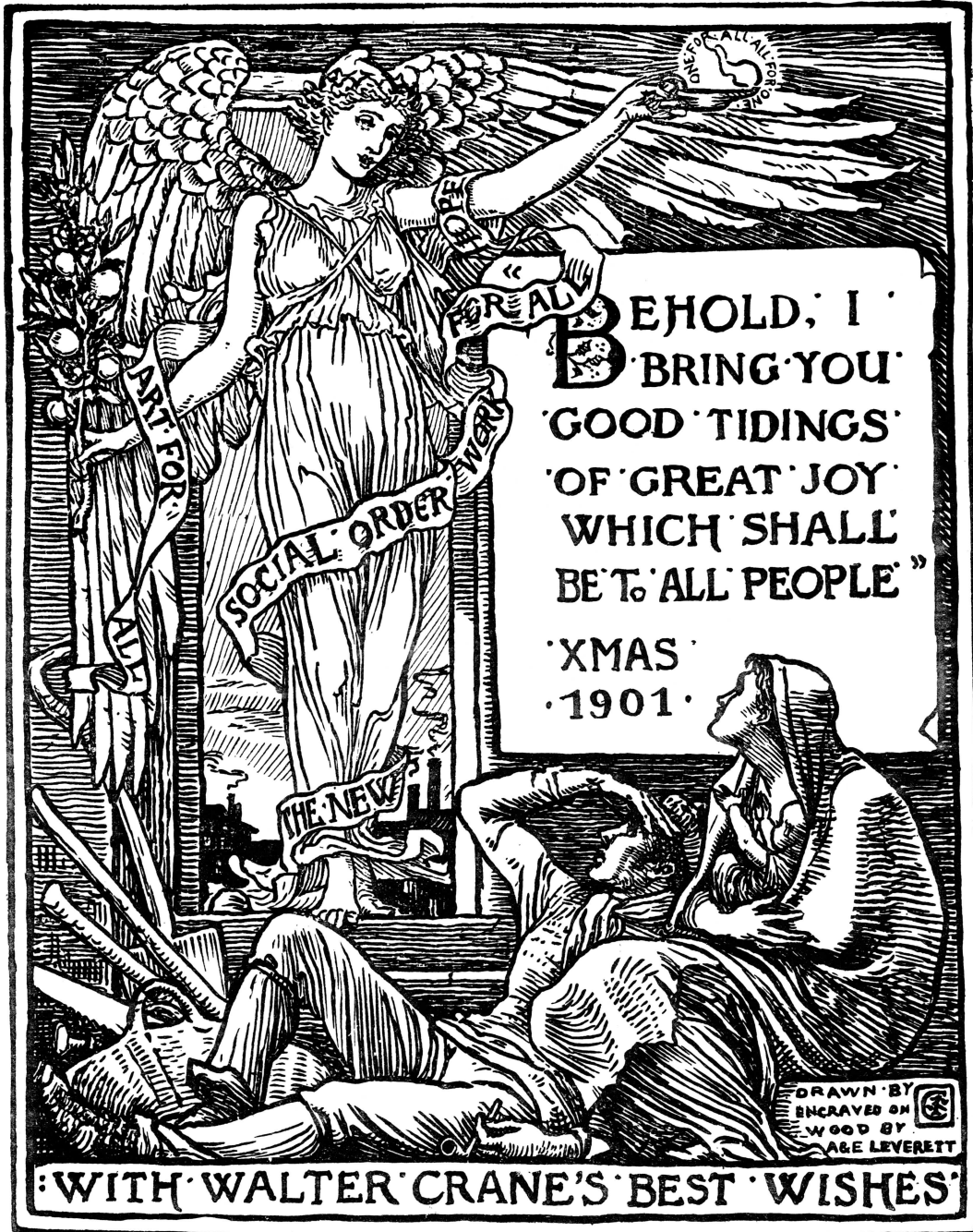


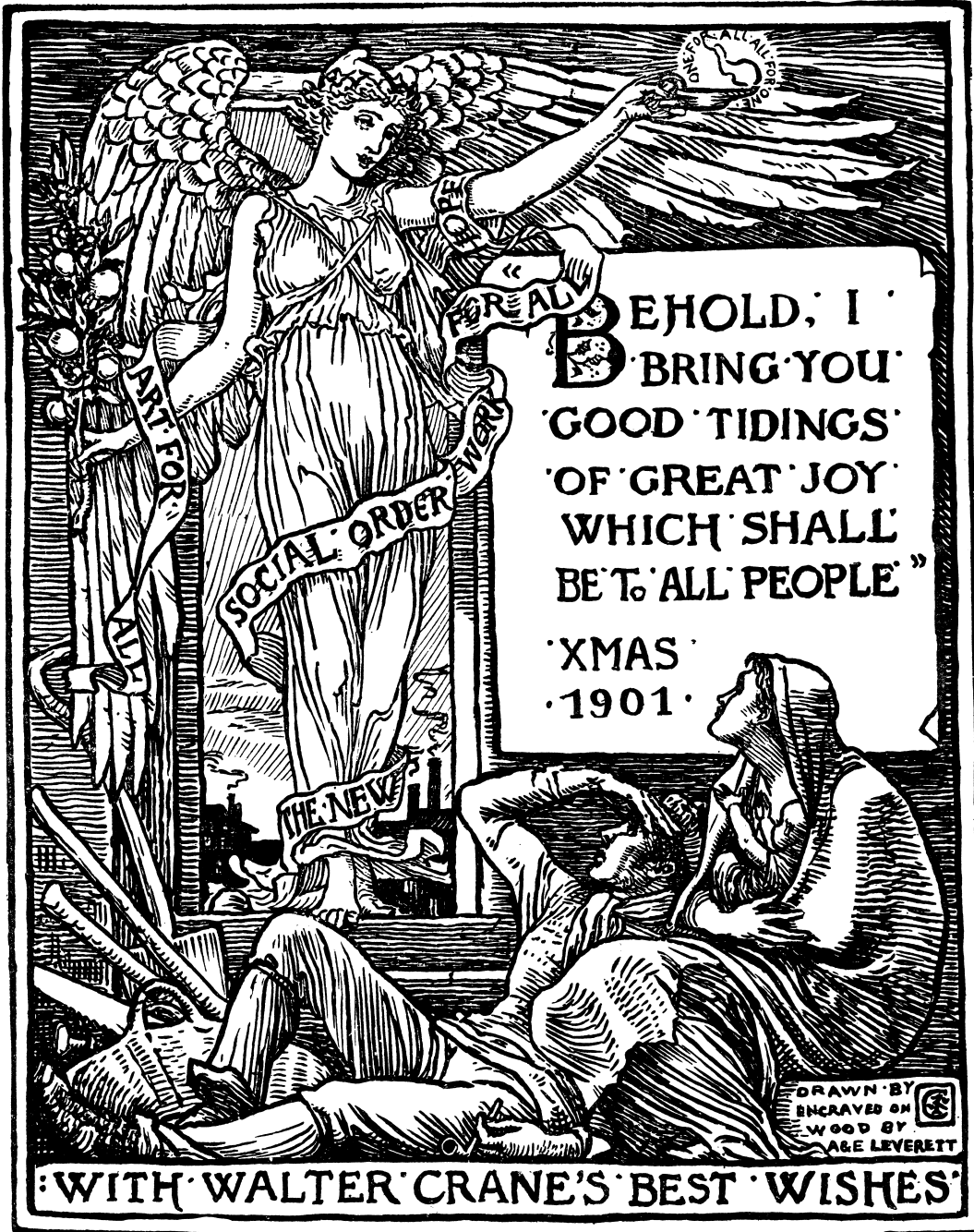
THE COMRADE



WITH WALTER CRANE'S BEST WISHES

DRAWN BY
ENGRAVED ON
WOOD BY
W. G. LEVERETT

THE COMRADE



Twenty-six and One.

By Maxim Gorki.

TRANSLATED BY EMILY JAKOLEFF AND DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

There were six and twenty of us—six and twenty living machines in a damp underground cellar, where from morning till evening we kneaded dough, and from it made kringels.

In front of the underground window of our cellar was a tiled area, green and mouldy with moisture. The window was protected from outside with a thick iron grating, and the light of the sun could not pierce through the window panes, covered as they were with splashes of flour dust. Our employer had had the windows barred in order to prevent us giving any of his bread to beggars or to an out-of-work comrade. Our employer called us rogues and gave us for our noon meal, instead of meat, evil-smelling offal. It was swelteringly close in that stone chamber, under the low, heavy, soot-blackened, cobwebby ceiling. Heavy and unbearable was our life between its thick, dirty, mouldy walls. We used to get up at five in the morning, without having slept our sleep out, and we would sit down at six, already worn out and apathetic, and begin to roll out the dough which our mates had prepared while we slept. The whole day, from early morning until ten at night, some of us sat around the table, working up in our hands the yielding paste, keeping it constantly moving, so that it should not get hard and set, whilst the other kneaded the swelling mass of dough. And the whole day the simmering water in the kettle, where the kringels were being cooked, sang low and sadly, and the baker's shovel scraped harshly over the oven floor as he tossed the slippery bits of dough out of the kettle on to the heated bricks. From morning till evening wood was burning in the oven, and the red glow of the fire gleamed and flickered over the walls of the bake-shop as if silently mocking us. The giant oven looked like the hideous head of a monster in a fairy tale, who seemed to be ever watching out of his two black eyeless socket holes our interminable work. The deep airholes were like another pair of eyes—the cold pitiless eyes of anger. They watched us always with the same darkened glance, as if they were weary of seeing before them such eternal slaves, from whom nothing human could be expected, and whom they therefore contemplated with the passionless impartiality of a philosopher.

In the meal-dust, in the mud which we brought in on our boots from the yard, in the hot sticky atmosphere, day in, day out, we rolled the dough into kringels, which we moistened with our own sweat. And we hated our work with a burning hatred; we never ate what had passed through our hands, and preferred black bread to kringels. Round a low table, sitting close to each other, we moved mechanically, during endlessly long hours, our hands and our fingers; till we were so accustomed to our monotonous work that we never paid any attention to it.

We all knew each other so intimately that each of us knew every detail of his mate's yarns. We had exhausted nearly every topic of conversation; it had been so almost from the beginning; that is why we were most of the time silent, unless we were chaffing each other, but one cannot always find something to quiz in another man, especially when that man is one's mate. Neither were we much given to blaming one another—how could any of us poor devils be in a position to blame another when we were all half dead and, as it were, turned to stone? For the heavy drudgery seemed to crush all feeling out of us. But silence is only terrible and fearful for those who have nothing more to say to one another; for men, on the contrary, who are only just beginning to communicate with one another it is easy and simple. Sometimes, too, we sang, and this is how our singing would begin: One of us would sigh deeply during the evening, like an overdriven horse; and then another would begin to hum a song, whose gentle swaying melody seemed always to bring the singer ease in his work. At first he would sing by himself, and we

others we would sit in silence listening to his solitary song, which under the heavy vaulted roof of the cellar died gradually away and became extinguished like a little fire on the Steppes on a wet night of autumn, when the gray heaven hangs like a heavy mass over the earth. Then another would join in with the singer; and now two soft sad voices would rise in our dull cellar hole. Then suddenly others would join in, and the song would roll forward like a wave; would grow louder and swell upward, till it seemed to us that the damp foul walls of our prison were widening out and opening. . . . Then all six-and-twenty of us would be singing together; our loud harmonious song would fill the whole cellar, our voices would travel outside and beyond, striking, as it were, against the walls in aching sobs and sighs, moving our hearts with gentle sorrow pricks; tearing open old wounds, and awakening longings. . . . The singers would sigh deeply and heavily; suddenly one would grow silent, and remain listening to the others singing; then he would begin again. Another would exclaim in a stifled voice: "Ah!" would shut his eyes, whilst the deep full sound waves would show him, as it were, a path in front of him—a sunlit wide path in the distance, which he himself in thought wandered through. . . .

But the flame flickers once more in the oven, the baker scrapes incessantly with his shovel, the water simmers in the kettle, and the flicker of the fire on the wall dances as before, in silent mockery. . . . Strange words seem to come into our dull song—the cry of the slave, the crushing sorrow of living men who are robbed of sunlight. . . .

