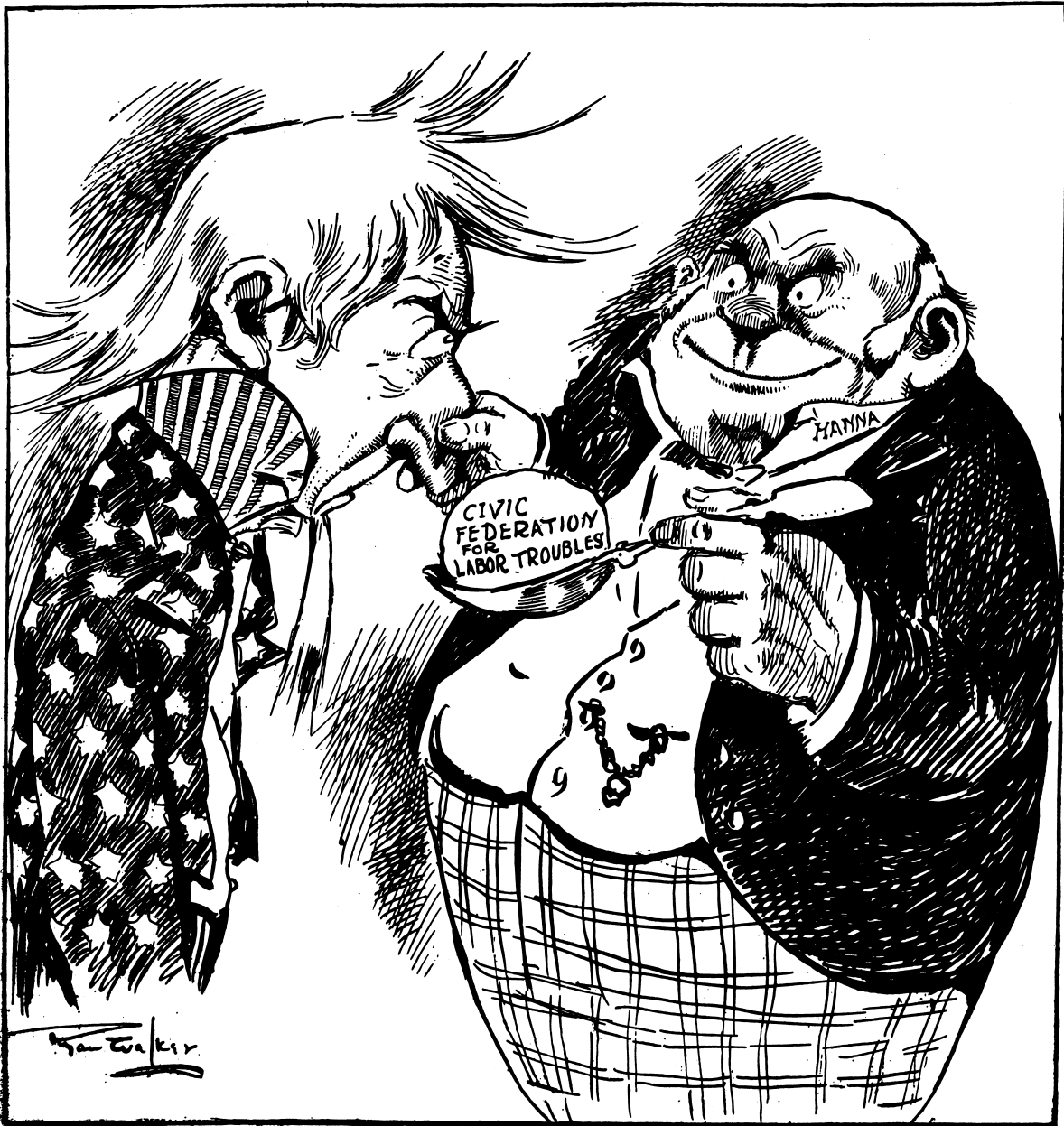


THE COMRADE



UNCLE SAM: "I've had a good many doses of that stuff already, but it don't cure."

Scientific Sentiment.

By Mila Tupper Maynard.



HAVING become almost fanatical in my devotion to the stricter phases of Marxian Socialism, it would yet give me considerable satisfaction to confess the undercurrent of sentiment which supplements, in my personal notion, the various essential elements of our scientific credo.

First, the class struggle with the class consciousness which makes it an intelligent, vital force. This stone at the head of the corner is one the sentimental Socialist builder invariably rejects with high-minded disapproval, if not with righteous indignation. To me, the one thing more than all others before which I bow to-day in reverence, as to the flaming bush and pillar of fire, is the class consciousness of the laborer. It is for this generation the sacred, nature-consecrated force, the divine dynamic by which the vast processes of evolution are to be achieved. It is the latest phase thus far of the world-drama by which the separated units of existence are being welded together into larger and larger wholes.

Had I been present when the earth was making—when
 "The center fire heaves underneath the earth,
 And the earth changes like a human face;
 The molten ore bursts up among the rocks,
 Winds into the stone's heart, outbranches bright
 In hidden mines, spots barren, river-beds,
 Crumbles into fine sand where sunbeams bask—
 When, in the solitary waste, strange grasps
 Of young volcanoes come up, cyclops-like,
 Staring together with their eyes aflame—"

I think, could I have seen all this, knowing toward what it led and what a wealth of life in plant and soul would spring therefrom, I should have felt as I do to-day, when I see Labor's armies marshalling, feel the growing intensity of class loyalty and know the meaning and the potency of such intelligent, passionate solidarity among the world's workers.

An elemental, cosmic force! Is anything in the universe so worshipworth? Here, if anywhere, is holy ground.

The enlarging unity of society is a fascinating motif in human evolution. The struggle for existence has been supplemented always by an ever widening mutual support in order to meet that struggle. The more severe the struggle, the more intense the unity of interest aroused in those whom the struggle challenged.

The story of the mother and child among mammals of all kinds and especially in the human race, as Fiske revealed it, and as Drummond beautifully elaborated it, gives us one thrilling chapter in the tale of Nature's effort to force her creatures to grow out of helpless, ignoble isolation into a wider consciousness of mutual life.

Kropotkin's fairy tales of "Mutual Aid" are other versions of the same beautiful story.

The society of to-day would seem, on careless glance, to be anything but a fitting consummation in a narrative with such beginning. Monumental greed, wars of conquest, enormous slaveries and warring classes seem to follow ill, after the centuries, upon the devotion of tribal communism and class loyalty.

Yet, in reality, there is no anti-climax. Nature has only accepted the challenge to larger accomplishment. It is as though she had early said when brotherly interest was well established in the clan or tribe, "I like this sample well, now let us make a world on the same plan."

It was no light task. The body of world unity must be gained before the breath of life could be breathed into its nostrils.

That body is almost ready. History shows how it came about. Slavery came and made possible the older civilization, with their universal outreaching. The barbarian conquests, like a renewing flood enriched the social soil, while it destroyed the society which slave-exploitation had undermined.

Feudalism with its close ties and its tendency to grow into larger and larger federations paved the way for national monarchy. The growth of early capitalism completed the victory of the monarchs and made possible and necessary national solidarity.

Patriotism has been put to ignoble uses, but it has been a mighty factor in the march of mankind toward larger wholes. The strong national State has been the instrument which a growing commerce gave to itself in order to belt the world with its enterprise.

We all know well the part which the nineteenth century added—invention, in manufacture, transportation and communication, made of all the world one industrial whole.

But that world unity is split in twain. Not two nations divide the people of the earth, but two classes: The possessors of the means by which men live, the multitude who must use these means in order to live. A division surely deep and chasm-like. But a division into only two groups where as before, divisions have been many. A division in which one group is small and growing daily smaller; the other group, a multitude and growing ever larger. A division which is destined to end in the victory of the multitude. This victory is assured because the outgrown function of the capitalist must give place to the vital, necessary function of Labor.

After victory the world unity will have arrived. Labor in every nation is one in its interests and its victory is the victory of all mankind.

Best of all—Labor can not win in this world-wide duel by any mechanical, accidental turn of events. It can only win as it knows itself a class with common interests, a common cause, common weapons, a common destiny. All the forces of economic development unite in teaching this lesson, so that it is bound to be learned rapidly, but there is no victory without this mighty consciousness of solidarity.

Thus it is that class-consciousness comes as a glorious culmination in the strengthening moral forces which first made humanity human and then knit each part into an ever wider selfhood.

"But," some one will protest, "is not social or race consciousness a far nobler thing? Ought not that to be urged rather than this narrower loyalty to class?"

When class consciousness has served its purpose, it will be in itself race consciousness, for the workers will be all mankind. In the meantime there need be no antagonism between the two sentiments for those whose conditions have afforded them the luxury of an all-inclusive human sympathy.

There is, however, something in a social consciousness which despises or depreciates class-consciousness. Few of us have faith in a man who believes so much in race unity that he ignores the claims of his own children upon him. The brotherhood of the world should not antagonize brotherhood of the flesh.

If there is a higher consciousness than class consciousness it is a greater that includes the less with no decrease in intensity. Just at present the world needs a knowledge of

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class lines, the class struggle, class interests, as the fulcrum upon which alone it can be moved. The necessity of this is grounded in the very woof and warp of economic fact and economic law. Of what will come when there are no classes we may delight to dream, but it is selfish indulgence when either our dreams or our "superior" sentiment keeps us from being to-day a comrade standing elbow to elbow in the ranks of those upon whom rests, as a class, the emancipation of all the race.

Then there is that other doctrine which tried the souls of most of us in the days of our amateur discipleship—The Materialistic Interpretation of History, or Economic Determinism. We were devoted to the law: "Ideals rule the world," and scorned to believe that material interests with their sordid struggles were the moving force in progress.

How different it seems to me now! I glory in the sense that the big scheme of things is back of human movements. I like to be in a world which moves by great laws, which clutch and hold by hunger pangs and by desire for a good that all can see.

Which means most to the world, the select few of culture and spiritual insight meeting to see how they may bring all the world to the brotherly unity they approve, or a vast hall full of men on a strike; bitter perhaps, passionately determined, but loyal to the heart's core?

The strike is not Socialism. Its bitterness and passion is not "scientific," but a true Socialist's heart swells in sympathy with the workers' instinctive struggle and pities the idealist who prays for the coming brotherhood, but is blind to the mighty forces by which Nature is remaking the world.

Ideals are all right, but ideals are only founded on bed-rock when grounded on the laws actually at work in human nature and human society.

Ideals would be a frail dependence if their victory depended on the overthrow of human nature, but when human nature is seen to be making straight for the same goal by fiat of natural law, confidence is immeasurably increased both in the worth of the ideals and the certainty of their realization.

When I remember how jealous I was lest something not ideal should bring in the new order and that the program of the race in the part should have come by only the most respect-worthy agencies, I think with Emerson, "Poor God, with no one to help him!"

There is a funny old rhyme which explains the pleasure I feel in the truth that the economic interests of society have been the foundation upon which rested the laws, customs and the moral standards of any period and brought about the changes in them from era to era:

"Except the Lord shall build the house
The building is in vain.
Except the Lord shall finish it
'Twill tumble down again."

I like to feel that the universe is going my way and when you get hold of the forces that are moving men and nations you catch the secret of the universe. A comradeship born of self-interest has been something worth while in all the world-moulding struggles of the race. I no longer despise it, but joy to be in the thick of the comrade army moving along lines marked out by the nature of things toward the sure victory of the approaching future.



Peace Versus War.

By Colin McKay.

THE common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourished together, I found to be untenable. We talk of peace and learning, of peace and plenty, of peace and civilization; but I found that these were not the words the Muse of History coupled together; that on her lips the words were—peace and sensuality, peace and selfishness, peace and corruption, peace and death. I found, in brief, that all great nations learned their truth of word, and strength of thought, in war, that they were nourished in war, and wasted by peace; taught by war, and deceived by peace; trained by war, and betrayed by peace—in a word, that they were born in war, and expired in peace.

—Ruskin.



ALL warrior nations have not been famous for civic virtues or their attainments in the arts and sciences. In fact, only those nations organized on some modification of the Socialist principle have been so distinguished, and just in proportion as their internal economic arrangements approximated a democracy have they been pre-eminent in art and invincible in war. The genius of the people first created a condition of things which favored the development of full-blooded, full-facultied men, and these men had to express themselves—beautifully in art, and bravely in war.

Greece was a democracy, if an incomplete and partial one, and only while it continued such was it the mother of the arts and sciences. If the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of this people was, as Ruskin tells us, war, then, when the Greeks began to fight among themselves, their virtues should have been strengthened and their æsthetic productions should have become nobler and more beautiful.

And Rome, as long as it continued a Republic, was celebrated for civic virtue and valor in war.

"Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great;

Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
Then Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

In Venice, where the republican principles found a brief abiding place, the arts and sciences flourished, and commerce and industry as well. In England, the Merrie England which produced Bacon and Shakespeare, an extreme system of State Socialism was in force. While not a social democracy, it approximated an economical democracy. "While the differences in social degree were enormous," says Froude, "the differences in habits of life were comparatively slight. . . . The diet of the nobleman was ordered down to a level which was then within easy reach of the poorest laborer. . . . The increase of the commonwealth, the sound and healthy maintenance of the population already existing were the chief objects which the Government proposed to itself. . . . Not an increase of population, which would facilitate production, and beat down wages by competition. . . ."

