanted to leave, but Alexander persuaded him to stay to supper.

All through supper Trophim Semionovitch remained silent.

After supper the visitors began to drive off. The Yashnikoffs also returned home. On the way, Alexander said to his father:

"Father, what made you so excited?"

"I was thinking," replied the father, "of an acquaintance of mine who, forty years ago, said the same things about God and God's judgment that I have heard from you."

"Was he a Russian or a foreigner?" asked the son.

"Who knows," replied the father. "He did not seem to me to be a Russian, nor to the other people in our village. He was a gardener at the squire's. He told me, at the same time, that everything has its law, and that the wolf is not to blame for eating the sheep, since it is indispensable to its life."

"He was no fool, I can see," said Alexander. "In those

times, and in such a dull place, too. For he was evidently speaking of the fundamental law of the struggle for existence, which excludes every kind of nonsense. All living beings struggle, and he who conquers is right, for this is the law of nature. But," added Alexander, "if he said such things before 'Khokhols'\* they most likely regarded him as the devil incarnate."

"You have guessed right, Alexander," said Trophim, "it was exactly so."

"It was not difficult to guess," said Alexander. "It always is and always has been so with those who dare to reveal the truth to the ignorant masses, and to disperse the superstitions with which ignorant people — when confronted with problems which are inexplicable to them — always console themselves."

When they reached home the dawn was already breaking.

"The ill-boding night has passed," said Alexander Trophimovitch. "The term of forty years that has so long disturbed the imagination of my dear father, is at an end."

"Oh, Alexander, Alexander!" said the old man, "it is only now that I see that I have troubled myself in vain all these forty years. It was all because I was terrified and fancied I heard voices in the wood. Now there is not the slightest doubt that it was only my imagination. You were quite right, Alexander, when you said it is only what people say, just as if there was a God, or a soul in man! And it's all a lie, nonsense, absurdity, as our Oukranians would say."

"It is a pity," remarked Alexander, "that mankind has not been able, during so many ages, to free itself from these absurdities, and it is not yet free."

"But I have freed myself," said the old man. And he did, indeed, free himself from all fear.

That very night, between the 12th and 13th of August, when, after his conversation with his son, he went alone to his room, Trophim's punishment began.

"There is no God, no soul, no punishment! How pleasant, how delightful! And how I have tormented myself in vain, and for so long. We all struggle with one another and ruin one another, in order to live, as Alexander said. The struggle for existence, yes, that is the law. And there is no other. And God has granted that I should conquer. God has granted! How this foolish habit always remains. It is not some God, it is I who have succeeded in conquering; whoever conquers let him profit by his victory. I have conquered and am profiting by it; I have had an easy time of it — only that recollection poisoned it; but now it will be better than ever; now it will be well indeed. At last I understand, people are jealous (he remembered the hermit's words); they are jealous, because everyone would like success. You would like it, then fight! Fight for yourself, and do not wait for others to give to you. There now, Alexander, too..." and he remembered Alexander had told him one day that the twenty thousand paid into the bank for him was not sufficient. He had asked his father to add another ten thousand, and when he refused, was displeased.

"Of course, we know, he counts upon having all, when I die...."

And suddenly the thought struck Trophim Semionovitch with awful clearness, that his son must be wishing for his death.

"Fight that you may conquer. I have fought — killed the merchants; their death was necessary to me, and I took their

\* A nickname for the Oukranians, or little Russians.—Trans.

lives. But to my son, my Alexander, whose death is necessary?"

He rose, terror-stricken, in his bed.

"Whose death? Mine! Yes, I am in his way. However much I would give him, still he would be better off if I were to die, and he became the master."

And Trophim began to recall to mind Alexander's words and looks, in all of which he found proof of the fact that his son desired his death. And he could not help desiring it.

"And once he desires it — and he is an educated man without any superstitions — then he is sure to kill me. Of course, we may take it that he will not wish to ruin himself — but then there is poison."

And suddenly he remembered the talk he had had with his son about those ancient poisons that cause death without leaving any traces behind.

And if he has some of this poison in his possession, then how can he fail to give it to me? He is sure to do so. He has already said that I am neglecting the business, he said one might do more with it. Yes, a cup of tea, and all is over! He will bribe the servants, the cook, they are all venal." And he began thinking of his dandy valet. "Give him a thousand roubles and it is done; and the same with the cook."

Agitated by these thoughts Trophim Semionovitch wished to calm himself by drinking a glass of sugar and water, that stood on a little table by his bedside. He took the glass in his hand — at the bottom there was something white.

"Who knows what it is? No, you won't deceive me!" he said emptying the glass. Then he went to the washstand and drank some water from there.

"Yes; it's a fight of each against all. And when it comes to fighting, one must not trifle. I will be more careful. I will eat and drink what my wife eats, yes, and she too. She knows that she will have a seventh of the property; and her poor relations have long been asking her for money. Yes, if it is war, then let it be war. I must arrange so that they will not profit by my death. I must make a will that will deprive them of everything, so that my death will not profit them. Yes, to-morrow I will do it, and will inform them of it."

He would gladly have slept, but his thoughts prevented him. So he began at once upon the will. Putting on his dressing-gown and slippers, he went to the table and made a rough draft of the will, by which he left all his property to charitable institutions. Having finished this, he would have lain down again; but then the thought struck him, what about the footman and the house porter? Transporting himself into the soul of the valet, he said to himself: "What if I were a poor valet, receiving only fifteen roubles per month, and if, in the fifth room from me, there was sleeping a rich man with lots of money, and if I knew perfectly well, as I now do, that there is no God, and no judgment, what should I do? I should do just as I did to the merchant."

And terror took possession of Trophim; again he rose and shut the door; but the bolt would not hold, so he fastened the door with a chain, tying it with a towel to the handle, and on the top of this chain he placed another, so that, if disturbed, it should make a noise. Only then would he put out the candle; after this he slept so late that his wife, growing anxious about him, came to open the door. Down fell the chains with a crash, and Trophim sprang up startled and pale.

"Who! What! Help!" he shouted, and it was some time before he recovered himself. He fancied, when first startled out of sleep, that some one had come to kill him. On coming to himself, he sought to conceal his fear, saying that he had fastened the door simply as a precaution; but, in spite of all his efforts at concealment, from that day forward everyone in the house, including the servants, began to notice an immense change in him.

He had formerly been cheerful, except for occasional fits of depression, usually caused by the remembrance of his crime; he was kind and cordial, though he could also be angry. He had formerly shown aversion for certain people and affection

for others, especially his children and grandchildren. Now, however, he was always alike, always taciturn and cautious, regarding everyone with suspicion, and treating all, even his children, with equal coldness.

The making of his will now became his principal occupation. It was long before he succeeded to his satisfaction. All the clerks whom he employed failed to satisfy him. He wrote and re-wrote, and made repeated alterations.

With respect to food also he became very exacting. Sometimes he would leave untouched his favorite dishes; he often refused to take any dinner at all, and would then come, in the middle of the meal, and take from his son, daughter, or wife, the plate they had begun — only then would he eat. Wine he bought especially for himself, and kept in his own room, locked up in a cupboard. He now occupied himself less with business, and when he did so occupy himself, always concealed the amount of his profits and all his transactions. His wealth, which had formerly afforded him so much pleasure, was now only an instrument of torture to him. He tried to guard it from others, and yet he felt that it was impossible to keep it from atheists like himself. He felt that if everyone came to know what he knew, and what his son knew — that there is no God and no judgment — no powers could possibly save him. He would be killed, poisoned, his property taken from him by force or fraud. There was but one means of salvation: not to reveal to people his knowledge that there was no God, and no judgment, but, on the contrary, to inspire them to the utmost of his ability with the opposite idea.

Consequently, the last change that Trophim underwent, after that 12th August, consisted in his becoming especially devout, more so than ever in his life before. He never omitted a fast, either on a Wednesday or a Friday, never missed a service, and never lost an opportunity of inspiring his family, as well as his acquaintances and servants, with the idea that there is a God and that those who fail to keep his law will perish, and be cruelly punished in a future life. He spoke in this way, even to his son, as though he had forgotten all he had formerly said to him, or had repented of it.

From that very day, the 12th of August, when he persuaded himself that there was nothing and no one for him to fear, that there was no God, and that henceforth he should be able to live entirely for pleasure, all his pleasures forsook him: every pleasure was turned into a torture.

The fear of murder, poisoning, fraud, and the most terrible crimes on the part of his family and domestics, never left him. He suspected everyone of the most awful designs, and dreaded and hated all, wife, son, daughter, and everyone living. Even his little grandchildren, whom he had formerly loved, now appeared to him malicious little creatures. He fancied that they, too, hated him, as much as he hated other people. Two means of defense were constantly adopted by him: in the first place he concealed everything from everybody, deceived everybody, took measures of precaution against all — even those who had no thought of injuring him. Secondly, he deceived people by impressing upon them the fact that there is a God, that there *is* such a thing as virtue, and that there *is* a judgment by God. It seemed to him that his only safety lay in persuading people of that which he did not himself believe. His wealth, which still continued to increase, was no longer a delight, but rather a source of terror to him. His family were his enemies. The simple pleasures of eating, drinking, sleeping — even these he no longer enjoyed. . . . In everything he suspected evil designs against himself. Thus did the unhappy Trophim live on for more than ten years.

His peculiarities were manifest to all, but no one saw his sufferings. And these sufferings were great. They were moreover enhanced by the fact that he could hope for no relief, even in death. He tormented himself, suffered — not knowing why, and yet he feared death, because he knew that after death there would be nothing, that his life would be ended for ever. And yet he was unable to correct his life either here or hereafter.

## Narrow is the Way.

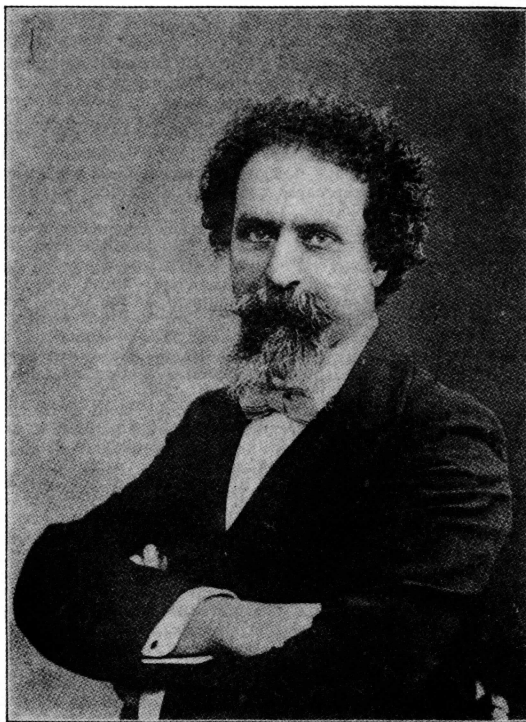
By CHARLOTTE TELLER.