So we lived, we six-and-twenty, in the vault-like cellar of a great stone house, and we suffered, each one of us, as if we had to bear on our shoulders the whole three stories of that house.

But we had something else really good besides the singing, something very sweet, that perhaps took the place of the sunshine.

In the second story of our house there was established a gold embroiderer's shop; and there, living among the other embroidery girls, was Tanya, the little servant girl of sixteen. Every morning there peeped through the glass door a little rosy face, with clear blue eyes, while a cheerful, friendly voice called out to us:

"You poor prisoners! Some nice little kringels, please, for me!" At the sound of the well-known small voice we all used to turn round, glancing joyfully and affectionately at the clean little maiden face which smiled at us so purely. The sight of the small nose pressed against the window pane, and of the white teeth gleaming between the half-open lips, had become for us a daily pleasure. Tumbling over each other, we used to jump up to open the door and she would step in, bright and cheerful, holding out her apron, with her head held on one side and a smile on her lips. A long, thick chestnut plait of hair fell over her shoulder and across her breast. But we, ugly, dirty, and miserable as we were, looked up at her—the door of the threshold was four steps above the cellar floor—looked up at her with heads thrown back, wishing her good morning, and speaking strange unaccustomed words, which we kept specially for her. Our voices became softer when we spoke to her, our jokes less broad. All that we ventured to offer her was of a special description. The baker fetched from his oven the best and the brownest kringels, and threw them quickly into Tanya's apron.

"Be off with you now, or the boss will catch you!" we warned her each time. She laughed roguishly, called out cheerfully: "Good-bye, poor prisoners!" and slipped away like a little mouse.

That was all. . . . But after she was gone we used to

speak about her for a long time with pleasure. . . . It was always the same thing we had said yesterday and the day before, because everything about us, including ourselves and her, remained the same . . . as yesterday . . . and as always. . . . It is specially painful and terrible when a man vegetates in this sort of way, whilst nothing changes around him, and when such an existence does not finally kill his soul, then the monotony becomes with time ever more and more painful. . . . Generally we spoke about women in a way that made some of us even at times blush, as we listened to the rude, shameless talk. The women whom we knew deserved perhaps nothing better. But about Tanya we never let fall an evil word; not one of us had ever allowed himself to touch her with his hand; and loose jokes never even rose to our lips in her presence. Perhaps this was so because she stayed such a short time with us; she used to flash in like a meteor, and disappear in the same sort of way; or perhaps it happened so because she was small and beautiful, and the beautiful claims the respect even of rude men. And the last reason was that we remained human, even though our hellish toil brutalized us almost to the level of beasts; and like all human beings we could not live without something to revere. We had no one with whom we came in contact who was better than she, and though so many people lived in the house, she was the only one taking any notice of us who lived in the cellar. And then this was the most important of all—it seemed to us as if she belonged to us, as if she were something that existed only, thanks to our kringels; for we considered it our duty to give her hot kringels; and this seemed in a sort of way an offering to our divinity, which became a sacred custom, and linked us every day more strongly to her. Besides the kringels, Tanya received from us much good advice; she ought to dress herself more warmly, she should not run upstairs so quickly, she should not carry heavy bundles of wood. She smiled when we warned her on these points, and never followed our advice; but we did not take this in bad part, for we only wished to show how anxious we were about her.

Often she came to us with a little request, such as that we would open the heavy door of the ice cellar for her, or would split wood; and we did all that she asked us joyfully, and even proudly.

But when one of us begged her to mend his only shirt, she replied with a contemptuous little laugh:

"Anything else, indeed! You may wait a long time for me to do that!" We laughed long over the queer little creature, and never begged her again to do anything for us. We just loved her—and that says everything! . . . A man must always have something to which he can offer his whole affection, although he frequently wearies the beloved one with it, and through it sometimes drags her down into the mire; yes even to the point of disgusting her with his love.

We were obliged to love Tanya, for we had no one else to love. Sometimes one of us would begin to reason in the following style. "Why do we spoil the girl in this way? What is there so wonderful about her? What, indeed? We give in to her rather too much." Anyone, however, who allowed himself such an outbreak we soon managed to silence—we were obliged to love something; we had found this something and we



loved it—and that which all of us six-and-twenty loved must be for each of us sacred as a shrine, and any one among us who thought otherwise was the enemy of us all. We did not perhaps respect good in itself, but here we were six-and-twenty of us, and we demanded that what was dearest to us should be held sacred by others.

Our love is not less oppressive than our hatred, and for that reason certain people pretend that our hatred is more desirable than our love. . . . If it be so, why do they all try and avoid our hatred in the way they do? . . .

Besides the bakehouse for kringels our master owned a baker's shop: it was in the same building, and only separated from our cellar by a wall; but the bakers of white bread and of rolls—there were four of them—avoided us, for they considered their work superior to ours. They thought themselves better than us, and therefore never put foot into our bakehouse, and laughed sarcastically when they met us in the yard; neither did we visit them; the foreman had forbidden it, for fear we might steal pastry. We were disliked by these bakers, because we envied them. Their work was lighter than ours, their wages higher, their fuel better; they had a light, roomy workshop, and were all so clean, so healthy—and because of all this we could not bear them. We, on the other hand, looked gray and yellow; three of us had skin diseases; some of us breakings out, and one was doubled up with rheumatism. These other fellows also wore short coats and smart, creaking boots on holidays, and outside working hours; two of them possessed accordians, and they all walked about at times in the Park—whilst we wore dirty, ragged clothes and list slippers, and the police would never allow us to go into the Park. Could we then look with favorable eyes on the bread-bakers?

One day we heard that our foreman had sacked one of them for being drunk, and had immediately taken on another man in his place; that the new hand was a soldier who wore a satin waistcoat and a watch with a gold chain. We were, of course, very curious to see such a dandy, and were constantly running out into the yard to have a look. He, however, came himself to us. He kicked the door open with his foot, stood smiling on the threshold, and said: "God be praised! Good-morning, mates!"

The ice-cold air which streamed in through the open door curled in streaks of vapor round his feet; he stood on the threshold, looking us up and down, and under his fair twisted moustache gleamed big yellow teeth. His waistcoat was really quite out of the common, blue-flowered, brilliant-shining; with buttons of little red stones. He had also a chain. . . .

He was a fine fellow, this soldier, tall, healthy, rosy-cheeked; and his big clear eyes had a friendly, cheerful glance. He wore on his head a white starched cap, and from under his spotlessly clean apron peeped the polished ends of well-blacked boots. Our baker asked him politely to shut the door. The soldier did so quite pleasantly, and began to question us about the master. We explained, all of us together, that our employer was a thorough-going brute, a rogue, a knave and a slave driver; in a word, we repeated to him all that we knew about our employer, but which it is perhaps better not to repeat here. The soldier listened to us, twisted the ends of his

THE COMRADE

moustache, and watched us with a friendly open-hearted look.

"But hav'n't you got any girls here?" he asked suddenly.

Some of us smiled constrainedly; others put on a meaning expression, and one of us explained to the soldier that there were nine girls in the house.

"Do you know anything about them," asked the soldier, winking back at us. We laughed, but not loud, and with some embarrassment. Many of us would have liked to have shown the soldier that we also were tremendous fellows with the girls, but not one of us could do so. And one of us confessed as much, when he said in a low voice:

"That sort of thing is not much in our line."

with conviction after having looked us over. There is some-

"Well, no, it wouldn't quite do for you," said the soldier thing wanting about you all. . . . You don't look the right kind. . . . You've no sort of appearance. . . . And the women, they like a bold appearance; they will have a well set-up body. . . . Everything has to be tip-top for them! That's why they respect strength. They want a hand like that!"

The soldier drew his right hand, with its turned-up sleeve out of his pocket and showed it to us. It was white and strong and covered with shining yellow hairs.

"Hand and chest, all must be strong. And then a man must be dressed in the latest fashion . . . so as to show off the beauty of these points. Yes, all the women take to me. . . . Whether I call to them, or whether I beckon them, they all of their own accord, five at a time, throw themselves at my head."

He sat down on a flour sack and told at length and with breadth all about the way women loved him, and how bold he was with them. Then he left, and after the door had creaked to behind him we sat for a long time silent, and thought about him and his talk. Then we all began talking at once, and it became apparent that he had pleased us all. He was such a nice open-hearted fellow; he came to see us without any stand-offishness, sat down and chatted. No one else came to us like that—and no one else talked to us in that friendly sort of way. And we continued to talk of him and of his coming triumphs among the embroidery girls, who passed by us with contemptuous snuffs when they saw us in the yard, or who looked straight through us as if we had been thin air. . . . But we admired them all the same when we met them outside, or when they passed by our windows—in winter in fur jackets and toques to match, in summer in hats trimmed with blue, and with colored parasols in their hands. We talked, however, about these girls in a way that would have made them mad with shame and rage, if they could have heard us.

"If only he does not spoil Tanjuska," said the baker in an anxious tone of voice."

We were silent, for these words troubled us. Tanya had for a time quite gone out of our minds—supplanted, put on one side by the strong, fine figure of the soldier.

Then began a lively discussion; some of us maintained that Tanya would never be subdued by his charms; others that she would not be able to resist him, and the third group proposed giving him a thrashing if he should attempt to annoy Tanya. Finally we all decided to watch the soldier and Tanya, and to warn the girl against him. . . . This brought the discussion to an end.

Four weeks had passed by since then. During this time the soldier baked white bread, walked about with the gold embroidery girls, visited us often, but did not talk any more about his conquests, only twisted his moustache and licked his thick sensual lips. Tanya called in as usual every morning for "little kringels," and was as gay and nice and friendly with us as ever. We certainly tried once or twice to talk to her about the soldier, but she called him a "goggled-eyed calf," and made fun of him all round, and that set our minds at rest. We saw how the gold-embroidery girls carried on with the soldier, and we were proud of our little girl. Tanya's behavior reflected honor on us all. We imitated her, and began in our talks to treat the soldier with small consideration. She, however, became dearer to us, and we greeted her with more friendliness and kindness every morning.

One day the soldier came to see us, a bit drunk, and sat down and began to laugh. When we asked him what he was laughing about he explained to us:

"Why, two of them—that Lydka girl and Gruschka—have been clawing each other on my account. You should have seen the way they went for each other! Ha! ha! One got hold of the other by the hair, threw her down on the floor of the passage, and sat on her! Ha! Ha! They scratched and tore each other's faces—it was enough to make one die with laughter! Why is it women can't fight fair? Why do they always scratch one another? Eh?"

He sat on the bench, healthy, fresh and jolly. He sat there and went on laughing. We were silent. This time he made an unpleasant impression on us.

"Well, it's a funny thing what luck I have with the women folks! Eh! I've laughed till I'm ill. One wink, and it's all over with them! It's the d-devil!"

He raised his white, hairy hands and slapped them down on his knees. And his eyes seemed to reflect such frank astonishment, as if he were himself quite surprised about his good luck with women. His fat, red face glistened with delight and self-satisfaction, and he licked his lips more than ever.

Our baker scraped his shovel angrily and violently over the oven floor, and said suddenly, in a mocking tone:

"Breaking little twigs is not such a clever trick; try it on with a pine tree!"

"You say that to me?" asked the soldier.

"Yes, to you!"

"What does it all mean?"

"Nothing—I don't mean anything!"

"We'll see about that! What did you mean by it? What sort of a pine tree do you mean?"

Our baker did not answer, and worked his shovel rapidly backward and forward, then he threw the boiled kringels on to the oven floor and drew out the ready baked ones, tossing them as he did so on the floor, where they were placed by some of us in rows on wicker trays. He seemed to have quite forgotten the soldier and the altercation. The soldier, however, suddenly worked himself into a great state of excitement. He rose and went straight to the oven, risking getting a blow on the chest from the restless iron shovel, as the baker shot it rapidly backward and forward.

"Now, then, out with it! Who is she? You have insulted me—me! None of them can escape me, n-not one! And you insult me like that!"