"Statesmen did not care for the accumulation of capital; they desired to see the physical well-being of all classes maintained at the highest degree which the producing power of the country admitted. . . . On the one side Parliament interfered to protect employers against laborers; but it was equally determined that employers should not be allowed to abuse their op-

portunities; and this directly appears from the 4th of the 5th of Elizabeth, by which, on a most trifling appearance of a depreciation of the currency, it was declared that the laboring man could no longer live on the wages assigned to him by the act of Henry; and a sliding scale was instituted, by which, for the future, wages should be adjusted to the price of food.

"The same conclusion may be gathered also, indirectly, from other acts, interfering imperiously with the rights of property where a disposition showed itself to exercise them selfishly. The city merchants were, as I have said, becoming land-owners, and some of them attempted to apply the rules of trade to the management of landed estates. While wages were ruled high, it answered better as a speculation to convert arable land into pasture; but the law immediately stepped in to prevent a proceeding which it regarded as petty treason to the commonwealth.

"Again, in the distribution of the produce of land, men dealt fairly and justly with each other; and in the material condition of the people there is a fair evidence that the system worked efficiently and well. It worked well for the support of a sturdy, high-hearted race, sound in body and fierce in spirit, and furnished with thews and sinews which under the stimulus of those 'great shins of beef,' their common diet, were the wonder of the age. 'What comyn folke in all this world,' says a state paper in 1515, 'may compare with the comyns of England in riches, freedom, liberty, welfare and all prosperity? What comyn folke is so mighty, so strong in the field, as the comyns of England?'"

And thus whenever a nation has been in a normal condition of militancy against social injustice; whenever the government pursued into detail a single and serious aim at the well-being, in the widest sense, of all the members of the commonwealth, the people have been vigorous and virile, and have been invincible in war and pre-eminent in science and art. Such states may have found a motive for their policy in the ever-present possibility of war and the necessity of breeding able-bodied, quick-witted men to meet it; but the real cause lies deeper—in the character of the people themselves. If they had not possessed the genius of government—the genius to make themselves prosperous and envied—they would have had little to fear from surrounding nations. Whenever the government has ceased to be inspired by the man-making spirit—whenever it has preyed upon the people and permitted the people to plunder each other, the instinct of self-preservation as a state has become inoperative. The Greek cities fought among themselves when the Roman legions were at their gates. The Romans were fighting among themselves when the barbarians of the north were pouring over the Alps.

Of late years governments have abandoned all pretence of making men, and aim rather at the accumulation of capital. They make war—not to train and discipline men—but to promote the dominion of capital. And when a government makes

war, the money-makers and money-lenders take advantage of its necessities to plunder it and the people it represents. The money-making spirit knows nothing of patriotism—of the loyalty and self-sacrifice that distinguished the ancient Greeks and Romans, or the Englishmen of Merrie England.

When Britain was at war with France, and paying exorbitant rates of interest, ranging from 20 to 40 per cent., the Bank of England, not content with such rates, extorted extraordinary privileges in consideration of a loan of about \$6,000,000—privileges which placed the management of the public debt in its hands and gave it power to counterfeit paper money from \$1 to \$40 for every coin dollar on deposit. The old feudal lords were animated by a spirit of self-sacrifice quite unlike the money lords.

In the Scotch war of 1523, the Duke of Norfolk declared (not complaining of it, but merely as a reason, why he should receive support) that he had spent all his private means upon the army; and in the sequel of this history we shall find repeated instances of knights and gentlemen voluntarily ruining themselves in the service of their country.

And when the American Republic was threatened with destruction by the secession of the Southern States, how nobly and loyally the money lords bore themselves?

When the Government most needed money they sent their coin to Europe or locked it in their vaults. Then they suspended payment on their notes, which, of course, caused them to depreciate rapidly. With generous loyalty they offered these depreciated promises to pay to the government on a par basis at six per cent. interest in limited amount.

The Government, finding the banks broken reeds, issued Treasury notes. At this the bankers took alarm. If this policy were continued the Government and the people would soon be independent of the banks. So the bankers formed an association and sent a committee to Washington to advise Congress on the subject of finances. At the dictation of this committee Congress repudiated the Treasury notes, which depreciated naturally. Then the bankers induced Congress to authorize the sale of Government bonds to raise funds to carry on the war. The bankers bought up these bonds with their own depreciated notes, and with the depreciated greenbacks, dollar for dollar, deposited them with the Government, and got their face value in currency printed and guaranteed by the Government. The shyllocks by this manœuvre cleared \$700,500,000.

When the real democracy—the Socialist state—arrives, when political, social and economic conditions favorable to the highest physical, mental and moral development of man, are established, then the human spirit will find a nobler incentive than a condition of war to live loyally and virtually, and express itself in beautiful forms. Then true art—art which voices the aspirations of all the people and has equal appeal for all—will flourish as never before.



The Tourney.

By Ernest Crosby.



LEARN the field for the grand tournament of the nations,—

The struggle to think the best thought and to express it best in tone and color and form and word,—

The struggle to do the greatest deeds and lead the noblest and most useful lives,—

The struggle to see clearest and know truest and love strongest.

Your other blood and bludgeon contests but postpone the real fray.

The true knights are yearning to enter the lists, and you block the high festival with your brawling.

Is it possible that you mistake this horse-play for the real event of history?

Away with all your brutal disorder, and clear the field for the tournament of Man.

A Point of View

By George D. Herron.

I.



HE collective life of man is ever a more increasing part of the life of each individual. In nothing can a man separate himself from the spiritual, as well as economic and political, fate of his kind. Individuality, or the true living of one's life, is realized through fulfilling one's function as a member of the common life. He is most truly individualistic who has the best and widest possible relations with his fellows. This is profoundly expressed in Plato's declaration that the citizen cannot be good, nor happy, without equitable legislation, existing in the city; that the best-governed city, the one which furnishes the best home for man, is that city in which all the citizens rejoice or are made sad by the same things; and that the sum of misery is attained when the same things work to the profit of some and to the misery of others.

II.

This collective life is centered in the modern city. The city is the social nerve-center. It is good that it is so. I am not of those who hold that "God made the country and man made the city." The separation and blight that come to life in the country are sometimes incomparably more destructive than the congestion of the city. Association, even in its worst phases, is infinitely better than the highest form of separateness and aloneness. As John Ball used to say, it is fellowship that is heaven and the lack of fellowship that is hell. And I would add that fellowship in hell is better than separateness or mere individualism in any sort of heaven. It is in the city, therefore, that the ideals of the common life can best be realized. The city is the communal unit, the modern communal soul. Schools, transportation, parks, art, music, communal splendor and joy have in the city their opportunity.

III.

Now there are two classes of citizens: first those who make the city a mere place for self-seeking; these are the destroyers, destroying most when prospering most; second, those who have ideals—those whose individual perspective takes in the whole city; these are the builders, building best, sometimes, when failing most.

IV.

Let us make no mistake about the exactness of this distinction. It has been the civic idealists that have wrought the greatness of every great city. It has been commercialism that has destroyed it—destroyed every civilization, every state, every faith. The evolution of society has proceeded through the struggle of the spirit of man against the authority of property. The conflict of the man-spirit with the merely economic spirit is the sum of history; property against man is the real war of the centuries. Organized money, subjecting man to its interests, is the enemy of liberty from the beginning. The commercialist against the proletaire and the idealist is the lesson written by the ruin of cities and nations. When Greece had her slaves and idealists to teach her, she had the Athens of beauty, even at her worst. When the Greek usurer came in, she had slavery and degradation. So, Jerusalem, Alexandria, Rome, Florence, Venice, London, Chicago, rise or fall as the working idealist or the commercialist holds sway. The Crusades, the Reformation, the Civil War, our Spanish War, all disclose the war between property and man.

V.

Now he is no true citizen, yea, he is rather a mere human beast of prey who has not an ideal for his city; he is a parasite who lives in the city only for his own gain. He is a citizen in reality who is fascinated by the vision of a glad, free, healthy, happy life for all citizens.

VI.

That is a true city, a fit place for free citizens to live in, which surrounds all its citizens equally with all the benefits of the collective life and toil. Every child born into this city is entitled to be beleaguered by all the resources of the common life, by the best possible, the highest conceivable opportunity for living out all there is in him. Every man is entitled to life, liberty, land, air, art, education, the opportunity to do the work he can best do and to find that work in freedom from necessity; in fine, entitled to all the material and social means for living a complete life. A city which permits its resources to be centralized in the hands of the few, so that the few have great luxury, and the many enforced toil, which permits itself to be governed by sheer economic might is no fit



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habitation for man. The sweat-shop and the palace, the clubhouse and the bulk of human kind treated as grist for a profit-making mill—all this is a monstrous caricature of civic life. Any system which puts the people and their labor-power at the mercy of a capitalist class is unpardonable infidelity to the common life. We can all see how immoral and monstrous it would be for the air we breathe to be privately owned and capitalized for private gain. But it is just as immoral and monstrous to make a man's bread, his labor-power, the water he drinks, the land, the public highways, a matter of private profit. If a few men own the city, they own the citizens. If a few own those things upon which the citizens in common depend, they own the beings, the souls, of the citizenry. The only foundation for an ideal municipality, for a true city of truth-loving citizens, for a free city of free-souled men and women, is a city founded on the common ownership of all these things upon which the people depend for life, liberty, labor and the pursuit of a complete life.

VII.

The private control of the common economies of life is destructive of the economies themselves. Private capital makes the people dependent; then enslaves them; then destroys their purchasing power; and then destroys the capital—but only by first destroying human life and liberty. This is the history of Rome, Carthage, Egypt, Venice, and all fallen civilizations. It is precisely what is taking place in America. The capitalist is destroying the power of the people to buy what they make; he digs out the industrial foundations and puts them into the industrial tower. Sooner or later, the whole structure falls.

VIII.

All private ownership of public resources rests back upon fraud and injustice, and depends upon force. The more the wealth of a nation becomes centralized, the more standing armies become necessary. The more the resources of a municipality become privately centralized, the stronger and more necessary becomes the police force. Policemen and police systems exist, not to protect men, but to protect property. The legions of the Caesars were not for the protection of men, but for the protection of the plunderers—the Roman patricians. The Roman Caesar finally came to be a mere chief of police for the plutocracy. The standing army that is to-day called for in America is wanted, as every one of us knows, to police vested interests and corporate properties.

IX.

This sort of force, wherever and whenever it comes, destroys individuality. Human souls can blossom only as they blossom forth from free men. When Germany was broken up into small individual states, there were Goethe, Schiller, Hegel and Herder; poets and philosophers expressed the individuality, the ideals, of peoples that had some degree of freedom. But where are the poets, philosophers and dramatists of the Germany of to-day, under a military rule that exists to protect private property; under an industrialism that sends the kaiser as its commercial drummer to Palestine?

X.

We frequently hear among the reformers, that we need a "business administration" of the city; which is precisely what we have and what we are seeking deliverance from. All political corruption, municipal, state and national, is the overflow of business corruption. The present business system is inherently immoral, through and through, from top to bottom; it destroys individual morality, and corrupts the whole public life. And the world has never had to contend with any such impracticable doctrine as the successful business man. The wildest fanatic of history is the modern industrial fanatic; he it is who would drive the world to slavery and madness. The ruin of the world by "the practical man" is the lesson of it all; the deliverance of the world from the impracticability of "the practical man" is its highest need.

XI.

The great need of the city is a definite municipal ideal. Men will not respond to any appeals for tinkering with industrial and municipal questions. There is nothing that will summon the common life and conscience to action, nothing that will call the moral reserve of the citizenry into force, so effectively as a definite, tangible program that will fascinate the imagination; a program that will call men to give themselves to something worth giving themselves to; a program that will actually propose to organize the city for the benefit of the people, instead of for the benefit of the plunderers, who are its present masters. A million men will lay down their lives for an ideal that is worth while; few will listen if you appeal to them to do something that is incidental. Men of to-day are not only willing to respond to a social summons; they yearn for a call to give all there is of themselves for the good of their fellows.

XII.

The relation of human beings to the resources upon which all depend is supremely a spiritual question; a question of individual and social morals; a question of the quality and destiny of men. And not for eighteen centuries has there been so immense a moment in history. The present industrial system, centralized and capitalized in the city, can perpetuate itself only by the exhaustion of the purchasing power of the people, with the consequent exhaustion of their physical and moral life; its profit-making can continue only through a depleted manhood and wasted womanhood. Then will follow war and conquest to find markets; war and conquest to hush discontent; war and conquest to furnish more bonds—a chief form of brute force; war and conquest to consume supplies; sons of the workers sent to be shot, or else to kill their brothers, in order to consume the products of industry which they are too impoverished to buy. There will be standing armies to maintain the capitalist order, which can exist only by force, because it is built up by fraud. And the establishment of force will bring common moral apathy—the most dreadful fate that can befall a people. But it will pass. The human future belongs to association; human destiny is in the hands of the collective man. Wholly new sets of combinations will affect undreamed of achievements and happinesses.



H. W.

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Lawson: Labor's Laureate

THE AUSTRALIAN GORKY

By Robert Rives LaMonte.



THE object of this little sketch is to introduce to the American comrades a proletarian poet whose lines are known by heart by hundreds of Australian shearers, gold diggers, drovers and swagmen. They love Lawson because he has the power to utter the tragedy of their own lives. But full of pathos and tragedy as are his verses, they are not pessimistic as most literary critics aver. They are saved from pessimism by the virile spirit of revolt which animates them all—not the revolt which springs from despair, but the revolt which springs from a fixed determination to fight for better things.