Thus Trophim languished for 12 years. Then one day, on returning from mass, he breakfasted in his own room, drank some wine from his cupboard, then falling asleep, he never woke again.

His death was a sudden, and of course, an easy one. The costly coffin containing the remains of Trophim Semionovitch was carried to the graveyard of the Alexanders, at the Nevsky Monastery, and was followed by a host of idlers, who had formerly attended the wealthy mine-owner's luxurious dinners and suppers. A preacher, renowned for his eloquence, pronounced a funeral oration, dilating upon the virtue, piety, and happy life of the deceased. No one but God knew either of Trophim's crime, or of the punishment that overtook him the moment he lost God within him.

THE END.

## A Greeting from Enrico Ferri.



*- ai compagni del Nord America che  
lottano per l'ideale socialista -  
fraterno ricordo di  
Roma, 18 aprile 1902 - Enrico Ferri*

[TRANSLATION: To the comrades of North America who struggle for the Socialist ideal—in fraternal remembrance,  
ENRICO FERRI.

Because progress is inevitable the great procession never makes a pause, and as the ages pass, it moves in dignity, despite the harsh confusion in its ranks.

The leaders change; the followers change and high above, the words of leaders dead become the living mottoes, revered the more as they wax old and lose their meaning for the standard bearers.

Far in advance to-day move the great ranks of science, eager for the very facts they hold it safe to doubt. There's controversy based on love of truth; there's self-denial for its sake, and there is reverence for the end of science though the cry comes down the line that men are waiting in the ranks behind to snatch the new discoveries and make them serve the ends of capital before they serve to free man from its great tyranny. And science can but make its gifts to those who clutch at them with dastard greed, for men of science must earn the means of living.

Philosophers there are whose old, worn peninants bear words of yesterday. Some eye askance the progress of the race. Some mumble words of wisdom, some shout their disregard for mobs and masses, prate of the élite, bow down in soul before the uncrowned kings who pay their salaries — for they must live.

Art moves but slowly: the hand that holds the brush must seek the purse of those for whose intelligence it has no message. In music, too, and literature the ranks move on, though looking backward toward "old masters." This school and that bears high aloft the tattered fragments of once strong ideals: But Art must find its market and learn its market price.

And close behind, so close they seem to push the others, to press them on to far, unmeaning victories, come the vast thousands of the World of Industry and Commerce. The masters here are in the saddle, the hardest workers plod afoot, struggling — sometimes in vain — to keep from under horses' hoofs. These ranks are noisy in their progress, proud to serve those kings whom chance has given power on the Exchange and Board of Trade. For all must live, and they live best who gamble most successfully.

Yet there's a ragged file of men outside the crowded ranks — a file of those who've left the crushing columns and press, toward the front, to call to all whose ears are not yet deafened by the noise of shackles. Men of science, men of art and men of labor — all free themselves to search for others brave enough to choose the narrow way of justice. They carry their own burdens, but they fight for all.

And the radiance along the narrow path lights up the faces of the bravest ones — the faces of the ones the world calls radicals and revolutionists. The heroes of the world must walk alone.

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## The New Creation.

The world to-day is without form and void, and darkness is upon the face of the deep.

But lo! The Spirit of Love moveth upon the face of the waters of humanity,

And we shall ere long see a new heaven and a new earth.

And behold, it will be very good.

ERNEST CROSBY.

# THE COMRADE

JUNE, 1902.



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## Editorial.

Of all the objections which men have made to Socialism the charge that it is "pessimistic," so commonly urged, is the most fundamentally stupid and false. On the contrary, Socialism is the only effective antidote for pessimism: it is the Geist, the inspiration, of the world's greatest conscious effort at betterment. Either men hope from it and through it or they are without hope.

The believe that things go from bad to worse is as old as history itself. Just as to-day men laud the "good old times," mourn the depravity of nowadays and blanch at the awful future, so, thousands of years ago, the Roman poet, Horace, mourned that the men of his day were:—

"The degenerate offspring of heroic sires."

But modern thought has raised gloomy foreboding to the dignity of a philosophy, and the keynote of much of our present day Art and Literature is that things are growing, and must grow, from bad to worse. There is no hope: and in the common every day life this spirit of pessimism is everywhere apparent. If they do not say with Carlyle that "the destiny of mankind is downward to an everlasting swine trough," men nevertheless feel that it is in a downward rather than an upward direction.

Others there are who go to the opposite extreme, and, like Voltaire's Optimist, declare that we enjoy "the best of all possible systems in this, best of all possible countries." Like the stupid ostrich they bury their heads in the sand rather than face the truth. "Leave well alone!" they cry, quite regardless of the fact that all is not well but ill. They are not affected by the terrible contrasts seen on every hand—the shameful extravagance and the

shameful poverty: the idler in ease and luxury, the worker in toil and squalor—these do not appeal to the ultra-optimists. Has not slavery been abolished? Have we not a great public educational system? Have not the scientists drawn from the very bosom of nature her most cherished secrets? Then why complain?

It is when the Socialist makes the obvious reply that so long as men are economically dependent they are not free; that, after admitting all that may be said for our educational system, it is still true that the portals which lead to the paths of the wider fields of learning are closed to the great mass of the children of the nation, and that the inventions and the triumphs of science have little meaning, except of deeper misery, for the great bulk of mankind, and that the condition of the poor seamstress in the tenement, for example, is no whit better for all the inventions of sewing machines and the like—the reply is met by the taunt of pessimism!

It will be readily seen that, finally, the pessimism of the one class and the optimism of the other produce the same result. Because he believes that things must go from bad to worse, the pessimist has no incentive to inspire him to any attempt at improving conditions, and because he believes that "all is well enough," the optimist, though for a very different reason, also lacks incentive: As in so many other things, extremes meet.

And against both Socialism stands arrayed. To the pessimist's cry of despairing submission it opposes a cry of hope and of resistance—hope born of a reliance upon the history of the ceaseless struggles of the past and the facts of to-day. Looking the great economic problem of an enthroned but useless class of parasites, whose power rests upon a socially useful but disinherited and subjected class, squarely in the face, we point to the great awakening of the all-powerful but subjected class expressed in the world-wide Socialist movement, and we say that, whether the end be near or remote, it can only result in the overthrow of parasitic domination—*Labor Omnia Vincit!* So we look with confidence to the future in which

— That which the worker winneth shall then be his indeed,  
 Nor shall half be reaped for nothing by him that sowed no seed."

Look where you will to-day, one fact stands out in broad relief. Men have no faith in the churches or the creeds that stand impotent and resourceless before the great problems of the time. They despair equally of the old political parties who are continually seeking for an "issue" in the very presence of the most momentous issues, and the most terrible, in the whole range of human history. So they turn in ever increasing numbers to Socialism as their only hope. The only vital faith of the age is centered in the demand of the workers for the whole of their common product to be shared in common. That is the fulcrum upon which must rest the power that shall raise the whole life of the world. And just in proportion to the growth of Socialism is the decline of pessimism. The two are incompatible. As the rising sun dispels the gloom and the mist of the night so Socialism dispels the despair that would hold the world in its bondage.

And to the optimist slumbering in deep content, satisfied with the present rather than hopeful for the future, Socialism comes as the rude awakener. There can be no greater madness than to ignore the terrible evils by which we are everywhere surrounded. Whose cries, "Let well alone!" is living in a fool's paradise. The very progress we have made becomes a sprite that mocks our folly and our greatest inventions enslave us. The achievements upon which we most pride ourselves reproach us. Little more than a hundred years ago this great nation threw off the

yoke of foreign domination, but to what end? To become a republic in name only, but in truth a despotism unparalleled. The king-power of the financier mocks us and derides our republican pretensions. Everywhere, too, it is plain that the greatest triumphs of the inventor's art do not serve but enslave us.

"Fast and faster our iron master,  
 The thing we made for ever drives,  
 Bids us grind treasure and fashion pleasure  
 For other hopes and other lives."

The press is prostituted to the interests of the exploiting class, art is commercialized and education is largely a monopoly of the parasites who control it and poison the very wells of knowledge. In the words of Tennyson:

"... While we range with Science, glorying  
 in the time,  
 City children soak and blacken soul and sense  
 in city slime.

There among the gloomy alleys Progress  
 walks with palsied feet,  
 Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the  
 thousand on the street.

There, the master scrimps his haggard seamstress  
 of her daily bread,  
 There, a single sordid attic holds the living  
 and the dead;

There, the smouldering fire of fever creeps  
 along the rotten floor.  
 And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens  
 of the poor."

And so we preach our gospel of discontent, calling the despairing pessimist and the blindly content optimist to action. But discontent is not pessimism. On the contrary, we are only discontented because we know that better conditions are possible. "Prophets of Discontent" is a name that has been hurled at us in reproach by superficial critics, but like many another taunt it is resonant with unconscious praise, and we are not ashamed, but proud to bear it. Whoever can look the facts of commercial society in the face contented and unabashed is a poor soul, whose very life is a sufficient arraignment of the whole fabric of our civilization. The world beautiful made ugly by the sordid touch of capitalistic blight; art chained and debauched; science linked to death and destruction instead of to life and the building up of a nation of strong people; baby-lives crushed and stunted in factories in the very presence of a permanent problem of two millions of unemployed adults; these, and a myriad of other facts, each fact a tragedy and a crime, must wring cries of discontent and of anguish from every heart that is worthy of companionship and of love. Socialism alone gives voice to the wrath of the wretched and wisdom to their "unlearned discontent." For it is not merely a gospel of discontent with the present. It is that only because it is more: it is a gospel of hope for the days that shall be. Tired, wearied of soul and body, downtrodden humanity sees with the dawn the spirit of Socialism as an Angel of Deliverance, breaking its bonds and bidding it rise to the life of freedom so long sought—to the companionship of the free stars and the gods.

S.

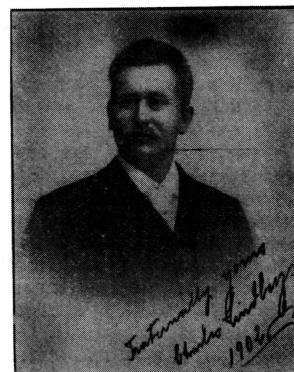




# The Socialist Movement in Sweden.

By CHARLES LINDLEY.

General Secretary Swedish Socialist Party, Editor of *Transportarbetaren* (organ of Swedish transport workers), etc.



