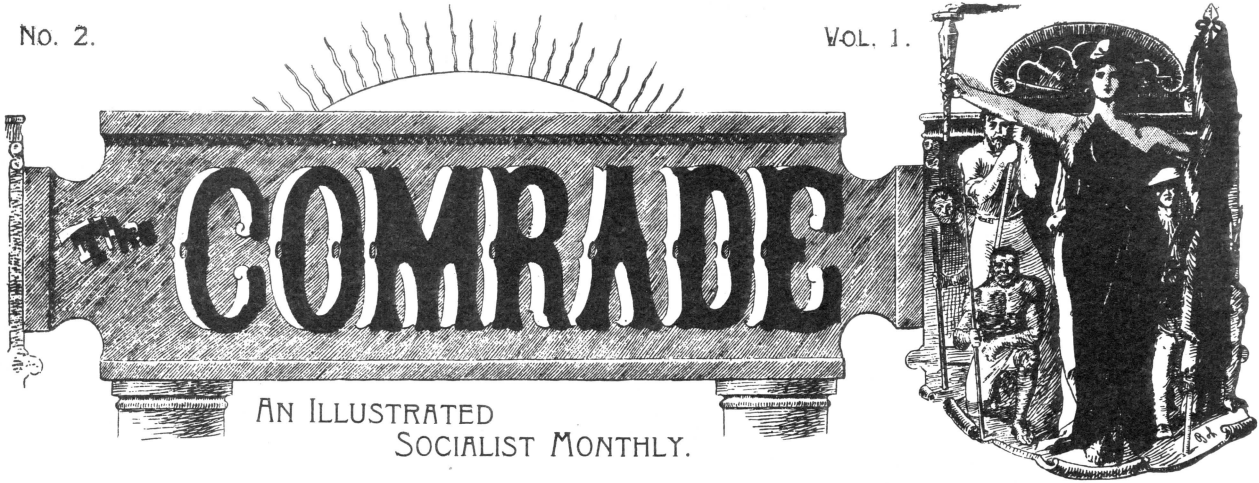
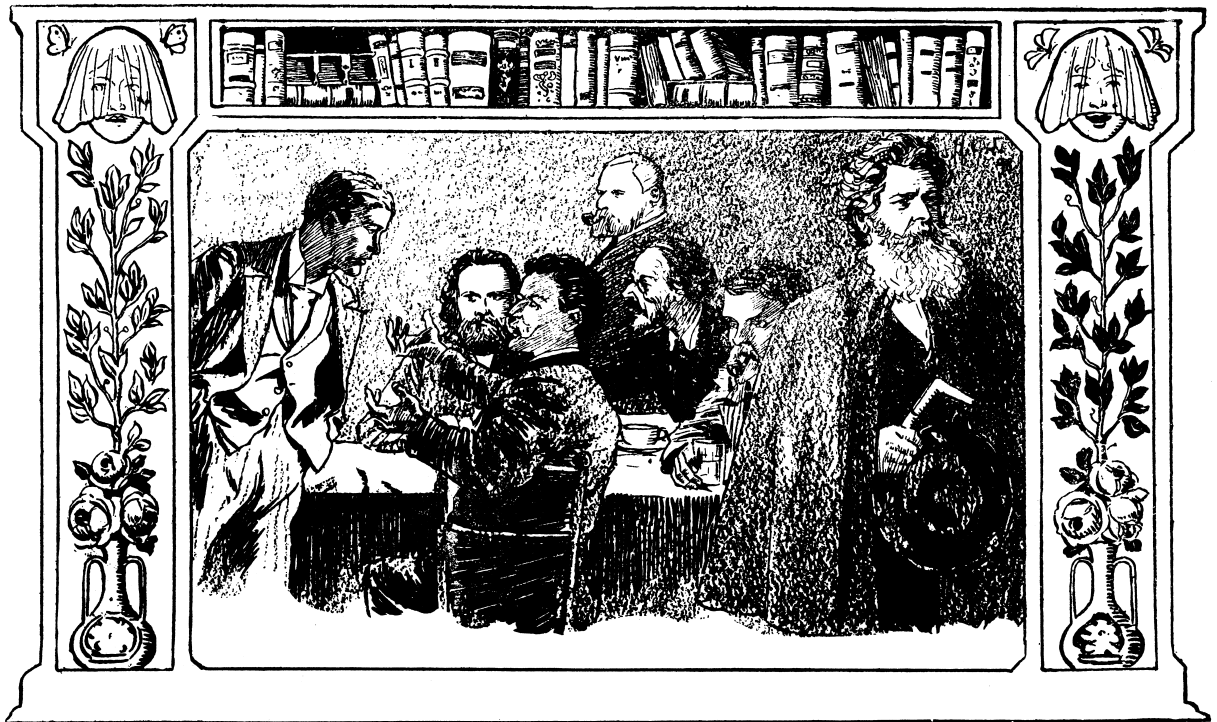


COMRADE

AN ILLUSTRATED
SOCIALIST MONTHLY.



J. P. MOREGAIN (on his special train en route to the Church Convention at San Francisco): "By the kindness of Providence, dear Brethren, I hold this earth in trust, and am thus enabled to allow you to taste of the luxuries of life, so that you, in turn, may tell your flock what good things await them in the world to come, if they will but bear themselves humbly and contentedly in this present life."



Illustrations by H. G. JENTZSCH.

News From Nowhere

OR: AN EPOCH OF REST

Being Some Chapters From a Utopian Romance.

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

CHAPTER I.

DISCUSSION AND BED.

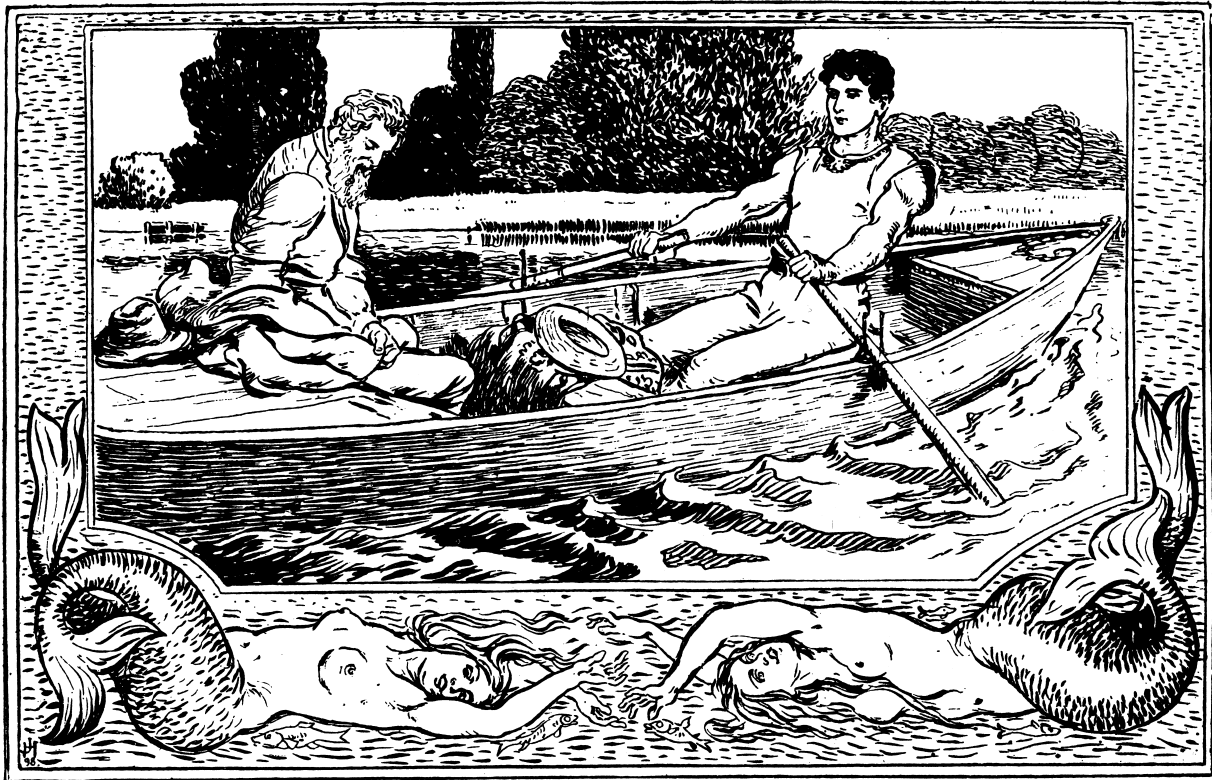
UP at the League, says a friend, there had been one night a brisk conversational discussion, as to what would happen on the Morrow of the Revolution, finally shading off into a vigorous statement by various friends of their views on the future of the fully-developed new society.

Says our friend: Considering the subject, the discussion was good-tempered; for those present being used to public meetings and after-lecture debates, if they did not listen to each others' opinions (which could scarcely be expected of them), at all events did not always attempt to speak all together, as is the custom of people in ordinary polite society when conversing on a subject which interests them. For the rest, there were six persons present, and consequently six sections of the party were represented, four of which had strong but divergent Anarchist opinions. One of the sections, says our friend, a man whom he knows very well indeed, sat almost silent at the beginning of the discussion, but at last got drawn into it, and finished by roaring out very loud, and damning all the rest for fools; after which befel a period of noise, and then a lull, during which the aforesaid section, having said good-night very amicably, took his way home by himself to a western suburb, using the means of traveling which civilization has forced upon us like a habit. As he sat in that vapor-bath of hurried and discontented humanity, a carriage of the underground railway, he, like others, stewed discon-

tentedly, while in self-reproachful mood he turned over the many excellent and conclusive arguments which, though they lay at his fingers' ends, he had forgotten in the just past discussion. But this frame of mind he was so used to, that it didn't last him long, and after a brief discomfort, caused by disgust with himself for having lost his temper (which he was also well used to), he found himself musing on the subject-matter of discussion, but still discontentedly and unhappily. "If I could but see a day of it," he said to himself; "if I could but see it!"

As he formed the words, the train stopped at his station, five minutes' walk from his own house, which stood on the banks of the Thames, a little way above an ugly suspension bridge. He went out of the station still discontented and unhappy, muttering, "If I could but see it! if I could but see it!" but had not gone many steps toward the river before (says our friend who tells the story) all that discontent and trouble seemed to slip off him.

It was a beautiful night of early winter, the air just sharp enough to be refreshing after the hot room and the stinking railway carriage. The wind, which had lately turned a point or two north of west, had blown the sky clear of all cloud save a light fleck or two which went swiftly down the heavens. There was a young moon half way up the sky, and as the homefarer caught sight of it, tangled in the branches of a tall old elm, he could scarce bring to his mind the shabby London suburb where he was, and he felt as if he were in a pleasant country place—pleasant, indeed, than the deep country was as he had known it.



He came right down to the river-side, and lingered a little, looking over the low wall to note the moonlit river, near upon high water, go swirling and glittering up to Chiswick Eyot: as for the ugly bridge below, he did not notice it or think of it, except when for a moment (says our friend) it struck him that he missed the row of lights down stream. Then he turned to his house door and let himself in; and even as he shut the door to, disappeared all remembrance of that brilliant logic and foresight which had so illuminated the recent discussion; and of the discussion itself there remained no trace, save a vague hope, that was now become a pleasure, for days of peace and rest, and cleanness and smiling goodwill.

In this mood he tumbled into bed, and fell asleep after his wont, in two minutes' time; but (contrary to his wont) woke up again, not long after, in that curiously wide-awake condition which sometimes surprises even good sleepers; a condition under which we feel all our wits preternaturally sharpened, while all the miserable muddles we have ever got into, all the disgraces and losses of our lives, will insist on thrusting themselves forward for the consideration of those sharpened wits.

In this state he lay (says our friend) till he had almost begun to enjoy it: till the tale of his stupidities amused him, and the entanglements before him, which he saw so clearly, began to shape themselves into an amusing story for him.

He heard one o'clock strike, then two and then three; after which he fell asleep again. Our friend says that from that sleep he awoke once more, and afterward went through such surprising adventures that he thinks that they should be told to our comrades, and, indeed, the public in general, and therefore proposes to tell them now. But, says he, I think it would be better if I told them in the first person, as if it were myself who had gone through them; which, indeed, will be the easier and more natural to me, since I understand the feelings and desires of the comrade of whom I am telling better than any one else in the world does.

CHAPTER II.

A MORNING BATH.