Henry Lawson, the subject of this sketch, was born in a tent on the New South Wales gold diggings thirty-five years ago. His father was a Norwegian miner, carpenter and farmer, named Larsen. The name was soon corrupted into Lawson. His mother was an English woman of decided literary ability. She was and is one of the ablest leaders of the Women's Rights movement in Australia.

Henry was the eldest of a large family and as his mother's tastes were not domestic, the care of the younger children fell largely upon him and thus his sympathies for the weak and helpless were early called into activity.

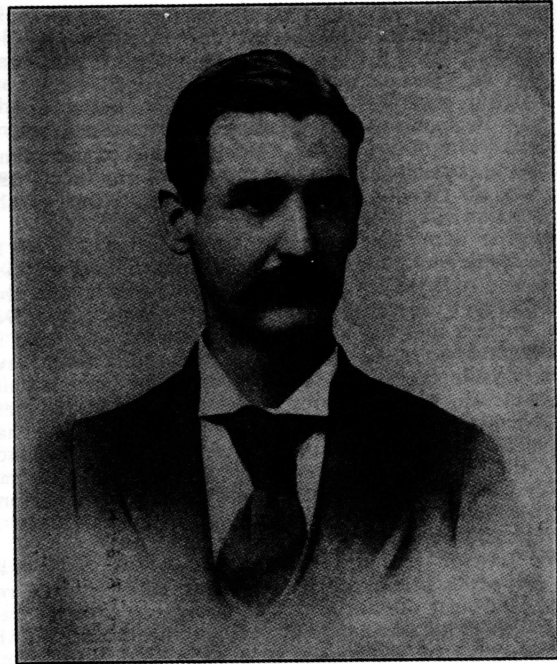
After rushing from gold field to gold field for some years the family finally settled down on a small farm or "selection," as the Australians say, in Euranderee. Here the future poet grew and thrived for sixteen years. We may form some idea of his life at this period from the following stanzas from "Trouble on the Selection":

"You lazy boy, you're here at last;
You must be wooden-legged.
Now, are you sure the gate is fast
And all the slip-rails pegged?
Are all the milkers in the yard?
The calves all in the pen?
We don't want Poley's calf to suck
His mother dry again.
* * * *

How came your boots as wet as muck?
You tried to drown the ants!
Why don't you take your bluchers off?
Good Lord, he's tore his pants!
Your father's coming home to-night—
You'll catch it hot, you'll see;
"Now go and wash your hands and face,
And come and get your tea."

In his eighteenth year Henry was sent to the great city of New South Wales, Sydney, to learn a trade, and he chose and learned the trade of coach-painter. The impression made upon his sensitive mind by the sight of the suffering among the poor and the unemployed in Sydney was deep and inefaceable, and in the year of Queen Victoria's jubilee, he burst forth into a song of revolt, "The Army of the Rear," which is still a favorite with the Democrats of Austarlia. Here are the first and third verses of it.

"I listened through the music and the sounds of revelry,
And all the hollow noises of that year of jubilee—
I heard beyond the cheering and beyond the trumpets' blare
The steady tramp of thousands that were
Marching in the rear,
Tramp! tramp! tramp!
They seem to shake the air,
Those never ceasing footsteps of the
Outcasts in the rear.



Henry Lawson

"I hate the wrongs I read about, I hate the wrongs I see;
The tramping of that army sounds as music unto me;
A music that is terrible, that fights the anxious air,
Is beaten from the weary feet that tramp
Along the rear.
Tramp! tramp! tramp!
In dogged, grim despair—
They have a goal, those footsteps of the
Army in the rear."

In reading this and the rest of Lawson's work, remember this man never had more than twelve months' schooling in his life, and that in poor bush schools, and that most of his adult years he has been a house painter and a swagger. The Sydney Bulletin (in which much of his best work has appeared), said of him a few years since, in response to a query:

"His biography can be summed up in one sentence: He is a professional wanderer and a very moderate house painter; otherwise he is a silent man, and smokes cheap and virulent tobacco." At the time of his sojourn in Wellington he could not write without a pocket dictionary, a stub pen and ruled paper.

He worked for a time upon the staff of the Brisbane (Queensland) Boomearng, a radical republican paper, and upon the decease of the Boomearng wrote for the Brisbane Worker, a paper well and favorably known by American Socialists. He was on the verge of being imprisoned as a traitor for his "Freedom on the Wallaby" in The Worker. Here are the first and last verses:

"Australia's a big country,
An' Freedom's humping bluey,
An' Freedom's on the Wallaby—

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Oh, don't you hear her coo-ey!
She's just begun to boomerang,
She'll knock the tyrants silly
She's goin' to light another fire
An' boil another billy.

* * *

So we must fly a rebel flag
As others did before us,
And we must sing a rebel song
And join in rebel chorus.
We'll make the tyrants feel the sting
Of those that they would throttle—
They needn't say the fault is ours
If blood should stain the wattle."

Perhaps I should explain that "bluey" is the common name for the swagger's blanket, and that "humping the bluey" and "being on the Wallaby" are equivalent to "being on the swag," or "on the track."

Lawson is in rebellion against the world as he finds it, and like many another rebel and many another poet he finds comfort and oblivion in drink. But sad as this is, it is due to this that he has seen all the most tragic phases of the lives of the workers and the workless. If Lawson had been in the bourgeois sense, "a moral man," he could never have written "While the Billy Boils," a series of impressionist prose sketches, which, to my mind, surpass in vividness and realism the best of Gorky's work. When one has "humped one's bluey," as the writer has, and then reads "While the Billy Boils," it is as though a dumb man had suddenly been endowed with the gift of speech. All that one has felt and thought and been unable to express—there it is in black and white before you.

While Lawson was in Wellington he slept for a time in some new sewer pipes, which were being stored on the reclaimed land near the harbor. The bourgeois moralists say this was due to his own intemperance and thriftlessness. Ah, comrades, what an indictment of our civilization it is that when it is given a genius like Lawson it can find no better place for him to sleep than a sewer pipe, and no better work for him to do than painting houses for five shillings a day!

While Lawson is pre-eminently the mouthpiece of proletarian revolt, some of his verses in their delicate and refined beauty call to one's mind the lyrics of Wordsworth and Keats. Here is an example:

THE WATER LILIES.

(Suggested by a curious dream related to Mr. Lawson by a lady friend.)

A lovely young wife
In her dreaming discerns
A lily-decked pool
With a border of ferns,
And a beautiful child
With butterfly wings
Trips down to the edge of the water and sings—
"Come, mamma! come!
Quick, follow me!
Step out on the leaves of the water-lily!"

And the lonely young wife,
Her heart beating wild,
Cries, "Wait till I come
Till I reach you, my child!"
But the beautiful child
With butterfly wings
Steps out on the leaves of the lilies and sings—
"Come, mamma! come!
Quick, follow me!
And step on the leaves of the water-lily!"

And the wife in her dreaming
Steps out on the stream

But the lily leaves sink,
And she wakes from her dream.
Ah! the waking is sad,
For the tears that it brings,
And she know's 'tis her dead baby's spirit that sings—
"Come, mamma! come!
Quick, follow me!
And step on the leaves of the water-lily!"

I hope the editor of *The Comrade* will permit you to have the pleasure of reading in its pages the grand revolutionary poem, "Faces in the Street," and some of the prose sketches from "While the Billy Boils."*

Since some of our bourgeois friends who read this sketch may fancy that Henry Lawson is not quite a proper, moral, respectable sort of person, I can not do better in closing than allow his mate, Jack, to defend him. In one of his sketches in "While the Billy Boils," Lawson tells of the breaking up of a party of working and drinking mates. Let him speak for himself: "Jack went to-day; he was perhaps the most irreclaimable of us all—a hard case where all cases were hard; and I loved him best—anyway I know that, wherever Jack goes, there will be someone who will barrack for me to the best of his ability, (which is by no means to be despised as far as barracking is concerned), and resent, with enthusiasm and force if he deems it necessary, the barest insinuation which might be made to the effect that I could write a bad line if I tried, or be guilty of an action which would not be straight according to the rules of mateship."

Note.—The author is indebted for the material for this sketch to Mr. Tom L. Mills, of the staff of the Evening Post, Wellington, New Zealand. Mr. Mills was one of Lawson's most intimate friends when Lawson lived in Wellington in 1893-4. Mr. Mills' name will probably be remembered by some American typos, as in the days when he was a comp. he was a frequent contributor to the American labor press, especially the typographical journals. Some of his best work appeared in the "Inland Printer," and the Chicago "Eight-Hour Herald," in 1895 and 1896. While he was a staunch unionist in those days, I regret that I cannot add that he is a Socialist to-day.

R. R. L.

See announcement on Page 214.—Ed.

Anarchy



HE rich men living indolently well,
Pleased with their food, champagne, and jew-
elled whores,
While round their marble halls the city roars
Its ceaseless drama of the human hell;
The rich fools satiated; idle, they
Fill up the leisure of their years with lies,
While round their luxury still starvation cries,
And want despairing gropes its hungry way.
Speak not of Justice, or of Government,
Of Kings, of Constitutions, or of Laws;
Speak not of Parliaments; breathe not the fame
Of Priests or Churches: they were surely sent
To be a mockery without a cause
Amid this Anarchy in all but name.

SCOTT TEMPLE.

THE COMRADE.

Two Pictures

By A. P. Firth.

I.



THE night was cold and wet. Pedestrians were few. Down the street a man trudged wearily along. He wore a shabby black suit and slouched hat. His coat was buttoned tightly about him, more to hide the lack of linen than to keep him warm. It could be seen that he was wet through.

His steps led him to the window of a confectioner's store where a great array of cakes and other delicacies attracted his attention.

His face showed pale and haggard in the gaslight, and his eyes held that wild look which comes from long continued hunger.

Inside, a stout man was making purchases and placing them in a basket already well filled. The watcher saw him and a look of intense longing passed over his face.

As the purchaser stepped outside, he followed him. Two or three times he made a move as if to approach the stranger, but the impulse died out.

After walking some little distance they came to a darker part of the street. Here he stepped forward quickly, grasped the basket with one hand, and pushed the stout man aside so vigorously with the other that the latter fell. Then eagerly clutching the basket, he commenced to run. He had not proceeded far, however, when he was stopped by a heavy hand. He turned quickly and found himself confronting a policeman.

"I was watching you," that worthy exclaimed. "Caught yer neat, didn't I?"

He dropped the basket. A look of dismay upon his face.

"I—does it mean jail?" he asked.

"It does," the policeman answered. "You come with me."

He clasped his hands together.

"My wife will be waiting for me—I was so hungry."

"Can't help it," the policeman broke in, "must do my duty. You had better explain to the judge."

II.

In a little broken-down one-storied cottage in the suburbs of the town a woman sat wearily watching for the hands of the clock as they went their monotonous round. The loneliness of the night oppressed her. It seemed to sit opposite and taunt her with its black despondency. She rose and walked nervously about the room for a few moments, then turned to the cupboard. Taking a piece of bread she looked at it longingly, then hastily put it back and turned away.

A little lamp resting on a rickety table gave forth a dim, mocking light. She extinguished this, glided into the front room, then threw herself bodily upon the cot by the window.

Outside, the rain fell from the eaves in big drops with a regular rhythm. To the expectant ear of the woman they sounded like footsteps. Every now and then she would raise her head and listen, but only the tick of the clock and the sound of the rain broke the silence, and with a sigh she would let her head fall back again.

She raised her thin hand to her face and held it there.

"I wonder why he does not come," she murmured. "Something must have happened."

She raised herself again to listen. "God!" she exclaimed, "those raindrops. They are mocking me. I wish I were dead," and she fell back heavily on the cot.

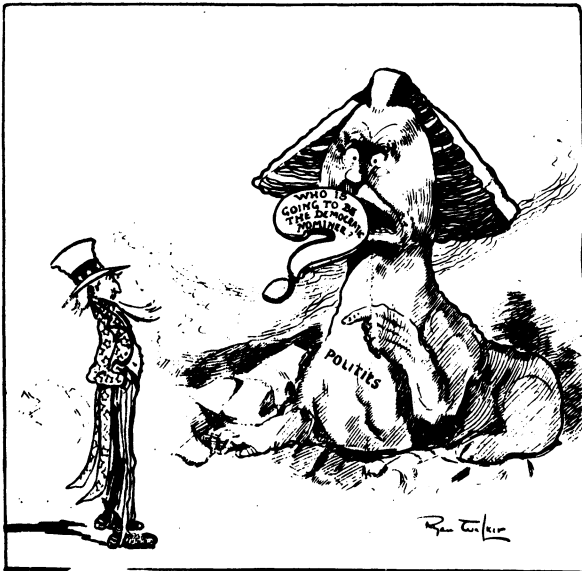
"I'm so very tired," she whispered, as the tears dropped from her half closed eyes. So very tired and hungry."

The unborn babe moved uneasily . . . She put down her hand and groaned.

"Only for you—you and him, I could do it," she said. Then there was silence.

The rain ceased. The wind and the morning came together. But the woman on the cot did not move. Hunger had done for her what she wished.

The Riddle of the Sphinx.



UNCLE SAM: Guess I'll ask Morgan about it.

Trying to Close Pandora's Box.



Uncle's Law Book won't keep them down.

THE COMRADE.

The Phenix From Her Ashes Arose.

By Louis M. Smirnow.