He seemed to feel himself very ill used. It may have been that his self-respect was founded on his art of seducing women, and it may have been that this capacity was the only living one he possessed, which prevented him from feeling altogether a dead soul. There are, in fact, men for whom any infirmity of their soul or of their body is the most worthy and best thing in their lives. They pride themselves on it; they live only for it, and though it may destroy them, they continue to batten on it all the same. They may complain of it, but they will at the same time attract the attention of other men to it. They make their neighbors pay tithe to it; and beyond this, and outside this, they possess nothing. Take from them their pet infirmity, heal them of it, and they become miserable, because they have lost their only interest in life. So poor sometimes is the life of a man that he is compelled to treasure up his vices, and, as it were, to nourish his existence with them. One may even suppose that some men are vicious from sheer emptymindedness.

The soldier felt himself insulted; he pushed up against our baker and shouted out:

"Come, now! You shall tell me! Who is it?"

"Shal! I tell you?" the baker exclaimed suddenly, turning around.

"Well?"

"Do you know Tanya? Well, there you are! Just try it on!"

"I?"

"You!"

"She? Why, there's nothing easier!"

THE COMRADE

"We shall see!"

"Yes, you'll soon see! Ha! Ha!"

"She'll send you to the —!"

"Give me a month!"

"You're a fine sort of boaster for a soldier!"

"Two weeks! I'll soon show you! Who is it, you say? Little Tanya? Pah!"

"Now, then, be off with you! You're in my way!"

"It will be all over with her in a fortnight, you fool!"

"Be off with you, I tell you!"

Our baker suddenly turned savage and threatened the soldier with his shovel. The latter retreated, disconcerted, toward the door, looked at us for a minute or two, and then said under his breath, in a voice that foreboded misfortune:

"Just wait a bit!" Then he took himself off.

During the discussion we were all silent, anxiously awaiting the outcome. But once the soldier had left, we began noisily to argue among ourselves.

One of us called out to the baker: "You did wrong, Paul!"

"Just you go on with your work!" replied the baker, sourly.

We realized that the soldier felt himself painfully insulted, and that Tanya was in danger. But at the same time a not unpleasant tingling feeling of curiosity as to the outcome of it all took possession of us.

Would Tanya be able to resist the soldier? And most of us exclaimed in a tone of conviction:

"Little Tanya? She'll be all right. It's not so easy to get round her!"

Then we kindled with the desire to prove the inviolability of the divinity we had set up; we tried earnestly to convince one another that she was indeed a divinity we could depend upon, and that she would emerge from this fiery ordeal with honor. Finally we tried to imagine we had not put the soldier sufficiently on his metal; that he might even forget the discussion; and we might, therefore, have to keep him up to the mark. During the following days we found we were living in a state of extraordinary nervous suspense, such as we had never experienced before. We argued with one another, as if we knew all about it, and became daily better talkers. It seemed to us as if we were playing a wager with the devil, and that our stake was—Tanya. And when we heard from the pastry cooks that the soldier had begun to court our Tanya we became quite pleasantly excited, and found life now so interesting that we did not once notice that our employer took advantage of this animation on our part to increase by forty pounds the quantity of flour we had to make up every day. Work did not seem to tire us in the least now. The whole day we had Tanya's name in our mouths, and every morning we waited for her impatiently. Sometimes we had the painful impression that Tanya would appear suddenly, but that somehow she would be another Tanya, and not the old one. But we told her nothing of the discussion that had taken place. We did not question her, but treated her as formerly, with affectionate friendliness. But our feelings toward Tanya were mingled now with something new and strange—which was nothing less than curiosity, as sharp and cold as a steel knife.

"Mates! This is the last day of the trial!" said one morning the baker, seizing his shovel. We knew that, without his telling us, but his words excited us more than ever.

"Look at her attentively; she'll be here directly!" exclaimed the baker.

One of us cried out in a troubled voice: "Can one notice anything, then, with one's eyes?"

And once more there arose among us an excited, noisy strife. To-day we were about to prove how pure and spotless was the vessel into which we had poured all that was best in us. This morning, for the first time, it became clear to us that we were playing a dangerous game; that we might, indeed, through the exaction of this proof of purity, lose our divinity altogether.

During the whole of the intervening time we had heard that Tanya was persistently followed by the soldier, but not one

of us had thought of asking her how she behaved toward him. And she came every morning to fetch her kringels, and was the same toward us as ever.

This morning, too, we heard her voice outside: "You poor prisoners! Here I am!"

We opened the door, and when she came in we all remained, contrary to our usual custom, silent. We stared at her, not knowing how to speak to her, what to ask her about. And there we stood in front of her, a dingy, silent row. She seemed to be surprised at this unusual reception. Suddenly we saw her turn white, and become troubled; then she asked hurriedly: "Why are you—so?"

"And you?" replied the baker, gloomily, looking at her fixedly.

"What's the matter?"

"N-nothing!"

"Well, then, give me quickly the little kringels."

Formerly she never bade us hurry.

"There's plenty of time," said the baker, not moving from the spot, and watching her still more closely.

Suddenly she turned around and disappeared through the door. The baker took his shovel, turned away from the oven, and said quietly: "Well, that settles it! But a soldier!—a common beast like that—a low cur!"

Like a herd of sheep we all pressed round the table, sat down silently, and began listlessly to work. Soon, however, one of us remarked:

"Perhaps, after all—"

"Shut up!" shouted the baker.

We were all convinced that he was a man of judgment, a man who knew more than we did about things. And at the sound of his voice we were persuaded of the soldier's victory—and our spirits became sad and downcast.

At twelve o'clock, while we were eating our dinners, the soldier came in. He was, according to his wont, cleanly and elegantly dressed, and looked at us, as usual, straight in the eyes. But it was painful for us to look at him.

"Now, then, honored sirs, if you like, I will give you a taste of a soldier's quality!" He spoke with a conceited smile. "Go out into the passage and look through the crack in the shutters—do you understand?"

We went into the passage, and all stood huddled around the wooden partition, looking into the yard. We had not to wait long. Soon Tanya came, hurrying across the yard, with a pre-occupied look on her face, and, jumping across the pools of mud, she vanished behind the door of the ice cellar. Then the soldier went across in the same direction, striding leisurely, and whistling a tune, his moustache curled up, his hands stuck in his pockets.

It was raining. We watched the drops falling into the puddles, and the furrows made on their surface by the splash of the rain. It was a moist, depressing day—a very tedious day. The snow still lay white on the roofs, but on the ground there were heaps of it, dingy, and half melted. The rain fell slowly and with a melancholy patter. It was cold and miserable for us as we waited there. First the soldier appeared. He stepped slowly across the yard, his moustache curled up, as usual, his hands in his pockets. He was just as usual.

Then Tanya stepped out. Her eyes—her eyes were sparkling with joy and happiness, and her lips—smiled. And she moved as if in a dream, groping, stumbling.

We could not quietly bear the sight of this. We all rushed together to the door, ran out into the yard, and began to groan and hiss at her, loudly, madly and ravenously.

She stopped when she saw us, and stood in a pool of mud, as if rooted to the spot. We surrounded her, greeting her with evil words of malicious abuse, with shameless speech.

We spoke neither loud nor rapidly, for we saw that she could not escape us; that she was surrounded by us, and that we could wreak our temper on her. I cannot understand now why we did not strike her. She stood in the circle we had made,

moving her head from side to side, while we pelted abuse at her. And ever louder and fiercer we flung at her the filth and poison of our words.

All the blood left her face. Her blue eyes, which a few minutes ago beamed with happiness, grew large with tears; her bosom rose and fell, and her lips trembled. And still we closed in around her; we took our revenge on her, for she had robbed us. She belonged to us; we had given her of our best; and though we were only a set of beggars, yet we were six and twenty of us, and she was alone; and therefore there was no punishment terrible enough for her guilt. How we insulted her! And she remained dumb, looking at us with wild glances, while her whole body trembled.

We laughed, yelled, roared. People came running up. One of us pulled Tanya by the arm. Suddenly her eyes blazed out;

she raised her hand slowly, smoothed her hair and said aloud, but quietly, looking us straight in the face:

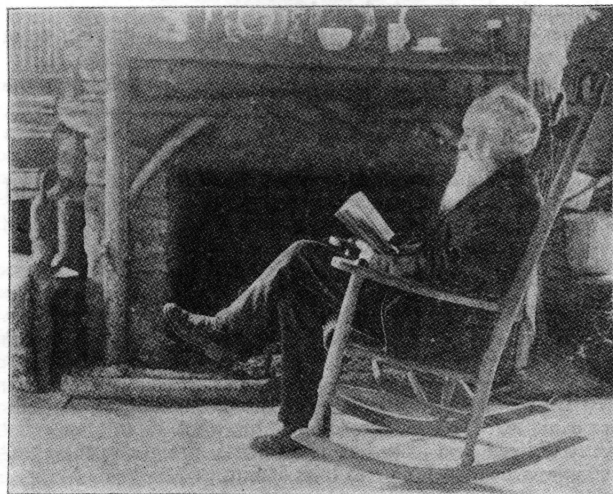
"Ah! you poor prisoners!"

And she walked away from us; walked straight past us, as if we were not there; for none of us dared any longer to bar her road.

And as she got outside our circle she cried, without looking around, but with an indescribable ring of contempt in her voice: "Be off with you, now! You lazy loafers!"

And—then she went away.

But we remained standing in the yard, in the mud and streaming rain, under the sunless gray heaven. Then we turned back silently toward our damp stone cellar. No ray of sunshine stole, as it used to do in former days, through our window, and Tanya returned no more.



John Burroughs by his Fireside.



A View of "Slabsides."

Photos. by C. G. Abbott.

A Visit to John Burroughs.

BY ERNEST CROSBY.

I have always doubted whether the "Little Journeys" of Elbert Hubbard ever extended beyond the shelves of the excellent Public Library of Buffalo, but at last I am able to testify as an eye-witness to the authenticity of at least one of them, for recently I accompanied him on a pilgrimage to the home of John Burroughs, naturalist, author, poet, friend of Walt Whitman and raiser of the best celery and Delaware grapes on the market. It was on a glorious August day with a large infusion of October in it, that we arrived on the West Shore Railroad and found our host waiting for us at the station of West Park, a few miles north of Poughkeepsie on the west bank of the Hudson. Despite his long white beard, Burroughs is a sturdy young man for his years, and as I introduced the two great men to each other, I was impressed by his vigor. We started off at once to walk over to "Slabsides," his mountain log cabin which, although it is hardly more than a mile from the railway, is as wild and secluded as if it were in the heart of the Catskills. On the steep mountain path he proved himself more than a match for either of us.

At Slabsides we found a fire smouldering on the ground beside the house (for it was rather warm to kindle one in the big hearth with its old-fashioned crane), and in the ashes were the potatoes and onions on which we were to make our luncheon. Our host is a famous cook, and soon we were feasting on

roasted corn, peaches, melons, bread and butter, and my two carnivorous companions on grilled chicken as well. Our drink was cold spring water and none of us smoked, but Mr. Burroughs' conversation was stimulant enough. I admired the reticence of Fra Elberto, for he recognized the fact that it was a Burroughs day and he effaced himself completely. Burroughs is a delightful talker, and the mention of Whitman was enough to bring forth a series of interesting memories of the days in Washington when they saw much of each other. He told us of their first meeting, and how young Burroughs tried to make Walt talk about literature, but how instead he insisted on cross-questioning him about his life in the Catskills in order to draw out all the homely facts in which the good gray poet was wont to revel. He pictured Whitman to us as he used to roll down Pennsylvania Avenue, easily recognisable in the distance, the only man in Washington who was not in a hurry. When Burnside's army went through Washington on the way to join Grant in the Wilderness, Whitman and Burroughs stood on the curb and watched them pass, and every now and then some young man would run from the ranks, shout a hurried greeting to "Walt," and often throw his arms around him and kiss him. They were the lads whom Walt had nursed in the hospitals. He had the faculty of bringing to them the sense of home, and was a sort of combination father and mother to them. The doctors de-

clared that many a soldier died of homesickness, and it was the lives of such that Whitman succeeded in saving. Walt was sometimes blue, so John Burroughs asserts, and expressed strong views of the evil way in which things were going, but he kept all such moods out of his books, and this very fact shows that he did not approve of them. He plucked his optimistic moments for the "Leaves of Grass." Burroughs sums Walt up as a new type of man; he says you could not meet him without feeling this; he was the typical democrat of the future, but as yet he hardly seems to have had a second.