WELL, I awoke, and found that I had kicked my bedclothes off; and no wonder, for it was hot and the sun shining brightly. I jumped up and washed and hurried on my clothes, but in a hazy and half-awake condition, as if I had slept for a long, long while, and could not shake off the weight of slumber. In fact, I rather took it for granted that I was at home in my own room than saw that it was so.

When I was dressed, I felt the place so hot that I made haste to get out of the room and out of the house; and my first feeling was a delicious relief, caused by the fresh air and pleasant breeze; my second, as I began to gather my wits together, mere measureless wonder: for it was winter when I went to bed the last night, and now, by witness of the river-side trees, it was summer, a beautiful, bright morning, seemingly of early June. However, there was still the Thames, sparkling under the sun, and near high water, as last night I had seen it gleaming under the moon.

I had by no means shaken off the feeling of oppression, and wherever I might have been should scarce have been quite conscious of the place; so it was no wonder that I felt rather puzzled in despite of the familiar face of the Thames. Withal I felt dizzy and queer; and remembering that people often got a boat and had a swim in mid-stream, I thought I would do no less. It seems very early, quoth I to myself, but I daresay I shall find some one at Biffin's to take me. However, I didn't get as far as Biffin's, or even turn to my left thitherward, because just then I began to see that there was a landing-stage right before me in front of my house; in fact, on the place where my next-door neighbor had rigged one up, though somehow it didn't look like that, either. Down I went on to it, and sure enough among the empty boats moored to it lay a man on his sculls in a solid-looking tub of a boat clearly meant for bathers. He nodded to me, and bade me good-morning as if he expected me, so I jumped in without any

words, and he paddled away quietly as I peeled for my swim. As we went, I looked down on the water, and couldn't help saying:

"How clear the water is this morning!"

"Is it?" said he; "I didn't notice it. You know the flood-tide always thickens it a bit."

"H'm," said I, "I have seen it pretty muddy even at half-ebb."

He said nothing in answer, but seemed rather astonished; and as he now lay just stemming the tide, and I had my clothes off, I jumped in without more ado. Of course when I had my head above water again I turned toward the tide, and my eyes naturally sought for the bridge, and so utterly astonished was I by what I saw, that I forgot to strike out, and went spluttering under water again, and when I came up made straight for the boat; for I felt that I must ask some questions of my waterman, so bewildering had been the half-sight I had seen from the face of the river with the water hardly out of my eyes; though by this time I was quit of the slumbrous and dizzy feeling, and was wide-awake and clear-headed.

As I got in up the steps which he had lowered, and he held out his hand to help me, we went drifting speedily up toward Chiswick; but now he caught up the sculls and brought her head round again, and said:

"A short swim, neighbor; but perhaps you find the water cold this morning, after your journey. Shall I put you ashore at once, or would you like to go down to Putney before breakfast?"

He spoke in a way so unlike what I should have expected from a Hammersmith waterman that I stared at him, as I answered: "Please to hold her a little; I want to look about me a bit."

"All right," he said, "it's no less pretty in its way here than it is off Barn Elms; it's jolly everywhere this time in the morning. I'm glad you got up early; it's barely five o'clock yet."

If I was astonished with my sight of the river banks, I was no less astonished at my waterman, now that I had time to look at him and see him with my head and eyes clear.

He was a handsome young fellow, with a peculiarly pleasant and friendly look about his eyes,—an expression which was quite new to me then, though I soon became familiar with it. For the rest, he was dark-haired and berry-brown of skin, well-knit and strong, and obviously used to exercising his muscles, but with nothing rough or coarse about him, and clean as might be. His dress was not like any modern work-a-day clothes I had seen, but would have served very well as a costume for a picture of fourteenth century life: it was of dark blue cloth, simple enough, but of fine web, and without a stain on it. He had a brown leather belt round his waist, and I noticed that its clasp was of damascened steel beautifully wrought. In short, he seemed to be like some specially manly and refined young gentleman, playing waterman for a spree, and I concluded that this was the case.

I felt that I must make some conversation; so I pointed to the Surrey bank, where I noticed some light plank stages running down the foreshore, with windlasses at the landward end of them, and said: "What are they doing with those things here? If we were on the Tay, I should have said that they were for drawing the salmon nets; but here——"

"Well," said he, smiling, "of course that is what they are for. Where there are salmon, there are likely to be salmon nets, Tay or Thames; but of course they are not always in use; we don't want salmon *every* day of the season."

I was going to say, "But is this the Thames?" but held my peace in my wonder, and turned my bewildered eyes eastward to look at the bridge again, and thence to the shores of the London river; and surely there was enough to astonish me. For, though there was a bridge across the stream and houses on its banks, how all was changed from last night! The soap-works, with their smoke-vomiting chimneys, were gone; the engineer's works gone; the lead-works gone; and no sound of

rivetting and hammering came down the west wind from Thornycroft's. Then the bridge! I had perhaps dreamed of such a bridge, but never seen such an one out of an illuminated manuscript; for not even the Ponte Vecchio at Florence came anywhere near it. It was of stone arches, splendidly solid, and as graceful as they were strong; high enough also to let ordinary river traffic through easily. Over the parapet showed quaint and fanciful little buildings, which I supposed to be booths or shops, beset with painted and gilded vanes and spire-lets. The stone was a little weathered, but showed no marks of the grimy sootiness which I was used to on every London building more than a year old. In short, to me a wonder of a bridge.

The sculler noted my eager, astonished look, and said, as if in answer to my thoughts:

"Yes, it *is* a pretty bridge, isn't it? Even the up-stream bridges, which are so much smaller, are scarcely daintier, and the down-stream ones are scarcely more dignified and stately."

I found myself saying, almost against my will, "How old is it?"

"Oh, not very old," he said; "it was built, or at least opened, in 203. There used to be a rather plain timber bridge before then."

The date shut my mouth as if a key had been turned in a padlock fixed to my lips; for I saw that something inexplicable had happened, and that if I said much, I should be mixed up in a game of cross questions and crooked answers. So I tried to look unconcerned, and to glance in a matter-of-course way at the banks of the river, though this is what I saw up to the bridge and a little beyond; say as far as the site of the soap-works. Both shores had a line of very pretty houses, low and not large, standing back a little way from the river; they were mostly built of red brick and roofed with tiles, and looked, above all, comfortable, and as if they were, so to say, alive, and sympathetic with the life of the dwellers in them. There was a continuous garden in front of them, going down to the water's edge, in which the flowers were now blooming luxuriantly, and sending delicious waves of summer scent over the eddying stream. Behind the houses, I could see great trees rising, mostly planes, and looking down the water there were the reaches toward Putney almost as if they were a lake with a forest shore, so thick were the big trees; and I said aloud, but as if to myself:

"Well, I'm glad that they have not built over Barn Elms."

I blushed for my fatuity as the words slipped out of my mouth, and my companion looked at me with a half smile which I thought I understood; so to hide my confusion I said: "Please take me ashore now: I want to get my breakfast."

He nodded, and brought her head round with a sharp stroke, and in a trice we were at the landing-stage again. He jumped out and I followed him; and of course I was not surprised to see him wait, as if for the inevitable afterpiece that follows the doing of a service to a fellow-citizen. So I put my hand into my waistcoat pocket, and said, "How much?" though still with the uncomfortable feeling that perhaps I was offering money to a gentleman.

He looked puzzled, and said, "How much? I don't quite understand what you are asking about. Do you mean the tide? If so, it is close on the turn now."

I blushed, and said, stammering: "Please don't take it amiss if I ask you; I mean no offense: but what ought I to pay you? You see I am a stranger, and don't know your customs—or your coins."

And therewith I took a handful of money out of my pocket, as one does in a foreign country. And, by the way, I saw that the silver had oxidized, and was like a blackleaded stove in color.

He still seemed puzzled, but not at all offended; and he looked at the coins with some curiosity. I thought, Well, after all, he *is* a waterman, and is considering what he may venture to take. He seems such a nice fellow that I'm sure I don't grudge him a little over-payment. I wonder, by the way,



whether I couldn't hire him as a guide for a day or two, since he is so intelligent.

Therewith my new friend said, thoughtfully:

"I think I know what you mean. You think that I have done you a service; so you feel yourself bound to give me something which I am not to give to a neighbor, unless he has done something special for me. I have heard of this kind of thing; but pardon me for saying that it seems to us a troublesome and roundabout custom; and we don't know how to manage it. And you see this ferrying and giving people casts about the water is my *business*, which I would do for anybody; so to take gifts in connection with it would look very queer. Besides, if one person gave me something, then another might, and another, and so on; and I hope you won't think me rude if I say that I shouldn't know where to stow away so many mementos of friendship."

And he laughed loud and merrily, as if the idea of being paid for his work was a very funny joke. I confess I began to be afraid that the man was mad, though he looked sane enough; and I was rather glad to think that I was a good swimmer, since we were so close to a deep, swift stream. However, he went on, by no means like a madman:

"As to your coins, they are curious, but not very old; they seem to be all of the reign of Victoria; you might give them to some scantily-furnished museum. Ours has enough of such coins, besides a fair number of earlier ones, many of which are beautiful, whereas these nineteenth century ones are so beastly ugly, ain't they? We have a piece of Edward III., with the king in a ship, and little leopards and fleur-de-lys all along the gunwale, so delicately worked. You see," he said, with something of a smirk, "I am fond of working in gold and fine metals; this buckle here is an early piece of mine."

No doubt I looked a little shy of him under the influence of that doubt as to his sanity. So he broke off short, and said, in a kind voice:

"But I see that I am boring you, and I ask your pardon. For, not to mince matters, I can tell you that you *are* a stran-

ger, and must come from a place very unlike England. But also it is clear that it won't do to overdose you with information about this place, and that you had best suck it in little by little. Further, I should take it as very kind of you if you would allow me to be the showman of our new world to you, since you have stumbled on me first. Though, indeed, it will be a mere kindness on your part, for almost anybody would make as good a guide, and many much better."

There certainly seemed no flavor in him of Colney Hatch; and, besides, I thought I could easily shake him off if it turned out that he really was mad; so I said:

"It is a very kind offer, but it is difficult for me to accept it, unless—" I was going to say, "Unless you will let me pay you properly; but fearing to stir up Colney Hatch again, I changed the sentence into, 'I fear I shall be taking you away from your work—or your amusement.'"

"O," he said, "don't trouble about that, because it will give me an opportunity of doing a good turn to a friend of mine, who wants to take my work here. He is a weaver from Yorkshire, who has rather overdone himself between his weaving and his mathematics, both indoor work, you see; and being a great friend of mine, he naturally came to me to get him some outdoor work. If you think you can put up with me, pray take me as your guide."

He added presently: "It is true that I have promised to go up-stream to some special friends of mine, for the hay-harvest; but they won't be ready for us for more than a week; and besides, you might go with me, you know, and see some very nice people, besides making notes of our ways in Oxfordshire. You could hardly do better if you want to see the country."

I felt myself obliged to thank him, whatever might come of it; and he added, eagerly:

"Well, then, that's settled. I will give my friend a call; he is living in the Guest House, like you, and if he isn't up yet, he ought to be this fine summer morning."

Therewith he took a little silver bugle-horn from his girdle and blew two or three sharp but agreeable notes on it; and

presently from the house which stood on the site of my old dwelling (of which more hereafter) another young man came sauntering towards us. He was not so well-looking or so strongly made as my sculler friend, being sandy-haired, rather pale, and not stout-built; but his face was not wanting in that happy and friendly expression which I had noticed in his friend. As he came up smiling towards us, I saw with pleasure that I must give up the Colney Hatch theory as to the water-man, for no two madmen ever behaved as they did before a sane man. His dress was also of the same cut as the first man's, though somewhat gayer, the surcoat being light green with a golden spray embroidered on the breast, and his belt being of filagree silver-work.

He gave me good-day very civilly, and greeting his friend joyously, said:

"Well, Dick, what is it this morning? Am I to have my work, or rather your work? I dreamed last night that we were off up the river fishing."

"All right, Bob," said my sculler; "you will drop into my place, and if you find it too much, there is George Brightling

on the lookout for a stroke of work, and he lives close handy to you. But see, here is a stranger who is willing to amuse me to-day by taking me as his guide about our country-side, and you may imagine I don't want to lose the opportunity; so you had better take to the boat at once. But in any case I shouldn't have kept you out of it for long, since I am due in the hayfields in a few days."

The newcomer rubbed his hands with glee, but turning to me, said in a friendly voice:

"Neighbor, both you and friend Dick are lucky, and will have a good time to-day, as indeed I shall too. But you had better both come in with me at once, and get something to eat, lest you should forget your dinner in your amusement. I suppose you came into the Guest House after I had gone to bed last night?"