THE Phenix five Centuries dwelt in the wood,
And abode in the desert and plain,
Sitting lone in a thoughtful and sorrowful mood,
Unaffected by sorrow and pain.

Red and gold is her plumage, of silver the quills,
And her head is in purple arrayed;
Higher far than the eagle she soars as she spills
Many charms all around, undismayed.

On the altar of sin, when her term did expire,
She descended to die for mankind;
Heliopolis then was the seat where the fire
The bird in its meshes entwined.

But the Phenix, called Labor, now suffers for man
Through the ages on altars untold;
Here she weeps, there she struggles, or lives as she can,
Through horrors and pains manifold.

Yet just as of old from her ashes the bird
Arose in her glory anew,
An omen of fortunes, of marvels unheard,
And of wonders no man ever knew:

So now from its altar of pain and distress
The Phenix in glory will rise,
Far grander and richer, the people to bless,
And the foes of mankind to surprise.

And Peace and Good-will will abide in the land,
And joy, all-serene will abide,
And Justice will come all mankind to command,
And disputes between men to decide.

So, hail, resurrection of Labor, all-hail!
And man's onward march unto Light;
The omen is good and the signs will not fail,
The Day will appear fast dispersing the Night.



Mr. Tooley on Henry Wood's Socialism.

By Alex. E. Wight.



“SEE,” said Mr. Tooley, “that Hennery Wood is now an ixponent iv Socylism.”

“Which Hennery Wood?” inquired Mr. Fennessy.

Why, Hennery Wood, th’ met-a-phay-sician.”

“He did?” observed Mr. Fennessy.

“No, he is,” corrected Mr. Tooley.

Mr. Fennessy gazed doubtfully at Mr. Tooley for a few moments, but before he could adjust himself to the situation, Mr. Tooley proceeded:

“A met-a-phay-sician is a mon what has no use fr’ th’ docthurs. When he mates wan, he looks intintly th’ other way, makes th’ sign iv th’ cross, an’ mutthers to himsilf: ‘All is mind; I am it.’ This parrylizes th’ docthur, an’ rendhers him har-rmless fr’ th’ time bein’. Fr’m this pecooliar char-ackteristhic was derived th’ name iv th’ spacies.”

“I undherstand ye’er meanin’” said Mr. Fennessy. “I’ve been up aginst met-a-phay-sicians mesilf. They commonly regar-rd matter as a foongus-loike ixcriscence iv th’ mind, valuable chafely as a garbage hape to be obser-rved fr’m th’ back winders iv th’ sowl.”

“R-right ye ar-re, an’ ixpressed with th’ janius iv a thrue pote,” assented Mr. Tooley.

“So Hennery Wood, th’ met-a-phay-sician, has come out fr’ Socylism?” continued Mr. Fennessy. “Surely, it’ll be a great hellup to th’ movement, an’ an encouragemint to all th’ wur-rukers fr’ industhrial liberty.”

“That’s what I thought when I lear-rned th’ fact,” said Mr. Tooley. “Says I to mesilf, says I, here is Hennery Wood, iv

Boston or thereabouts, who, to borrow ye’er iligant phrazy-ology, Finnessy, has been obser-rvin’ th’ garbage hapes iv th’ wur-ruld fr’m th’ winders iv his sowl, fr’ th’ Lor-rd knows how long. Fr’ years, says I, has he sat an’ contimpylated th’ infortunate bein’s peoplin’ that uninvitin’ lan’scape. He has cintered upon thim, says I, th’ intinse power iv his thought-wur-ruks. An’ at last, says I, th’ time came, I says, when he cud obser-rve with serenity no longer. He felt, says I, that he had reached a cr-risis in his mind. He was im pilled by some power almost as sthrong as himsilf to jump out iv th’ back winder iv his sowl (th’ wan just ferninst th’ ice chist) an’ run to th’ nearest garbage hape an’ tell th’ children iv min to quit scrappin’ with each other fr’ th’ rayfuse, an’ to begin plantin’ pertaters an’ onions. An’ says I, he’ll not stop at that, but he’ll tell ’em somethin’ about r-roses an’ lilies an’ orkinds, because, says I, Hennery Wood hasn’t obser-rved that hape all this time without practical raysult, fr’ otherwise he wudn’t have come out fr’ Socylism, says I. A-lass, Finnessy, I was mistaken in me mon.”

“Ye’er language seems to imply,” said Mr. Fennessy, “that ye’er sufferin’ somewhat fr’m disappointmint.”

“I am that,” said Mr. Tooley. “It appears that me rayflections was th’ prodhuct iv a willin’ imagination. Hennery Wood has not onc’t left th’ premises. He’s never even histed a sash in th’ direction iv th’ garbage hape.”

“P’rhaps he’s afr-raid iv th’ smell,” said Mr. Fennessy.

“Ye see, it’s this way,” continued Mr. Tooley. “It’s an on-pleasant faiture iv th’ compaytitive system that wan mon owns th’ tools an’ th’ matherial, an’ another mon does th’ wur-ruk. Owin’ to th’ vicissitoods iv fortune, th’ min may change about, but it is always some mon ownin’ th’ tools an’

THE COMRADE.

some other mon doin' th' wur-ruk. Th' mon what does th' wor-ruk has to give part iv th' prodhucts iv his labor f'r th' use iv th' tools. So th' other mon gets somethin' f'r nothin', f'r th' tools wasn't made by him, but by a third mon wur-rukin' with another set iv borrered tools. Tools, bein' thimsilves th' prodhuct iv labor, shud be owned by th' laborer, but instid, they ar-re owned by th' cappytalist. Th' car-rds have been stacked, an' th' cappytalist always holds a floosh against th' wur-rukin' mon's full house."

"R-right ye ar-re," remarked Mr. Fennessy. "Ye have made it plain why th' wur-rukin' mon's fam'ly is always over-flowin' his domycile."

"Th' Socylist pr-poses," resumed Mr. Tooley, "a rimidy iv gr-great saymplicity. It is that both min own th' tools an' share th' labor, th' prodhuct bein' equally divided between thim."

"That sounds raysonable an' just," said Mr. Fennessy.

"It does, indade," said Mr. Tooley, "but Hennery Wood says, 'twud only make matters wor-rse. He says if both min owned th' tools, we wud land in kayos; that human effay-ciency wud be leveled down; that individual ambish wud be crooshed out; that br-rain labor wud be debased; that th' inviolability an' saycurity iv prop'ty rights wud be de-stroyed."

"Does Hennery Wood say that?" asked Mr. Fennessy.

"He does," said Mr. Tooley.

"But ye said he had come out f'r Socylysm," said Mr. Fennessy.

"He has," said Mr. Tooley.

"What kind iv Socylysm has he come out f'r?"

"He has come out f'r met-a-socylysm," said Mr. Tooley. "He says, savs he, political Socylysm is all off. Don't ye ap-pale to th' cold, maychanical hand iv th' law, says he. But mind

ye obey th' law, says he, becuse, says he, in th' wur-ruds iv Bill Pitt: 'Where law inds tyranny begins.'"

"It wud seem," interrupted Mr. Fennessy, "that Hennery Wood pats th' law on th' back with wan hand, whilst jabbin' it in th' stomach with th' other."

"He also says," continued Mr. Tooley, "not to be throublin' yesilf about mayterial things, an' as to sintimintal thayries, says he, ye must give thim th' marble hear-rt. What we need, says he, is lar-rge choonks iv spiritool optimism."

"Ividintly," said Mr. Fennessy, "Hennery Wood is great on limmytations. Does he pr'pose anny other rimidy besides spiritool optimism f'r th' injustice iv cappytalism?"

"He does," said Mr. Tooley. "'A thrue Socylysm,' says he, 'is not some arbitrary dayvision iv mayterial things, but an' inner fr'ternal feelin'.'"

"Does Hennery Wood think," asked Mr. Fennessy, "that a fr'ternal feelin' located in ye'er insides is a rimidy f'r that cold an' hoongry sinsation?"

"He does," said Mr. Tooley, "but he's not iexplaycit as to th' time rayquired f'r th' medicine to wur-ruk."

"Awhile back," said Mr. Fennessy, "ye mintioned that he says that f'r min to equally own th' tools iv prodhuction wud land us in kayos. D'ye b'lave him?"

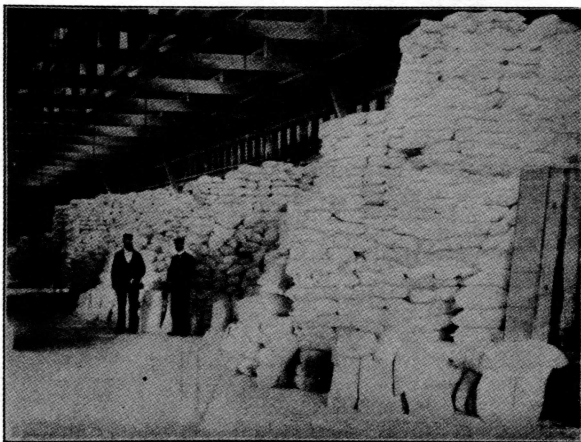
"Niver a bit," said Mr. Tooley, "an' he wudn't b'lave himsilf after a small doose iv his own dhrgs. By th' bye, did ye hear what Grogan says about him?"

"What does he say?"

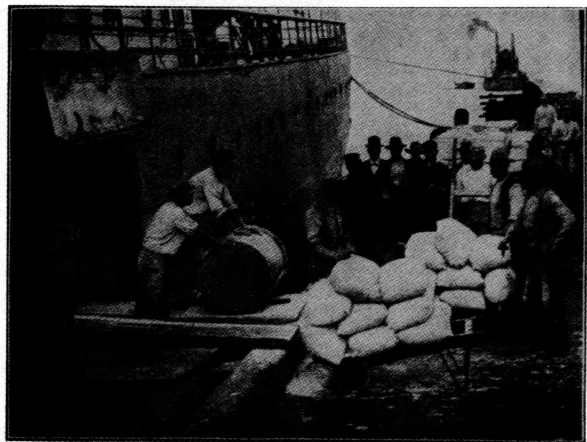
"Grogan says that Misther Wood is makin' good money nraychin' brotherhood an' opposin' th' conditions necessary f'r it's practice, an' savs Grogan, Hennery's afraid that Socv-lysm, by prodhucin' conditions fav'rable to th' rale thing, will dayprive him iv th' aisy life."



THE "AMERICAN INVASION" OF NEW ZEALAND.

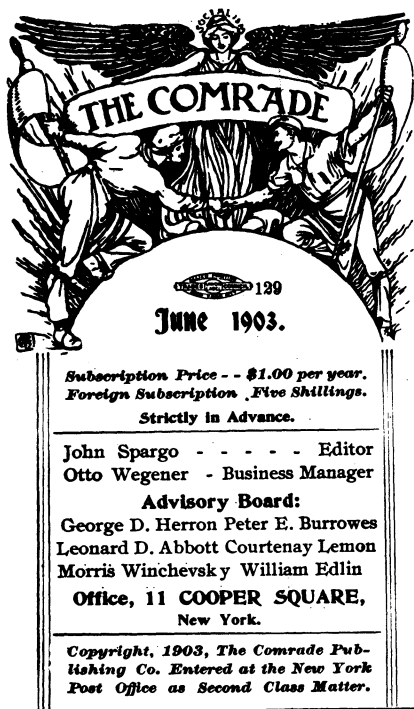


Imported Flour Stored in Shed on Auckland Wharf.



Unloading American Flour at Auckland Wharf.

THE COMRADE.



EDITORIAL.



ULLY comprehending the need and importance of our political propaganda, and yielding to none in loyal devotion to it, we have yet paid less attention to it than to some other matters. To our contemporaries—that great network of splendidly conducted Socialist papers which bears witness to the tremendous growth of Socialism in this country—we have been content to leave most matters affecting our political propaganda and our party policy.

We have chosen another field because it seemed to us that the political phase of our movement was already well represented in our periodical literature. There is no danger that the political work will be overlooked or neglected. On the contrary, it seems to us that we are too prone to think of the Socialist movement as a political movement merely; we are inclined to measure everything by the vote. To be perfectly frank, we have sometimes felt that for political gain the best and most vital principles and traditions of the international Socialist movement were being endangered. Too frequently in these days we hear it urged that we must "Americanize" the movement; that we must adopt the ordinary political methods in order that we may win.

To such of our comrades we venture to suggest that they do not lose sight of the fact that we differ, as a political party, from all other parties. With us political triumph counts for nothing except as a means to an end—the building up of a free comrade-life. Other parties, with their sordid view of political power, may resort to all kinds of trickery in order to obtain votes; they have no cause to endanger. But for us it is otherwise. Unless our votes are the result of honest conviction on the part of those from whom nothing of our purpose has been hidden, they will not help us very much. Socialism can never be brought about by the

votes of dupes. And it is perhaps just as well to remember that we are not so much concerned about "Americanizing" Socialism as we are about Socializing America. It is true that if we are to succeed at all we must reach the American people through their sympathies and all that is best in themselves. And we must in our propaganda avail ourselves of all those virile qualities which predominate in what we call "the American Spirit." All the resourcefulness, energy, grit and enthusiasm of this great people are needed in this movement to secure its triumph. To avail ourselves of them is our duty as it is our only hope. But in winning these for Socialism, we are not "Americanizing" Socialism, but Socializing America.