In Sweden, fortunately, there is a close identity between the Socialist and the Trade Union movements. Indeed, they are practically one movement. We have recently turned the "twenty years' corner" of our existence. It is twenty years since the day when the old militant pioneer agitator, August Palm, having been pitchforked out of the ex-Danish, now German, province—Schleswig Holstein, as a dangerous political suspect, came into Sweden and took up the Agitator's mantle to preach Socialism.

At the first sounds of agitation, people rushed to their country's defense and Socialism was "killed." It was "killed" physically by starving out its adherents and closing all the houses where meetings were held: it was "killed" scientifically by learned professors and other men of weight. All to no purpose, however, was the "killing," the infernal nuisance continued. And just as poor Mrs. Partington found that the ocean was too powerful to be checked by her little mop and gave up in despair, so did our men of learning. Since that time there has been an enormous growth of Socialist opinion and it is rare indeed to find an organized worker who is not, more or less definitely, a Socialist. There was a time when Palm ran the danger of being lynched by an enraged people instigated by the Liberals and Tories, but that time is past, never to return.

It was a good thing that Socialism made its way into the country so early as it did. Sweden was at that time passing through the worst period of its transition from an agricultural to an industrial state. The new system caused disruptions: Socialism unveiled the true cause of these and made use of the consequences to organize the workers in all trades wherever possible. The next step was, as the organizations grew, to form national federations or unions in the separate trades. After that the need was felt for a closer relationship between all trades and so we formed a general trades federation with power to levy in case of need up to 50 öre (12½ cents) per week from each member. There are about 70,000 organized workers in Sweden of which number the vast majority belong to the general federation, and for those that remain outside it is simply a question of time. They will come.

This new form of organization in the trades made a considerable alteration in the form of party organization necessary. Under the old system every local organization had to be affiliated with the Social Democratic Labor Party, and in case of a strike or lockout they would appeal for assistance through the party executive. This, under the new form of organization, was relegated to the Trades Federation, the party having now only political affairs under its immediate jurisdiction. The local unions in a given district form a commune, and the commune joins the party paying dues for all its members. Some of the communes, such as, for example, Stockholm, Gothenburg, and Malmö, issue daily Socialist newspapers, while several other communes like Landskrona, Ystad, Gefle, Jönköping, and Sundsvall issue papers which come out once, twice or three times a week. Besides this the workers have in most places devoted their energies to the building of meeting halls, the formation of cooperative societies, the making of pleasure parks and various other enterprises for profit or pleasure.

Still we are weak in one point and that is in political strength.

The cause of this weakness is the Franchise law of Sweden, which only gives a vote to those who have been taxed on 800 kronas income (\$200) and have paid their taxes regularly for a year preceding the election. The communal franchise is still worse, it is scandalous. One person can there hold up to 100 votes according to income.

The Swedish workers have shown what they can do on trades union lines and will make just as good a showing in political work once they have secured an extended franchise. The organized workers decided last year to resort to a general strike if the government did not fulfil its promise to give the workers a just franchise, especially in view of the added burden which conscription has laid upon their shoulders. A new Congress is to be held as soon as the government-proposition is known in the Chamber to decide what action shall be taken.

Probably before these lines reach the readers of THE COMRADE the propositions of the Government will be made known and our Congress held. The Liberals have already deserted from the colors of the general franchise and left the Socialists to make the fight for Justice and Freedom. We stand, therefore, for great events in the near future: we dare not prophesy but we shall not fail to stand firmly for International Socialist principles. We hope for the warm sympathy and encouragement of our American Comrades.



THE SOWER.

# How I Became a Socialist.

III.

By CAROLINE PEMBERTON.

One would think that to have spent thirteen years of one's life in charitable work would be enough in itself to make one a Socialist. But it was not enough in my case. A rebellious spirit within me had always revolted against class distinctions and inequalities, and on giving up charitable work it expressed itself in this formula:

"There is no real difference between the so-called higher and lower classes except that which is created by environment. Their brains and hearts are not essentially different—they are merely occupied with different sets of problems."

I rejoiced over this conclusion, for it seemed to make life much simpler, and I applied it to every class and condition of men including negroes, Chinese, and all outcasts, and it shed light everywhere. My work had been largely among outcast children—the so-called incorrigibles and delinquents of our criminal courts—so my theory was based on much practical experience. I knew what change of environment could do for a ten-year-old thief—and I knew what the reformatory and the prison would do for the same child—they would manufacture him into a confirmed criminal.

And this was "all the farther I got"—as the schoolboy said to his teacher when unable to answer the last question put to him,—at least, at that time.

All the men of my family had always been strong Republicans, and I had been brought up to believe in the Republican party as the Catholic believes in his Church. It had always been the Guardian Angel of the nation and it remained so enshrined in my thoughts until the breaking out of the Spanish-American War. Then the "Guardian Angel" began to do strange and unaccountable things, utterly irreconcilable (as I thought) with its previous rôle in history-making. Every link in the long-drawn out chain of national infamies, acts of oppression and hypocrisies, filled me from day to day with increasing horror and indignation. The *Springfield Republican* and a few other Anti-Imperialist papers became my only comfort. Of course I became an ardent Anti-Imperialist and pinned my hope of the country's salvation on Mr. Bryan, continuing

meanwhile to contribute occasional letters and newspaper articles on this subject and in defense of the negro.

One of these published letters was answered by a Socialist, who pointed out the overwhelming power of wealth—the plutocratic nature of our government—and suggested that a study of Socialism would throw light on the political situation. By his advice I began to read the "Fabian Essays"—in just the spirit in which one might follow a light gleaming through the darkness at a great distance. I was not satisfied to remain lost in a dark cave of human events forever. Here was a light ahead and an opening somewhere—somehow—into the light and freedom of day,—and I determined to follow it before I had quite finished reading the first "Essay."

The correspondent who had suggested Socialism to me was naturally much astonished at the suddenness of this "conversion," and I doubt if to this day he is quite willing to accept it as the real thing.

I went on reading "Merrie England," Bellamy's "Equality," and numerous articles by the "Scientific" Socialists, besides taking the "International Socialist Review" and some weeklies, but it seemed that I had already received the most lasting impression from the "Essays." Perhaps this was only because they were the first things I had read on Socialism.

All this time I knew not a single Socialist to speak to or even by sight. I began to feel that I was only a Socialist "on paper," and I must find some real live Socialist somewhere and see what they were like,—if they were human beings made of flesh and blood,—or only things that created and made a noise like human beings.

So I started out one day to hunt up the Socialist Party of Philadelphia,—my native city. It was hard work finding "It," for at that time—only last October—the Socialist Party had no headquarters and made its nest cuckoo fashion wherever it could find a resting-place in Trades Unions' Halls and Labor Lyceums.

But I found it out at last and saw that it was made up of people—real people—working people—and since that day I have learned more of Socialism from them than I ever could have learned from books.



CAROLINE PEMBERTON. Photo by Mathilde Weil.

*Caroline Pemberton*

# How I Escaped from Russia.

By ISADOR LADOFF.

Author of "The Passing of Capitalism."

On my escape in 1891 from exile in the remotest part of Arctic Siberia, and while on my way to the United States, I crossed clandestinely the Russo-Prussian frontier with a party of fugitive Poles, Jews, Germans and other stepchildren of the "Little Father," the Czar. I met the party on a bright August morning in the small town of Skudy in the Province Minsk. The outward appearance of the exiles bore witness to their past sufferings, especially that of the women and children; but they were full of hope: it could be read in their pale and haggard faces, which seemed to me to express at the same time feelings of sadness and of joy, to mingle tears with smiles.

In the crowd of small burghers, traders, and workingmen, I found three belonging to the higher class, so far as I could judge by their clothing and manners and I hastened to make their acquaintance. One of them was the professor of natural science in the Riga high school (or gymnasium, as it is called in Russia); another, a Polish nobleman and landowner in the Witebsk Government; the third, a contractor of Jewish extraction. They seemed, at first glance, to be so much unlike each other, that one could hardly believe them all to have been born and reared in the same country. The German professor was of medium stature. His rosy-cheeked, round face and bright blue eyes were in peculiar contrast with his short gray hair. The Pole was tall, and his pale physiognomy showed the traits peculiar to the descendants of old families. His gray eyes and almost colorless lips were witnesses to a life of privation, suffering, and strife. The contractor was a tall old man, with his back slightly bent. His open and fine features, peculiar to oriental princes, and his deep, dark, exceedingly sad eyes, could not fail to make a striking impression upon any observer.

I joined the party at a small inn, a dirty, noisy place, full of people of questionable appearance and of all kinds. I and all the other emigrants were besieged with propositions from local "agents" "to lead us across the frontier safely." These smugglers paid especial attention to the professor, the landowner, the contractor, and myself for obvious reasons. They suggested that we go separately from the crowd, but we wisely preferred to make our escape with the whole party. The competition between the local smugglers was so strong that they quarrelled among themselves, the quarrel resulting at last in hand to hand fighting. The bargaining of the agents with the party of emigrants lasted

a whole day. The amount of money each emigrant had to pay to the smugglers for their services varied according to the number of the members of his family and the quantity of his baggage, but did not exceed five roubles (about \$3.00.)

I occupied the time in making inquiries into the history of the emigrants, especially that of my new friends, the professor, the contractor, and the landowner. The last named was disinherited by a special law, prohibiting any Roman Catholic from possessing land or other



property in certain provinces. The professor lost his position partly in consequence of his refusal to submit his pupils to the system of overwork, practised in genuine Russian governmental schools, but more because of his protest against the violent Russification of his native Baltic provinces.

Especially tragic was the story of the third of my new friends. He had formerly lived in Odessa, had been prosperous and had accumulated a handsome fortune. The highest ambition of his life was to give his children the most liberal and refined education. He was fortunate enough to have gifted and industrious children. All went well till Count Ignatieff (the "Father of Lies," as he was justly called by the Turks), in his capacity as Secretary of the Interior began his infamous crusade against the non-orthodox churches of the Empire. During one of the anti-Semitic riots, the daughter of the contractor died as the

victim of a nameless crime; one of his sons joined the persecutors of his race by conversion to the orthodox Greek church, with the purpose of creating for himself a better future. This act was considered by his father as a disgraceful and cowardly desertion. He considered this renegade son, as he expressed it, "more dead than his unfortunate daughter." The only son left to him was politically compromised, while studying medicine in St. Petersburg, and sentenced to penal servitude in the Siberian mines of Karo. The wife of the unfortunate contractor sank under the weight of these heavy blows into an early grave. The father was left alone. "Of course, I do not expect anything for myself in the New World," said the unhappy old man, finishing his tale of woe and sorrow, "but I will at least have the consolation of seeing other people free and happy." Tears filled his sad eyes and gave an additional charm to the venerable face of the Jew.