I nodded, not caring to enter into a long explanation which would have led to nothing, and which in truth by this time I should have begun to doubt myself. And we all three turned toward the door of the Guest House.

(To be continued.)



❖ The Miner ❖

Translated from the German of Franz Langheinrich

By ERNEST CROSBY.

THEY say the day was fine, but what know I
Of day, who in the bowels of the earth
Am cursed by double night? I only see
There in the West the sun's last evening glow
Which greets me as I greet it now, — farewell!

These hands still tremble with the blow on blow
Of pick and hammer which the flinty rock
Duly gives back to me. Its rough caresses
Still shake my stiffened limbs, as if e'en now
A crushing weight of ore were on my back.
My brow still moistened by the pit's damp ooze
Finds strangeness in this pleasant evening breeze.
Mine eye, so long accustomed to the dark,
Blinks at the sinking sun, — farewell, farewell!

Come to me, kindly sleep. Into thy hands
I give my body, bowed with weariness,
And all its pains and aches. — Of this our world
How little have I seen, — a narrow path
Over the fields and at its end the road,
The hard, broad highway, leading to the mine,
Trodden each day ere sunrise and again
At evening, to and fro, and to and fro!

Yet often do I dream of distant lands
Where on my way shines bright the midday sun
And where the air is soft, and through the trees
Flow rippling streams above whose crystal depths
Songsters of other climes spread their gay wings.
* * *
Oh, bear me thither now, deep, silent night!



THE MINER.

(Drawing by Konrad Starke.)

THE COMRADE

NOVEMBER, 1901.



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One issue of "The Comrade" has gone out into the land and has had the most gratifying reception. Judging from the personal expressions of opinion of those who have seen the magazine and from the letters that we have received from all parts of this country and from Europe "The Comrade" has more than fulfilled the expectation of its friends. We can here only quote a few of those opinions.

From the Pacific Coast Anna Strunsky writes: "We are all delighted with the magazine and hope great things from it. It caused quite a rejoicing in our little radical circle."

Jack London joins in the chorus of approval by saying: "My congratulations upon your noteworthy first number. It is excellent. What, with the 'International Socialist Review' and 'The Comrade,' I really feel a respectable member of society, able to say to the most finicky: 'Behold the literature of my party!' But, seriously, I must confess to a pleasant surprise at the work you have done."

John E. Ellam, the English Socialist poet, declares that he "read the first issue of 'The Comrade' with great joy, and that it is the best publication of the kind I have yet seen."

"'The Comrade' is a delightful promise of the future of art in Socialism," says Stephen Marion Reynolds, of Terre Haute.

Our esteemed friends, Eugene V. Debs, E. Val. Putnam, of "The Missouri Socialist," Fred D. Warren, of the "Appeal to Reason," also send breezy messages of cheer and congratulation.

It is a pleasure to be able to present in this issue some of the fine artistic work that H. G. Jentzsch, the German artist, has done for the Socialist cause. Mr. Jentzsch has

been for several years on the staff of the Socialist bi-weekly journal, "Der Wahre Jacob," of Stuttgart, but his work is as yet but little known in England and America. His poetic feeling, his exquisite draftsmanship and his bold artistic conceptions all combine to give him a unique place in the Socialist movement, and it will readily be seen that he has many qualities in common with Walter Crane, the English artist.

We are sure our readers will be delighted to find the pages of "The Comrade" adorned by the beautiful illustrations which Jentzsch has drawn for William Morris's "News From Nowhere," thereby making the story doubly interesting.

Our publication of that delightful prose-poem, "News From Nowhere," recalls the fact that it was written as a protest against the "rigidity" of Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward." The artistic soul of Morris revolted against what he considered to be a "cast-iron method" of Bellamy's romance, hence the lofty idealism of "News From Nowhere." In after years Morris once expressed regret that he had not written it along somewhat different lines—an opinion which we are hardly ready to endorse. Whatever may be thought of his Social Utopia, all good critics are agreed that the work is a fine piece of prose writing, worthy to rank with the greatest classics of the language.

Some day we shall, perhaps, have a better account of Morris, the Socialist, than we yet have. Mackail's biography, though excellent from many points of view, suppresses so much that is true and that reflects the highest possible credit upon Morris's sense of justice and honor, that it cannot be seriously regarded as doing justice to his memory. Perhaps Walter Crane, who is himself a poet and artist, and was one of Morris's closest friends, will some day write such a monograph. He could hardly render a greater service to Socialist literature than this.

The election of Hall Caine to the House of Keys, the legislative assembly of the Isle of Man, serves to remind us of the fact that some years ago he was looked upon as a "coming Socialist," from whom much was to be expected. The same may be said of a number of other writers more or less prominent in England and America. But those hopes have not been realized, and the writers in question are still in that undefinable borderland where they have always been. Caine, in his last two novels, "The Christian" and "The Eternal City," showed a great deal of sympathy with Socialism without any very clear perception of its meaning. The press dispatches say that Caine was elected to the House of Keys by a majority of three to one upon an "idealistic programme," which included the demand for the nationalization of the steamship service between England and the Isle of Man, and other Socialistic measures.

We are glad to observe that the work of Edwin Markham has won the approval of some of the most eminent of French critics, who are doing their best to make him better known to the French public. Max Nordau thinks him a greater poet than Walt Whitman, and M. René Philippon recently had an article in "La Plume" of Paris, in which prose translations of "The Man With the Hoe" and "The Sower" were quoted. Says the writer: "We have been profoundly moved by these poems of Edwin Markham,

who seems to possess a profound feeling both of the human and the divine, and this is rendered in admirable language."

The brilliant commemorative functions at New Haven last week, in celebration of the bicentennial of Yale University, attracted international interest. While it is a sad fact that the modern university in too many cases encourages intellectual snobbery and smug conservatism, yet perhaps it would be fairer to attribute this state of affairs to the spirit of our times, rather than to the influence of the university in itself. It is very certain that we cannot hope for much progressive leadership of radical thought from institutional centers; the true forward movement is growing up out of the common life of the people. An interesting feature at the Yale celebration was the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Letters on some of the most famous literary men of the nation, including William Dean Howells and Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"). Both of these men belong in a peculiar sense to the radical movement. Mr. Howells' pronounced Socialistic leanings (as shown in "A Traveler from Altruria" and others of his books) have long been the subject of supercilious comment among his hostile critics. Mark Twain's biting satire on capitalized piracy and modern "imperialism," which appeared recently in the "North American Review" under the title "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," sent a chill down the backs of the Philistines.

Among the notable features of our third issue we are able to announce "Twenty-six and One," a story by Gorki. It is a proletarian study of wonderful strength and pathos, and is now translated into English by Dora B. Montefiore for the first time. The translator also contributes a biographical sketch of Gorki, giving some of the striking incidents in his wandering life. Another characteristic article in the coming issue will be an illustrated one by Ernest Crosby, describing a visit to John Burroughs, the nature-lover and radical, at his log cabin near the Hudson. We shall also print a biographical sketch of that grand old pioneer of American trade unionism, Ira Stewart, which we hope to follow with historical sketches of the development of the more important trade unions of the country—a feature of our magazine which will, we trust, appeal to a large circle of readers. The lovers of fiction will find in the December issue, besides Gorki's story and another chapter of "News From Nowhere," a short story by Walter Marion Raymond, entitled "A Matter of Definition."



THE COMRADE

A cartoon by our friend and co-worker, G. H. Lockwood, whose novel scheme of a propaganda tour by means of an automobile is attracting so much attention, may be mentioned as one of the interesting features of the December issue.

* * *

An admirable booklet on "Edward Carpenter: Poet and Prophet," was recently published. It is by Ernest Crosby, and is the best account of Carpenter's life and work that has yet appeared in this country. It can be had for 15 cents from the office of "The Comrade," 28 Lafayette Place, New York.

* * *

George Bernard Shaw's clever novel, "Cashiel Byron's Profession," which, at the time of its publication, was a signal failure, now bids fair to be successful. A new edition is to be published and, in addition, "G. B. S." has made a poetical version of the story. The title of the poem is "The Admirable Basville," and while it is sure to be clever—nothing which he could write could fail to be that—we should regard it as rather a risky experiment, even for our amiable friend Shaw.



A German View of the American Invasion.—"Der wahre Jakob."

The literary magazines and reviews still keep confusing Winston Churchill, the author of "The Crisis," with Winston Churchill, the English novelist and politician—in which latter capacity he shines with the borrowed light of the brilliant reputation of his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill, who was Gladstone's most daring antagonist in Parliament.

* * *

There is one slip in "The Crisis" which I have not seen noted in the reviews. On page 329 he speaks of Newman's famous hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," as one "which for ages had been the comfort of those in distress." Newman wrote that hymn in 1833, and the period of "The Crisis" is 1860. Twenty-seven years can hardly be called "ages!"

* * *

There is a similar slip in Irving Bacheller's "D'ri an'c I." In what is called the introduction, there are two letters. One of them is from Joseph Bonaparte, Comte de Survilliers, introducing the hero to "Napoleon III. of France." Joseph Bonaparte died in 1844, whilst "Napoleon III. of France" did not come into existence till 1853. Is the fault Mr. Bacheller's or the printer's devil's, we wonder? S.

Benjamin Hanford.

The New York municipal campaign of 1901, the first campaign of the twentieth century, marks an epoch in the history of the American Socialist movement, and the United Socialist Party, with its "arm and torch" emblem, symbolical of the strength and enlightenment of the world-wide Socialist movement, may well be proud of its standard-bearer, Benjamin Hanford.

"Ben" Hanford is a typical Socialist. A son of the common people, he knows their needs and aspirations; lion-hearted, his comrades know that he would never shrink from voicing those needs and aspirations, however unpleasant it might be. Ever since he entered into manhood he has been in labor's battle, a brave soldier; assailed by bitter persecution and often hard-pressed, he has never wavered; oft tried, he has never been found wanting.

Hanford was born forty-four years ago, in Cleveland, Ohio, his parents being Connecticut Yankees of English stock. His mother died while he was still an infant, and his father married a second time. A strong, manly love for his stepmother is one of the most beautiful traits of Hanford's character. To her he ascribes whatever ability or usefulness he may possess. She was indeed his only teacher, for he had no "schooling" in the ordinary sense of the word.

When he was old enough to work he obtained employment in the printing office of the Marshalltown (Iowa) *Republican*, where he worked for three years, after which he went to Chicago. He at once joined the Chicago Typographical Union, and has never ceased to be a member for a single day since that time.

Thus for more than a quarter of a century Hanford has been in the trade union movement and borne his share of its hard, unrequited labor. But he has never held office in the union. Though often pressed to accept it, he has preferred to work with the rank and file—a private in the ranks.

About ten years ago he delivered his first lecture, in Washington. At a meeting of the union he had proposed that the "Typographical Temple" be given freely to any persons who would like to lecture on the labor problem, and, after some opposition, the motion was agreed to. But no lectures were forth-

coming. Then one of the members, who had often opposed him, dared Hanford to lecture there, and, not to be outdone, he accepted the challenge and lectured to such a large and wealthy audience as rarely confronts a Socialist—especially if he be a workingman. The subject of the lecture was "The Idle Man," and marked a turning point in his life. "I never felt so small before," he said to the

it as an insult. The Democrat gave him, however, a copy of Gronlund's "Co-operative Commonwealth," which he devoured greedily. That was his first conscious step to Socialism. Years before this, however, his friend, Fred Long, of Philadelphia, had often talked with him on Social questions, and from him, all unconsciously, he had probably imbibed many of the ideas of his lecture.

A week after the lecture he moved to Philadelphia, where he once more came under the direct influence of his friend Long, who, with another comrade, gave him his Socialist education. In less than a month he was reading Marx's "Capital," and he has been speaking and working for Socialism ever since.

In 1898 he was the S. L. P. candidate for Governor of New York State, but when the revolt against De Leonism occurred he joined the "insurgents," and resigned membership of the S. L. P. on Oct. 3, 1899. Two months later, blind to the grotesque humor of their action, the S. L. P. "expelled" the man who had resigned of his own free will two months before! That is a proceeding peculiar to that moribund organization.

In 1900 he ran for Governor again—this time upon the ticket of the Socialist Democratic Party. He made a most thorough and successful agitation tour of the State, and polled 13,493 votes—a remarkable achievement, when one considers the almost insuperable difficulties with which the new party had to contend. Hanford's vote gave the S. D. P. an official ranking in State politics.