* * *

There is one need forcing itself more and more upon the movement of which it is perhaps appropriate that we should say a few words in this connection—the need of developing the social side of our party activities. We have been "Unsocial Socialists" too long. In the political movement there has always been the serious difficulty arising from the fact that women do not—and generally cannot—take part in it. By a monstrous injustice they are in most cases deprived of the right to vote and cannot therefore be expected to join very heartily in political work. Then again, because they are not voters, our appeal is not made to them either as frequently or as strongly as it should be. And there are thousands of Socialist workers who could bear witness to the unpleasant consequences resulting from the lack of sympathy in the home fostered by these facts. What interest in "politics" can we expect from the average woman when she has no vote? So we lose in two ways: because of the lack of interest shown by their wives many of our comrades work with much less vigor and efficiency, while, on the other hand we lose the powerful assistance of the women themselves. That there are already many earnest women in our ranks is true; but their number is relatively small. And none more readily than they will assent to what we have felt impelled to say on this matter.

We need something to connect Socialism with the home-life. Some closer tie than mere political association. Not at the expense of the political movement however, but rather as a means of reinforcing political agitation by a great moral impetus centered in the homes of our comrades. So many of our most active comrades are veritable strangers to their own households that there is always grave danger unless we can bring the household together in the party movement itself. It is for this reason mainly that we urge upon our comrades everywhere the need of developing the social side of the movement where the whole family will find something to interest and unite them in our party life. Music and other entertainment at our public meetings, teas, parties, little excursions—these and many other means ought to be employed to foster that feeling of comradeship which so rarely attains generous height or firm texture in the arid soil of politics.

It is unfortunately true that the exigencies of political life do much to develop suspiciousness and distrust. No political movement ever yet escaped from these things and we are not likely to do so. The danger of them, however, will be minimized or increased just in proportion as we develop ties of comradeship which will in their turn develop our mutual trust and respect. There can be little doubt that where the movement is strong socially, there will always be the least amount of friction and the greatest

amount of unity. And, in the last analysis, political success will be found to depend largely upon unity. S.

* * *

Dare to be Free

Translated from the German
of GEORGE HERWEGH

By Hebe.



RISE, O, my people, with beating
of drums!

The glow of your hatred I see.
Oh, dare it, and be it for only
one day,

For one day, at least, to be
free!

And e'en though the vict'ry your
enemies' be

E'er the sun for the stars has made way,
A soul that's indignant can't halt in its
course;

Oh, dare to be free for one day!

Oh, wait not for sanction of church or of
priest,

In anguish and need such as this;

For he who loves truly will calmly face death
For one hour of infinite bliss.

And he who in bitterness long bore his chains,
These chains will at length cast aside,

And for one breath of freedom he gladly
will die,

For to him death means triumph and pride.

May wisdom of pessimists, somber and calm,
Destruction and terror but see;

Far stronger than counsel of prophet or sage,
My people, your honor should be.

Behold, the dice of your fate have been cast,
Your destiny's eve is at hand,

Unconquered, triumphant in greatness and
strength,

Before all the world you shall stand.

One moment of slavery only erase

From the history bleak of your past;

To the cruel injustice of destiny prove
That nothing forever can last.

From your terrible nightmare awaken at
length;

Ripe is the fruit on your tree;

So wait not, but rise up to gather this fruit,
E'er rotten and withered it be.

Awaken! Before you on breezes of morn
The spirit of liberty flies.

From your dungeon and darkness of thou-
sands of years,

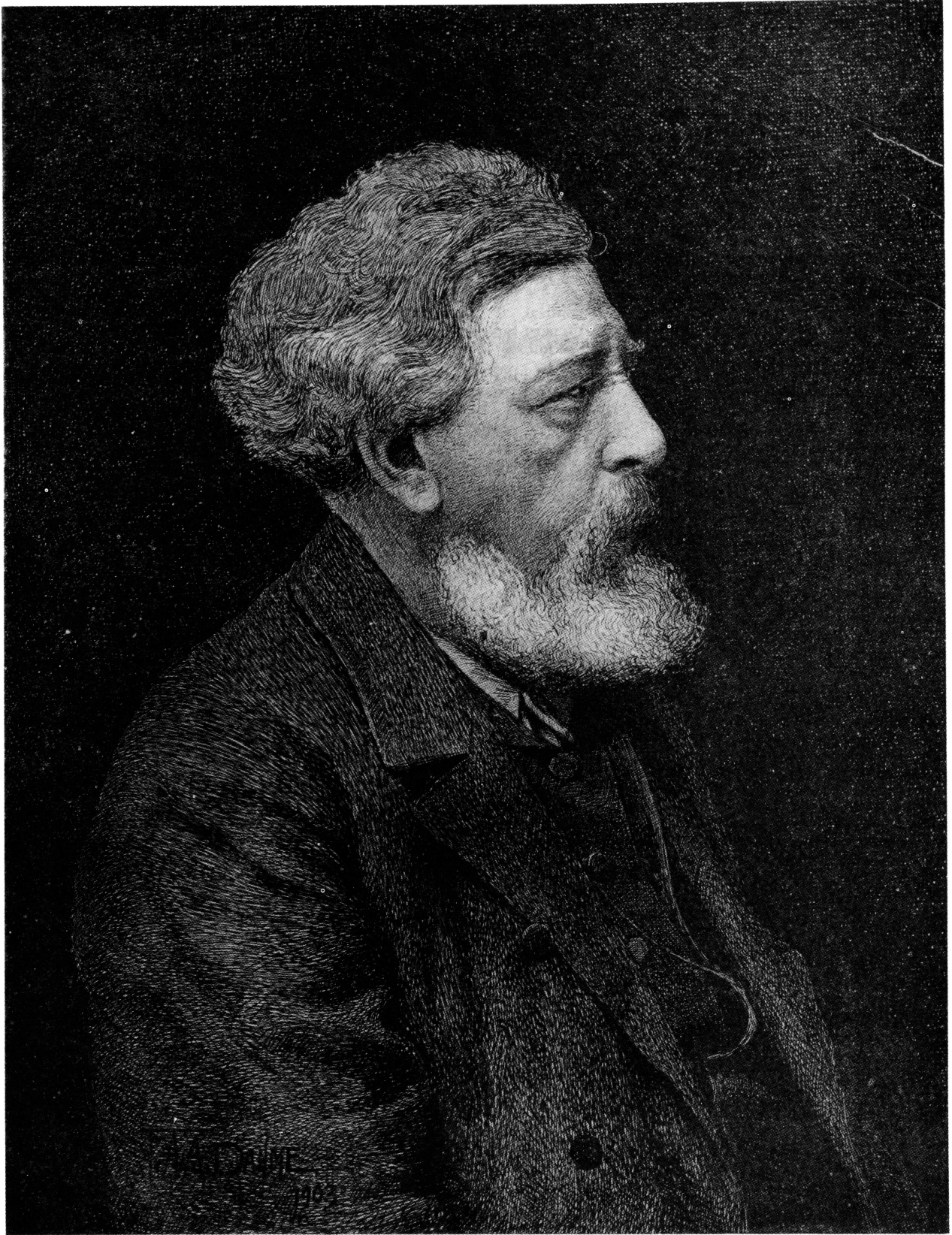
Arise, O my people, arise!

Awake and arise,—let come then what may;
A bright flash of lightning I see!

Oh, dare it, and be it for only one day,
A people of free men to be!

Written January, 1845.

THE COMRADE.



M. Libknecht.

Ferdinand A. Darme Philadelphia Pa 1863

How I Became a Socialist.

No. XIV.

By Thomas Elmer Will.



My sympathies have always been with the common people. I was born that way. I came from them. If my father was uncommon in any respect it was in the breadth of his information on public questions, the ruggedness of his honesty and the depth of his devotion to the cause of those who toil; while my mother was uncommon only

in her love for her children, her lifelong sacrifice to the tasks that lay next to hand, her profound spirituality and her unwavering faith that "all things work together for good."

My early interests were religious rather than political. I thought our chief business in this world was to prepare for the next. My father often chided me for my lack of interest in politics, but I could not help it.

At twenty-one I entered the Illinois State Normal. There, for some reason, I began to read on social questions, and made speeches and read essays in the literary societies on Communism and Socialism, taking the conservative side.

At twenty-three, I read "Progress and Poverty." This marks an epoch in my life. Old things, social, passed away; all things became new. The book was beyond me, but my faith in the present system was forever gone. I resolved to study economics. As class salutatorian I based my speech on "Progress and Poverty," and arraigned land monopoly as the cause of debasing poverty amidst abounding wealth. This was in 1885.

Three years later I entered the University of Michigan. I wanted a broader education; and, as I told a fellow student, "I should never be satisfied unless I could study sociology." The next year I reached it—this time at Harvard I loaded myself to the water's edge with history and economics; but the history lectures were chiefly notable for what they omitted to tell, and the economics was dust and ashes, a boundless jungle of

sophistries, contradictions and non sequiters. I turned again to "Progress and Poverty" and felt that here, at last, was a truth-seeker, a knight without fear and without reproach, an economist who knew and who could feel what he knew.

I graduated in one year and was awarded a fellowship in Political Economy, with an assistantship to boot.

Meanwhile a great sorrow had come into my life. A beloved sister was suddenly taken away. She had married a chum of mine. There was no room for them in civilization, hence they sought a home in the wilderness—the sandhills of north central Nebraska. There, when she needed help, she died at the hands of a quack, the best the desert afforded.

I visited her grave on the bleak hilltop, girt round by the remote, unbroken horizon. I listened as the sad prairie wind wailed her requiem. I thought of her hopes, her ambitions for music and art; and then of this! And I thought of the little children she had left motherless. I reflected that her death was uncalled for; that in civilization she might have lived out her allotted time; but that, because the earth and its fullness had been pre-empted, she had been driven into the wilderness to immolate her life upon the Moloch of private property.

And there, with the vaulted sky, the moaning wind, the waving grass and the sad, untimely mound for my witness, as Hannibal swore eternal hostility to Rome, I vowed eternal warfare upon the system that could thus crush and blight and wither the fairest flowers.

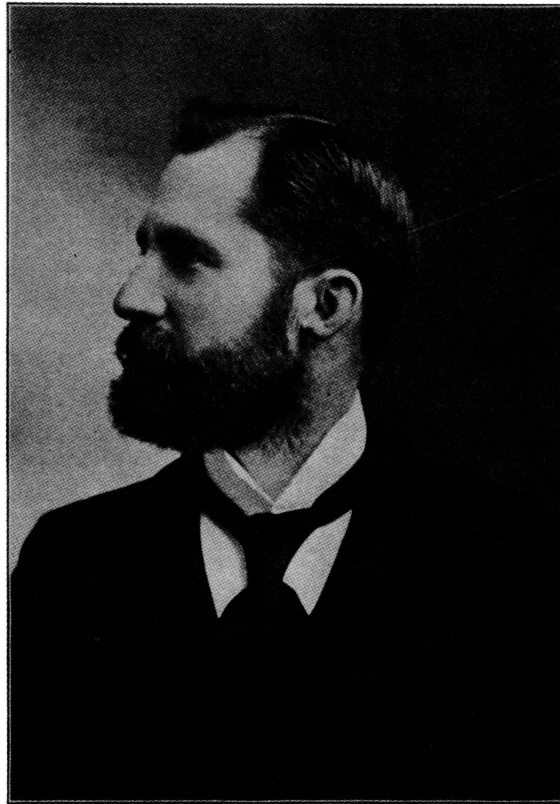
This purpose I locked securely in my breast. I finished my vacation, returned to Harvard and plunged again into my work as I had rarely worked before. I must solve the riddle of the Sphinx; and I must fit myself to storm from the inside the citadel of a murderous economic system and the philosophy that supported it.

I swept the vast libraries. With limitless chaff, they yielded some wheat. I sought my teachers. They evaded my questions. I was thrown back upon my own resources. The outcome was that I left college with the conviction that George was right, and that the "authorities" were afraid to meet him, or to meet his doctrines presented by one who understood them.

What were my objections to Socialism, of which I had read loads of standard literature, and how they were afterward overcome, is too long a story to tell here. Suffice it to say that they could never have been overcome had I continued to think of Socialism as a social state in which all industry is run by government and all able-bodied men and women must join the civil service or starve. Never until I could think out for myself a form of social organization combining

the comprehensiveness of Socialism with the individual freedom contemplated by the Single Tax would I accept the name "Socialist." I found it at last; then I found that it was acceptable to Socialists; and then I accepted for myself the name which, hitherto, I had rejected, not because the program for which it stood was too radical, but because, as I had seen it, this program menaced personal freedom.

Thirteen years have passed since first I stood by the grave of the Nebraska hillside. Two other graves now keep its company—those of my father and mother. More years, by far, were granted them than to the sister I still mourn; yet their lives were shortened and saddened by the toil, privation,



Prof. Thomas Elmer Will.

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and anxiety of life as to-day lived by those who do the world's work. Changes have come. Position has tempted. Friends have advised and warned and remonstrated. Want, at times, has gnawed, and the fear of want has haunted; yet never has that sacred vow been forgotten or the resolution of that deathless day been shaken. I enlisted for life or the war; with the light I have had I have fought on, and the morning of the Twentieth Century finds me fighting still.

But war and darkness cannot forever last. Glinting from

the hilltops and purpling the clouds of the eastern sky the watchman on the walls may see the rays of another morning. The darkness of the night of strife and greed and poverty and fear is breaking. The sun in its splendor will yet appear, and the glorious day will be ushered in when swords shall be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks; when want shall vanish as an evil dream and

"Man and man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that."