At nine o'clock in the morning, the luggage of the party was put upon the wagons and we left for the last village on the frontier, Krettingen. We moved on very slowly, as if by stealth, through the barren country. In Krettingen we found another party of emigrants, that came on the previous day, but for some unknown reason, could not pass the frontier the same night. Late in the evening of the next day about one hundred and fifty emigrants left Krettingen. We moved on still slower than before, not unlike a funeral procession. The smugglers seemed to grow more and more restless as we approached the frontier. Horsemen came and went in the darkness of the night, bringing or taking messages. One of the horsemen, an old Jew, was especially dissatisfied with the appearance of things and predicted mischief. The majority of the emigrants were much depressed in spirits and kept quiet. Most of them slept soundly, exhausted by the long journey and the excitement of the day. Only the German and the Pole talked in an undertone, as if unwilling to disturb the general silence of man and nature about them.

Night, meanwhile, rapidly approached. The sky was overcast and it began to rain as we reached the last Russian settlement. The smugglers disappeared, leaving their wards in charge of a Lithuanian peasant, who acted as a guide. He was a robust young fellow, with a rich crown of flaxy, unkempt hair on his round head, was clad in a gray broad cloak and was barefooted. The guide ordered the party to proceed in a regular

column, the men ahead, the women next, the children behind. We marched on alternately over marshes, across ditches, and through underbrush, over roads that had been washed by the rain. The clayey soil formed a slippery, sticky mass, clinging to the feet, and making progress a difficult task for the weary and excited travelers. The children on the arms of their poor mothers shivered with the cold. It was impossible to quiet them. In spite of all the endeavors of the wretched women, the shrill cry of the miserable babes sounded in the dead silence of the night, like the cries of tormented souls in the realms of the dead.

The guide marched in the first line and tried to keep the party in military order, but in vain. Each constantly attempted to break from the line and get ahead of his fellow travelers, as if pursued by some evil spirit. The guide unceremoniously struck the two impatient refugees with his mighty fists, but it restrained them only for a moment. The fugitives kept running ahead of each other like a confused flock of sheep, as if their lives depended on gaining a few more steps. The tracks being narrow and hardly passable for five persons abreast, the mad throng assumed the aspect of a struggle for life. The violence seemed hardly to be noticed by the fugitives whose minds seemed altogether absorbed by one fixed idea—to gain as quickly as possible the coveted frontier and be beyond the reach of the Russian guard. Nevertheless we marched very slowly, stumbling, falling, jumping over trees and running through ravines in a frenzy.

"Halt!" suddenly ordered the guide. We stopped and laid ourselves flat on the muddy soil. The guide kicked down those of the party that, in their unreasoning torpor, did not at once realize the full meaning of his command. In a moment all was quiet. Even the children and babies seemed to instinctively feel that danger was at hand and were quiet for a moment. The sound of a horse's hoofs was distinctly heard and soon a mounted sergeant of the Russian guard of the frontier appeared like a ghost on the scene.

"Good evening, fellows!" greeted the soldier good naturedly and rode forward, paying no further attention to the fugitives. He was obviously used to such encounters and preferred not to meddle in them. Was he paid by the smugglers, or was he too humane to attack unfortunate, unarmed fugitives? There was no time to solve such problems and we marched on with renewed and vigorous energy. We were only a few steps from the frontier. The Prussian Krettingen was already dimly visible, and we silently congratulated ourselves.

But at the moment we prepared to take

the last steps on the soil of the Czar, a thundering "Halt! you fellows, or I shall shoot!" made us arrest our steps. Before us was standing, as if sprung miraculously from the soil, a soldier from the Russian guard, holding a short rifle and ready to fire. To describe our feelings is almost impossible. We were petrified with despair. The guard alone preserved some presence of mind, as was shown by an attempt to run away. But the officer caught him by the collar.

"How much were you paid? Tell me quick and do not lie about it." "God forbid," muttered the guide, well-nigh frightened to death; "only three roubles." And he crossed himself in testimony of the truthfulness of his assertion. The soldier pushed him away contemptuously and the peasant took to his heels headed by no one.

"Each of you, you cursed —, has to pay me three roubles, and at once, or I will summon the guards," said the soldier, still keeping the gun in readiness. The money, was collected rapidly and handed to him. The sight of the heap of greasy paper money only increased the greediness of the faithful servant of the Czar. He asked for a collection of double the amount he had already received. This time the collection went on considerably slower. The emigrants were poor and many a rouble was borrowed from a richer fellow-sufferer in order to escape the clutches of the guard. After placing the money in his capacious pocket, the villain made preparation to shoot and alarm the rest of the guards. A woman with a baby on her arm, standing near, noticed it first. She fell on her knees, and, covering the hands of the soldier with kisses and tears, asked him piteously: "Little Father, do not do it! Have mercy! Look at me! Look at the baby! We are harmless, unfortunate people!"

The guard pushed her rudely away and fired. In a moment we were surrounded by an armed force and driven back like cattle. Over night we were placed in a barn. There was no place to sleep, none even to sit down; we had no protection from the cold, no protection from the rain that incessantly fell. All our protests were in vain. The night seemed to us endless, but fortunately there is nothing endless in this world.

The next morning I was called before the chief of the guard. I appeared in his office covered with mud, as unkempt and dirty as a savage. The officer excused himself politely. "I am sorry the boys treated you as the rest," he said. "I did not know anything about the affair until now. The fools did not wake me up in the night. How did you get into this somewhat mixed society?"

I tried to explain my illegal way of crossing the frontier by business motives,

and stated briefly the proceedings of the foregoing night, denouncing the conduct of his subordinate who took bribery. "The soldier cannot be punished for taking the bribe," replied the officer. "According to our law he has the right to keep the money if he only does his duty in spite of it, and he did so." "You know," he added, "we soldiers do not make the laws, we obey them even if we do not approve."

He went so far as to criticise the hypocritical policy of the Government, that forces innocent people to leave their Fatherland by stealth, and at the same time persecutes them for doing it. "The Jews are law-abiding citizens and good husbands and fathers," said he. "The Poles do not indulge longer in the fruitless dreams of an independent political life. The persecution of the Germans is equally unjust. But once the Government has decided to get rid of them, why not open for them the frontier? Instead of that, it sends us strict orders not to let anybody cross the line. Judge for yourself. What can I do? I have to obey, and that settles the matter. The funniest thing of it all is that the police of the towns and villages near the frontier have orders not to interfere with clandestine emigrants and to let them alone. So I arrest the emigrants and send them back to the police, and the police let them free again—and we both act according to the instructions of the Government."

I knew from experience how to take the liberal gossip of the Russian officials and wisely preferred to abstain from the expression of my views and feelings on the subject. The chief of the guard was kind enough to tell me whom of the officers of the police of Krettingen I would have to bribe in order to get free. "I am sorry," he continued, "that you did not come directly to me. I would simply have to let you cross the frontier, but now I cannot do it." "You understand it for yourself," said he at the conclusion of our talk.

The party was sent to Krettingen. The Polish nobleman, the professor, the contractor, and myself were sent separately from the rest and quartered in a clean room connected with the local police station. We had clean beds, plenty of air and good food. We enjoyed even the privilege of a walk in the company of a good-natured policeman. The other emigrants were locked up with common criminals in the filthy, dark and cold local jail until the return of the chief of police from his vacation. The reason why my friends and I were treated so leniently was explained by the talkative police clerk. He said that we were supposed to be officers of the Government, sent to investigate the condition of affairs on the frontier. It was not to our interest to deny it, so we tried to keep up appearances. The clerk was in the con-

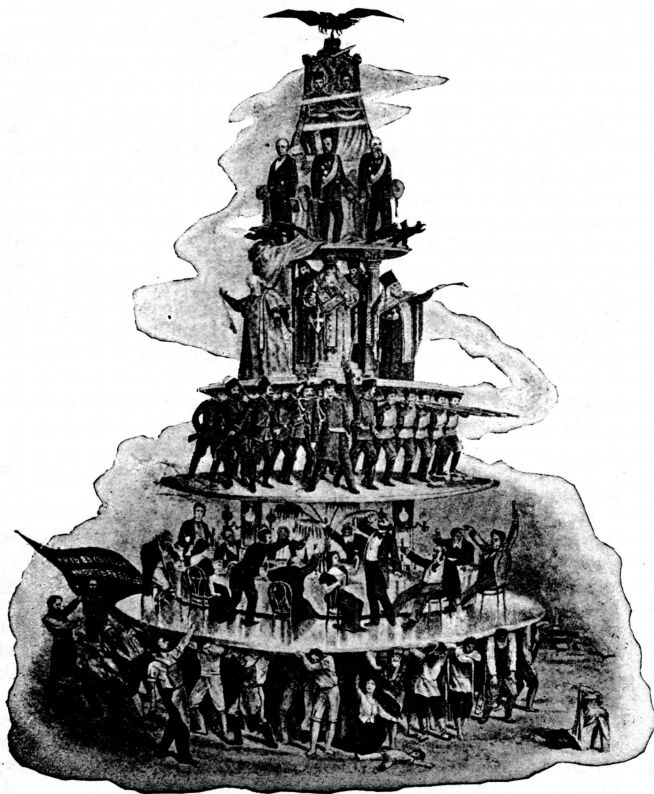
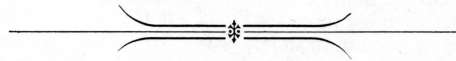
fidence of the chief of police, and at the same time our friend. He told us all about his chief and his talk with him about us. The worthy chief was perfectly willing to send the crowd of emigrants away after having taken from them as much money as possible, but he had some doubts about me and my friends.

"Who knows who they are?" said the chief confidentially to his clerk. "It may be that they are disguised officers of the Government. Or they may be political criminals. Especially the youngest of them (the writer of these lines), looks to me suspicious." At last the greed for money overweighed all other consider-

ations; the chief took the money and let us free. The other emigrants were so intimidated by the threats of the chief of police and by their incarceration, that they gave him all their money in order to buy their freedom. Robbed of their last kopek, wretched and discouraged, they dispersed in different directions. Very few of them had the courage and means to once more try their luck in crossing the frontier. Most of them tramped home with their destitute, sick wives and children, to their cold hearths, living during their journey on the contributions of charitable people. The professor, the Polish nobleman, the contractor, and I managed to bribe the com-

mander of the customs house and pass the frontier unmolested, lifting the iron chains that divide Russia from Prussia in broad daylight. It was my first and last bribe.