If Benjamin Hanford were elected Mayor of Greater New York, the workers know that his every official act would be gauged by their interests and that the good of the class to which he belongs would be his guiding star. Trades unionists in particular know that he would never allow the power of the city government to be used against them, but that, instead, he would do all in his power to build up the unions. Above all, his comrades know that the great principles of the class-conscious, revolutionary Socialist movement would be safe in the keeping of the brave, earnest fighter whose motto is: "The working class, may it ever be right; but, right or wrong, the working class!" J. S.



BENJAMIN HANFORD.

writer recently. And, with Ambassadors and the like for his auditors, who can wonder at his feeling? At the close of the lecture a Democratic holder of a Government sinecure went up to him and said: "Why, Hanford, I never knew before that you were a Socialist!" When one remembers that up to that time he had never read a single Socialist book, leaflet or newspaper, it is easy to understand how indignantly he denied the charge and resented

The Blues versus the Reds.

Suggestions for Laws Against the Anarchists.

Drafted by M. Winchevsky.

The blues, that's what is the matter with us all just at present.

The reds are at the bottom of it all.

The reds being dark red, we are troubled with blues which are dark blue, very dark blue, more dark, in fact, than blue.

The blues, it is clear, have got to fight the reds.

The situation demands the adoption of drastic measures.

I, therefore, respectfully submit a few such measures, trusting that they will be amplified, and so amended, as to fully meet the requirements in the case.

In order to facilitate the universal understanding of the following laws against the reds, I deemed it proper to divest them in many instances of the legal phraseology. Should they, however, as I hope they will, be adopted and placed on the statute-book, the learned profession will, no doubt, so rephrase and redraft them, as to make them duly obscure and unintelligible to the lay mind.

Here is the draft in its present crude shape:

* * *

ANYBODY OR ANYBODY ELSE:—

Whether high or low or a church-beadle;

Whether masculine, feminine or neuter;

Without distinction as to race, creed, color, dye, true or false teeth, hair or profession;

Whether whiskered, bald-faced (not bold-faced), long-haired or pig-tailed;

Whether in or out of his, her or its wits, or senses, or any thing that may pass for, or be regarded as, such;

Whether in or out of office, be it sacred or profane, be it national, State, municipal, district, janitorial, mercantile, educational, journalistic (or otherwise impudent), street-cleaning, home, foreign, permanent or temporary, with or without reward, pay, compensation, emolument, or remuneration, no matter whether in shape of salary, wages, fees, perquisites, tips, bribes, railroad passes, theatre passes, grants, franchises, votes, name-handles, chairmanships, or compliments (as to youth and beauty) in the case of spinsters, ladies in general, and old bachelors.

Whether they be gifted with speech or be mute, or a cross between the two, if, that is, they be diplomatically constituted persons;

Whether quiet, noisy, whistling, or barrel-organically musical;

Whether they be policemen, or, on the contrary, watchful people; experts in handwriting or rather adverse to perjury as a trade;

Whether in or out of love, single or plural, free or encumbered, either with mothers-in-law or counsellors-at-ditto, with borrowing brothers or worrying lodge-brethren, with too frequent triplets, unmarketable poems, unbusinesslike scruples, with bibliomania, dear, i. e., costly friends, and other things and beings of the same nature, character, kind or description;

Whether they believe in free love, chained love; love in anticipation of a valuable death, love on the installment plan, love saleable to the highest bidder, love in exchange for a title, love for domestic use or foreign exportation; love platonic, histrionic, operatic, leg-high-up-ic, mormonic, morganatic, poetically constant, or, on the contrary, real love; love with or without regard to and for gastronomy and dyspepsia, to and for soup, with or without thrilling dime novels;

Whether they be smokers, chewers and coughers, or persons who expectorate for the fun of the thing;

Whether they be afflicted with a mania for pictures or drawings representing either landscapes, nude live stock, pure Comstock, in fact, any but watered stock;

Whether they make a living, or speeches, or money to burn,

or fools of themselves, or matches (parlor, kitchen or diamond, settlement-girt safety matches), or anything else calculated to either give light or cause an explosion in a house;

Whether they be store-keepers, score-keepers, game-keepers, park-keepers, saloon-keepers, or in a general way keepers of all they can lay hands on;—

All these persons, both home-grown and imported, naturalized and denaturalized, carnivorous, herbivorous and eaters of the humble pie, will henceforth come under the meaning and intent of the following laws, rules, regulations, restrictions and ordinances, to-wit:—

I. All anarchists, whether they are such or not, are to be swiftly and ruthlessly exterminated.

II. Under the designation of "anarchist" come all those who are commonly called "reds," irrespective of their professions. (Harvard may remain crimson, provided the philological faculty unequivocally declare in writing that there is a distinction between crimson and red, and that there is, furthermore, no organic relation between crimson and crime.)

III. Everybody will be taken to be a red, i. e., a dangerous person in at least an embryonic stage, who shall be found wearing a red button, a red tie, a red ribbon, a red shawl or a red nose, being in the latter case unable to prove to the satisfaction of the authorities by means of a sworn affidavit of no less than three saloon-keepers, that he, she or it, as the case may be, has acquired the said red nose in a legal way.

IV. Anybody red in the face will have to satisfy the police that he, she or it has come by such redness in consequence of excessive drinking, through reading the biography of Richard Croker, through an Irish slap in the face, by the perusal of the Police News, or from some other cause equally unobjectionable.

V. If caught, reds may be lynched as if they had been blacks, lawlessness directed against the lawless being lawful, though technically lawless. (If caught, that is, by the people; should they be arrested by the police, they will be roundly abused and let go.)

VI. Henceforth each and every immigrant must bring along with him, her or it a certificate of good behavior from the old country, proving beyond any manner of doubt that he, she or it had in his, her or its native country been a good and faithful subject, had never been to a political meeting of a subversive kind, had never called anybody "comrade," had never belonged to any trades-union, had taken no part in any strike, except by way of betraying the rebellious strikers, had been a church member, had gone to Sunday school when a youth, and had denounced to authorities every revolutionist within his, her or its cognizance.

VII. They would, furthermore, have to prove that they had nothing to do either with the Polish Insurrection, or with the Paris Commune, or with the Chartist movement, or with the Irish Land League, or with the Russian Nihilists, or with the Italian Carbonari, or with the German Social Democracy, or with the Carlists in Spain, or with the European opponents to Chicago canned beef, or any other dangerous malcontents; that they never read the early writings of Swinburne and Tennyson, nor the mature writings of William Morris and Herwegh, or any other poetry or prose of a seditious nature, most particularly the treasonable poems of Shelley, and certain deviltry of Robert Buchanan.

VIII. If a pregnant woman shall land on Ellis Island she shall be kept in Quarantine until such time as she may in a natural way give birth to a child. Should such child appear to the authorities suspiciously red in the skin, or too much of a squealing baby, thus giving signs of a discontented disposition, or manifest an objection to swaddling clothes, thereby be-

traying a proneness to an inordinate degree of freedom, or rebelliously kick in the washtub, or otherwise behave in a manner incompatible with good, lawabiding citizenship, in such a case both mother and child should be sent back to Europe, the United States Government paying the return passage, provided Mr. Powderly's bill does not exceed three times the actual outlay.

IX. Open air meetings to be strictly prohibited, except when called by bona fide Republicans, anti-Hearst Democrats, the Salvation Army, the "horrible example" prohibitionists, soap-selling fakirs, a genuine dead horse in the street, as well as in the case of a long block on Broadway, of a juvenile crowd around a bonfire, of the outside brokers on Broad street, of a miniature prize fight, of a house on fire, and of an arrested youngster who may have purloined a loaf of bread, in which case a large assemblage may be permitted.

X. Poles, Italians and Peter Kropotkin should not be allowed to land at all. Should the latter somehow or other be

found to have set foot on American soil he will be waylaid wherever caught, and sentenced without trial to ten years' penal servitude in the S. L. P.

XI. Nobody shall be allowed to sell, vend, give, barter, present, transfer, send, forward, hand, or convey any books, booklets, leaflets, pamphlets, appeals, manifestoes, handbills, programmes, papers, magazines, annuals, almanacs, periodicals of any kind, and any and all printed, lithographed, type-written, penwritten, or otherwise published, either in longhand or shorthand or any other way, which may contain, either openly expressed or implied or insinuated or visibly concealed matter savoring of rebellion against law and order, or the sacredness of property.

XII. In all school books the phrase in the Declaration of Independence, declaring all men to be born equal, as well as all phrases about liberty and happiness and all the rest of it to be expunged.

A Fable and A Prophecy



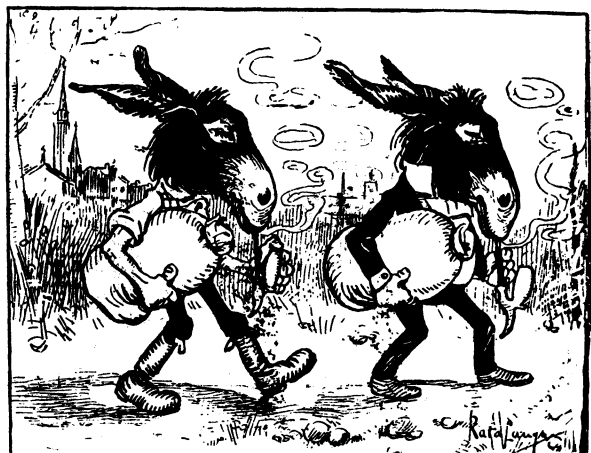
Three Pictures By Rata Langa.



Staggering 'neath his heavy load
The poor ass trod the dusty road —



Till, roused by many cruel blows,
He smote his master on the nose, —



And, with a bold determined air,
Declared that he the load must share.

Oh, some day it shall come to pass
That we shall learn from that poor ass.
Then shall our bitter conflicts cease
And all men smoke the pipe o'peace!

J. S.

The Race of the Nations towards Socialism.

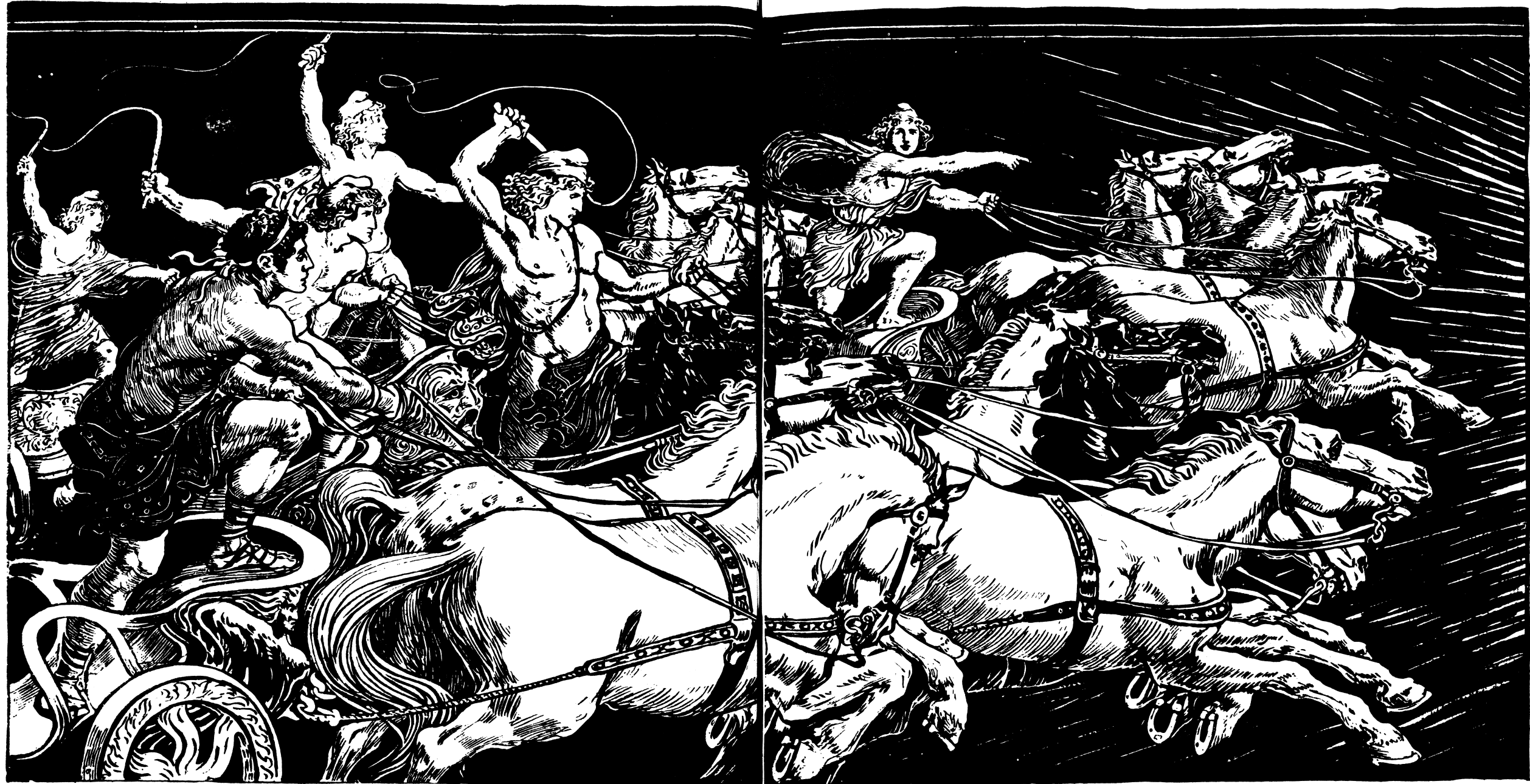
After a motive of WALTER CRANE.