Whosoever the Lord Loveth.

By Amy Wellington.



WYANTO people complain that the minister's voice is weak; but it is not the weakest thing about him, that being his salary, which is only \$15 quarterly—when he can get it; and as Mr. Pickard has a wife and three small daughters to support his living, in the leaky old parsonage down in the hollow, is really the most precarious of any in the town. For the churchgoing population of Wyanto is small and critical, and by its own showing exceedingly poor, the notable exception being Lemuel V. Briggs, a prosperous farmer. He and a few devotional women form the cement of this congregation. It is Deacon Briggs who gave the new organ to the choir, and a clock to the meeting-house steeple; who never fails to pay the minister's tax; and it is Deacon Briggs who sits, with his family, in a very front pew, and sings loud and prays long, with interjections of fervent amens throughout Elder Pickard's rather desultory sermons. No wonder the Elder once said of him, "Brother Briggs is one of the best!" But that was three years ago, and now—

Some few there were in the congregation even then who could not repress their smiles when Brother Briggs went whack down on his bony knees and bowed his bald head in prayer, but they were in a frivolous minority. The body of the churchgoers was filled with respect for Brother Briggs' bank account, and for those shrewd investments that made him about the only flourishing farmer in Wyanto. Moreover, they could borrow money of him—at six per cent.; and he held first mortgages on considerable property hereabouts; so you cannot doubt that, by the many, Lemuel V. Briggs was religiously let alone.

Well! one day about a year ago, Lemuel suddenly foreclosed on Silas Fletcher. Silas had mortgaged his farm eight years before when his wife was sick. It was just an old gray New England farmhouse, with a tail of adjoining sheds and barn, surrounded by two hundred or more hilly acres of pine woods, pasture and rocky fields. Working a living out of these fields for himself, the ailing wife and three little children had made a stubborn old man of Silas at forty. And then the worry of it! For two years past, he had hardly been able to pay taxes, and not even interest on the mortgage. There came a "good apple-year"—trees in the orchard bowed down by the weight of the fruit, which it didn't pay to pick, sort and barrel, with freights so high, barrels dear and prices low. Porters and rich Gravensteins lay rotting in big heaps, while only sixty miles away in the city Silas read that children were hungering for them. And with it all, he held his head high whenever he met Lem Briggs; wouldn't go to church; wouldn't let his wife ask aid from "The Ladies' Benevolent Society;" only he worked harder than ever, fed and clothed the family first, and promised to pay all bills and the interest on the mortgage just as fast as he could.

Then Lemuel foreclosed. Silas tried to raise some money in a hurry, but he was not popular, and his few friends were about as poor as himself; they hadn't a dollar to lend. So the farm was put up at auction, and Lemuel bought it. He told Silas that he might live on there awhile—for the nominal rent of five dollars a month; and, before long, a sawmill was buzzing in the pine woods. Lemuel had sold the wood, standing, to the Ruby Match Company, and at a big profit. Silas never seemed "quite right" after that, Wyanto people say. He loafed around in the woods, watching the tall pines go down, idly chewing the chips and listening to the rude jokes of the Canadian woodchoppers. Though, toward winter, he did try to get work in the sawmill; but the company had enough men. At last, one frosty November morning, they found him hanging from a cross-beam in the barn, quite lifeless. And soon after his family moved to the neighboring town where the oldest child—a "smart" little girl—could go to work in the shoe factory.

Lemuel V. Briggs went West awhile—for his health; and when he returned everybody wondered if he'd "have the face" to go to church. Deacon Briggs' face was very, very grave as he walked up the middle aisle to his pew next Sunday, following Mrs. Briggs and his daughter, Susie. His contribution to the plate was conspicuous as usual; and at Tuesday prayer-meeting he offered the money to reshingle the parsonage roof.

A few evenings later, as Elder Pickard was weeding his garden, two of the deacons drove down to the house and hitched their horse to the fence. Emeline Pickard went to the front door and invited them into the best room, where Deacon Dodge was suddenly obliged to shift his weight from a rickety chair to the horse-hair soft. Mr. Pickard hastened into the room, a trifle flurried, for he thought he perceived a decrease of salary in the eyes of his fidgety deacons; but the younger of the two—he whose wife had been talking lately—began to set the minister's mind at rest by saying, "Er—look here, Elder, Lem Briggs!"

"I was very happy to see Brother Briggs at church again last Sunday. He is looking remarkably well, I think."

"Y—es; but er—what I want to say is—we don't think it's right for Lem Briggs to be superintendent of this Sunday school any longer."

Elder Pickard looked grieved. Then the two deacons explained, as best they could, the recent business transaction. "Of course, Lem ain't to blame for holdin' the mortgage (Deacon Dodge held several himself), but to foreclose like that—and on Silas!"

The minister shook his head, looking pained and bewildered as they left him, with the extracted half-promise that his sermon next Sunday should be timely.

On this special Sabbath morning the church was well filled.

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Lemuel V. Briggs sat in his front pew; the petunias on the altar were from his wife's own garden; his daughter, Susie, played the voluntary—while the back seats began to creak beneath the unusual weight of a load of unregenerates, all curious to hear what the minister had to say on the subject of the hour.

They all sang the Doxology. Elder Pickard offered prayer, and Deacon Briggs said amen. Under cover of a hymn-book, Bill Blodgett sent a note along to Jakey Watson, saying, "I bet he don't mention mortgages." Tardily, the crucial moment arrived. The minister rose from his chair behind the altar where he had remained seated throughout the second singing; he rose feebly, for he really was a very old man, come to look at him closely, and it was remarked afterward that his voice was even weaker than usual as he delivered the text: "Whosoever the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." Then he preached a sermon written by his daughter, Emmy, five years before.

One after another, the men on the back seats slipped out the

church entrance; and Bill Blodgett slouched across the green to his store. There on the porch sat Eliphalet Berry, in clean blue overalls and farmer's straw, reading his weekly paper. "Well?" he questioned, looking up over his spectacles.

"Not a word," answered Blodgett.

"I told ye he wouldn't," chuckled Eliphalet. "But you mustn't blame Brother Pickard. If we warn't all so greedy for int'rest, wantin' to get hold of money without workin' for it, and thinkin' him so mighty smart, there wouldn't be any pious Lem—or Silas Fletcher either. But you can't expect a little wimblin' old man like Brother Pickard to tell the truth and shame the—whole congregation. Why, 'twould be as much as his salary's worth!"

"That's right!" said Bill, opening a bottle of tonic.

"No 'tain't! It's all wrong!" said Eliphalet, eyeing him sternly.



Born Strikers

By Horace Traubel.



"BOYS are born strikers," declared the distinguished attorney of a corporation in a recent brief. So they are. That is why boys are of great use in the world. Boys are not only useful because they grow up. They are useful because in the process of growing up they create considerable fuss and more or less radically redistribute the integers

of civilization.

If it was not for the boys, or for the boy left over in the man, everything would always be left about where it is. We draw a line up against which we halt the boy. The boy walks straightway over. He does not defy us. He does not hear us. The boy has eye and ear for sights and sounds ahead. But no cries from the past arrest his impatient feet. Every boy brings the youth of the race back again. The hope you have lost your boy recovers.

When you say rebellion, you say boy. The boy is not a blank wall. He is an open way. You get rid of the boy at your peril. If you cannot save yourself, the boy can save you. You can go to bed heavy with sleep. He will dream for you. You can go down town and trade swindle for swindle in the greed of the world. He will study and play and be honest for you.

The born striker, the boy. Have you ever built a wall so high some boy couldn't climb it? Have you ever cried a no so deep some boy could not disobey it? Have you ever taught any religion, any philanthropy, to which some boy has not added something? The rebellion of the boy is the salvation of the man.

If injustice could live in a world of grown men it would feel safe. Injustice fears the cradle. Injustice is not afraid of your brain, your culture, your curiosity or your logic. Injustice is afraid of the boy. The boy dreams. And the boy believes in dreams. Grown men dream, too. But they are less apt to believe in their dreams. The boy tries fact by dream. The man tries dream by fact. That is what makes the man conservative and the boy radical. That is what makes the man the apologist and the boy a menace.

The boy is the typical striker. He is up at once for his rights. He thinks neither of family nor society. He thinks

only of his rights. He is not a compromiser. He reads rules out of the limit of letter and spirit. Two and two always make four. Ten hours are ten hours. The boy is a democrat. He resents your orders screamed down from some ephemeral elevation. Who is any boss to any boy that any boss should bond any boy to slavish service?

Last year it was the boy in one hundred and forty-seven thousand men who went in anger out of the coal mines. This boy called capital to order. There may be ten thousand men to face your problem. What are the ten thousand to do? They look at their wage checks. They look ahead into the shadows that fall upon a workless man. They may be sullen. But they keep to their work. So the problem remains a problem. So injustice rubs its hands.

The boy comes along. He, too, faces the problem. He does not count costs. He does not see the shadows ahead or any shadows behind. He sees only light. Everywhere light. What is any problem to anyone who stands in a center of light? The boy is illuminated. He refuses to dicker with conditions. "I will make a few conditions of my own," he says. He stops work. He will not drive your mules. He will not carry your packages or your messages. He will not feed your presses. He goes to the men who despond and fortifies their hearts. In the presence of the boy the problem shrinks and disappears. The boy is the born striker.

The boy is unreasonable? Yes. But not more unreasonable than his seniors. I notice that when it comes to the question of his rights and responsibilities the boy is quite as well able as his exploiters to describe the squares and circles of justice. The boy is not infallible. He is imprudent, vain and dogmatic. But the best articles of courage and sacrifice come to the jaded conventions through the boys. The boys make you mad. But they also make you happy. You resent the crudeness if not cruelty of their opposition, but you glorify their impervious self belief. The only thing in man more important than the boy is—well, there is nothing more important than the boy.

The dream of philanthropy is the boy at work in the secular heart. When you appeal for justice you do not go to the stepping off place and endeavor to trim the joints of old age

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back to battle again. You appeal to the boys. The old men are deaf and blind. The old men see sunsets and coffins. The boys are alive in all their fine senses. They see only dawns and immortality. The old men deal in postponements. The boys are disciples of right away.

The boys make history without ifs, buts and peradventures. The boy is the blow direct. Jesus untempled the temples with the heat and heart of a boy. Sixty years would have found reasons for treating the money changers with a tactful prudence. But thirty years or twenty years saw only the evil and asked without wait up to the evil's measure. The world wakes to Jesus because Jesus was boyhood arbitrating against the invasions of Hebrew greed.

We speak of some men as eternally young. We think the highest compliment we can pay to old age is to speak of its youth. In a civilized man years accumulate no burdens. Years rather lighten his load. They have taught him ways to organize life. They have added power not weight. There is something wrong with any civilization which develops grown men with the boy left out. You might just as well be dead as cease to be a boy.

The boy looks round and over everything. He keeps his parents, his neighbors, his civilization, guessing. He turns short corners. He refuses to do things in regular ways. When you think you have got him on one spot he is somewhere else. When you reach for him far off, he stands smiling at your elbow. When you speak of the impossible he goes and does it. When you narrow events to note and rule, he shows you how big events become when they are left to their normal impulses. The boy demands room for life. He accepts all margins. He wanders across all borders. The church and the state do not exist for the boy. He acknowledges religion and natural law. But the institutions appal him. He will not respect your police rituals. To maturity all life is watched,

restricted and under a conditional ban. To the boy all guards are waived. The boy acquiesces in none of the contingencies of the statute. See life alone, he says. Life can be trusted. Life is entitled to growth. But life cannot grow in the county jail.

Every man lives ten thousand lives all by himself. Yet he may miss all life if in the ten thousand the boy is not buoyantly superior and triumphant. Bosses dread the boys. So do the kings. So do parliaments. When you get nasty and arrogant with the boys remember your own dreams. You may have killed the boy in yourself. That was your business, perhaps. But spare the boys in the boys. Let every boy grow to maturity and be the boy still. Let thirty's manhood open into fifty's calm. But save the boy. The real boy is not the boy who dies with boyhood. He is the boy who survives all revolutions of flesh and spirit. Why should not the boy who comes through the cradle outlast the coffin?

Jesus divined the boy when he said, Come little children. Whitman divined the boy when he wrote, "There was a child went forth." No boy in Athens was ever younger than the old Socrates. I remember that Liebig said that the youngest scholar in his school was Liebig. The boy is enthusiasm. He is chronic fire. His fuel is exhaustless. His light never dims. If you grow cold in faith move up near the boy. Before you surrender, consult the boys. The boys will not preach to you about the path of escape. The boys will blaze that path.

Did you think the boy was young or old? I never knew the age of a boy. He may have lived ten or seventy years. The boy does not cosy himself in the comfortable years. He is unconscious of years. The boy is divinely and forever that somewhat in the cosmos which immortalizes its rebel dreams. The boss, the master, the superior, does not like this boy. But without this boy social gravitation would find itself annulled.



Suggestion for a new Russian Coinage.

VIEWS AND REVIEWS



PERHAPS the most brilliant and keen of living critics is Mr. John M. Robertson, who, well known in England, is not, I fear, appreciated in this country as highly as he deserves to be. A vigorous and trenchant critic, he invariably expresses himself in language that charms alike by its accuracy and beauty. Apart altogether from his merit as

a critic he is one of the few living writers whose work shows a perfect mastery of the English language. One of his books in particular, "Modern Humanists," I have long regarded as one of the most vital contributions to the literature of criticism made in recent years. Particularly fine, and well worthy of careful study by every Socialist, are his estimates of Emerson, Carlyle and Ruskin. If you have not read "Modern Humanists" I can assure you that a great and abiding pleasure awaits you. It is published by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., in their excellent "Social Science Series."