It was a strange feeling that overwhelmed me when I first stepped upon foreign soil. Nobody asked my name, age, religion, business, passport, or anything else. No policeman, gendarme, or other officer took notice of me. Behind me was Russia with her corrupt and tyrannical government, with her prisons and her Siberia. Before me was the beautiful Free World, with all its joys and blessings. Was there at that moment a happier man than I?



What will happen to the Russian Empire if the workers rally to the banner of Socialism?

*From a Russian Revolutionary Manifesto.*



## **Fruitless Endeavor.**

The proletariat is too strong for the rulers.

*Der wahre Jakob.*

## News from Nowhere. ♡

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

(Continued.)

The old man, whose name, by the bye, like his kinsman's, was Hammond, smiled and nodded, and wheeling his seat round to me, bade me sit in a heavy oak chair, and said, as he saw my eyes fix on its curious carving:

"Yes, I am much tied to the past, my past, you understand. These very pieces of furniture belong to a time before my early days; it was my father who got them made; if they had been done within the last fifty years they would have been much cleverer in execution, but I don't think I should have liked them the better. We were almost beginning again in those days: and they were brisk, hot-headed times. But you hear how garrulous I am: ask me questions, ask me questions about anything, dear guest; since I *must* talk, make my talk profitable to you."

I was silent for a minute, and then I said, somewhat nervously: "Excuse me if I am rude; but I am so much interested in Richard, since he has been so kind to me, a perfect stranger, that I should like to ask a question about him."

"Well," said old Hammond, "if he were not 'kind,' as you call it, to a perfect stranger he would be thought a strange person, and people would be apt to shun him. But ask on! don't be shy of asking."

Said I: "That beautiful girl, is he going to be married to her?"

"Well," said he, "yes, he is. He has been married to her once already, and now I should say it is pretty clear that he will be married to her again."

"Indeed," quoth I, wondering what that meant.

"Here is the whole tale," said old Hammond; "a short one enough; and now I hope a happy one: they lived together two years the first time; were both very young; and then she got it into her head that she was in love with somebody else. So she left poor Dick; I say *poor* Dick, because he had not found any one else. But it did not last long, only about a year. Then she came to me, as she was in the habit of bringing her troubles to the old carle, and asked me how Dick was, and whether he was happy, and all the rest of it. So I saw how the land lay, and said that he was very unhappy, and not at all well; which last at any rate was a lie. There, you can guess the rest. Clara came to have a long talk with me to-day, but Dick will serve her turn much better. Indeed, if he hadn't chanced in upon me to-day I should have had to have sent for him to-morrow."

"Dear me," said I. "Have they any children?"

"Yes," said he, "two; they are staying with one of my daughters at present where, indeed, Clara has mostly been. I wouldn't lose sight of her, as I felt sure they would come together again: and Dick, who is the best of good fellows, really took the matter to heart. You see, he had no other love to run to, as she had. So I imagined it all; as I have done with such-like matters before."

"Ah," said I, "no doubt you wanted to keep them out of the Divorce Court: but I suppose it often has to settle such matters."

"Then you suppose nonsense," said he. "I know that there used to be such lunatic affairs as divorce-courts: but just consider; all the cases that came into them were matters of property quarrels: and I think, dear guest," said he, smiling, "that though you do come from another planet, you can see from the mere outside look of our world that quarrels about private property could not go on amongst us in our days."

Indeed my drive from Hammersmith to Bloomsbury, and all the quiet happy life I had seen so many hints of, even

apart from my shopping, would have been enough to tell me that "the sacred rights of property," as we used to think of them, were now no more. So I sat silent while the old man took up the thread of the discourse again, and said:

"Well, then, property quarrels being no longer possible, what remains in these matters that a court of law could deal with? Fancy a court for enforcing a contract of passion or sentiment! If such a thing were needed as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the enforcement of contract, such a folly would do that for us."

He was silent again a little, and then said: "You must understand once for all that we have changed these matters; or rather, that our way of looking at them has changed, as we have changed within the last two hundred years. We do not deceive ourselves, indeed, or believe that we can get rid of all the trouble that besets the dealings between the sexes. We know that we must face the unhappiness that comes of man and woman confusing the relations between natural passion, and sentiment, and the friendship which, when things go well, softens the awakening from passing illusions: but we are not so mad as to pile up degradation on that unhappiness by engaging in sordid squabbles about livelihood and position, and the power of tyrannizing over the children who have been the results of love or lust."

Again he paused awhile, and again went on: "Calf love, mistaken for a heroism that shall be life-long, yet early waning into disappointment; the inexplicable desire that comes on a man of riper years to be the all-in-all to some one woman, whose ordinary human kindness and human beauty he has idealized into superhuman perfection, and made the one object of his desire; or lastly the reasonable longing of a strong and thoughtful man to become the most intimate friend of some beautiful and wise woman, the very type of the beauty and glory of the world which we love as well,—as we exult in all the pleasure and exaltation of spirit which goes with these things, so we set ourselves to bear the sorrow which not unseldom goes with them also; remembering those lines of the ancient poet (I quote roughly from memory one of the many translations of the nineteenth century.)

'For this the Gods have fashioned man's grief and evil day  
That still for man hereafter might be the tale of the lay.'

Well, well, 'tis little likely anyhow that all tales shall be lacking, or all sorrow cured."

He was silent for some time, and I would not interrupt him. At last he began again: "But you must know that we of these generations are strong and healthy of body, and live easily; we pass our lives in reasonable strife with nature, exercising not one side of ourselves only, but all sides, taking the keenest pleasure in all the life of the world. So it is a point of honor with us not to be self-centered; not to suppose that the world must cease because one man is sorry; therefore we should think it foolish, or if you will, criminal, to exaggerate these matters of sentiment and sensibility: we are no more inclined to eke out our sentimental sorrows than to cherish our bodily pains; and we recognize that there are pleasures besides love-making. You must remember, also, that we are long-lived, and that therefore beauty both in man and woman is not so fleeting as it was in the days when we were burdened so heavily by self-inflicted diseases. So we shake off these griefs in a way which perhaps the sentimentalists of other times would think contemptible and unheroic, but which we think necessary and manlike. As on the other hand, therefore, we have ceased



Illustrations by H. G. Jentsch.

to be commercial in our love-matters, so also we have ceased to be *artificially* foolish. The folly which comes by nature, the unwisdom of the immature man, or the older man caught in a trap, we must put up with that, nor are we much ashamed of it; but to be conventionally sensitive or sentimental—my friend, I am old and perhaps disappointed, but at least I think we have cut off *some* of the follies of the older world.”

He paused, as if for some words of mine; but I held my peace: then he went on: “At least, if we suffer from the tyranny and fickleness of nature or our own want of experience, we neither grimace about it, nor lie. If there must be sundering betwixt those who meant never to sunder, so it must be: but there need be no pretext of unity when the reality of it is gone: nor do we drive those who well know that they are incapable of it to profess an undying sentiment which they cannot really feel: thus it is that as that monstrosity of venal lust is no longer possible, so also it is no longer needed. Don’t misunderstand me. You did not seem shocked when I told you that there were no law-courts to enforce contracts of sentiment or passion; but so curiously are men made, that perhaps you will be shocked when I tell you that there is no code of public opinion which takes the place of such courts, and which might be as tyrannical and unreasonable as they were. I do not say that people don’t judge their neighbors’ conduct, sometimes doubtless, unfairly. But I do say that there is no unvarying conventional set of rules by which people are judged; no bed of Procrustes to stretch or cramp their minds and lives; no hypocritical excommunication which people are *forced* to pronounce, either by unconsidered habit, or by the unexpressed threat of the lesser interdict if they are lax in their hypocrisy. Are you shocked now?”

“N-o—no,” said I, with some hesitation. “It is all so different.”

“At any rate,” said he, “one thing I think I can answer for: whatever sentiment there is, it is real—and general; it is not confined to people very specially refined. I am also pretty

sure, as I hinted to you just now, that there is not by a great way as much suffering involved in these matters either to men or to women as there used to be. But excuse me for being so prolix on this question! You know you asked to be treated like a being from another planet.”

“Indeed I thank you very much,” said I. “Now may I ask you about the position of women in your society?”

He laughed very heartily for a man of his years, and said: “It is not without reason that I have got a reputation as a careful student of history. I believe I really do understand ‘the Emancipation of Women movement’ of the nineteenth century. I doubt if any other man now alive does.”

“Well,” said I, a little bit nettled by his merriment.

“Well,” said he, “of course you will see all that is a dead controversy now. The men have no longer any opportunity of tyrannizing over the women, or the women over the men; both of which things took place in those old times. The women do what they do best, and what they like best, and the men are neither jealous of it or injured by it. This is such a commonplace that I am almost ashamed to state it.”

I said, “O; and legislation? do they not take part in that?”

Hammond smiled and said: “I think you may wait for an answer to that question till we get on to the subject of legislation. There may be novelties to you in that subject also.”

“Very well,” I said; “but about this woman question? I saw at the Guest House that the women were waiting on the men: that seems a little like reaction, doesn’t it?”

“Does it?” said the old man; “perhaps you think house-keeping an unimportant occupation, not deserving of respect. I believe that was the opinion of the ‘advanced’ women of the nineteenth century, and their male backers. If it is yours, I recommend to your notice an old Norwegian folk-lore tale; called *How the Man minded the House*, or some such title; the result of which minding was that, after various tribulations, the man and the family cow balanced each other at the end of a rope, the man hanging half-way up the chimney,

the cow dangling from the roof, which, after the fashion of the country, was of turf and sloping down low to the ground. Hard on the cow, I think. Of course no such mishap could happen to such a superior person as yourself," he added, chuckling.

I sat somewhat uneasy under this dry gibe. Indeed, his manner of treating this latter part of the question seemed to me a little disrespectful.

"Come, now, my friend," quoth he, "don't you know that it is a great pleasure to a clever woman to manage a house skilfully, and to do it so that all the house-mates about her look pleased, and are grateful to her? And then you know everybody likes to be ordered about by a pretty woman: why, it is one of the pleasantest forms of flirtation. You are not so old that you cannot remember that. Why, I remember it well."

And the old fellow chuckled again, and at last fairly burst out laughing.

"Excuse me," said he, after a while; "I am not laughing at anything you could be thinking of, but at that silly nineteenth century fashion, current amongst rich so-called cultivated people, of ignoring all the steps by which their daily dinner was reached, as matters too low for their lofty intelligence. Useless idiots! Come, now, I am a 'literary man,' as we queer animals used to be called, yet I am a pretty good cook myself."

"So am I," said I.

"Well, then," said he, "I really think you can understand me better than you would seem to do, judging by your words and your silence."