Onward! Onward! Darkness we leave behind us, the light is before us!

The Race of the Nations towards Socialism.

After a motive of WALTER CRANE.



Onward! Onward! Darkness we leave behind us, the light is before us!



Two Lives With a Difference

By Lydia Kingsmill Commander.

Once upon a time there were twin children, a brother and sister, who loved each other dearly and were much alike, as twins are apt to be. Both were clever, ambitious and eager to live nobly and usefully, giving to the world the best possible service.

"I shall be a physician," said the youth, "I will save humanity from the miseries and woes of disease."

"And I," said the maiden, "shall be a mother. It is woman's high mission to give to the world new life. What grander destiny could be hers? What more could she desire?"

The youth studied his chosen profession and through it did much for others. He even made important discoveries which aided the medical world in combatting a terrible disease. Also he married, and rejoiced in a son, a noble-spirited boy, who shared his father's views of life and longed to serve his nation and his age.

Meanwhile the maiden grew to beautiful womanhood, married and became the mother of a daughter as ambitious and with as lofty aspirations as herself.

Then the brother and sister talked together as they had been wont to do in the old days when they were boy and girl.

"Life has been full of satisfaction," said the brother. "I have soothed much misery and saved many lives. I have fulfilled the hopes of my youth, and my son is going forward into a useful, purposeful life."

"I, too, am happy," said the sister; "I have fulfilled the highest destiny of woman. I am a mother. And my daughter is filled with the same ambitions that fired my girlish heart; she, too, would be a mother, and give new life to the world."

The man's son chose to be, not a physician, but a business man. From a minor position in a great firm he rose to a partnership. Finally he became the guiding mind. He extended the commerce of the firm to lands beyond the sea and helped to open up the world to his country's trade. Also he married, and saw grown to eager, ambitious manhood, a son, who entered upon a career as an architect.

The woman's daughter fulfilled her mother's hopes. The crowning glory of womanhood was hers; she became a mother. A tiny baby girl cowered in her arms, toddled by her side, unfolded through lovely girlhood to sweet maidenhood, and, in time, with true womanly instinct, repeated the lofty destiny of mother and grandmother and gave to the world new life.

In their old age the twin brother and sister again, as in the olden days, talked together of their youthful hopes and ambitions, now so amply fulfilled.

Said the brother, "As my work has gone on and spread and grown, to the happiness of my own achievements, I have added the joy of watching the work of my son and grandson. My son has opened up commerce in his line of trade with three foreign countries; he has built seven ships; he has employed hundreds of men; and the wealth he has gained he has used wisely. My grandson is rising in his profession. He is working now on plans for the new library on Blank street, which will stand for many years, a source of light and comfort to thousands. And in his little week-old son he hopes to see his usefulness carried on in the distant future. Much attainment, much work for others, has come through me and mine. I am content."

Then the sister spoke. "I, too, have done much. I am a mother. The child I gave to the world is, too, a mother. Her child also is the mother of a child who but a month ago brought into the world a daughter, who will, we hope, rise to her lofty destiny, as three generations of women before her have done. You have saved lives and soothed misery; your son has extended commerce and opened up the world to his country's trade; your grandson has planned great buildings and added to the beauty and strength of his city; your great-grandson may invent, or write or paint. You have much to look back upon and much to hope for the future. But I, too, have a noble record. The grandest thing in the world is a mother; the crowning glory of womanhood is motherhood. I have a child, who has a child, who has a child, who has a child. Is not that achievement?"

The brother looked long at the sister, then he said: "I, also, have a child, who has a child, who has a child, who has a child. It is what they have done that makes me glad; it is what they may do that gives me hope."

There was silence for a few moments, while the old lady struggled with a New Thought, which had come to her often in her later years. At last she said: "The world is wiser, richer, stronger, for you and yours. But after all, what have I and mine ever DONE? I have sometimes wondered whether motherhood is really everything, or even enough for women; or whether we should not DO something, besides?"



The Poetry of Edward Carpenter.

By Leonard D. Abbott.

In a sunny Yorkshire dale, some twenty miles beyond Sheffield, lives Edward Carpenter. His life is a quiet and sheltered one, spent for the most part in farming and outdoor work, varied by trips to the great cities and occasional lecturing. His name has won as yet no universal fame. Even in England, the country of his birth, his literary message is only beginning to be understood; here in America his readers are few and far between. Yet Carpenter is one of the most striking figures in modern literature. He has shown himself to be a true interpreter of the most vital influence in the life of our times,—the movement toward industrial democracy, and with Walt Whitman he shares the distinction of creating a new poetic form as free and untrammelled as the ideal world of which he dreams.

Edward Carpenter, who came into the Socialist movement from an upper-class environment and a university training, has written some half-dozen prose works, and all of them are most valuable contributions to the literature of Democracy. He helped to start "Justice", England's first Socialist paper, and wrote for William Morris's journal "The Commonweal". He compiled and published "Chants of Labour", a book of songs for radical meetings, in the early eighties, and followed this up with a characteristic selection from lectures and essays, printed under the title "England's Ideal". In 1889 appeared "Civilization, Its Cause and Cure", a most interesting series of essays on social and scientific subjects; and in 1890 "From Adam's Peak to Elephanta", an account of travels in India. During recent years Carpenter has devoted a great deal of attention to sexual problems, and his book, "Love's Coming of Age", is as suggestive and notable a treatment of this subject, from the Socialist point of view, as has yet appeared in the English language. Carpenter's last contribution to literature is a book of essays on art and music in their relation to social life, published under the name "Angels' Wings", and he is at present engaged in writing a book on comradeship and the famous friendships of history.

All Carpenter's literary work bears the unmistakable impress of his genius and personality, but it is in the poetry of "Towards Democracy" that one gets closest to



Edward Carpenter.

him. Here we touch the very soul of the man; here we get his message in words that are more intimate than the words of prose could ever be. For there is in Carpenter's poetry the freedom of prose and the restraint of poetry, and many of the strongest qualities of both prose and poetry. A critical student of Carpenter's poems has said:

"Towards Democracy" has all the indefiniteness of life. In form and nature it approaches life: its object is life, its subject is life, its sole predicate is life, and if for many its rhythm is chaotic and its meaning confused, the complexity of life is alone responsible. To conceive the nature of the rhythm of 'Towards Democracy'—and once to conceive is ever afterwards to realize—it is necessary only to compare a few passages with even the best and purest prose. There is about the one a movement, a recurrence of accent, a satisfaction of the inner ear, a sense of completeness and sweetness which prose lacks. The words are less ordinary, the syntax is often that which prose would disapprove; the repeated phrases, like

a sweet refrain, gently insistent and accomplishing counterpoint, are inexcusable in all but rhetorical prose; for life is transcendent of logic; there is an onomatopoeia of phrase and sentence which in prose would be affectation. The psalmic form of Carpenter and Whitman is the

rhythm of self-expression: for in its ultimate analysis, since no fact is truly isolated and no rhythm but bears a relation to a greater, and both exist but as parts of the mind that conceives them, self-expression can be neither exclusively dramatic nor exclusively lyric, and but seldom regular in rhythm or rhyme."

Edward Carpenter sings of all the basic emotions in human life, but into them all he reads the democratic passion. In religion he stands for a kind of pantheism, declaring that "on all sides God sur-

rounds you, staring out upon you from the mountains and from the face of the rocks, and of men, and of animals." At times he hints at a conception of immortality that includes reincarnation and the frequent "passing through the gates of birth and death." But the distinctively religious note finds no emphatic expression in Carpenter's philosophy. Like Morris, he would say that h



Carpenter at his Farm.

has little interest in questions of metaphysics and theology, but a great love for the earth and all the life of it. Nature-love dominates him, and he is never tired of celebrating "the love of the land, the broad waters, the air, the undulating fields, the flow of cities and the people therein, their faces and the looks of them, no less than the rush of the tides and the slow hardy growth of the oak and the tender herbage of spring and stiff clay and storms and transparent air." "I propound a new life for you," he cries, "that you should bring the peace and grace of Nature into all your daily life—being freed from vain striving." And again:

"Between a great people and the earth springs a passionate attachment, lifelong,—and the earth loves indeed her children, broad-breasted, broad-browed, and talks with them night and day, storm and sunshine, summer and winter alike . . .

"Government and laws and police then fall into their places—the earth gives her own laws; Democracy just begins to open her eyes and peep! and the rabble of unfaithful bishops, queens, patronisers and polite idlers goes scuttling down into general oblivion.

"Faithfulness emerges, self-reliance, self-help, passionate comradeship."

With Carpenter's nature-love goes a keen sense of the unity of the world and its unfolding life "I saw deep in the eyes of the animals the human soul look out upon me," he says, "I saw where it was born deep down under feathers and fur, or condemned for a while to roam fourfooted among the brambles. I caught the clinging mute glance of the prisoner, and swore that I would be faithful." With Carpenter's universal sense goes, too, a realisation of the fitness of all things, "good" and "bad" alike. He identifies himself with the criminal and the outcast, looking back of them to the environment that has made them what they are, and recognising that their very crimes are a protest against social injustice and an unconscious augury of the true society. "You try to set yourself apart from the vulgar," he declares in one passage; "it is in vain. In that instant vulgarity attaches itself to you." "Your talk of goodness I despise," he cries with startling frankness; "to every conceivable sin I hold out my hand." Again, he declares:

"There is nothing that is evil except because a man has not mastery over it; and there is no good thing that is not evil if it have mastery over a man;

"And there is no passion or power, or pleasure or pain, or created thing whatsoever, which is not ultimately for man and for his use—or which he need be afraid of, or ashamed at."

The gentleness of Carpenter's nature is no less marked than is the scorn and satire with which he lashes present-day society. "Do you think your smooth-faced Respectability will save you?" he says; "do you think it is a fine thing to grind cheap goods out of the hard labor of ill-

paid boys? and do you imagine that all your Commerce, Shows and Manufactures are anything at all compared with the bodies and souls of these?" "Back!" he exclaims; "make a space around me, you kid-gloved, rotten-breathed, paralytic world, with miserable antics mimicking the appearance of life!" In another passage he says, with dry-est humor:

"World of pigmy men and women, dressed like monkeys, that go by,
"World of squalid wealth, of grinning galvanized society,
"World of dismal dinner-parties, footmen, intellectual talk,
"Heavy furnished rooms, gas, sofas, armchairs, girls that cannot walk,
"Books that are not read, food, music, novels, papers, flung aside,
"World of everything and nothing—nothing that will fill the void,
"World that starts from manual labor—as from that which worse than
damns—

"Keeps reality at arm's length, and is dying choked with shams,
"World, in Art and Church and Science, sick with infidelity,
"O thou dull old bore, I prithee, what have I to do with thee?"

Carpenter's conception of social progress is that of constant change, growth, development. The different stages of society, he says, are like the natural sheath which pro-



A Recent Portrait of Carpenter.

protects the young bud "fitting close, stranglingly close, till the young thing gains a little more power, and then falling dry, useless, its work finished, to the ground." Out of present cramped forms society is inevitably passing toward conditions of equality and ultimate communism He writes:

"I heard the long roar and surge of History, wave after wave—as of the never-ending surf along the immense coastline of West Africa.

"I heard the world-old cry of the down-trodden and outcast: I saw

them advancing always to victory.

"I saw the red light from the guns of established order and precedent—the lines of defence and the bodies of the besiegers rolling in dust and blood—yet more and ever more behind!

"And high over the inmost citadel I saw magnificent, and beckoning ever to the besiegers, and the defenders ever inspiring, the cause of all that never-ending war—

"The form of Freedom stand."