But Burroughs never has nature for long out of his thoughts. As we walked talking through the woods, he stopped to point out a beautiful wild flower, whose name I forget, and again to show a winding track in the ground.

"What sort of an animal made that, do you think?" he asked. We could not guess. As a matter of fact it was a stroke of lightning which had come up out of a woodchuck's hole and disported itself for some distance on the surface of the ground and then jumped off a ledge and disappeared without touching the trees! He had never seen or heard of such a phenomenon before.

After lunch we walked back to the river where his fine stone house, "Riverby" stands in the midst of his vineyards. Here Whitman often passed a week or two, and Edward Carpenter and other well-known men have

been entertained. At one time Walt thought of building a home near by, and there was much searching of sites and drawing of plans but it came to nothing, and Burroughs thinks it was perhaps just as well, for Whitman was too much of a "lover of populous pavements" to tarry long in the country. And as we listened to our host's ready flow of engaging talk and saw what a social being he is, we wondered that he preferred to live in neighborhoods where there is only one person to the square mile. Riverby was too populous for him and he took to the woods at Slabsides.

"Why don't you lecture, John?" asked the canny Fra. "You would be a drawing card, the Major says, and it would pay better than celery."

"I don't want any more money," was the answer. "What should I do with it?" and the great Little-Journeyer relapsed into a wondering silence. In this respect John differs from his old schoolmate at Roxbury in the Catskills, the late Jay Gould. They used often to wrestle together, and Jay was not particular about the rules of the game.

"Jay, that ain't fair," little John would say. "You let go your holt."

"I don't care," said Jay. "I'm on top, ain't I?"

On the writing table at Slabsides—in a room full of rustic furniture and specimens of curious roots, and other litter of the woods with photographs of Walt and other worthies tacked to the rough wall—I picked up an advertisement of Prof. Jenks' book on "Trusts."

"Are you interested in that sort of thing?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed."

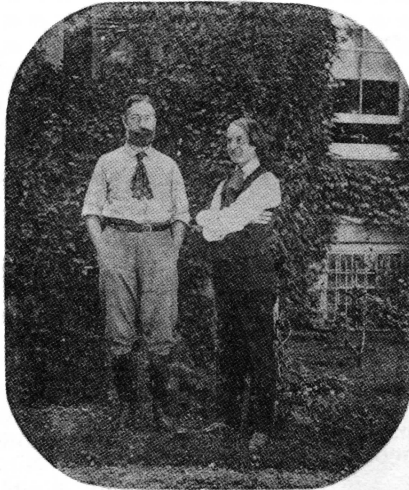
"And what did you think of the steel strike?"

"I wished with all my soul that the men could have won. There seems to be no way of escaping the men who have the country in their clutches."

"And how would Walt have felt towards strikers?"

"He would have been enthusiastic for them."

Mr. Burroughs let fall that he sympathises heartily with Boer and Filipino, and, indeed, he is a vice-president of the New York Anti-



Ernest Crosby and Elbert Hubbard.

Imperialist League. I did not find an opportunity to question him further as to the social and economic problems of the day or to ask his opinion of Socialism, but evidently his heart is in the right place, and that is the case, I think, with most true naturalists. Thoreau, for instance, and Richard Jefferies have put themselves on record as champions of the rights of their fellowmen. It is natural that men who associate with birds and butterflies should have no patience with the unnatural grabbing and hoarding which form a portion of the acquired traits of the human animal. Mr. Burroughs' democracy is a real thing. We found his son, who has just been graduated from Harvard, *cum laude*, hard at work in the vineyard with the other men, and dressed if anything rather less fashionably than they were. It gave me a better opinion of Harvard than I ever had before. When we bade his father good-bye, the latter left us to nail up the crates of Delawares

that were awaiting him, and on that very day one ton of them went off to the Boston market. And why did they go to Boston and not to New York, which is so much nearer and accessible, too, by the river? "Because," said he, "Bostonians know a good thing when they get it, while New Yorkers care only for looks!" Which sad reflection on our city we should do well to absorb and ponder.

In 1862, before he made the acquaintance of Whitman, and when he was only in his twenty-fourth year, Burroughs wrote:

"Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind or tide or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

"The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me."

Elbert called the poet's attention to these lines, and the latter said that in his case they had come true, and among the latest blessings that had come to him he reckoned an unexpected trip to Alaska two years ago, where he had seen the wonders of a new flora and fauna. But the thing that gave him the most satisfaction, he assured us, was the big, flourishing celery patch which he had reclaimed at Slabsides and which hitherto had produced nothing better than copperheads. We had to remind him of the twelve volume edition of his own books which is having a steady and increasing sale.

Only one thing remains for John Burroughs to do, and that is to express himself clearly on the evils which beset our social relations. His voice added to those I have mentioned among the naturalists, to Howells and Morris in literature and art; to Whitman and Carpenter in the field of democratic poetry, would have a weight and influence greater perhaps than he thinks. Meanwhile the first word of his earliest known piece of literature describes the man as he is to-day better than any other word in the dictionary. Of all men the most "serene" is John Burroughs, and we came away with a little of his serenity in our hearts.

❖ Love in the Cause. ❖

Sweetheart, we wandered wondering at the night
Of shining stars; the new moon's crescent bright
Gleamed over the far hills, and all was peace.

The jewelled night was silent and serene,
The west wind slept, and o'er the fields the sheen
Of wool-white mist lay like a phantom fleece.

And, ever and anon, there floated by
A whisper of the waves, a faint-breathed sigh,
A drowsy murmur from the dreaming sea.

'Twas then, and thus, sweetheart, we told our love,—
And naught on earth or in the heavens above
Could aught have added to our ecstasy!

But we were selfish, sweetheart, were not we?
Since all we thought or cared was Thee and Me:—
The World forgotten with its weight of woe.

But now the call to world-work bids us pause;
Henceforth, in all our labors for the Cause
Which is the World's, our deathless love shall show!

JOHN E. ELLAM.



A New Chapter of the Bible

Discovered and translated by Herbert N. Casson

And it came to pass, that the Christ looked down upon the earth and marvelled at the things which were done by the sons of men.

2. There were lacking two weeks of Christmastide, and the streets of the great cities were thronged with people that ran to and fro with exceeding swiftness.

3. And the noise of wagons, and the rush of many feet, and the voice of many people ascended unto Heaven and was heard therein.

4. Then the Christ spake unto the angels, saying, "I will arise and go a second time to the earth, that I may enjoy the Christmastide with the little children."

5. And behold, the Christ took upon himself the form of a lad of twelve years of age, and appeared before men in the streets of a great city.

6. For many hours he walked hither and thither, being often in great danger by reason of the crowd which pressed upon him.

7. And none spake to him or gave him to eat, so that he hungered, and knew not where he might be fed.

8. There were many inns in the city, and though they had words of greeting upon their doors and many green boughs upon them, they turned the Christ-child away when he bore witness to them that he was without money.

9. At last there appeared to him an officer of the guard who seized upon him and bore him to the guard-house.

10. And when the officer of the guard asked him whence he was, he spake unto them, saying, "I am come from my Father's house, that I may be among the little children and enjoy the Christmastide with them."

11. Then they sought to find out on what street his Father dwelt; and when they could not understand his words, they took counsel among themselves, saying:

12. "This lad needs must find work, for he hath no home, nor money, neither doth he seem to have friends."

13. So they took the Christ-child to a rich merchant who was also a Pharisee, and said unto him:

14. "We have found this boy in the streets, and have brought him to thee, that thou mayst take him in thy shop and teach him to sell merchandise."

15. Then the merchant took him, and brought him to a great storehouse wherein was all manner of merchandise, and put him in the toy department, saying, "whatsoever thou art told to do, do it; and I will pay thee thy wages."

16. Now when the Christ-child saw the costly toys and many beautiful things, he was glad and thought within himself that he would have much pleasure in carrying gifts to the little children.

17. But the overseer of the toy department was a harsh man, and spake to the Christ-child with a loud voice, and commanded him to do much work.

18. And it came to pass that the lad was made to toil grievously, from the rising of the sun until many hours after the close of the day.

19. It was forbidden unto him to rest, and no seat was given to him when his feet were weary with walking.

20. He was bidden to run hither and thither with many bundles, and though he sought to run swiftly, yet did all the hired overseers of the rich merchant rebuke him for tardiness, so that the heart of the Christ-child was sad within him.

21. And when he laid him down to sleep at night, behold, he wept bitterly; because he was in mind but a child, and could not understand the things that had befallen him.

22. And after five days the overseer bade him stand and wrap coverings about the toys which had been sold, so that his work became more grievous than before.

23. There was every day a multitude of people who came thither to buy goods for the Christmastide, and they were every one in great haste.

24. And they pressed one upon the other, and thronged about the hired servants of the merchant.

25. There were many women in the multitude, and many priests and Pharisees; but they gave no thought to the Christ-child, nor to the weariness of the hired servants.

26. For their thoughts were only upon the merchandise, and not upon the meaning of the Christmastide.

27. And not one spoke kindly to the Christ-child, though the cord with which he bound the toys had cut his fingers and his feet were sorely bruised.

28. Everyone the rather commanded him to work faster, saying, "make haste and deliver our toys unto us."

29. And on the day before the Christmastide the Christ-child was very sick; nevertheless, he still stood in the shop of the rich merchant and wrapped the toys that were sold.

30. But the multitude was greater than before, and they all cried with one accord to the hired servants, "make haste and sell to us."

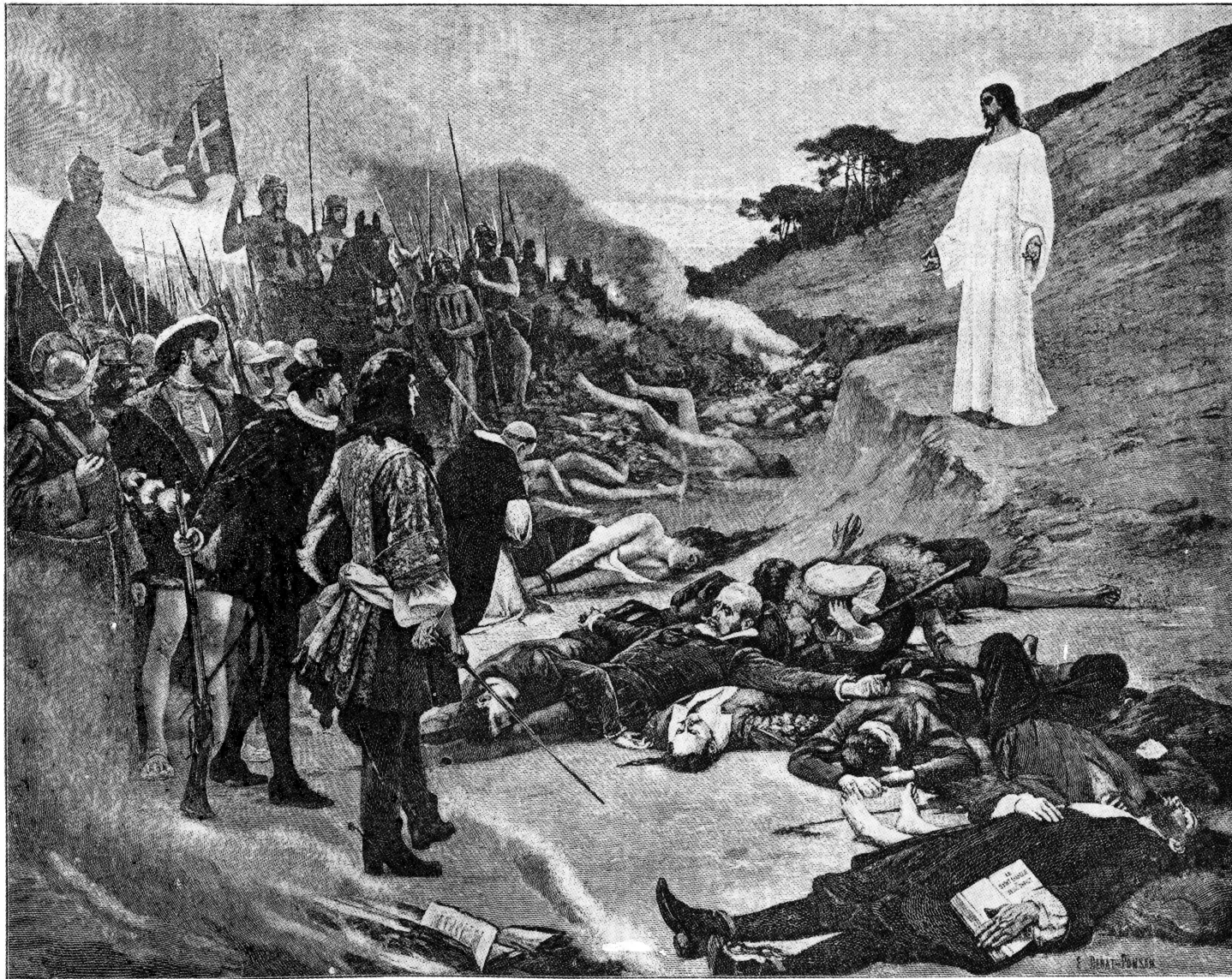
31. And the Christ-child feared the overseer, so that he could not cease from his work, but labored to render unto the buyers their toys which they had bought.