Said I: "Perhaps that is so; but people putting in practice commonly this sense of interest in the ordinary occupations of life rather startles me. I will ask you a question or two presently about that. But I want to return to the position of women amongst you. You have studied the 'emancipation of women' business of the nineteenth century: don't you remember that some of the 'superior' women wanted to emancipate the more intelligent part of their sex from the bearing of children?"

The old man grew quite serious again. Said he: "I do remember about that strange piece of baseless folly, the result, like all other follies of the period, of the hideous class tyranny which then obtained. What do we think of it now? you would say. My friend, that is a question easy to answer. How could it possibly be but that maternity should be highly honored amongst us? Surely it is a matter of course that the natural and necessary pains which the mother must go through form a bond of union between man and woman, and extra stimulus to love and affection between them, and that this is universally recognized. For the rest, remember that all the artificial burdens of motherhood are now done away with. A mother has no longer any mere sordid anxieties for the future of her children. They may indeed turn out better or worse; they may disappoint her highest hopes; such anxieties as these are a part of the mingled pleasure and pain which goes to make up the life of mankind. But at least she is spared the fear (it was most commonly the certainty) that artificial disabilities would make her children something less than men and women; she knows that they will live and act according to the measure of their own faculties. In times past, it is clear that the 'Society' of the day helped its Judaic god, and the 'Man of Science' of the time, in visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children. How to reverse this process, how to take the sting out of heredity, has for long been one of the most constant cares of the thoughtful men amongst us. So that, you see, the ordinarily healthy woman (and almost all our women are healthy and at least comely), respected as a child-bearer and rearer of children, desired as a woman, loved as a companion, unanxious for the future of her children, has far more instinct for maternity than the poor drudge and mother of drudges of past days could ever have had; or than her sister of the upper classes brought up in affected

ignorance of natural facts, reared in an atmosphere of mingled prudery and prurience."

"You speak warmly," I said, "but I can see that you are right."

"Yes," he said, "and I will point out to you a token of all the benefits which we have gained by our freedom. What did you think of the looks of the people whom you have come across to-day?"

Said I: "I could hardly have believed that there could be so many good-looking people in any civilized country."

He crowed a little, like the old bird he was. "What! are we still civilized?" said he. "Well, as to our looks, the English and Jutish blood, which on the whole is predominant here, used not to produce much beauty. But I think we have improved it. I know a man who has a large collection of portraits printed from photographs of the nineteenth century, and going over those and comparing them with the everyday faces in these times, puts the improvement in our good looks beyond a doubt. Now, there are some people who think it not too fantastic to connect this increase of beauty directly with our freedom and good sense in the matters we have been speaking of: they believe that a child born from the natural and healthy love between a man and a woman, even if that be transient, is likely to turn out better in all ways, and especially in bodily beauty, than the birth of the respectable commercial marriage bed, or of the dull despair of the drudge of that system. They say, Pleasure begets pleasure. What do you think?"

"I am much of that mind," said I.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Blood on the Khaki.

"The wars that are bringing civilization to the Philippines and South Africa are also giving employment to thousands of workmen in England and America." — Jingo argument.

Little slaves of the needle, I see,  
Crowded in breath-poisoned rooms;  
Nimble fingers move busily, —  
Fingers that never in childish glee  
Picked daisy and clover blooms.  
Coarse is the khaki; the heavy folds slip  
And rasp little hands till they bleed,  
And oft a red tear from the needle will drip  
Unseen by the hawk-eye of Greed.

Proudly the officers prance in parade,  
Uniforms glisten with gold;  
Privates march steadily, each in his grade,  
All in the brave, new khaki arrayed,  
That cost a red drop for each fold.  
But never a blemish of blood or of woe  
Clings to the soldier's proud mien,  
Glory will greet him where'er he may go —  
The needle's wee tear is unseen.

Yet the slaves of the needle may feel the same pride  
That blood "for their country" they "pour";  
That the foe by their "glittering steel" is defied;  
That for "loved ones at home" have their comrades  
died,  
In keeping the wolf from the door.  
For the bright new khaki the soldiers wear  
Is marked already by stain  
Which tells to the good man everywhere,  
That War bears the Brand of Cain.

R. A. THEODORA BLISS.



# THE COMRADE

## Cannibalism.

By W. A. COREY.

The original cannibals lived a happy, care-free life in the forest. They lived close to nature's heart. They slept with their windows open at night and they always aired their beds in the morning. Consequently they were rewarded with good health. They never had consumption or fits and whenever they saw snakes they were real snakes and not imaginary ones. Real snakes are not nearly so hard to get along with in the same house as imaginary ones, I am told.

The original cannibals were not vegetarians. A vegetarian restaurant among these simple children of the forest would not have paid expenses a single week. No, these primitive cannibals lived upon each other. There was no hypocrisy about them. It was openly agreed when two tribes went to war that whoever got whipped should be salted down, smoked or sugar-cured for the others' winter's meat. Those cannibals were not cowards. No self-respecting cannibal ever sneaked up to his enemy and tried to make him believe he could serve God best by offering himself up a willing sacrifice. That smooth trick has been learned since.

But styles in cannibalistic methods change like all things human including long skirts and trailing sermons and as time passed these cannibals lost their primitive, child-like ways. They got notions in their heads. One day Mr. Cannibal was approaching his humble home when Mrs. C. met him a piece down the walk. She wound her lily-brown arms about his sturdy neck and Cannibal knew by those presents that something was in the wind. He mentally braced himself.

"My dear," she began, "I am tired and sick of living under that tree. It leaks frequently and musses up the furniture and makes me weary. Let's live in a house and be civilized."

"Sorry, my dear," returned C., "but I don't see how we can stand the expense just now. Wait till next year."

Then she unwound her arms from around his neck and a peculiar look came into her eyes that old Cannibal well understood and he immediately crawfished. "Oh well, all right old woman," he agreed, "whatever you say goes."

And so they got the house but they had to lobby a long time before they corralled the senate. And then, after a while, sister had to have a piano—but that was considerably later and I see I am getting ahead of my story, so I will drop back a length or two.

One day Cannibal sprung an entirely new proposition. He came home bringing with him a man he had caught. "Ah!" said his wife, gleefully, "What a fine fat man!" (He was as healthy and substantial looking as a wet goods merchant in a prohibition town.) "To-morrow is Sunday and we will have him for dinner and invite the Spillingers over."

"Not so fast, old gal," said C., "I've got a brand new idea—just out of the factory. It's never even been soiled. It's this. We'll not eat this man but we'll keep him to work for us. We need a man to work anyway. Since you've got all this garden truck and live stock around here we need somebody to help look after it."

"Besides," he went on enthusiastically, "we will really get more—vastly more—out of him by working him than by eating him. If we ate him there would be nothing left of him but a more or less pleasant reminiscence and a few cold scraps for the children's school lunches the next day. But if we keep him to work for us he will be a thing of use and a joy forever. Of course if there should come a very hard winter and we really need him we can eat him. So you just slaughter a sheep for to-morrow's banquet and we will lay this man over and take him up again under new business."

That was a sad day for the poor captive for it would have been money in his pocket if he had gone to the pot at once.

Robbed of his wild freedom he was killed by inches under the ceaseless burden of endless and hopeless toil.

And so human slavery, which is essentially cannibalism, began. And with it began the long centuries of the class struggle—the struggle between master and man.

The victorious cannibal was succeeded, in turn, by the Master, the Lord and the Capitalist. Cannibalism, Slavery, Serfdom, Capitalism. These four systems stand for essentially the same thing—the exploiting of one man by another. Of the four, the first alone wore no mask; hid behind no subterfuge.

These are the four most terrible words ever uttered by human lips. They epitomise the long struggle of man with man on earth. All the infinity of human woe since human life began—of blood and tears and death—are compassed by these sinister words. Next? What typical word comes next? Socialism. Which, being interpreted, means freedom—the most glorious word of any language, race or time.



### Charity.

Charity has been depicted in flowing garments of purest white, with arms outstretched and the light of kindness and compassion on her features. She has been raised upon an altar like a goddess; she has been named in the same breath with Love and Truth; she has been worshipped as one of our noblest virtues; and yet she is only a beautiful deception, made to veil injustice and inequality.

If we say: 'be charitable,' do we not say: 'stoop down to your fellow-man and deem yourself better than he'? O ye, who give to the unfortunate a crumb from your loaf, are you not ashamed that your brother must accept the crumb and that

you may dare to offer it? And ye, who feast and play and dance for charity, ye sociable philanthropists, do ye not realize your cruel mockery of human misery?

There are some who conceal selfish ambitions by the mantle of Charity, and are ever quick to plead for the needy, in order to gain their own petty aims. But speedily these very same cast the mantle of Charity aside when their ambitions fail to be gratified. There are some who, when unobserved, will pass the unfortunate by without even a pang of remorse, but will open hand and purse with much ado when their names are to be recorded in print. To them Charity is uninteresting, unless they can let people know how good and charitable they are. Many, though they may not know it, give from an instinct of fear. They feel that their wealth is unjustly accumulated, drawn from the muscle and brain of their fellow-man.

They continue to feed the chained lion, lest hungry, he break his chains and devour them.

Indeed, there are those who give from pure sentiments of love and pity, who suffer with suffering humanity, who weep with weeping misery; who would be choked by their daily bread, if they knew of one being starving for the want of it and did not share with him. But to these few Charity gives no satisfaction, no pride; only pain.

Charity, beautiful deception, worshipped as the noblest of virtues during ages of darkness and wrong,—let her be unveiled at last! Let us show awakening mankind in the dawning light of day, that she is not a virtue but a sin! Take her down from the lofty pedestal to which blindness and ignorance have raised her, and put Justice in her place!

HEBE.

## The Survival of the Fittest,

or

### "The American Beauty Rose."

Our distinguished young fellow citizen of Pocantico Hills was quite right in his college Y. M. C. A. address the other day, when he likened the growth of modern industrial institutions to the development of the American Beauty Rose.

The rose is brought to its size and perfection by the destruction of the other buds and the concentration of all the energy of the bush upon the one product. So, we are told, it is necessary to squeeze off the lesser buds upon the thorny bush of industrial competition that all the forces of nature and human labor may be concentrated upon the building up of a few "American Beauties," who shall luxuriate in their hundreds of millions of wealth and look down benignantly upon the withered buds that lie at the roots beneath them, and let the fragrance of their richness freight the circumambient atmosphere with delicious and soothing odors, and scatter their gorgeous petals—in the form of libraries and university endowments—upon the ground which is covered with the prostrate forms of the lifeless human buds who have been industriously unfit to survive.