* * *

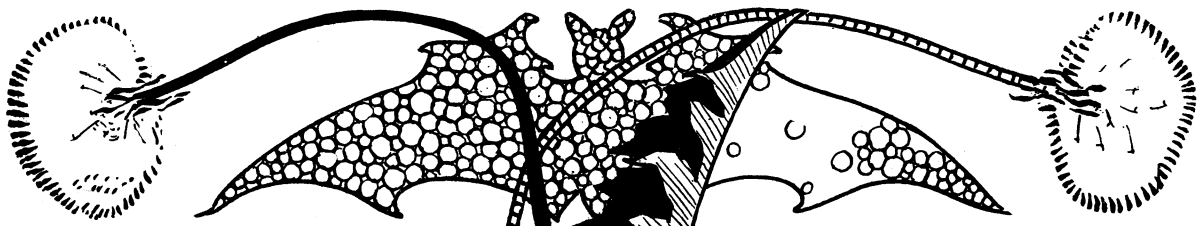
"O Freedom, beautiful beyond compare, thy kingdom is established!

"Thou with thy feet on earth, thy brow among the stars, for ages us thy children,

"I, thy child, singing daylong, nightlong, sing of joy in thee."

Simplicity in food, dress and material things; intellectual and bodily strength; passionate comradeship and clean sex-relationship; sympathy and love for all life, human and animal alike; free living close to the woods and the fields and the open sea,—this is the Carpenter ideal.

May the day be hastened when it shall be realised for all the human race!



Who shall command the Heart?

(Written for THE COMRADE.)

Who shall command the heart, that wondrous thing,
That wild love-creature, roaming the wilderness,
That none can tame?

Roaming the world, devouring with eyes of flame, eyes
of desire,
All forms of heavenly beauty?

Say, little heart, that beatest, pulsest here beneath the
ribs,

Who chained thee in this body?—what Titan ages
agone?

Who muzzled thee to drive this crank machine,
Thou wanderer of the woods, thou crimson leopard,
No better than a turnspit? *

Nay, but thy 'prenticeship long enough surely thou
hast served;

The time has come, and thy full age and strength;
The cage-bars hold no longer, and the body-machine
breaks down;

But thou art young and beautiful as ever

Wild pard who lovest thus to hunt with Man,
I bid thee loose.

Say, wilt thou come with me, and shall we ride,
Companions of the Chase, the universe over?

Edward Carpenter

*) A dog formerly used in a treadmill to turn a roasting-spit.



I Come Forth from the Darkness.

I come forth from the darkness to smite thee,—
Who art thou, insolent of all the earth,
With thy faint sneer for him who wins thee bread,
And him who clothes thee, and for him who toils
Daylong and nightlong dark in the earth for thee?

Coward, without a name!

Edward Carpenter in "Towards Democracy."

After Civilisation.

Slowly out of the ruins of the past—like a young
fern-frond uncurling out of its own brown litter—

Out of the litter of a decaying society, out of the
confused mass of broken-down creeds, customs, ideals,

Out of distrust and unbelief and dishonesty, and
Fear, meanest of all (the stronger in the panic trampling
the weaker underfoot);

Out of miserable rows of brick tenements with their
cheapjack interiors, their glances of suspicion, and doors
locked against each other;

Out of the polite residences of congested idleness,
out of the aimless life of wealth;

Out of the dirty workshops of evil work, evilly done;
Out of the wares which are no wares poured out
upon the markets, and in the shop-windows,

The fraudulent food, clothing, drink, literature;
Out of the cant of Commerce—buying cheap and sel-
ling dear—the crocodile sympathy of nation with nation—

The smug merchant posing as a benefactor of his
kind, the parasite parsons and scientists;

The cant of Sex, the impure hush clouding the deep-
est instincts of boy and girl, woman and man;

The despair and unbelief possessing all society—rich
and poor, educated and ignorant, the money-lender, the
wage-slave, the artist and the washerwoman alike;

All feeling the terrible pressure and tension of the
modern problem;

Out of the litter and muck of a decaying world,

Lo! even so

I saw a new life arise.

Edward Carpenter in "Towards Democracy"



We are a Menace to You, O Civilization!

We are a menace to you, O civilization!
We have seen you—we allow you—we bear with you for
a time,
But beware! for in a moment and, when the hour comes,
inevitably,
We shall arise and sweep you away!

Edward Carpenter in "Towards Democracy."



Designed by G. C. Teall.

The Struggle between Socialism and Anarchism.

By JOHN SPARGO.



PROUDHON.



BAKOUNINE.



In the public mind Socialism and Anarchism are frequently associated, and nothing is more common than to hear Anarchism spoken of as "an advanced sort of Socialism."

It is perhaps necessary, therefore, to preface this brief sketch of the historic struggle between the leaders of the two schools of thought by insisting that the two theories are fundamentally and necessarily opposed. Socialism, as the word implies, is founded upon the idea of social interest, and recognizes a moral responsibility based on that social interest. Wherever the desires or interests of any individual are opposed to the interests of society they must be subordinated to them. The paramountcy of society over the individual is the very essential quality of Socialism, while Anarchism places the interest of the individual first, and does not recognize any social obligation in the strict sense of the term.

Historically, this difference has manifested itself in a ceaseless struggle. Socialists alone can claim that they have consistently opposed Anarchism. That is one of the most cherished traditions of the International Socialist movement. Between Socialism and Anarchism there is unending war. In the words of Georges Sand, quoted by Marx: "Combat or Death; bloody struggle or extinction, It is thus that the question is irresistibly put."

Although the title more properly belongs to Caspar Schmidt ("Max Stirner"), Pierre Joseph Proudhon is generally styled "the father of Anarchism," and there is no name more revered by Anarchists than his. Krapotkin's phrase, "the immortal Proudhon," expresses the opinion of most Anarchists, however much they may differ on other questions.

In 1840 appeared Proudhon's "What is Property?" his first work, and by far his best. Marx, in a singularly acute criticism of Proudhon, published a quarter of a century later, called it "an epoch-making book." Not, however, because of any real importance of the work itself, from any point of view but the historical; and he compares it with Malthus' "Essay on Population," which he calls "a sensational pamphlet," "a pasquinade" and a "plagiarism from one end to the other."

The greatest merit of Proudhon's first work is its brilliant style, which, however, he never equaled in any of his later works. It is from "What is Property?" that Marx is sometimes accused of having "borrowed" his ideas elaborated in his theory of value. This is neither the time nor the place to deal with that old controversy; and, after all, it is not necessary, for did not Marx himself and Engels refute the charge completely? Four years after its publication Marx was staying in Paris, and spent much time with Proudhon, often discussing with him through the whole night.

But they drifted apart, and when, in 1845, Proudhon issued his "*Philosophie de la Misère*," he felt that he might expect a severe criticism from Marx. "I await the blow of your critical rod," he wrote, in a long letter. And the blow fell in the form of "*La Misère de la Philosophie*," one of the most brilliant polemics in any language, and shattered the friendship of the two men forever. The literature of the Socialist movement abounds with brilliant polemics, but this work of Marx is scarcely equaled, except, perhaps, by Hyndman's crushing refutation of the Jevonian theory of value, in his lecture on "The Final Futility of Final Utility."

From that time onward the fight was keen between the two men. Marx was a formidable antagonist, and by his profound knowledge of the classic political economy, his keen, biting sarcasm and his irrefutable logic overwhelmed his less erudite opponent.

Proudhon died on the 19th of January, 1865, from heart disease. Imprisoned again and again by the authorities, and compelled to leave France, he had kept up the fight with a persistence worthy of better cause. For, after all, as Plachanoff in his admirable work clearly shows, while posing as a revolutionist, he was only a reactionary and a petty utopist, as his preaching of the "reconciliation of the classes" and his repudiation of the political struggle abundantly prove.

Proudhon's greatest disciple was Michael Bakounine, a Russian of aristocratic birth and lineage. Born in 1814, he was educated at a cadet school in St. Petersburg, and became an artillery ensign, a position reserved for the most-favored nobles, and in which considerable freedom was allowed. Here he studied philosophy and imbibed revolutionary ideas, and when he was quartered with his battery in the Polish provinces, the indignation which he felt at the tyranny he witnessed caused him to resign his commission, after which he went to reside at Moscow and studied with Belinski.

He first met Proudhon in 1843, during a visit to Paris, and a warm and lasting friendship was formed between the two men. All through his subsequent career, Bakounine proudly called himself "a disciple of Proudhon." But it must not be inferred from this that Bakounine's views were entirely those of his master. Proudhon was an individualist of the most pronounced type, but Bakounine always called himself a "collectivist"—the word "collectivism" being used in a very different sense from that in which the French Marxists use it to-day. He, in fact, represented the "extreme left" of the Proudhonian army.

But, like Proudhon, he preached the "reconciliation of classes" and repudiated the political movement. In 1869 he formed his famous "alliance," and shortly after applied for the

admission of that body to the International Working Men's Association. The reply of the General Council of the International made clear the difference between the alliance and the association:—"It is not the equalization of classes, logically a contradiction, impossible to realize; but, on the contrary, the abolition of classes, the real secret of the proletarian movement, which is the great aim of the International Working Men's Association."

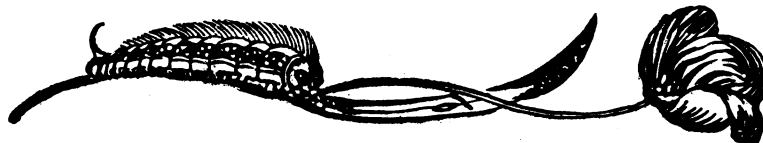
From that time onward the fight between the followers of Bakounine and the International was very bitter. The history of the International itself is, indeed, largely the history of a long-drawn conflict between Anarchism and its two principal phases—Proudhonism and Bakouninism—and the modern Socialism of Marx—a conflict which culminated in the expulsion of Bakounine and his followers from The Hague International Congress in 1872.

Four years later, in 1876, Bakounine died at Berne, Switzerland, where a simple stone still marks his grave. All his life he had fought the authorities with Titanic energy and indomitable courage. Oft imprisoned, expelled from several countries, twice sentenced to death, exiled to Siberia, and escaping, first to Japan, then to California, and thence to London, it is impossible to read the story of his life without admiration, however much we may oppose and deplore his views.

Of all his literary work, by far the most important is the fragment, "God and the State," which is often called "The Bible of Modern Anarchism." The style of this work is akin to Proudhon's best. In it Bakounine seeks to establish an inseparable relationship between the State and the Church, and, citing Voltaire's famous phrase "If God did not exist it would be necessary to invent him," he tries to prove the opposite conclusion that "If God existed, it would be necessary to abolish him."

The Anarchist-Communist movement of to-day as represented by the Russian exile-prince and scientist, Peter Krapotkin; Elisée Reclus, the famous geographer; Enrico Malatesta and Jean Graves in Europe, and by Johann Most and Emma Goldman in America, is the direct descendant of the Bakouninist movement. Individualists of the extreme type, the "pure and simple" Anarchists, are few in number, and belong to the highly "respectable" class, like Herbert Spencer and Auberon Herbert, and do not call themselves Anarchists.

Reference has been made to the expulsion of Bakounine and his followers from The Hague International Congress in 1872, and, as a fitting close to this story of a long and bitter strife, it may be recalled that a similar fate befell the Anarchist-Communists at the International Socialist Congress of 1896 in London. Thus the Socialist movement of to-day remains true to its historic mission!



Gorky and his Philosophy.

By Eugene Limerdfer.

We had dined well, and were enjoying the weird, plaintive Czigány music, when suddenly one of the ladies exclaimed: "I should like to lead a Czigány life!"

"It seems to me that you think Czigány life far more romantic than it is," I remarked.

"Not at all," was the rejoinder.

"I have seen them in their native lair," I said. "In foreign countries they are looked upon as enchanted princes, great artists or at least as wandering geniuses. Their own countrymen will tell you that the Czigánys are chicken-thieves or impertinent beggars on the roadside."

"I should like to steal," interposed my neighbor.

"You mean you would like to feel the sensation of a thief for the sake of the sensation," gallantly remarked her husband.

"Not at all. I am dead serious. But I suppose I am too much of a coward to do it. Just like the rest of us."

"But what possible attraction could stealing have for you?" I asked.

"Well, how is one to get out of our eternally correct and proper society? How is one to rid himself of all the eminently respectable people, their conventional opinions, sentiments, emotions and phrases which are just as horrid as are high collars and stiff, formal dresses. Can you tell me how one is to shake off all the burdens of propriety and the commonplace without joining those people who live outside of the pale of society, are at war with it and live according to their own notions, whims and fancies? I say a thief or a vagabond is a hero compared with us respectable people."