Mr. Robertson has recently issued, through A. and H. Bradlaugh Bonner, London, under the title "Criticisms," two little volumes of literary essays which, while of very unequal merit, possess many admirable qualities whether judged as examples of prose composition or as critical estimates of the work of others. Published originally as separate essays in periodicals which, so the author somewhat wistfully tells us, "are now without exception defunct," they possess the defects usual in collections of this character; and I cannot help thinking that it would have been well if the author had made such revisions as are both legitimate and necessary to ensure the success of all such collections. Not that these volumes are unsuccessful from any point of view. They do, however, contain to an unnecessary degree the defects usual to journalistic work reissued in more permanent form.

The "Criticisms" cover such a wide range of subjects that anything like a careful survey of the opinions set forth is impossible here. Mr. Robertson deals with writers so different as Andrew Marvell and Mr. W. E. Henley; Professor Saintsbury and Edward Carpenter; and upon subjects that range from "The Jingoism of the Poets" to the errors of composition that are to be found in the works of some of the greatest writers of modern English, and in the speeches of some of the greatest orators. Mr. Robertson is evidently a firm believer that, to adapt a famous Gladstonian aphorism, it is the duty of a critic to criticise. Nothing seems to escape his lynx-like vision and his critical rod descends with vigor and an attractive impartiality. But perhaps the most vigorous onslaught is contained in "The Tory Professor," in which he flays poor Professor Saintsbury somewhat unmercifully. After reading this paper, and the one which precedes it, the average reader may well be pardoned if he comes to the conclusion that the author of the "History of Nineteenth Century Literature" lacks not only the power to write decent English prose, but also all the essential qualifications of the historian. I do not think that it is too much to say that Robertson's "Criticisms," to a greater extent than any similar collection of essays since that of Macaulay, show the art of literary criticism at its best. Forceful, keen, courageous, and brilliant in expression, these essays will give the lover of the literature of literature abundant satisfaction.

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"Toward the Light" is the title of the latest issue of the useful "Social Science Series," published by Swan Sonnenschein & Co., referred to in the foregoing paragraphs. The author, Mr. Lewis H. Berens, is a well-known British disciple of Henry George and one of the authors of "The Story

of My Dictatorship," a Single Tax work which enjoyed considerable popularity some years ago.

It is exceedingly difficult to write briefly of a book of this kind, especially when, as in this case, it is written in a style that exasperates by its discursiveness. The wearying prolixity of the writer is sufficient to prevent any ordinary reader from continuing far into the book. At least, I found myself impatient to get out of the labyrinth of words and to keep to the line of argument. Its value as a contribution to the study of economics is thus considerably lessened. In the main he follows the teachings of Henry George, but has none of the literary ability of the master. Apparently a well read student of economics, but lacking critical insight no less than literary power, Mr. Berens has not added very much that is of value to our economic literature.

The book—which is imported by Charles Scribner's Sons—like all the rest of the series, is well printed upon good paper, but execrably bound. The covers are passably good in themselves, but the vile stitching does not suggest that they are intended to hold the pages.

* * *

Probably no part of the Socialist philosophy has been so misrepresented by its opponents or so little understood by its friends, as what is commonly termed "the materialist conception of history." More nearly correct, and far less offensive to the average mind, is the term, "economic determinism" now coming into more general use. But it has long seemed to me that Thorold Rogers "economic interpretation of history" was more exact than either of the other two. Not only does the word "interpretation" describe the Marx theory as it was posited by Engels after the death of Marx, when the crudities common to the initial statements of all great philosophical truths had become manifest; but it excludes much of the puerile and irrelevant criticisms which have been urged against the theory, and which have tended to obscure its real meaning. Engels has made clear that neither Marx nor himself intended to convey any such absolute rule as the use of the word "determinism" implies. Without understanding what Marx meant by the use in this connection of the term "economic forces," and never dreaming that the points had been long ago met by the two great thinkers, critics have urged all sorts of objections to the theory which are excluded by the clearer phrase of Rogers.

This phrase has (without any credit to Rogers) been adopted by Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, of Columbia University, as the title of quite the most noteworthy contribution to this important subject ever attempted in English. Professor Seligman is a careful and somewhat conservative writer whose reputation as an economist is deservedly great. In Europe he has long since been regarded as one of the most thorough and brilliant economists of this generation. That he has seen fit to specialize on the subject of taxation, important as that undoubtedly is, has long seemed to me a very great pity in view of his eminent fitness to deal with the economics and the philosophy of Socialism. His wide erudition, his ability to grasp fundamental principles, his power of analysis, his lucidity, and, above all, his fairness of mind—these and many other qualifications, most of which are possessed only to a small degree by Bohm Bawerk, for example, mark him as the one non-Socialist economist fitted by genius, training and temperament to undertake a comprehensive study of that nature. Of much greater intellectual integrity than the Austrian, and decidedly more brilliant, Professor Seligman would doubtless avoid the puerilities and misrepre-

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sentations of Bohm Bawerk as well as his wearying prolixity.

The present volume of one hundred and sixty-six pages is a model of lucidity and careful statement. Notwithstanding the magnitude and the complex character of the subject, and the fact that previously there was practically no literature upon the subject in English, Professor Seligman has given us a study couched in such simple language that the average reader who is possessed of no special training can easily comprehend. It does seem to me, however, that in a book otherwise so well adapted to the needs of the average student, the many and exhaustive footnotes ought to have been translated. Why, for example, should the French of an extract from Marx's *Misère de la Philosophie* be given when the work is so easily accessible in English? Intended primarily, no doubt, for the advanced University student, the book should, and I hope will, find its way into the hands of every Socialist speaker and writer. And not all of these will be able to read the untranslated references. There are hundreds of Socialists, and others, to whom the almost inestimable value of this work will thus be impaired.

In Chapter II., "Political Antecedents of the Theory," and in Chapter III., "Development of the Theory," the author sketches briefly the influences which moulded the intellect of Marx and led him to formulate, crudely at first, then more carefully and with greater confidence, his famous theory. The question of the originality of Marx has often been raised alike with regard to his economic and philosophic theories. It was long urged—is still, in fact, by certain ill-informed and certain other malevolent writers—that Marx pillaged his economic theories from Rodbertus, but even the greatest admirers of that brilliant Prussian writer now admit that the charge had no foundation in fact. Others, like Menger, the jurist, have accused Marx of borrowing his theory of "surplus-value" from the early English Socialists without giving them credit. This, as Professor Seligman is very careful to point out, is a libel upon Marx. In the first place it was Marx who first called attention to the value of the work of these early English writers, quoting them extensively; and, secondly, it is as absurd to compare them with Marx as it would be to compare Ricardo with his great predecessor, Sir William Petty. Of the claim of Marx to be considered the originator of the economic interpretation theory there seems to be little doubt. Professor Seligman goes into the matter at some length and accepts without reservation the claim made by Engels for his illustrious colleague. Says Professor Seligman: "But if originality can properly be claimed only for those thinkers who not alone formulate a doctrine, but first recognize its importance and its implications, so that it thereby becomes a constituent element in their whole scientific system, there is no question that Marx must be recognized as in the truest sense the originator of the economic interpretation of history."

A point that is of considerable importance, and which seems to me to be perfectly valid, is made by the author when he points out that there is no absolute and inseparable connection between this philosophy of Marx and his economic theories. A man may quite consistently accept the former while rejecting the latter. He may be a firm believer in the theory of economic interpretation without accepting at all our estimate of economic facts and their portents. Just as it is possible for a man to believe in a God without believing in the doctrine of the Trinity, so it is possible for him to believe in the economic interpretation of history without believing in the economics of Socialism. But just as the man who accepts the doctrine of the Trinity must believe in the existence of a God to begin with, so, it seems to me, the intelligent acceptance of the economic theories of Socialism involves the acceptance of the philosophy of economic interpretation. Socialism is something more than an economic theory, and while you may accept the idea of economic de-



Prof. Edwin R. A. Seligman.

terminism and remain a non-Socialist by reason of your rejection of the economics of Socialism, so too, you may accept those economic principles and still be a non-Socialist because you reject the philosophy which gives them force

Professor Seligman's final estimate of the theory may be briefly stated as follows: In its extreme form the theory "is no longer tenable as the universal explanation of all human life But in the narrower sense that the economic factor has been of the utmost importance in history, and that the historical factor must be reckoned with in economics, the theory has been, and still is, of considerable significance." Of immense value to the economist as emphasizing the historical basis of economic institutions, it has been of still greater value to the historian by causing him to search below the surface. It has done more than anything else to dispel the "great man" conception of history which so long obtained and threatened to reduce history to "a mere catalogue of dates and events."

In concluding this altogether inadequate notice of this remarkable little book, which ought to be in every Socialist library, and carefully studied by every Socialist, let me give two brief quotations in which the author gives his estimate of Marx: "Whether or no we agree with Marx's analysis of industrial society it is safe to say that no one can study Marx as he deserves to be studied—and, let us add, as he has hitherto not been studied in England or America—without recognizing the fact that, perhaps with the exception of Ricardo, there has been no more original, no more powerful, and no more acute intellect in the entire history of economic science" "it is safe to predict that when the future historian of economics and social sciences comes to deal with the great transition of recent years, he will be

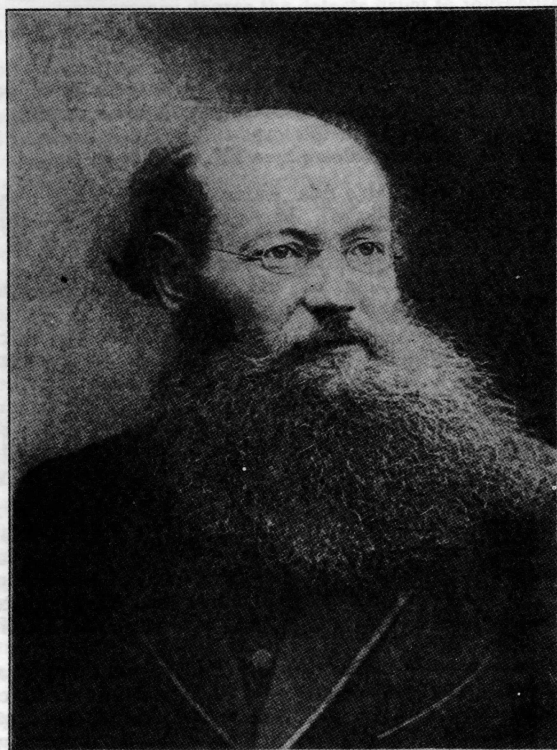
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compelled to assign to Karl Marx a far more prominent place than has hitherto been customary outside of the narrow ranks of the Socialists themselves. In pure economic theory the work of Karl Marx, although brilliant and subtle, will probably live only because of its critical character; but in economic method and in social philosophy, Marx will long be remembered as one of those great pioneers who, even if they are not able themselves to reach the goal, nevertheless blaze out a new and prominent path in the wilderness of human thought and human progress."

While I personally should emphasize the constructive value of Marx's contribution to economics, in which respect his work stands unsurpassed even by that of Ricardo (of whose great merit no one has testified more warmly than Marx himself), and while I might feel inclined to break a friendly lance with Professor Seligman upon that point, I quote these two passages as evidence of his eminent fairness to Marx; and cheerfully acknowledge the immense value and merit of the book as the most distinctive contribution yet made to the literature of a profoundly important and interesting subject.

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By far the most comprehensive study of that strange Russian sect, the Doukhobors, which I have seen is contained in a new book recently issued by Ferris and Leach, of Philadelphia, entitled "The Doukhobors: Their History in Russia: Their Migration to Canada." The author, Joseph Elkinton, is a well-known member of the Society of Friends in Pennsylvania, whose spiritual sympathies eminently fit him for his task. His father, Mr. Joseph H. Elkinton, and himself have from the very beginning of the migration of these strange, determined, but little understood people from Russia taken a



PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

kept personal interest in them and have been prominently identified with the movement within the Society of Friends for their succor and support. Father and son have both lived among them in their new settlements, enjoying to the full their confidence and esteem. The result is a contribution to the history of the Doukhobors of exceeding great value. Not only is the story told of the immediate events which led to their migration to Canada and of their troubles with the Canadian government: a comprehensive and lucid survey of their entire history—sad, painful history!—dating from the middle of the eighteenth century, and a careful examination of their anarchistic religious principles, add to the value and interest of Mr. Elkinton's work.

Upon the issues between the Canadian government and the settlers the author has a good deal to say. His sympathies are naturally with the people who have suffered so much for a principle for which so many of his own denomination have suffered in the past. (One of the most deplorable facts in connection with the Friends, by the way, is that they seem in recent years to have lost much of their ancient devotion to peace.) But notwithstanding his natural sympathy with the Doukhobors, Mr. Elkinton is in favor of the Dominion government in the present dispute. Throughout the volume he speaks in the very highest terms of the patience of the government and the consideration which has been shown to the new settlers. For the most part entirely without education, long years of despotism such as only Russia knows, have implanted in the minds of these poor peasants a deep distrust of any sort of governmental intervention no matter what its object may be. Even in such a matter as the compulsory registration of births, marriages and deaths, demanded of them in common with all the rest of the population, they scent "tyranny." Mr. Elkinton believes that if the Dominion government will continue its wisely patient policy and refrain from harsh measures this feeling will be overcome. The great need of the present is education, and to the credit of the Friends in this country and elsewhere it must be said that they are doing much to meet that need.