Granting that the goal of human intelligence and virtue is the production of a few well favored and luxuriantly developed financiers, it cannot be denied that this young millionaire is right in the claim that they are to be produced by the crushing out of the life of all who compete for the sap of our human vitality. There are those, however, who question the moral legitimacy of the goal.

It is assumed by the commercialism of this age that the expression, "The survival of the fittest," when applied to industrial development, is thoroughly scientific. That the law which runs throughout nature must also apply to man. It is scientific when truly applied,

but all of man must be taken into account. In the days when man was dependent, as the other animals are dependent upon what nature supplies, when man had to go out and find what he could, it was not immoral for one of those primitive savages to fight or take the life of another who competed with him for the provisions needed for his wife and children. But when man became sufficiently developed to be able to aid nature—to assist in producing, to plant and tend and harvest, to make his own clothing—then the *quantity of supply was no longer limited, but variable*. Man by industry could produce in any quantity he might need and was no longer compelled to fight with his neighbor for the nuts or berries that grew wild in the field, or for the fig-leaf coat.

Therefore, if we were to grant that man is only a money-making, bread-eating machine, it would still be utterly unscientific to claim that it is the present order of nature that the strong should overpower the weak, that the cunning should outwit (to his utter destruction) the slow. The higher expressions of physical existence demand that man shall recognize his ability to regulate the supplies of material necessities, and on the grounds of "Natural Selection" it is the province of the human animal to seize upon those psychical changes which have developed in the race for the higher freedom of the body and its needs. The mental genius of the race applied to the perfection of improved methods for the production of material supplies, is the historic refutation of the Malthusian economic doctrine. Man, the animal, is endowed with the intellectual resources which insure his supremacy over the necessities of physical nature; and this without resorting to the destruction of other members of his kind. In the pro-

cesses of natural evolution it is MAN, not some men, who is fittest to survive.

The tragedy of the "American Beauty" idea appears when we consider that man is more than a patient digester; that man is a thinking, longing, loving, divine being, whose life needs all that the world offers of art and wisdom and beauty and holiness, to feed the appetites which are his birthright. To throw a man down and doom him to commercial—often to physical and moral—ruin is then the same act, whether done in the dark with a sand-bag or in the light with a gold-bag. And he that climbeth up into the fold of plenty, by any other way than by the gate of honest industry and fair dealing, the same is a thief and a robber—to whatsoever religious purpose he may dedicate the millions he has been able to fasten upon him.

OWEN R. LOVEJOY.

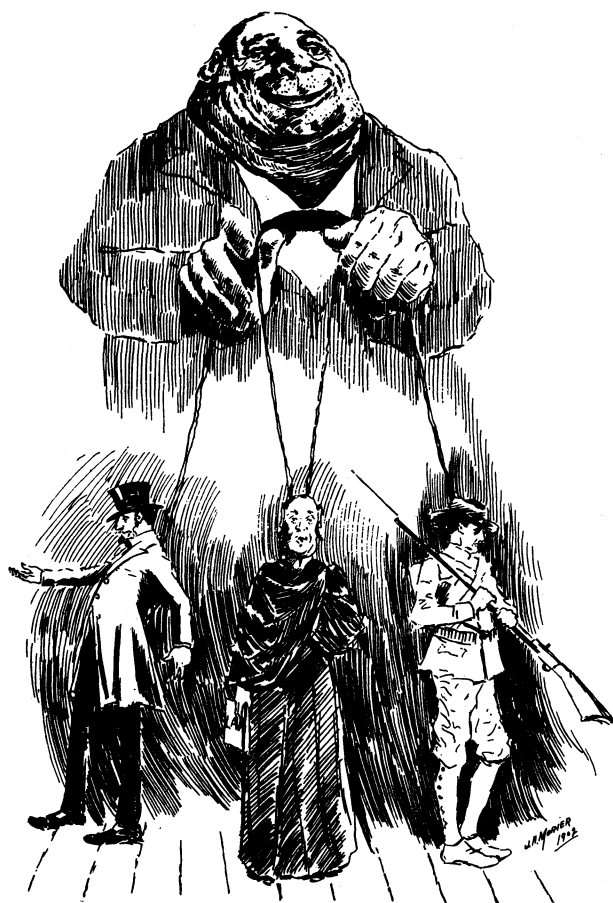
## Lo, When We Wade the Tangled Wood.

Lo, when we wade the tangled wood,  
In haste and hurry to be there  
Nought seem its leaves and blossoms good,  
For all that they be fashioned fair.

But looking up, at last we see  
The glimmer of the open light,  
From o'er the place where we would be:  
Then grow the very brambles bright.

So now, amidst our day of strife,  
With many a matter glad we play,  
When once we see the light of life  
Gleam through the tangle of to-day.

WILLIAM MORRIS.



CAPITAL: "Legislator, Judge and Soldier, these are my puppets."



## The Philosopher Press: An Appreciation.

The State of Wisconsin lies midway between the pine forests of Maine and the land of the huge redwood trees, or the Pacific Coast. Centrally located in the Badger State, about an equal distance from Lake Michigan on the east and the head-waters of the Mississippi River on the west, is the city of Wausau — 15,000 inhabitants strong — known to fame as a lumbering center.

In Wausau it is as natural for the people to inherit a knowledge of pine-tree philosophy as it is for the people of Brockton to be born shoemakers, or the men of the Grand Banks to have an inbred knowledge of time and chance by wind and tide.

For the most part the wind southing in the branches of the pine sings to the people of Wausau the song of the "almighty dollar," rather than a requiem to arouse poetic rhythm in the soul of an Emerson or Thoreau, — wood notes, not "Wood Notes," is their theme. Yet in this Badger city, where the prosaic saw-mill is in daily operation splitting the logs into timbers, it seems most appropriate there should be a little growing community of book-makers, who, schooled in the philosophy of experience, should now round out the circle of pulling

down from the Wisconsin zone a brand of "Pine-Tree Philosophy," which, passed on in letters, makes for good, healthful thought-stuff.

There is a slight difference between the book-makers of the Philosopher Press and the individuals who "make books" — more especially at places where horses go round half-mile tracks for a consideration. Both book-makers are after the "long green," but Van Vechten & Ellis eliminate the element of chance and see to it that the books they exchange for your wherewithal are a plus return on the investment.

Printers of dainty, limited editions of belles-letters, which compare favorably with the Mosher books, Van Vechten & Ellis are also publishers of a little monthly miscellany — The Philosopher — one of the most healthful "little 'ims" now to be found on the newstands.

William Ellis, the litterateur of this group, edits the Philosopher, which he terms "thoughtful, but not too thoughtful." Every page of the Philosopher books is fed into the presses by Mrs. Van Vechten, and her careful attention to the little things — which makes for success — is winning for her a worthy reputation among those interested in the book beautiful.

The Philosopher has worked its way up from the fadazim Alpha and Omega — Vol. I, No. 1 — until its cover now carries the legend Vol. XI, No. 5. However, in all frankness be it said, the dangers that it has passed compare in picturesqueness with the hair-breadth escapes apologetically enumerated by one Othello.

That the Wausau periodical has won out, and is experiencing a steady growth, is due to the fact that its editor has learned to say — a somewhat remarkable variance from the late eleven or twelve hundred.

A Home is a Castle — a Home, not a house. Robert Ingersoll used a great many words, and earned a whole lot of money, preaching that idea. The Philosopher needed a Home where book-lovers and not over-chronic bawderlogues might congregate, — and work. With the idea of a Home in mind, Van Vechten & Ellis have built a log cabin, after the fashion of the one in which a Kentuckian named Lincoln once lived and learned to read into and out of his heart the splendid thoughts uttered in the Gettysburg speech forty odd years later.

The Philosophers are not booming their wares on the much jibed-at P. T. B. formula — they ask a tithe, but their work now verges dangerously near art for the joy of the performance. The Log Cabin, "at the Sign of the Green Pine Tree," is a good advertising feature. The builders are not unmindful of this, but it was not designed for a grafting establishment. Here welcome ever smiles while farewell goes out sighing, and best of all, unless signs fail in fair weather, the friends of the Log Cabinites will "stay bought."

CLIFFORD RICHMOND.

## Who Would Be Free.

By Wm. R. Fox

To God I cried; but God replied:  
"The powers untried within you, try!  
Lo, these are keys to earth and sky,  
And more and more beside."

I cried no more; but from me tore  
The chains I wore—My thralldom ends!  
Late masters take my hand as friends;  
And God gives more and more!



of the volcanic order." There is another reason for this also: whilst Tolstoy's labor and plain living are self-imposed and, in a way, partake of the nature of self-gratification, Gorky has had to face the stern fight with poverty in earnest. Tolstoy has played at poverty and work but Gorky has drunk the proletarian cup to the very dregs of bitterness.

One of the most notable works of fiction published in recent years is "The Imitator," an anonymous novel published by Walter Marion Reedy of the "St Louis Mirror," in which paper it originally appeared in serial form. It is a work of exceptional brilliance and strength and has attracted considerable attention; the subject of its author's identity being warmly discussed by the critics. That it was written by Mr. Percival Pollard, is, however, practically certain, and since he has acknowledged the authorship of many inferior things the reason for his seeking the veil of anonymity is not apparent. For the book, whatever may be thought of its *motif*, or *lack of motif* as the individual reader may decide to term it, is undeniably clever and teems with telling wit and sparkling epigram.

It is a pungent satire upon the follies of swell society in this gay Gotham of ours, with its debaucheries and revels, and the principal characters represent with a terrible but fascinating fidelity, such well-known society "figures" as Harry Lehr, Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor and Richard Mansfield. Indeed, it has been urged as a reason for the author's refusal to reveal his identity that he feared either or each of these gentlemen would enter legal proceedings against him—a suggestion which Mr. Reedy has vigorously scouted in "The Mirror." In the selection of these men as prototypes, indeed, lies the prime weakness of the book. For these are not characters typical of any class and as individuals—well, they are scarcely important enough to merit such artistic portrayal.

The story into which the satire is woven with a deftness that amounts to real genius, is, however, of interest apart altogether from the avowed purpose of the book. Jeannette Vanliet is a sweet, lovable creation worthy of a far loftier association, whilst the plot so far as it centers around the strange, weird discoveries of her father, the Professor, is worthy of the imagination of a Poe, who might not have been ashamed, either, of the manner of its development.

"The Imitator" is distinctly a book entitled to more than passing notice. Amid all the dreary and insipid creations so incessantly boomed in the literary market it is refreshing to turn to the work of an artist who so signally rises above the dull level of mediocrity. It is to be hoped that Mr. Pollard (for you may be sure 'tis he) will soon bring the same freshness and skill to bear upon something less evanescent than these society "butterflies"—the flotsam and jetsam of a world for which nobody cares.