The woman who made these remarks is of a retiring, even shy, nature, and she shuns notoriety; but her detestation of "good society," in which she is compelled to move, has become an idiosyncrasy with her.

Though this incident happened quite a while ago, her picture rose vividly before my eyes, her passionate outbreak resounded in my ears when I read the following passage: "One must be born into civilized society to tolerate it patiently throughout one's life without desiring to fly somewhere from all its burdens, all its petty, poisonous lies, which through usage have received the authority of law; to fly from the atmosphere of sickening egotism and general dishonesty; in a word, from all the nonsensical nonentities that dull the senses and corrupt the intellect. I was born outside of this society, and cannot receive a large dose of its culture without feeling the necessity of stepping out of it and recuperating from its far too complicated artificiality and its sickly and sickening refinements. Life in the village is almost as unbearable as it is within the intellectual circles. The very best thing to do is to go to the slums of the cities, where everything is dirty but also simple and frank; or else to wander through the fields of the unsettled country, where one needs nothing else except a pair of strong, serviceable legs."

The author of this quotation is Maxim Gorky, the vaga-

bond among the men of letters and the man of letters among the vagabonds. The Russian Government was kind enough to place him right in the centre of the stage by jailing him as "too unruly a man." Since then a veritable Gorky literature has sprung up in France and Germany, and thousands who have never read a single line of this young Russian writer parade their "keeping up with books" by glibly talking about "Gorky, the man of the hour." In truth, there are already signs of a budding Gorky cult, and there is already a pretty quarrel as to whom belongs the honor of "having introduced Gorky to the English public."

But Gorky is interesting not merely because he has been imprisoned. He is a man who would have compelled attention sooner or later, and, what is more, he will continue to hold the attention that has been directed toward him. Maxim Gorky is a naturalist, like hundreds of other young writers, but while they only follow the method, he possesses the genius and also the temperament of a great writer. His descriptions are extremely attractive, and his thoughts and feelings are not a whit less interesting. In him we find an author who has opened for us a new mine, who has laid bare for us a new, rich vein.

There are some writers who have disclosed for us new fields, there are others who brought to new fields, to new materials, a new and strong personality. Such a one is Bret Harte, who has opened for us the wild West, with its adventurous men, and who views them in a strongly humorous manner; such is Rudyard Kipling, who brought to us a new fairy world from the mystic jungles of India; and such a man is Maxim Gorky, who has discovered for us the slums, who is a remarkable story-teller and a man of a singular conception of the world. He is the man of the hour, his is the philosophy *du dernier cri*. The Russian who spent his nights in the hayracks, near the Black Sea, and who records his conversations with his ragged fellow-vagabonds, could preach his doctrines on the boulevard being considered outlandish. Bohemia imbibed the spirit of Gorky even before he appeared on the horizon, and to-day he is hailed as its great star.

His philosophy is that of satiety with civilization, its unavoidable compulsion and irritating conformity to pattern. It is the philosophy of the disgust we all feel at least once a year, and which makes us wish to go out into the mountains, or away to sea, somewhere where we need wear no stiffly-starched collars, where we can loaf without a cravat; somewhere where we do not find "civilized men or intellectual women." One needs not be born outside of society, like Gorky, to become tired of it, disgusted with it—at times. The well-bred, rigid society woman feels this pressure occasionally just as intensely as does the son of the slums who has made his way into society by the sheer force of his genius. There is hardly a man or a woman to whom an occasional whiff of fresh mountain air is not a necessity and who does not persuade himself, at times at least, that the foul, ill-smelling atmosphere in the most



MAXIM GORKY.

crowded tenement-house would be preferable to the air of the most elegant drawing-room, poisoned by hypocrisy and made unfit for breathing by lies and insincerity. In such a mood a book that voices the full loathing of the brilliant, modish, parasitic society of the metropolis is a positive delight.

The greater the demand made upon our nervous system by the maddening pace in the strife for position, the more studied our insincerity, the more unbearable the daily thwartings of our pet ambitions—the larger and the greater becomes the yearning for freedom, the wider grow the circles affected by it. And as the passion for greater liberty has produced in France Jean Jacques Rousseau, Russia has prepared the soil for Gorky.

In Russia all rebellion takes the form of a fight against political oppression and political oppressors. In a country of which its greatest writer has said, "For a decent man there is only one place—the prison," it must needs be taken as a deed of heroism and valor to decry and to attack openly, or under a very thin veil, everything the ruling classes hold sacred. No wonder the students, the peasants, the artisans, the criminals and the vagabonds worship Gorky. For Gorky does not view his heroes with the eyes of the "law-and-order man;" on the contrary, he ridicules the weakling who is helpless without the aid of the authorities. Gorky prefers vagrants and criminals to governors and officials.

In Gorky's writings there is a queer combination of anarchistic and aristocratic, or, at least, anti-democratic, spirit. If he were not a man of only rudimentary education, we

could call him a student or disciple of Nietzsche. His vagabonds have all the "overman's" lofty disregard for morals, duty and society. He makes it appear that organized society has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. The protection of the weak necessarily brings with it the curtailing of the strong. Artistic natures are, perhaps, the ones to whom the equalizing process of society is most hateful. They want individuality which is not propped up and wrapped in codes and paragraphs, but which stands on its own feet. Says one of Gorky's philosophic vagabonds: "You are not men at all, you do not know your own nature, for you are constantly occupied in adapting, readapting and adapting yourselves again to circumstances." For him there is no happiness save in the living out of one's life untrammelled and unhindered by the rest of mankind.

It is needless to overestimate Gorky as a poet and writer. His success is mainly due to the modern tendencies and the newness of his material. But it were folly to underestimate him. He ranks with Maupassant as far as his acute and vivid conception is concerned; he does not reach the French man in fineness and elegance of diction, but he surpasses him in warmth and directness of treatment. His style and his diction are just as original, free and innocent of any restraint as is his thinking and feeling of moral scruples. He is a naturalist who feels the keenest interest and intensest delight in his subjects. And he is fresh, full of force, not in the least artificial. All in all, he is a refreshing and most characteristic arrival.

— Edmund Gosse pays a remarkable tribute to Thomas Hardy, the English novelist, in a recent issue of "The International Monthly", declaring that his novels will rank among the greatest works of fiction of the past century. Commenting on Mr. Hardy's keen sympathy with the working classes in the country, from which he sprang, Mr. Gosse says: "On the best authority I am informed that the first novel which Mr. Hardy wrote has never been published and will never see the light. The name of it was 'The Poor Man and the Lady', and it was full of the revolutionary and anti-social extravagances which are native to the unripeness of genius." The book was suppressed, it seems, by advice of George Meredith. There is a certain appropriateness in the fact that George Meredith, the chronicler of the futilities of "high life," should have headed off the democratic author who far surpasses him in genius.

C.

— Subscription Postals for "The Comrade" will be sent in quantities of five or more to any address on receipt of price. 5 yearlies for \$3.00, 5 half-yearlies \$1.75. Supply yourself with some of these cards. You can sell them easily. Address: "The Comrade," 28 Lafayette Place, New York.

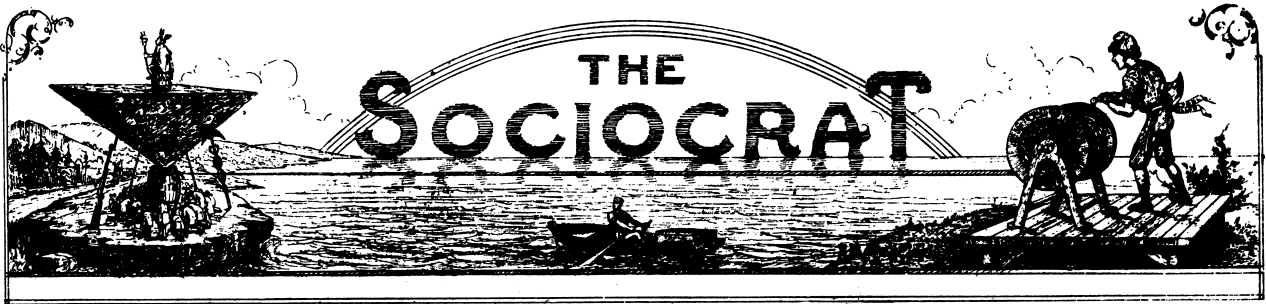


The Chase after the Dollar.

BY CYNICUS.

— It will be easily seen that if there ever was an environment hostile to the free development of art and of philosophical speculation, it is undeniably the bourgeois society, wholly governed by considerations of money and of interest. If in spite of all, art flourishes on the ruins of the past, on the vague fields of the present encumbered with ruins and with gross materials for construction, on the mountain tops already bathed with the light of dawn, from which the future may be described, it is because its impulse is as irresistible as the development of the germs in the cracks of old walls, in the chinks of the pavements, in the meager soil of the most unfertile lands. But, in spite of its invincible vitality, aesthetic production—and the same thing may be said of philosophic production—is fatally sensitive to the unfavorable conditions of existence which surround it.—Emile Vandervelde in "Collectivism."

— Be careful in selecting your propaganda literature. Use only such leaflets as are bound to attract attention. We have reprinted from our October issue Herbert N. Casson's article "The Worker with the Capitalist Mind", illustrated by 4 Silhouettes and shall send you 100 of these leaflets on receipt of 10 cents in one cent stamps. Address: "The Comrade," 28 Lafayette Place, New York.



AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

The Nondescript from Mars, accompanied by Aesop, private secretary to the Fool-Killer, dropped in the office of the Sociocrat this morning. They are on a trans-planetary tour of inspection, and the Nondescript kindly informed the society editor that they are almost ready to report the result of their investigations to the Fool-Killer, who is busy grinding his ax—Caliban is turning the crank.

CANNOT UNDERSTAND OUR CIVILIZATION.

The sporting editor went out with the two trans-planetary visitors to show them the sights, and he was greatly amused to see that they could not appreciate our terrestrial national game, which (as every one knows) consists in taking a lot of children dressed in white and making them crawl through a long sooty stovepipe, and those who come out at the other end immaculate get a penny. The visitors asked the sporting editor what the game was called, and when told it was called civilization, Aesop shrugged his shoulders and remarked that if he had anything to do with it, he would swab out the stovepipe clean, and as it seemed that we must have one, that he would have a larger one made. The idea!

SOCIETY NOTE.

The perispirit of Pierrepong Mor(e)ga(i)n is taking anti-fat. That's right, my semi-ethereal friend. Nothing like preparing for the future.

A NEW INDUSTRY IN TOWN.

A representative of the Post-mortem Post-hole Potato-patch Fencing Company informed the industrial editor this morning that the

company contemplated building a large factory here and manufacturing elástico-seamless corrugated post-holes by a new process; they will use the celebrated Grinn & Bearitt machines, that work almost automatically, all but cutting in lengths and planting. The company will employ a large clerical force, besides five men, ten women and fifteen children, and expects to turn out about 2,000,000,000 feet of post-hole a day. Of course this will turn out almost every individual post-holer who works by the old hand process, but it is expected that they will Horace-Greely it towards the Pacific—and keep on a-going, and find consolation in the thought that even progress has its martyrs.

LOST:

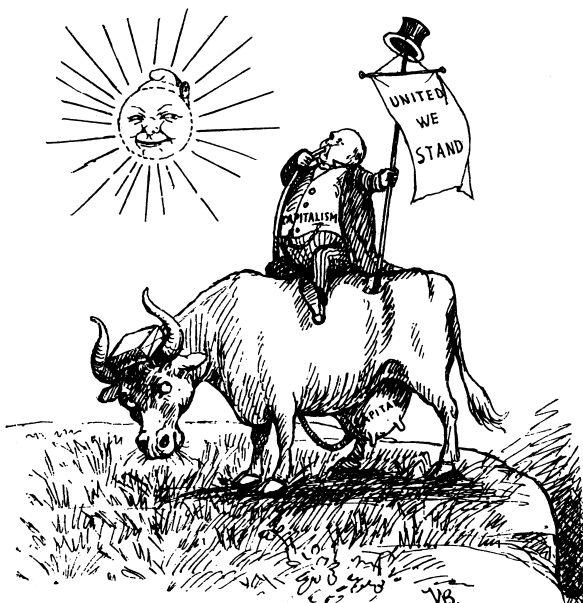
An honest business reputation, also a code of Christian ethics, somewhere between Jericho street and Co-operative Commonwealth avenue. By returning the above articles to the office of the Sociocrat, the finder will be awarded a medal, and a vote of thanks from the human race.