32. And it came to pass that at the close of the day, he was too weary and fevered to go to the bed which he had hired.

33. So he laid down to sleep on the floor, and knew not that it was not his bed.

34. And when morning came, one of the hired servants found the Christ-child laying on the floor, and sought to awaken him.

35. But behold, the soul had departed from him in the night.



Painting by E. Debat-Ponsan.

“This is My commandment, that ye love one another.”

THE COMRADE

Heinrich Heine.

A Biographical Sketch by John Spargo.

In the heart of France, in the cemetery of Montmartre, a simple stone with the inscription "Henri Heine," marks the grave of the greatest poet of modern Germany—the greatest since Goethe—Heinrich Heine.

It is not too much, surely, to claim this title for Heine, in spite of the critics. Judged an apostate by men of his own race; hated equally by Jew and Christian; called a "traitor to the fatherland" by his countrymen, and "that blackguard" by the dyspeptic Carlyle; his name is nevertheless enshrined in the hearts of million of people in all lands to whom he is the great poet—the matchless singer of the songs of love and sorrow; hope and liberty.

Heinrich Heine was born at Düsseldorf on the 13th of December, 1799, just fifty years later than Goethe, and whilst the immortal creator of "Faust" was still in full vigor. His parents were Jews, and though he was educated in a Jesuit monastery, he was brought up strictly in the Jewish religion. It was the fact of his being a Jew which made him so bitter, and which explains so much of his writing and of his life. The Jews were oppressed and treated almost as lepers. They were the "Pariahs" of society—the outcasts of the world. Even as a child Heine was the butt of his companions' ridicule and scorn, and it is easy to understand how it effected his sensitive soul. In later life it was still a great obstacle to him, and the words which he makes the little Jew, Hirsch of Hamburg, say in his "Reisebilder," may be regarded as the judgment of his own sad experience: "Doctor, the mischief take the Jewish religion! I do not wish it to my worst enemy. It brings nothing but abuse and disgrace. I tell you it ain't a religion, it is a misfortune!"

A similar effect of ridicule and scorn is seen in the writings of the English poet, Byron, to whom Heine felt himself drawn by the strange parallel in their lives. Lord Byron's clubfoot made him the object of his companions' ridicule, and all through his writings there is a consequent answering raillery and bitterness. Once, when a friend was trying to reconcile the great English poet by pointing out how many advantages he possessed, and among the greatest, that of "a mind which placed him above the rest of mankind," Byron replied bitterly, "If this (pointing to his forehead) places me above the rest of mankind, that (pointing to his club-foot) places me far, far below them." What his physical deformity was to Byron, his Jewish parentage was to Heine.

When he came to choose for himself a career he was confronted with the legal disabilities of his race. During his childhood Düsseldorf had been occupied by the French troops under Napoleon, and Heine ever retained a warm admiration of the genius of the conqueror of Europe. Of his genius only, be it remembered. He himself wrote: "My adoration is not for the deeds, but for the genius of the man, may this man be called Alexander, Caesar or Napoleon. I loved him boundlessly up to the eighteenth 'Brumaire,' when he betrayed freedom." With his admiration for Napoleon, who had done much for the persecuted race, Madam Heine entirely sympathized and intended her son to enter upon a military career. But the overthrow of Napoleon put an end to that hope, and the only profession now open to a Jew was that of medicine, for which Heine was unfitted. Much against his will he entered the office of his uncle, Solomon Heine, the wealthy banker and philanthropist of Hamburg. But it was soon seen that he had no capacity for the banking business, so it was finally agreed that he should study law, and, in order to be qualified for his degree, become baptized as a Christian, the expense of his education being borne by his uncle.

Accordingly he entered the University of Bonn in 1819, and after

only about six months' study there removed to the University of Göttingen. After his matriculation he removed to Berlin, where he studied philosophy with Hegel and others, but the cold reception accorded to his first volume of poems in 1822, disgusted him, and he returned to Göttingen and his law studies, taking his degree of Doctor in 1825, after having been baptized into the Lutheran Church. It is for this act of "apostasy" that Heine has been condemned almost universally. Yet he made no secret of the fact that he did so from necessity and not because he believed in it.

In 1827 he issued his "Book of Songs," which included the unsuccessful work of five years before. This work was received with rapturous applause and marked the commencement of a new era in German literature. The beautiful versification; exuberance of spirit; daring originality and mocking sarcasm of the songs revealed to the world that a great poet had arisen and at a single bound taken his

place with the immortals of all ages. Doubtless the disappointment of his unrequited love for his cousin, Amalia Heine, was the cause of much of the sadness and bitterness of the songs. Here again, his experience strikingly resembles Byron's.

The French Revolution of 1830 found in Heine a warm sympathizer, and he now turned politician and newspaper writer. In 1831, having, it is believed, received some rather plain hints from the authorities, he left Berlin and went to live in Paris, where he resided all the rest of his life. He wrote French as readily as he wrote German, and M. Thiers enthusiastically described him as "the wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire." His countrymen, envious, perhaps, denounced him as a "traitor to his Fatherland," but the charge was as senseless as it was untrue. All through his writings there are passages which speak of his love for his Fatherland, as, for example, in the witty poem "Germany," where he says:

"And when at length to the frontier I came*
I felt a mighty throbbing
Within my breast, tears
filled my eyes,
And I well-nigh broke into sobbing.

"And when I the German language heard,
Strange feelings each other succeeding,
I felt precisely as though my heart
Right pleasantly were bleeding."

No, Heine was really an internationalist, with, however, a strong, wholesome love for his native land. When, in straitened circumstances, he applied for and obtained, from the French Government a pension, "for those who had compromised themselves in the cause of revolution," he refused to be naturalized, and declared: "I shudder * * * when I am asked to do anything that in the least approaches a denial of my native country * * * No, the sculptor who has to ornament my last resting place with an inscription shall not expose himself to be accused of an untruth when he cuts into the stone the words: 'Here lies a German poet!'"

Equally unjust and stupid is the charge that he was a cold egotist who never felt any deeper sensation than that of his own pleasure. No one who has read the beautiful sonnet to his mother, and the many expressions of filial devotion that abound in his works can have failed to notice how strong was his love for the noble mother who alone understood his strange genius. And how beautiful, though sad withal, is the picture of the suffering poet racked by terrible disease, writing pious lies of his good health and serenity to his aged

*Bowring's translation.



HEINRICH HEINE.

THE COMRADE

mother in Germany that she might be spared the pain of knowing ought of the truth. Who but an impassioned lover could have written these beautiful lines?

Thy cheek incline, dear love, to mine,*
Then our tears in one stream will meet, love!
Let thy heart be pressed till on mine it rest,
Then the flames together will heat, love!

And when the stream of our tears shall light
On that flame so fiercely burning,
And within my arms I clasp thee tight—
I shall die with love's wild yearning.

The last stanza of the lines "To a Fisher Maiden" is certainly true of the great poet, and reads like a protest against the judgment of superficial critics. Equally strong and beautiful was his love for the simple, affectionate and cheerful Mathilde, his wife, and the heroine of his last great poetical work, the "Romances." At first they lived together in happy love-union without legal ties, and it was only when he was about to fight a duel in 1841, that a legalized marriage took place, at his desire, in order that she who was in very truth already his wife, might not be placed in a false position in the event of his death.

In 1844, the year of the appearance of his "New Poems," Solomon Heine died, and Heine, who had long received a regular allowance from his uncle and had been led to expect that permanent provision had been made for him, was astonished to hear from his Cousin Karl, whom he had once nursed through a severe attack of cholera, that the allowance would not be continued. Poor Heine! He had now a wife to support, and the life he had led in Paris had shattered his health. The shock he received when informed of his cousin's decision almost killed him. Fortunately a few friends, among them Ferdinand Lassalle, intervened in his behalf and ultimately Kari Solomon was induced to pay him an annual pension and to continue it to his widow in case of his death.

By 1847 his disease, a terrible form of paralysis, which, beginning with the left eye, spread gradually downward, had made fearful progress, and to his friend Laube, he wrote that but for his wife he would end it all by dying "like a Roman." Then, in May, 1848, came the great collapse. The poet, half blind and half paralyzed, had dragged himself by the help of a stick into the Louvre and there, while gazing at the Venus of Milo, as if struck with horror, he sank into a chair and burst into bitter tears. From that day he never left his bed, except for a change of

position in a large armchair, propped up with cushions. Year after year he lingered on, suffering terribly with the awful thought of suicide always haunting him, but he kept to his work bravely, composing his "Romances" in the years 1850 and 1851, and the collection, "Latest Poems," in 1854. The title of the latter shows that Heine must have felt that the end was now not far distant. But the work showed no diminishing of his power, and one of the poems, "The Slave Ship," is, perhaps, the most powerful of all his works.

It was about this time that the "Camille Selden" episode arose. For years Heine had been obliged to have a secretary, owing to his half-blindness, and it was a great blow to him when his secretary left him in 1855. With indescribable pain he wrote for a time not only his manuscripts but his letters, until his friend Alfred Meissner the poet, sent him a young lady who had long been a devoted admirer of his works, and who generously offered to give her services. This was the lady to whom he gave the name "Mouche," and whom the world knows as "Camille Selden." Her deep sympathy and the unity of her thought with his own awakened in the poet's bosom the hope that he had at last found that deeper, fuller, perfected love for which he had so long sought. For this he has been cruelly misjudged, but what can the world of strife and lust and hate know of love—perfect love—the poet's love?

But if Heine had at last found such love, it was alas, too late! Toward the middle of February, 1856, he became more ill than ever, and the faithful physician told him on the 16th day of that month that the end was near. A friend, anxious as to his future state, put to him the question how he was "Standing with God?" The sick man's eyes flashed, and with railing sarcasm he replied: "Don't trouble yourself, God will be sure to forgive me, for forgiveness is his trade." At four o'clock on the 17th of February, 1856, Heine breathed his last painful breath—the greatest of all the poets of modern Germany was dead.