The book is profusely illustrated by photographs taken by the author and others. The whole of the profits arising from its sale will be devoted to the cause of education among the Doukhobors in Canada, so that the book is doubly deserving of a large sale—for its own merit as a sympathetic study of a brave and noble, if misguided people, and for the cause to which it is a consecrated service.

* * *

"More Tales From Tolstoi" is the title of a volume of short stories translated from the Russian by R. Nisbet Bain and published by Brentano. Mr. Bain will be remembered as the translator of a similar collection of stories by Maxim Gorky. There is a biographical study of Tolstoy (I prefer to spell the name in the way Tolstoy himself does) and an excellent photogravure portrait as frontispiece. All the ten tales are familiar enough to readers of the English editions of Tolstoy's works, including such well-known stories as "The Death of Ivan Il'ich," "The Story of Ivan the Fool" and "The Snowstorm." To those who have not read them in other editions the tales in this form will doubtless be very acceptable.

* * *

Every propagandist of Socialism has at times had to meet the criticism of the pseudo-scientist: the man with a profound faith in what he conceives to be the teaching of Darwin; who cries aloud concerning the "universal law of struggle for existence," and affirms that Socialism is wrong because opposed to his conception of the "Survival of the Fittest" theory.

THE COMRADE

I have just laid aside, after a second reading, a book which ought to give the quietus to such criticism; a book which teems with arguments that are an invincible armament for the Socialist propagandist, Prince Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid a Factor in Evolution." I do not think that it is too much to say of this book that it is the most important work upon the subject which has appeared since Darwin's "Origin of Species." No Socialist in the land ought to miss reading it, and I am convinced that it would be a good thing if, wherever practicable, branches of the Socialist Party and clubs would make a special point of discussing it chapter by chapter at their meetings. Never before has the Socialist conception of life been so triumphantly stated as in this magnificent work. Written by one of the foremost scientists of this generation, it is nevertheless such a book as the average man can easily understand. Few writers equal Kropotkin in ability to write simply upon scientific subjects.

Prince Kropotkin as is generally well known is one of the leading exponents of "Anarchist-Communism"—which, to paraphrase a saying of Nietzsche's, is neither Anarchism nor Communism. Born in Moscow sixty-one years ago he has more than once suffered imprisonment for his activity and ardor as a revolutionist, the story of his rescue from the Peter and Paul fortress as told in Stepniak's "Underground Russia" being one of the most thrilling episodes in that wonderfully thrilling book. His writings upon the subject of Anarchism constitute a small library in themselves; some of them having been translated into as many as twenty different languages. A translation of his "Modern Science and Anarchism" is, I believe, just being issued in this country.

But in spite of his political views Kropotkin's fame as a scientist is firmly established and he is universally respected for his scientific attainments. In the present work he attacks the teaching of the so-called Darwinian school. He aims at proving that co-operation, or mutual aid, as he (less effectively, I think,) puts it, has been of even greater influence in the evolution of different species, and of different social forms, than competition. He does not deny that there is conflict, that there has been a continuous "struggle for existence" in the evolution of species, or of society. What he does contend, and demonstrate by many scores of illustrations, is, that the struggle has been between different kinds of animals struggling against each other, but that among animals of the same kind or species, co-operation and not competition has been the chief and most important factor. It is not so much a matter of theory as of fact. And Kropotkin marshals his facts in a most imposing manner. Page upon page of facts, many of which have come within his own observation, he gives and there can be no contesting them. And once the facts are admitted, it is difficult to see upon what grounds the argument can be rejected which he has deduced from them.

Darwin himself saw that in numberless cases struggle was replaced by co-operation, and that, as a result, certain mental and moral qualities were developed which secured the best conditions for survival. But Huxley, and other prominent Darwinians, have taught in his name something very different. Instead of developing the thought hinted at by Darwin they have lost sight of it altogether and (still in his name) carried still further what he himself saw he had carried too far. This view, postulated by Huxley, and generally accepted by the Darwinians, that among men, as among the lower animals, the "war of each against all was the normal state of existence," Kropotkin attacks with all his learning. Fact is his weapon and he wields it with rare power. All kinds of illustrations from the animal world are quoted to show the power and extent of co-operation within the species. And so among men: he goes into the matter as it effects human society. In three chapters,—mutual aid among savages, bar-

barians and ourselves—he has gathered a marvelous array of evidence in support of his contention. Even in our present society there is a surprising amount of real co-operation by which the individual life and the collective life are enriched and broadened. "And we can affirm that in the ethical progress of man, mutual support—not mutual struggle—has had the leading part. In its wide extension, even at the present time, we also see the best guarantee of a still loftier evolution of our race."

These words, quoted from the closing paragraph of the book, summarize the conclusions arrived at by the author in this important and epochal work. Unlike some naturalists, and some writers on evolution, he has not used his observations of the habits of the lower animals to reason from them to men. Instead of that, he has shown clearly that the co-operative or social instinct is universal throughout all nature. Wherever life manifests itself, the co-operative instinct is found. Wherever competition is the supreme law there is death. And herein is the very essence of our social faith.

J. S.



TRUE TERRITORY.

"A little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness full of fools; and only that nation gains true territory which gains itself."

John Ruskin.



Russia in Manchuria.



THE BEAR: Don't excite yourselves Gentlemen, I shall run this Business.



With his "Christian Record" behind him, Uncle Sam protests against the Atrocities in Russia.

Books Received.

MORE TALES FROM TOLSTOI. Translated from the Russian by R. Nisbet Bain. Cloth; 316 pages. New York: Brentano's.

CRITICISMS. By John M. Robertson. (Two volumes.) Cloth. Price, three shillings and six pence per vol. London, Eng.: A. & H. B. Bonner.

THE ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY. By Edwin R. A. Seligman. Cloth; 166 pages. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Columbia University Press (The Macmillan Company).

THE DOUKHOBORS; THEIR HISTORY IN RUSSIA; THEIR MIGRATION TO CANADA. By Joseph Elkinton. Cloth; illustrated; 336 pages. Price, \$2.00. Philadelphia: Ferris and Leach.

***THE HISTORY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.** Edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Ida Husted Harper. Four volumes. Cloth; illustrated: Rochester, N. Y.: Susan B. Anthony.

***PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF PRINCE BISMARCK.** By Sidney Whitman. Cloth; X—346 pages. Price, \$1.50. New York: Appletons.

***NATURE: AN ESSAY.** By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Art Edition. Boards. Printed in colors. Price, \$1.00. The Alwil Shop, Palisades, N. Y.

*Books marked thus will be reviewed in our next issue.

To Our Readers



In response to the suggestion contained in the admirable article by our good friend, Robert Rives La Monte, we are pleased to announce that in subsequent issues we shall publish as occasion may arise, some of Mr. Lawson's poems and sketches. That these will prove of immense interest to our readers we are confident. Lawson's genius is unquestioned and all his work rings true to proletarian life.

* * *

Among the most important contributions to our next issue will be a beautiful prose poem by Paul Shivell, which we had hoped to include in this issue, but which we were reluctantly obliged to hold over on account of the undue pressure upon our space. We have also received for the next issue a short story from Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, and there will be other attractive features which will, we hope, mark the issue as the best yet published. To all our friends who write us words of loving cheer we reiterate our pledge to them, that for our part we shall leave no stone

turned to make every issue better than its predecessors. And if every reader will help by obtaining other readers, we shall succeed.

* * *

So many people have written concerning the articles by our Comrade George D. Heron, "A Point of View," requesting us to re-issue them in pamphlet form, that we take this opportunity of saying that these articles will, we hope, be continued as a regular and permanent feature of the Comrade. We also hope that it may be possible to arrange for the republication in some cheap form of some of them, as suggested by a good many friends.

* * *

"The Basis of Universal Peace." Dr. Gibbs' pamphlet, has attracted a good deal of favorable notice as a notable and distinctive contribution to our propaganda literature. Every local of the Socialist Party and every individual Socialist, ought to make a point of distributing it. "Child Slaves in 'Free' America," by John Spargo, Editor of The Comrade, and "Socialism and the Negro Problem," by Charles H. Vail, should also be remembered. A new edition of the Editor's, "Where we Stand," will also be ready in a

few days, the two large editions being entirely exhausted.

* * *

The important book reviews in this issue afford us an opportunity of calling attention to an important matter which we have had under consideration for some time past. After much thought we have matured a plan whereby all Socialist clubs, and active individual workers, may, if they desire, obtain these and similar important books **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST.** Such works as Morgan's "Ancient Society," (\$4); Marx's "Capital," "The Encyclopaedia of Social Reform," (\$7.50), and many others too numerous to mention, are included in our list. The plan cannot be described in detail here, but if you are interested, send us a postal and we will send particulars.

* * *

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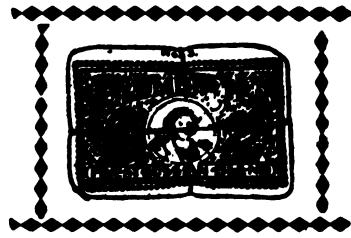


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We have a flourishing little local of stalwart, class-conscious, revolutionary comrades. The local is now about three years old. We have one member in the local legislature. We hold weekly propaganda meetings and are moving along. From a letter from comrade Burnett, of Victoria, B. C., who sends us a large order for buttons and Comrades.

Macon, Ga., May 6, 1903.

"A Point of View" in the April Comrade, is the finest essay in all Socialist literature that I have seen. It would make a fine pamphlet. Yours fraternally,
An Old Comrade.

Money speaks louder than thunder nowadays. Here goes the louder, and anything else I can do for The Comrade, and the glorious cause in which it is engaged, I shall do. From a letter of Comrade Higgins, Corning, N. Y., in which he had wrapped a brand new dollar bill for a subscription to The Comrade and the premium pictures.

"Now," one of the best "New Thought" publications in the country has this to say about The Comrade:

The Comrade, for April, contains among many good things a fine article, with illustrations, on "Millet: the painter of common life." The Comrade contains much that is far beyond the common grade of Socialism. It is a model of typographical excellence and a finished exponent of the Higher Socialism.

"I received The Comrade and your other publications in due time. Am delighted with each copy." Comrade Ada Gatchell, Wash.

"Enclosed find M. O. for ten dollars for which send me as soon as possible Comrade Leaflets No. 3, A Lesson from the Donkeys." Comrade Schaufele, Baltimore, Md., wants to make many Socialists, and he wants to make them quick, too; that's the reason he sends such an order.

Comrade Kortan in Saginaw, comes again with a club of Comrade subscriptions and asks that the premium pictures be sent. He writes that the comrades in Saginaw are very much pleased with The Agitator, and he calls it a thorough going little publication at a small price.

Comrade Rush, of Alaska, sends us a few nuggets in his letter, and asks us to exchange them for a Karl Marx library.

+++++

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I think that the May Comrade is the best of all. Brown's article "How I Became a Socialist," is a good one for the theological parasites. Comrade Babin, Waterbury.

Melrose, January 30, 1903.

My Dear Mr. H.:

Thanks for the copy of "Socialism the Basis of Universal Peace," by Dr. Gibbs. I have read and reread the address and enjoyed it more on the second reading than on the first. I have accepted the doctrine it teaches so clearly and beautifully.

To me Socialism as expounded by Dr. Gibbs is only "Applied Christianity" and will prove as fundamental in the work and business and social affairs of life, when fully tried, as the law of gravitation in the physical world.

The conflict between labor and capital to-day which has caused the hard times of the winter and the high price of coal and fuel, felt so heavily by the working man, is bringing on rapidly that better day which is sure to come, when we shall have co-operation instead of competition, and when the laborer and the capitalist shall be one.

I believe most heartily in "the good time coming" and while seeing "distant gates of Eden gleam" I "do not deem it all a dream."

Yours truly,
Mary A. Livermore.

Comrade Reusch, Dayton, O. writes us that he celebrated his seventieth birthday by distributing and selling a good lot of Socialist literature. Comrade Reusch has worked hard for Socialism and is not losing a minute to put in his good work for the cause, despite his age.

Comrade Townsend, Alameda, orders a bundle of The Comrade for one year, for his local. This is what you should do, too, because your local will get The Comrade regularly, and at a considerably reduced rate. Three dollars will bring you five Comrades for a year, which is 5 cents a copy, and you sell them at ten.

The movement is growing rapidly here and it makes a fellow feel a little more hopeful than in the past. About thirty years ago I had to walk fifteen miles to talk to some laboring men, and when I got there found two men who would listen. But now a fellow can jump out and find a crowd ready to listen. Enclosed find order for leaflets, etc. Shall start out to make up a club for The Comrade this evening. From a letter of "Pat" O'Neil, of Burma, Ark., who is still in harness, although he is already 71 years old.

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Comrade Thiele, Victor, Col., although a subscriber to The Comrade, sends in another order, because he likes to have those two Socialist premium pictures by Walter Crane. Is your home adorned with Socialist pictures and portraits? If not, read our premium offer.

Our friend Walter, of Detroit, falls in line with a big order for ammunition, including the Comrade and Agitator.

Comrade Henry, of Petersburg, Fla., is one of the hardest workers for the cause. He has sent in more than a hundred subscriptions to The Agitator within the last few weeks.

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