STOLEN:

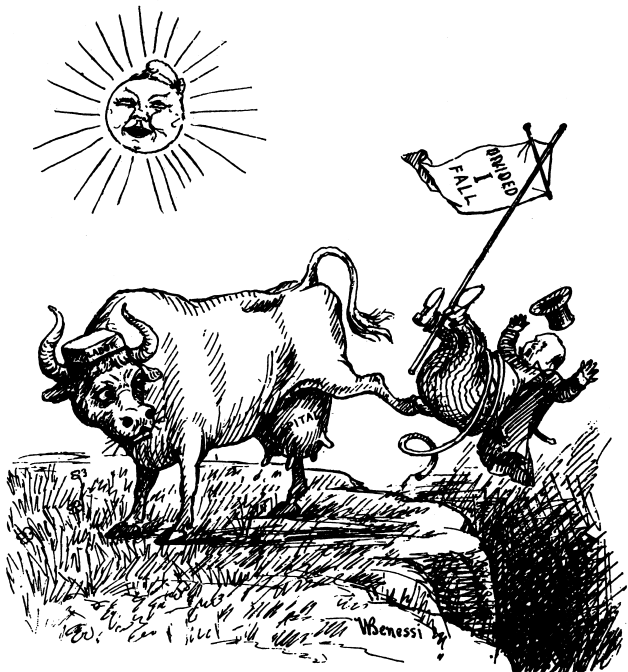
The under dog's opportunity to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The guilty parties are well known, and will avoid trouble by returning the same to its rightful owner, as Detectives Marx and Engels are on their tracks.

FOUND:

The road to the Industrial Democracy. All those wishing to help in establishing the Brotherhood of Man will receive a free pass by voting the Socialist ticket. POL-Y-GLOT.



"Our Interests are identical", said the Man to the Cow.



But the Cow thought otherwise.

Little Girl!

Little girl with the form so haggard,
Little girl with the features old,
'Tis a world of wrong and injustice
That I in thy face behold.

Thy dress is worn and faded,
With a coarse patch, here and there.
Over lusterless eyes, thy forehead,
Is marked with the lines of care.

I look at my own dear children,
So healthy and ruddy and gay,
All merrily laughing and shouting,
While romping at childish play.

What a pang of infinite sorrow,
When I turn from them to thee!
For thy mother may love thee dearly,
As they are beloved by me.

Her hope, her stay, her comfort,
In thy frail form may live,
And the best she may yearn to give thee;
But, alas, she has nothing to give!

Oh could I tint them rosy,
These cheeks so wan and pale!
Oh could I make it healthy,
This form so thin and frail!

Oh could I cheer thy childhood,
For just a little while! —
How can one see thousands like thee,
And still live on and smile?!

Hebe.

There are wise people who talk ever so knowingly and complacently about "the working classes," and satisfy themselves that a day's hard intellectual work is very much harder than a day's hard manual toil, and is righteously entitled to much bigger pay. Why, they really think that, you know, because they know all about the one, but haven't tried the other. But I know all about both; and, so far as I am concerned, there isn't money enough in the universe to hire me to swing a pick-axe thirty days, but I will do the hardest kind of intellectual work for just as near nothing as you can cipher it down—and I will be satisfied, too.

Intellectual work is misnamed; it is a pleasure, a dissipation, and is its own highest reward. The poorest paid architect, engineer, general, author, sculptor, painter, lecturer, advocate, legislator, actor, preacher, singer, is constructively in heaven when he is at work; and as for the musician with the fiddle-bow in his hand who sits in the midst of a great orchestra, with the ebbing and flowing tides of divine sound washing over him—why, certainly he is at work, if you wish to call it that, but lord, it's a sarcasm just the same. The law of work does seem utterly unfair—but there it is, and nothing can change it; the higher the pay in enjoyment the worker gets out of it, the higher shall be his pay in cash also. And it's also the very law of those transparent swindles, transmissible nobility and kingship.—Mark Twain, in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," Chap. 28.

(Note.—If the unfair law of work and the law of transmissible nobility and kingship are the same, and we have rid ourselves of the latter, why can "nothing change" the former?)
C.



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We have heretofore only advertised yearly subscriptions, but shall until December 1st accept also half-yearly subscriptions at 50 cts.
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Appropos of the resignation of H. M. Hyndman from the Executive of the English S. D. F., it is interesting to note that he has a very high opinion of the work of our contributor, Jack London, and contemplates making a literary study of his works.

* * *

Perhaps, now that he is free from the detail work of the organization, Hyndman will find time to prepare a new edition of his "Historical Basis of Socialism in England," which was an epoch-making book in many ways. The writer recalls a story told of Geldart, the famous "free Christian," by Mr. Sonnenschein, the well-known publisher. Geldart was a sort of Unitarian and a very distinguished Greek scholar. Once Mr. Sonnenschein asked him what led him to become a Socialist, and he referred him to Hyndman's book. "I had not then read the book," says Mr. Sonnenschein, "and told Geldart so. He replied that he would no more undertake to talk about Socialism with a man who hadn't read the *Basis* than he would about Christianity with a man who had not read the Bible."

Mr. Sonnenschein told Hyndman the story and tried to induce him to republish the book and bring it up to date, but he declined. It is not improbable, however, that he will do so even yet.
S.

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Signs of the Times.

The Fathers desired that their children should walk in their ways; now their ways were hard and narrow, and led back to the place from whence they came.

Therefore the Fathers put up fences about them and barriers of stakes; and pits they put up in all other paths, so as to make the way of the transgressor dangerous.

At every cross-road they put gibbets and signs, saying that they had gone to the end of this road and that it led nowhere; also that whosoever trod therein would never return, which was true. They said, more: "All other ways but ours are painful; therefore, for their own good, we will torture any that walk therein."

Now it came to pass that the natural eaders of men, who would have found he paths of peace, spent their strength in surmounting the fences of the Fathers, and, because the children could not follow them, they went alone.

Some of the children broke through the fences wherever they could, even such as guarded them from real danger; and they wandered in the wilderness accusing one another because they lost the way.

But after a time a guide arose, and the Fathers, when they saw that he was an able man, called upon him to drive the children back and to make the fences strong. But he said: "Nay, I come to preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of prisons to them that are bound!" He broke down the fences and put pillars and guide-posts where the ways were good, and went before the people joyously, and the children hearkened to his Word.

BOLTON HALL.



John Chinaman: Now that they have left, I'll cut down these weeds.—"Nebelspalter", Zürich.

Puckerbrush Alliance.

Mr. Comrade:—The axshun of the nashunal convenshun at Indianapolis in jining together the people workin' fer the same ends has been the cause of our Alliance starting up agin. You know we used to be considerably notorius. Well, we got started just in time to ketch an atack of inflamitory patriotism, caused by the shootin' of the President, which all sane people who ain't crazy condemn. I'm afraid this atack is goin' to leve sum people crippled fur life, fer their branes is twisted all out of shape frum soakin' in too much Metripolitan Editorial Liniment, which is powerful stuff, mostly made up frum hate, vindiktiveness and misrepresentashun.

Of course Preacher Gard wus to the meetin', and he was badly affected by the infumashun. Sum of us had sent to New York and got sum of them red party buttons and wus warin' 'em, and he took that fur a text. He sed people that wud wear such a emblem shud be excomunicated from the country, or words to that effect. The way he carried on wus awful. I never did see and hear so much vinger and venom.

Miss Smart, the skoolteacher, ansered him. She sed. The little red button we are warin' is a very significant emblem. The red color does not mean murder, as Mr. Gard says. It means that we socialists regard all mankind as one brotherhood, and, as the blood of all mankind is red, we use that color to expres the brotherhood idea. The arm and torch which the Rev. gentlemen savs means destruction, and justifies the name barn burners, only shows what violation may be done to facts in the name of patriotism. She ast Mr. Gard if he ever seen the great statute at the entrance to N. Y. harber, presented to this country by a Frenchman, and called Liberty Enlitenin' the World. He sed he didn't, but he'd seen picters of it. Then she ast him what he remembered as the most strikin' thing about it, and he sed, why, the arm holdin' up the torch to show people in the dark the rite way. Exactly, says she, and if you will look over the commencement programs of skools and colleges you will see the torch used as an emblem of intelecence, and we socialists use it for the same purpose—the emblem of an intelecence whose lite will lead to the practical application of the brotherhood idea to every-day life—Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven—if you please. I tell you it wus fine.

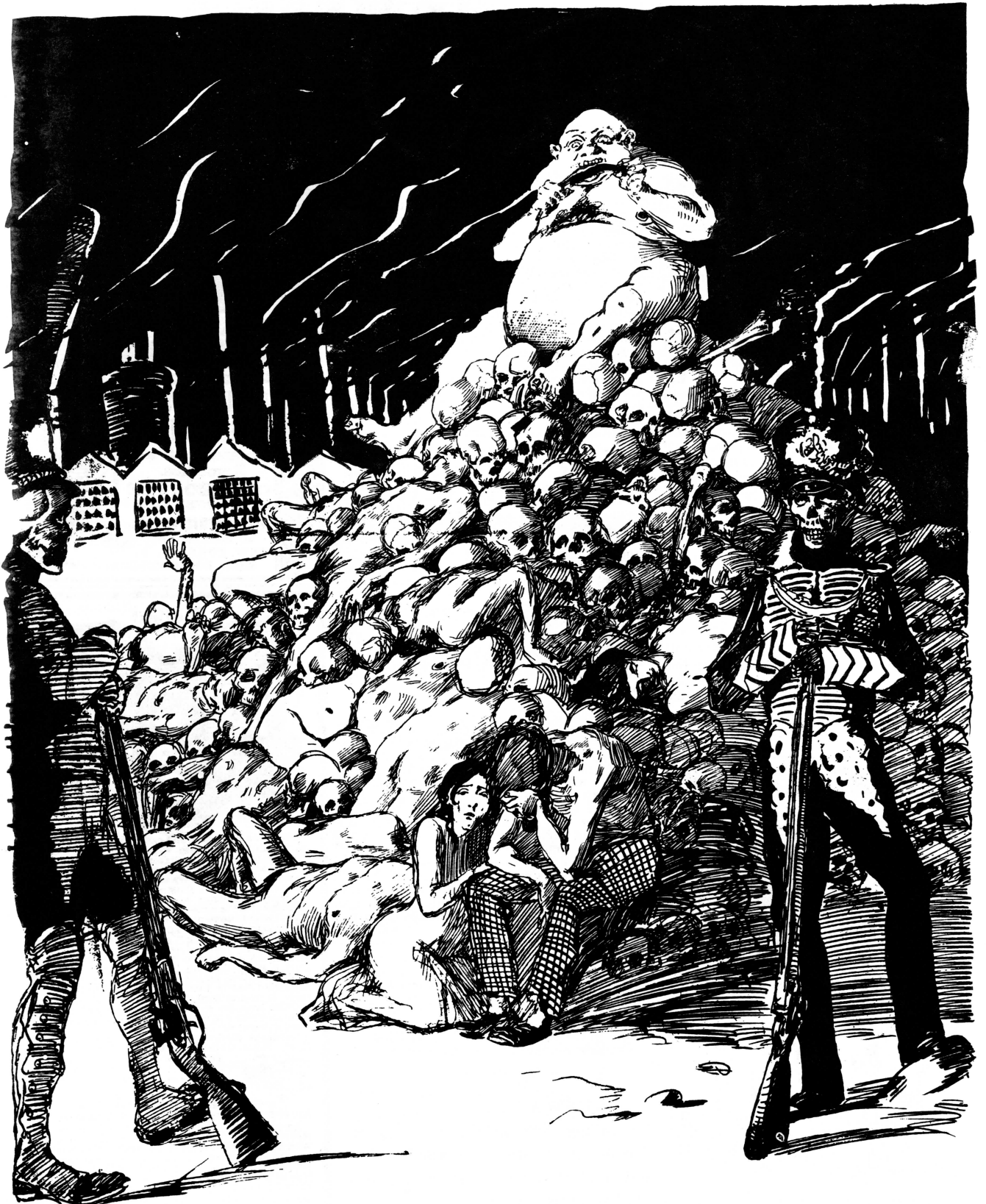
Goin' home. I sed to Nancv, that's my wife, I can't understand how sum peoples minds work. If sum person carried out my wishes I'd be pleased, and wud not want people who pretended to be my friends to lambaste the person who did what I thought was the right thing. There's a screw loose somewhere. Yours to the end, JONAS HARRISON.
Puckerbrush, Ohio. Last Saterdag.

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And this is what they call civilization!



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