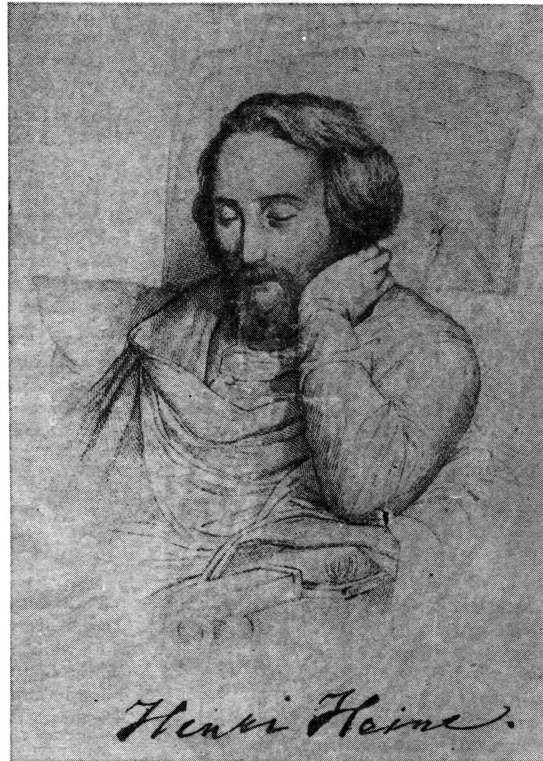
Three days later, on a cold, fog-laden morning, they laid the great poet in the cemetery at Montmartre, and amongst those who gathered at his bier was Alexander Dumas, who shed bitter tears. Although his poor body was terribly emaciated by disease, the coffin was extraordinarily heavy, and perchance the mourners recalled the poet's words:

"Do you know why the coffin
So heavy and great must be?
Because in it I laid my love
And with it my misery."*

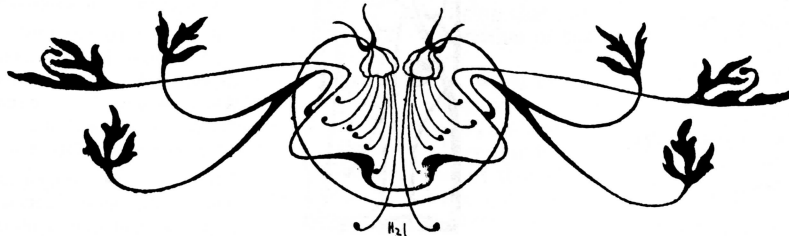
Poor Heine! He received a full meed of sorrow and of misery, but he bequeathed to the world a glorious legacy of undying and matchless song. And he was one of us in the sense that he ever strove against tyranny for the cause of freedom, and that he hailed with joy the future which we hail: and because he was one of us we enshrine him in our hearts.

*Bowring's translation.

*Leyland's translation.



HEINE IN HIS ARMCHAIR.



Selections from Heine's Poetry.

To a Fisher Maiden.

Translated by A. Baskerville.

Thou beautiful fisher maiden,
Speed back thy boat to the land;
Come hither and sit beside me,
Come chat with me hand in hand.

Repose thy head on my bosom,
Be not so timid and coy,
For daily with the wild billows
Dost thou not recklessly toy?

My heart resembles the ocean,
Has tempest and ebb and flow,
And many a pearl of beauty
Lies hid in its depths below.



In the Attic.

Translated by

J. L. Joynes.

The night-wind rushes overhead,
And whistles through the attic old;
There lie two starving souls abed
And shivering with the cold.

The one the other did bespeak,
"If thou wilt fold me in thine arm,
And press thy cheek against my cheek,
The cold will do no harm."

And then the other made reply,
"What matter hunger, cold, and care,
When I may look into thine eye,
And see the love that's there?"

They kissed each other, and they wept,
And sighed and talked, their care to kill,
And laughed and sang before they slept,
And then lay very still.

There came a coroner to see
The room next day, and certified
By help of a renowned M. D.,
What death these two had died.

"The bitter weather, I suspect.
With want of food", his worship saith,
"Has either been the cause direct,
Or hastened on their death.

"When frost sets in, the best of fowls
Are blankets to preserve our heat,
And my good doctor recommends
Sound, wholesome food to eat."

The Weavers.

Translated by J. L. Joynes.

Their eyelids are drooping, no tears lie beneath;
They stand at the loom and grind their teeth;
"We are weaving a shroud for the doubly dead.
And a threefold curse in its every thread—
We are weaving, still weaving.

"A curse for the Godhead to whom we have bowed
In our cold and our hunger, we weave in the shroud;
For in vain have we hoped and in vain have we prayed;
He has mocked us and scoffed at us, sold and betrayed—
We are weaving, still weaving.

"A curse for the king of the wealthy and proud,
Who had for us no pity, we weave in the shroud;
Who takes our last penny to swell out his purse,
While we die the death of a dog—yea, a curse—
We are weaving, still weaving.

"A curse for our country, whose cowardly crowd
Hold her shame in high honor, we weave in the shroud
Whose blossoms are blighted and slain in the germ,
Whose filth and corruption engender the worm—
We are weaving, still weaving.

"To and fro flies our shuttle—no pause in its flight—
'Tis a shroud we are weaving by day and by night;
We are weaving a shroud for the worse than dead,
And a threefold curse in its every thread—
We are weaving, still weaving.



1649. 1792. ???

Translated by J. L. Joynes.

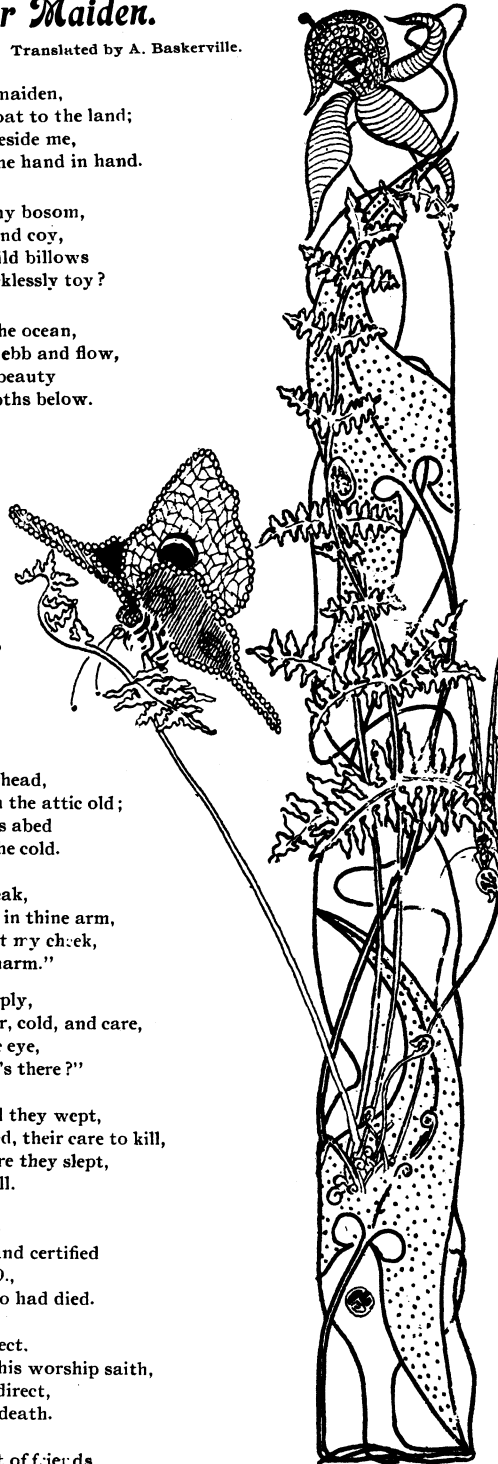
The Britons' behavior was hardly the thing
That it ought to have been when they killed their king.
Not a wink of sleep could his Majesty get
On the night ere he paid his final debt;
For still through the window there rang in his ears,
The noise at his scaffold, the taunts and the jeers.

And even the Frenchmen were scarce more polite:
In a four-wheel cab and a pitiful plight
They carried king Capet to meet his fate,
And allowed him no coachman or carriage of state,
Which a king by the rules of the old etiquette,
Whene'er he goes driving, ought always to get.

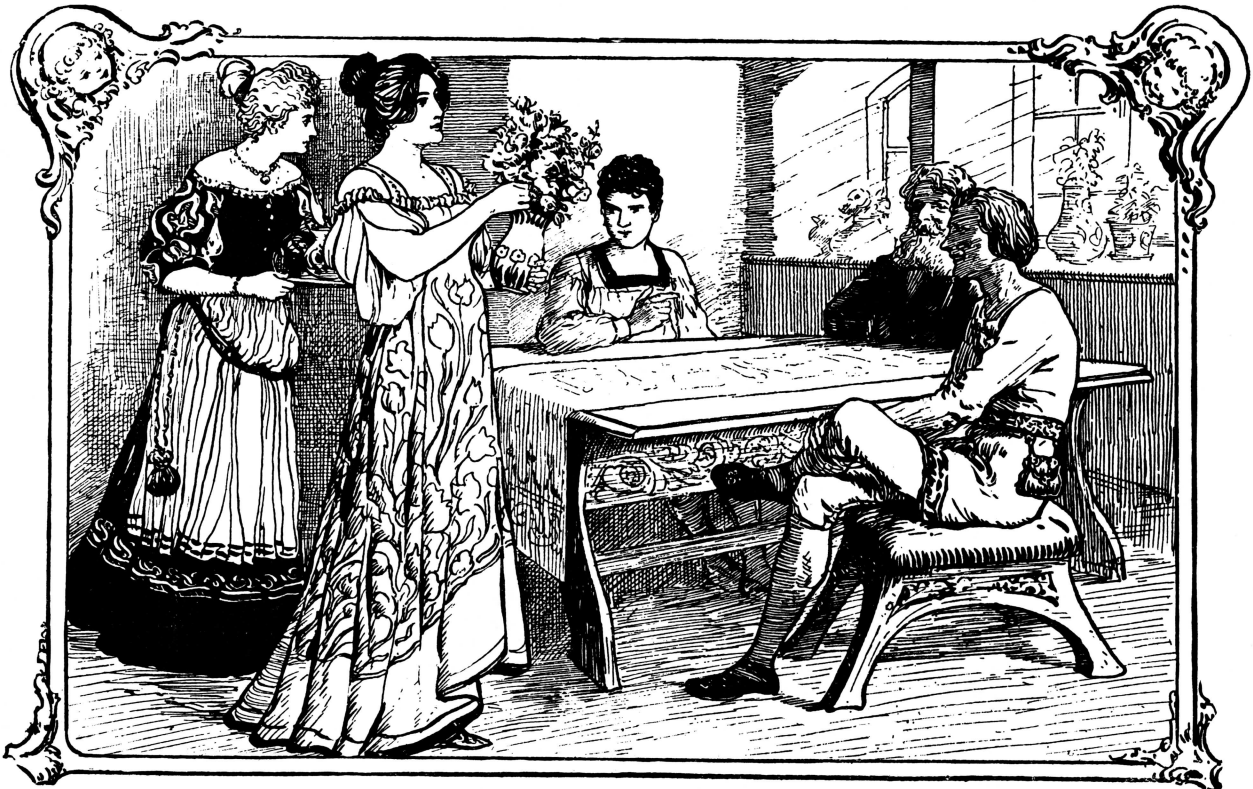
But a still more unqueenly, undignified part
Had the fair Antoinette for she rode in a cart;
And in place of her ladies-in-waiting she got
For her only companion a rough Sansculotte.
The widow of Capet thrust out in her scorn
The thick lip with which ladies of Hapsburg are born.

But Frenchmen and Britons have never been blessed
With a scrap of good-nature: good nature's possessed
By the German alone, who good natured remains
When the worst and the reddest of Terrors reigns.
The Germans would always his Majesty treat
With the utmost respect, as is proper and meet.

In the grandest and royallest chariot-and-six,
Whereto the sad servants black trappings affix,
With the coachman flooding the box wit his tears,
Will a German monarch one of these years
From all that might ruffle his feelings be screened,
And with royal politeness be guillotined.



Designed by
GARDNER TEAL.



Illustrations by H. G. JENTZSCH.

News From Nowhere.

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

CHAPTER III.

THE GUEST HOUSE AND BREAKFAST THEREIN.

I lingered a little behind the others to have a stare at this house, which, as I have told you, stood on the site of my old dwelling.

It was a longish building, with its gable ends turned away from the road, and long traceried windows coming rather low down set in the wall that faced us. It was very handsomely built of red brick, with a lead roof; and high up above the windows there ran a frieze of figure subjects in baked clay, very well executed, and designed with a force and directness which I had never noticed in modern work before. The subjects I recognized at once, and indeed was very particularly familiar with them.

However, all this I took in in a minute, for we were presently within doors, and standing in a hall with a floor of marble mosaic and an open timber roof. There were no windows on the side opposite to the river, but arches below leading into chambers, one of which showed a glimpse of a garden beyond, and above them a long space of wall gaily painted (in fresco, I thought) with subjects similar to those of the frieze outside; everything about the place was handsome and generously solid as to material; and though it was not very large (somewhat smaller than Crosby Hall perhaps), one felt in it that exhilarating sense of space and freedom which satisfactory architecture always gives to the unanxious man who is in the habit of using his eyes.