The popularity of Edward Carpenter in this country would appear to be steadily increasing. Slow, at first, to make headway, it is evident that his writings are steadily gaining in favor, for which there is every reason to be grateful. Few men in our time have given nobler or saner utterance to the great basic truths of life than Carpenter, and his "Towards Democracy" must always rank as one of the great masterpieces of the literature of Progress. Nor must his other works be forgotten. Although somewhat dwarfed by "Towards Democracy," some of his other books, as, for example, "England's Ideal," "Civilization; its Cause and Cure," etc., are pregnant with profound and inspiring truths. So also is his "Love's Coming of Age," of which editions have just

been issued simultaneously by the Stockham Publishing Company of Chicago and Charles H. Kerr and Company of the same city. Hitherto this work has been imported from England, and one result of the publication of these editions will be to make the book accessible to a much larger number of readers because of the reduction in price. It is a grave pity that in each case the value of the edition is marred by several unsightly typographical errors. This is a matter that should arrest the attention of our Socialist and progressive thought publishers. Rarely, indeed, is a book issued by them to which this objection does not apply. Perhaps in future editions these errors will be set right. And may there be many such editions! For Carpenter's is one of the sanest and most practical works upon the "eternal sex question" from the Social standpoint ever written. No Socialist should be without a copy. It is a book to read, and to re-read; to ponder over and to assimilate. To the women in our ranks who feel the position of their sex as "the proletariat of the home," to use Clara Zetkin's phrase, it should prove a veritable beacon-light.

Another notable new edition is that of Clarence S. Darrow's "A Persian Pearl and Other Essays," from the press of C. L. Ricketts of Chicago. This is a beautiful edition of a noble work with which most of the readers of THE COMRADE are presumably familiar. An extended notice of Mr. Darrow's work appeared in the initial number of this journal and need not be repeated here. But this edition as a specimen of the printer's and binder's art deserves special notice. It is well printed upon a beautiful white deckle edge paper, with original title page, initials, tailpieces and subtitles specially designed for the edition and printed in red, while the binding is in white buckram and a choice brown antique English cover-paper with a chaste design. Altogether it reflects the highest possible credit upon Mr. Ricketts, who deserves the gratitude of every lover of beautiful books. Doubtless many who already possess the work in its former shape will be glad to add this beautiful edition to their possessions. It is not an empty compliment to say that the beauty and honesty of Mr. Darrow's essays are equalled by the beauty and honesty expressed in the making of the book.

## Views and Reviews.

As was to be expected Mr. W. L. Alden has added the name of Maxim Gorky to the very considerable list of his pet aversions, which already contained the name of Tolstoy alongside of those of Marie Corelli and Hall Caine. In spite of his cheap sneers at democratic ideas he is evidently very democratic in his aversions, though somewhat exclusive in the matter of appreciation. At the present time there are two writers that command his whole-hearted admiration—Rudyard Kipling and W. L. Alden.

A meandering mediocrity at best, Alden is nevertheless amusing enough when enraged. His comments upon current literary topics rarely fail to provoke laughter, though it must be confessed that most of us laugh at rather than with him. His recent diatribes against Gorky, however, lack even that quality. We are no longer moved to derision but rather to pity. Once upon a time Alden was good at epithets, but now he can only find such commonplace terms as "tramp," "drunkard" and "consort of prostitutes" to hurl at the object of his rage. That people will continue to read Gorky and neglect Alden, is, of course, only another argument, against "democratic" judgments in literature!

No one except a semi-sexed crank like Mr. Alden, it seems to me, can read the volume of "Tales from Gorky," just published in this country by the Funk and Wagnall's Company of New York, without feeling that Gorky is entitled to rank with the greatest of modern fiction writers. It is safe to say that no volume of tales published in recent years can compare with this volume of nine sketches which have been translated by R. Nisbet Bain, who also contributes a short biographical account of the young Russian to the volume. Perhaps the strongest thing in the book is "Twenty-Six Of Us And One Other," a remarkable proletarian study, which, it will be remembered, appeared in an early issue of THE COMRADE, translated by our friends, Dora B. Montefiore and Madame Jakoleff—the latter a friend of the novelist. Whilst, in my judgment, the translation in the present volume is scarcely equal in strength to that of the last named translators—a remark that applies also to the first sketch in the book, "In the Steppe,"—it is still a remarkably effective piece of work. Gorky possesses to a very large degree the artistic skill of Turgenieff, the virility of expression of Tolstoy, without his latter-day disposition to preach, and the keen psychologic insight of a very different writer, D'Annunzio. Every page of his work bears the imprint of unmistakable genius.

The translator predicts that Gorky, who is already by far the most popular writer in Russia, is likely to occasion the authorities much more trouble than Tolstoy has done, "as his genius and temperament are distinctly

## Books Received.

TALES FROM GORKY. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. 285 pp. Cloth. Price, \$1.50. The Funk & Wagnall's Co., New York.

LOVE'S COMING OF AGE. By Edward Carpenter. 162 pp. Cloth. Price, \$1.00. The Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago.

DAWN THOUGHT ON THE RECONCILIATION. (A volume of Pantheistic Impressions). By J. William Lloyd. 197 pp. Cloth ornamental cover. Price, \$1.00. J. W. Lloyd, Westfield, N. J.

LOVE SONNETS OF A HOODLUM. By Wallace Irwin. Bandanna covers. Price, 25 cents. Elder & Shepard, San Francisco.

BROOK FARM HISTORIC AND PERSONAL MEMOIRS. By John Thomas Codman. 335 pp. Cloth. Price, \$1.25. The Alliance Pub. Co., New York.\*

A PERSIAN PEARL AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Clarence S. Darrow. New Edition. 160 pp. Edition de Luxe. Price, \$1.50 net. C. L. Ricketts, Chicago.

THE IMITATOR. ANONYMOUS. 196 pp. Boards. Price, \$1.25. W. Marion Reedy. St. Louis, Mo.

\*) Awaiting Review.

## Portrait Gallery of Socialist Worthies.

### III.

A. E. HALE,  
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JAMES ONEAL,  
Secretary State Committee, Indiana.

JOHN A. C. MENTON,  
Secretary State Committee, Michigan.

G. B. BENHAM,  
Socialist Author and Lecturer, San Francisco, Cal.

## TO OUR READERS.

With the present issue we close the serial, FORTY YEARS, by Tolstoy, and in succeeding issues we shall be enabled to print larger instalments of our other serial, NEWS FROM NOWHERE. We shall not, however, extend these instalments unduly, or to the exclusion of other matter, and from month to month we shall publish short stories by writers like Gorky, Strindberg, and others.

\* \* \* \*

The satirical poem by Upton Sinclair, which appears in this number, will, we feel quite certain, be read with a great deal of interest and pleasure by our readers, no matter how far they may reside from "Manhattan Isle." Mr. Sinclair is an exceptionally brilliant and versatile writer and it is with pardonable pride that we announce him as one of the contributors to THE COMRADE. From time to time we shall publish contributions by him alike in prose and verse.

\* \* \* \*

Another feature of interest in this issue is the article upon the movement in Sweden, by our friend Charles Lindley, who is one of the most powerful and interesting personalities in the movement in Scandinavia. These brief sketches of the movement in other lands will doubtless be welcomed in every socialist home. In succeeding issues we shall publish similar articles from almost every country in the world where socialists are organized. In each case the articles will be specially written for THE COMRADE, and no one can afford to miss them.

\* \* \* \*

We hope to make the next issue a notable one in every way. Among the chief features will be an extended illustrated article upon THE MILLS' INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF SOCIAL ECONOMY. This article should be welcomed as dealing with one of the most important developments of American Socialism. Into thousands of homes, from New York to San Francisco, this article should go with an additional interest, by reason of the fact that some one there has been benefitted by the school either as an attendant at the school or as a correspondence student. Other items of interest will be a short story by May

Walden Kerr, "How I became a Socialist," by Peter E. Burrowes, and an illustrated article by Leonard D. Abbott, who will write of the work of J. William Lloyd, of Westfield, New Jersey. However we may differ from Mr. Lloyd's views, he is certainly a noteworthy figure in the general revolt against capitalism, and we shall all be the better for being brought into closer touch with this "latter day Thoreau."

\* \* \* \*

Another noteworthy addition to the list of COMRADE AGITATION LITERATURE will be made during this month. By June 20th we shall have ready a very large edition of a NEW ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET by the Editor, entitled, "CHILD SLAVES IN 'FREE' AMERICA." This pamphlet deals with the Child Labor Evil in a very telling manner. It will be found crammed full of facts, figures and socialist argument, all put in a most convincing manner. Not alone of the southern states will it treat, but of New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois—in a word, of the question in all its phases. For Socialist agitation nothing could be better, especially as it will be illustrated. In order that large quantities may be distributed in the various states, we have put the price exceedingly low. The pamphlet will consist of twelve pages, well printed upon good paper, and will be sold at the following very low rates: 10 copies, 15c.; 25 copies, 25c.; 50 copies, 40c.; 100 copies, 75c.; 500 copies, \$3.00; 1,000 copies, \$5.00. Every state committee should get a supply of this timely and vigorous pamphlet. Order at once!

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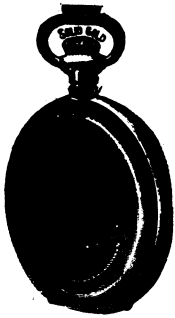
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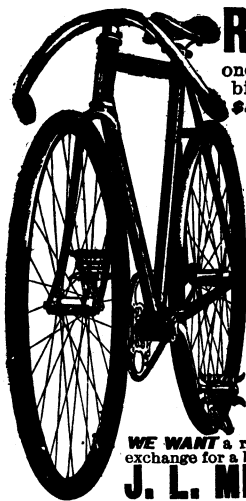
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If men who dare to think and teach  
Have any liberty of speech?  
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How to scent treason with his wee nose,  
Of anti-imps or Filipinos?  
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Who wants to be a censor too  
Of everything we think or do,  
No matter if it's false or true?  
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Let him beware! The path is steep,  
While yon abyss is very deep,  
And heroes nowadays don't keep!  
Funny Fredston.

To-day, before it is too late,  
Let him remember Hobson's fate,  
And all the admirals, once so great!  
Funny Fredston.

Freddie, be quiet now, and hist!  
You may be married too, or kissed,  
And then you, too, would not be missed.  
Funny Fredston.

Now be a good boy, funny Fred,  
Before you're spanked and sent to bed.  
Your face looks ugly when it's red!  
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