In this pleasant place, which of course, I knew to be the hall of the Guest House, three young women were flitting to and fro. As they were the first of their sex I had seen on this event-

ful morning, I naturally looked at them attentively, and found them at least as good as the gardens, the architecture, and the male men. As to their dress, which of course I took note of, I should say that they were decently veiled with drapery, and not bundled up with millinery; that they were clothed like women, not upholstered like arm-chairs, as most women of our time are. In short, their dress was somewhat between that of the ancient classical costume and the simpler forms of the fourteenth century garments, though it was clearly not an imitation of either; the materials were light and gay to suit the season. As to the women themselves, it was pleasant indeed to see them, they were so kind and happy-looking in expression of face, so shapely and well-knit of body, and thoroughly healthy-looking and strong. All were at least comely, and one of them very handsome and regular of feature. They came up to us at once merrily and without the least affectation of shyness, and all three shook hands with me as if I were a friend newly come back from a long journey, though I could not help noticing that they looked askance at my garments, for I had on my clothes of last night, and at the best was never a dressy person.

A word or two from Robert the weaver, and they bustled about on our behalf, and presently came and took us by the hands and led us to a table in the pleasantest corner of the hall, where our breakfast was spread for us; and, as we sat down, one of them hurried out by the chambers aforesaid, and came back again in a little while with a great bunch of roses, very different in size and quality to what Hammersmith had been wont to grow, but very like the produce of an old country garden. She hurried back thence into the buttery, and came back once more with a delicately made glass, into which she put the

flowers and set them down in the midst of our table. One of the others, who had run off also, then came back with a big cabbage-leaf filled with strawberries, some of them barely ripe, and said as she set them on the table, "There, now; I thought of that before I got up this morning; but looking at the stranger here getting into your boat, Dick, put it out of my head; so that I was not before *all* the blackbirds; however, there are a few about as good as you will get them anywhere in Hammersmith this morning."

Robert patted her on the head in a friendly manner, and we fell to on our breakfast, which was simple enough, but most delicately cooked, and set on the table with much daintiness. The bread was particularly good, and was of several different kinds, from the big, rather close, dark-colored, sweet-tasting farmhouse loaf, which was most to my liking, to the thin pipe-stems of wheaten crust, such as I have eaten in Turin.

As I was putting the first mouthfuls into my mouth, my eyes caught a carved and gilded inscription on the panelling, behind what we should have called the High Table in an Oxford college hall, and a familiar name in it forced me to read it through. Thus it ran:

"Guests and neighbors, on the site of this Guest-hall once stood the lecture room of the Hammersmith Socialists. Drink a glass to their memory! May, 1962."

It is difficult to tell you how I felt as I read these words, and I suppose my face showed how much I was moved, for both my friends looked curiously at me, and there was silence between us for a little while.

Presently the weaver, who was scarcely so well mannered a man as the ferryman, said to me rather awkwardly:

"Guest, we don't know what to call you; is there any indiscretion in asking you your name?"

"Well," said I, "I have some doubts about it myself, so suppose you call me Guest, which is a family name, you know, and add William to it if you please."

Dick nodded kindly to me, but a shade of anxiousness passed over the weaver's face, and he said:

"I hope you don't mind my asking, but would you tell me where you come from? I am curious about such things for good reasons, literary reasons."

Dick was clearly kicking him underneath the table, but he was not much abashed, and awaited my answer somewhat eagerly. As for me, I was just going to blurt out "Hammersmith," when I bethought me what an entanglement of cross purposes that would lead us into; so I took time to invent a lie with circumstance, guarded by a little truth, and said:

"You see, I have been such a long time away from Europe that things seem strange to me now; but I was born and bred on the edge of Epping Forest; Walthamstow and Woodford, to wit."

"A pretty place, too," broke in Dick; "a very jolly place, now that the trees have had time to grow again since the great clearing of houses in 1955."

Quoth the irrepressible weaver: "Dear neighbor, since you knew the Forest some time ago, could you tell me what truth there is in the rumor that in the nineteenth century the trees were all pollards?"

This was catching me on my archaeological natural-history side, and I fell into the trap without any thought of where and when I was; so I began on it, while one of the girls, the handsome one, who had been scattering little twigs of lavender and other sweet-smelling herbs about the floor, came near to listen, and stood behind me with her hand on my shoulder, in which she held some of the plant that I used to call balm; its strong sweet smell brought back to my mind my very early days in the kitchen-garden at Woodford, and the large blue plums which grew on the wall beyond the sweet-herb patch—a connection of memories which all boys will see at once.

I started off: "When I was a boy, and for long after, except for a piece about Queen Elizabeth's Lodge, and for the part about High Beech, the Forest was almost wholly made up of pollard hornbeams mixed with holly thickets. But when the Corporation of London took it over about twenty-five years ago, the topping and lopping, which was a part of the old commoners' rights, came to an end, and the trees were let to grow. But I have not seen the place now for many years, except once, when we Leaguers went a-pleasuring to High Beach. I was very much shocked then to see how it was built over and altered, and the other day we heard that the philistines were going to landscape-garden it. But what you were saying about the building being stopped and the trees growing is only too good news; only you know—"

At that point I suddenly remembered Dick's date, and stopped short rather confused. The eager weaver didn't notice my confusion, but said hastily, as if he were almost aware of his breach of good manners, "But, I say, how old are you?"

Dick and the pretty girl both burst out laughing, as if Robert's conduct were excusable on the grounds of eccentricity; and Dick said amidst his laughter:

"Hold hard, Bob; this questioning of guests won't do. Why, much learning is spoiling you. You remind me of the radical cobblers in the silly old novels, who, according to the authors, were prepared to trample down all good manners in the pursuit of utilitarian knowledge. The fact is, I begin to think that you have so muddled your head with mathematics, and with grubbing into those idiotic old books about political economy (he he!) that you scarcely know how to behave. Really, it is about time for you to take to some open-air work, so that you may clear away the cobwebs from your brain."

The weaver only laughed good-humoredly, and the girl went up to him and patted his cheek and said laughingly, "Poor fellow! he was born so."

(To be continued.)

THE IMMANENT GOD.

They spake to me of Him, God Immanent,—
Me, in sweat shop dying slow. I cursed
Them deep,—I drove them forth. The Trader's god,
Great Mammon, Him, I knew: O woe to know!

Oakland, Calif.

I 'scaped to hillside bright, aglow with joy,
With life,—to home exhaling love and light.
The God within me waked to wondrous power,—
My soul o'erflowed,—I lay in rapture deep:
God Immanent, I knew: O bliss to know!

FREDERICK IRONS BAMFORD.



Tolstoi.

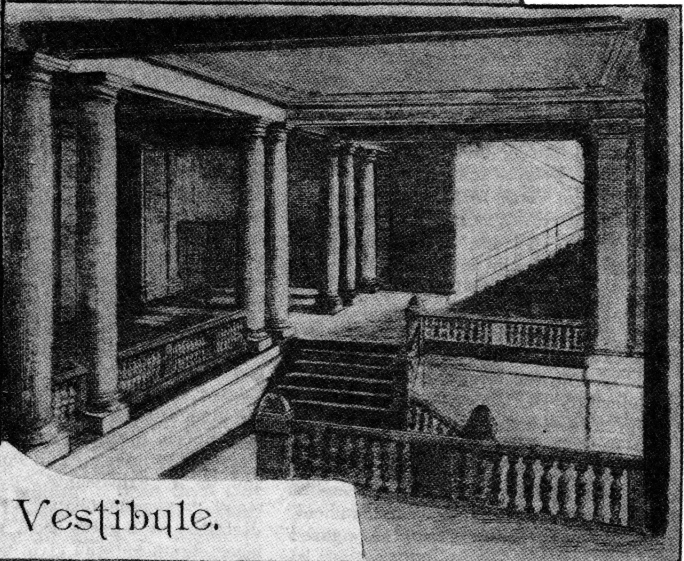
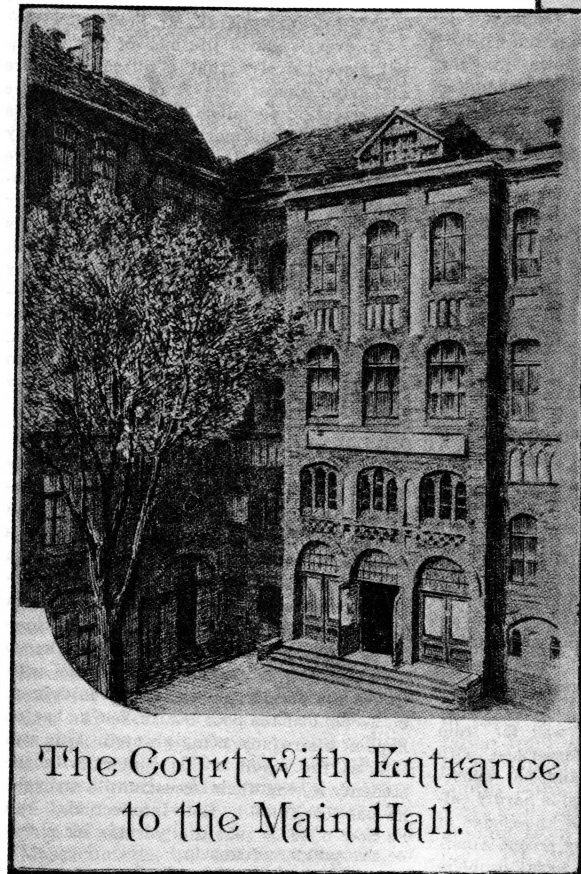
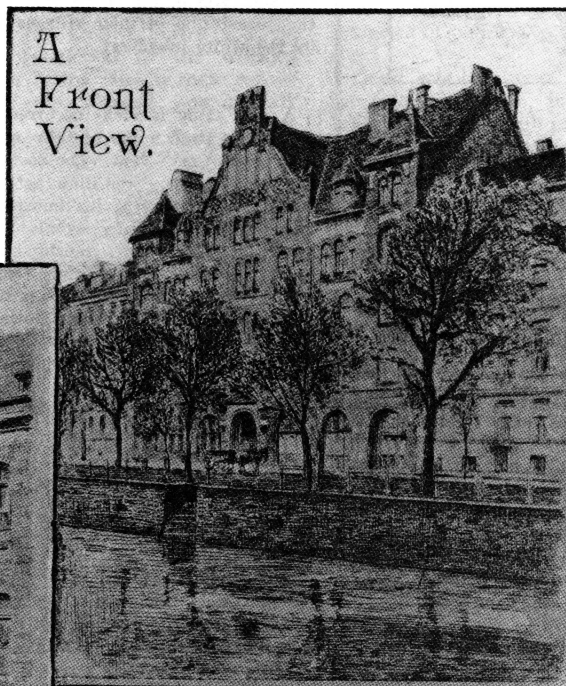
By ANNA STRUNSKY.

Apostle of a long-lost, unlearned creed
 This Titan Tolstoi! Martyred voices speak
 Through him, Tzar-cursed and clamorous, who seek
 In hunger-peopled steppe to sow a seed
 On which crushed, starveling hearts in full can feed.
 But strong in faith, he turns the peasant's cheek
 Towards smiting hand, still bidding him be weak
 And find sweet Christ's own peace, foregoing deed.
 Ah modern saint, vowed to restore God's right,
 Consistent Christian, white with service high,
 Earth's dispossessed are wakened by a light
 From other, man-lit torch. Hears he the cry
 Of freemen at life's door? Prepared for fight
 They stand—could love-bound Tolstoi
 bid them fly?

THE TRADE UNION HOUSE IN BERLIN.

With the growth of the Working Class Movement in every country of the world and the extension of Socialist activity everywhere, there have been built up, not only political organizations and a press that voices the demands of labor, but there have also sprung up buildings dedicated to the cause of Labor. So we have Labor Lyceums and Labor Temples in America, a "Maison du Peuple" in Brussels and other Belgian cities and similar institutions in other countries. We reproduce some excellent illustrations herewith of the Trade Union House in Berlin, opened a few years ago.

The Berlin Trade Union House is quite an imposing building, containing a large hall and some smaller halls, a library, a restaurant, a hotel and in fact anything to make it a comfortable club house for the workmen and at the same time fit it to be a center for labor's activity.



Some Views of the Berlin Trade Union House.

THE COMRADE

DECEMBER, 1901.



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As the Christmas season approaches, hearts grow mellow and instincts generous. Whether we will or not, we come under the spell of the message of "peace and good-will to men," bequeathed to the world by the gentle Peasant of Galilee. There is no greater paradox in history than that presented by the ethical precepts of Christ and the passions and hatreds of the men who have claimed his name. There is no greater chasm than that between his spirit and the spirit of "official" Christianity throughout the centuries until now. This is undoubtedly the thought conveyed in the remarkable picture by E. Debat-Ponsan, Paris, that we reproduce on another page. On one side stands the sorrowful Christ, and against him the motley crowd of bigots and despots who have brought hell to earth in his name. In the foreground of the picture may be seen Charles IX., of France, murderer of the Huguenots; beside him are Louis XIV. and Francis I., who stained the soil red with the blood of those who stood for progress and liberal thought. We may discern, too, the figures of the Crusaders and Popes, and at their feet lie the strewn corpses of outraged humanity. This picture indicts the life of to-day no less than the life of ages gone by. To China, to the Philippines, to South Africa, the "Christian" nations are still bearing the torch and the sword, in the name of Him who said: "This is My commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you."

* * *

Verestchagin, the great Russian artist, is probably the greatest military painter of the nineteenth century, and his vivid war pictures have won world-wide fame. He has sometimes been censured for making war appear so repulsive; but when asked why he insisted upon portraying the horrors, instead of the tinsel glitter and glory, of the battle-field, he replied: "I show you war as it is, and leave you to draw your own conclusions." The news that Verestchagin recently visited the Philippines and will exhibit in this country pictures of episodes of the war, is sure to be received with interest, and suggests the potentiality of Art as a moral factor. What could bring more vividly to men's minds the injustice of this miserable war than the pictures of a master setting forth the slaughter of the "little brown men" and the devastation of their villages and homes by the white invaders?

* * *

A refreshing incident occurred the other day in the French city of Lille, on the occasion of the Czar's visit. The Socialist Mayor refused to decorate and illuminate the public buildings in honor of the imperial visitors, and the people of the city also declined to hang out flags. When reprimanded by the Prefect of the town, the Mayor replied: "I do not regret having refused to use the flags of a Republican and Socialist town for the apotheosis of a sovereign. I reserve them for the day when the Russian people shall be free from the abominable yoke under which they are writhing." Bravo, Monsieur le Maire!

* * *

Contemporary novelists have, as a rule, shown themselves strangely indifferent to the materials for fiction that lie to hand in the struggles and ideals of the modern labor movement. Here is a field that offers promise for intensely dramatic writing; here is a romance to stir the heart of a poet. The novelist who succeeds in translating to his pages a great Socialist personality will create a new type in fiction. The author who succeeds in picturing the real pathos of the modern industrial tragedy may write the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of a new emancipation. That there is a growing tendency on the part of novelists to turn to the labor movement is shown by such books as Zola's "Labor." But "Labor" is a disappointing piece of work. The industrial "reforms" that it chronicles are entirely divorced from the main trend of economic evolution, and it lacks the organic thought that is the very heart and centre of latter-day Socialism. Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Marcella," too, was far from satisfying. The girlish type described, with her crude Socialistic creed and her subsequent recantation of her views, is hardly calculated to convey an accurate knowledge of the aims of Socialism. Among recent American novels touching on the social problem Mary E. Wilkins's "The Portion of Labor" and I. K. Friedman's "By Bread Alone" stand out prominently. Neither can be described as a great book, yet both contain much significant and vivid writing, and they are sure to stimulate thought. Mr. Fried-

man's story in particular, with its Socialistic hero and stormy strike, deserves commendation for its fine character-drawing and its fair treatment of Socialistic principles.

* * *

Herbert N. Casson, whose clever book on "The Crime of Creduity" won such well-merited popularity, has just completed a "History and Defense of the American Labor Movement," which will be published under the title "Organized Self-Help." The book describes the important part played by trades unions in the building up of the American Republic. It is the first attempt to write American history from the standpoint of the wage-workers, and throws a new light upon the origin and development of our institutions.

* * *

We have already had occasion to call attention to the humanitarian sympathies of the poet. It is very seldom that the poet is a conservative; far oftener he has been the champion of the suffering and oppressed. Edward Markham directs our attention to a very interesting utterance of Edmund Clarence Stedman, one of the greatest of American poets, and the author of the commemorative ode written to celebrate Yale's bicentennial. To a recent dinner, held in honor of Tolstoy, in New York, Mr. Stedman wrote:

"In every rank of life men of the first intelligence perceive that civilized races are advancing almost abreast toward a humane and scientific socialism. The movement is automatic, evolutionary, that of a tendency as absolute as what we call the blind force of nature. It goes on with geometrical progression. The outset of a golden year may be nigher than we dare believe. When its lustre comes it will be inclusive as day itself. Learned economic journals, now honestly loyal to their dismal science, report each inevitable failure of these 'too-previous' communes as another refutation of socialism. These very journals will so insensibly go with the drift as to become the voluntary exponents of the new order."

* * *

In connection with the striking story by Gorki that we print in this issue, it is interesting to note that this famous Russian author is still being persecuted by the Czar's minions on account of his participation in the recent student revolt. During the period of official investigation he has been banished from his native town, Nishai-Nowgorod, and has been commanded to take up his residence in Arsamas. Gorki has petitioned for permission to live in the Crimea, on account of his poor health, but he has no hope of his request being granted. It is said that as the result of his contact with the students during their recent futile struggle, he has lost faith in the "intellectuals," and he now believes that the working class will be the saviour of Russia. A.

— 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.

The Life and Work of Ira Steward.

By William Edlin.

Massachusetts is said to have enacted in her legislative halls the best and most favorable labor laws in the United States. In fact this is the common boast of the present-day politicians, of the great commonwealth; and, with important modifications, there is truth in the assertion. The leading State of famous New England can, indeed, show on her statute books a series of well-devised laws favorable to labor; and to no other man is due as much praise for influencing those laws as to Ira Steward.

During the two decades beginning with the War of Secession (1860-1880) the labor movement in this country had taken a long step forward. The number of labor leaders, many of undoubted talent and importance, that came into sight soon after the close of the Civil War was comparatively large. But without doubt no man has wielded such influence in favor of the betterment of the conditions of labor, and commanded as much respect for integrity of character and sincerity of purpose as the machinist, Ira Steward.

Being a workingman, who had himself well educated, possessing a rare intellect and keen powers of observation, with unlimited perseverance as a propelling motor, it was not at all difficult for Ira Steward to attain the high position that he held for many years in the ranks of progressive workmen. From his very early years he was intensely and actively interested in all questions that agitated the country, but never without a purpose. He always had in mind the labor movement. As a workingman he felt instinctively that his own life was inseparable from that of his class. The best years of his life were devoted to the cause he loved dearly, the amelioration of the condition of those whom we call wage slaves.

Ira Steward was an eloquent speaker as well as a brilliant writer. It cannot be said that he was thoroughly class-conscious, as the Socialists of the present day are. His historical knowledge did not go far enough to enable him to see the futility of relying upon the upper classes to bring about improved conditions for the workingmen. Much of his time and effort were wasted in appealing to capitalist philanthropists and politicians for aid. But he nevertheless achieved much. His influence in favor of labor was felt for many years, not only in the legislature of the State of Massachusetts, but also in Congress, at Washington, through such representatives of the commonwealth as Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, Banks and others.

The life purpose of Ira Steward was to bring about the realization of a uni-

versal eight-hour working day. Clear it is that this was not his goal. His active life gives abundant proof to the contrary. The eight-hour working day was to him only a first step to the entire abolition of the wage system, the entire dissolution of the capitalist class and the establishment of co-operation.

As early as 1863 we find Ira Steward as a delegate in Boston at a convention of the International Union of Machinists and Blacksmiths of North America, where he introduced a resolution declaring that the most vital question to labor throughout the United States was the permanent restriction of the working day to eight hours. In the same resolution, which was adopted unanimously,



IRA STEWARD.

Steward embodied the great truth, then not generally recognized, that a longer working day meant usually lower wages and that a shorter working day meant higher wages to the toiling masses. A separate clause provided for the creation of a fund with which to carry on the agitation for an eight-hour day.

From that convention dates the almost unceasing activity of Ira Steward in favor of labor legislation. The agitation fund was started by the International Union of Machinists and Blacksmiths with a donation of \$400.00; it was soon after increased by a like amount from the Boston Trades Assembly. Ira Steward rushed into print at once—pamphleteering and contributing articles to labor papers and all other papers that were willing to open their columns to him. He also took to the stump, lecturing before all kinds of audiences—always on the same subject, with ever

new arguments. He worked with a will. His heart and soul were in his agitation. From 1864 to 1870 every session of the Massachusetts General Court had to face the zealous apostle of a shorter working day, who appeared invariably before legislative committees, pleading for one labor measure or another. His earnestness, persistency and eloquence attracted the attention of many well-meaning, philanthropically-inclined persons of all classes. It did not take him very long to gather a small following of men and women who had considerable influence in political and educational circles.

Great was the joy of our agitator and his followers when, in the month of June, 1869, as a result of an order passed by the State Legislature, the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics was organized, the first of its kind in the United States. Henry K. Oliver was appointed Chief of the Bureau, with George E. McNeill as Deputy. Under the influence and inspiration of Steward, and under the more direct, although partial, supervision of his intelligent wife, the Bureau was conducted for the first four years in a manner that was satisfactory to all true friends of labor. For the first time in the annals of this country a voice favorable to labor was heard from an institution maintained by the State. In the annual bulletins issued by the Bureau the exploitation of women and children was severely condemned, the immoral and unsanitary conditions of New England factory life were statistically demonstrated, the brutality and rascality of both foremen and bosses were truthfully exposed, the shortening of the hours of labor and laws for the protection of the life and limb of the workingmen were stringently demanded.

But such aggressiveness on the part of labor agitators could be hardly tolerated by the upholders of capitalist "law and order." The reports of the Bureau were replied to by capitalist editors and economists, who, with the true instinct of the class they represented, combatted the principle of State interference in the relations of capital and labor. "Hands off!" all of these cried in chorus. They charged the Bureau with painting the conditions of labor in too dark colors. From the standpoint of these gentlemen there was nothing to reform, since—so they claimed—the large volume of money deposited in the saving banks was sufficient evidence of the prosperity of the laborers, the needlessness of higher wages and the recklessness of the demands of the Labor Bureau. But the persons in charge of the Bureau were wide awake. In their annual report of 1872 the ques-

tion of deposited money in the banks was carefully taken up. Basing their arguments on the reports of the Bank Commissioners and information volunteered by the large number of banks in the State, they proved indisputably that most of the money in the savings institutions were the profits on capital and not the savings from wages. This was too much for the capitalists. A storm of protests was raised against Steward and his friends—and their places were turned over to more "trustworthy" persons.

Ira Steward's ideas of the labor movement were clear and definite, considering the conditions under which he was living. This was best seen at the time when the wave of "money reform" swept across the country—the movement of the Greenbackers. Unlike the great majority of labor leaders who were swept along by the false current, many of them mistaking it for a beginning of true revolutionary activity, Ira Steward raised his voice in condemnation of this issue, showing intelligently how all money questions are matters concerning property owners only. At that particular

time it required much courage and unusual strength of character to take a rational stand on all labor questions. But nothing swerved Ira Steward from what he thought was his duty toward his fellow workers.

Never to the end of his life did our agitator slacken in his advocacy of the eight-hour working day. To him the achievement of this demand meant a stepping stone to labor's emancipation, an essential road to the co-operative social order. So deeply did he feel on this question, so enthusiastically did he plead for it with whomsoever he came in contact, that he succeeded in converting statesmen, the most prominent being Charles Sumner of Massachusetts. This renowned senator voted in 1868 against limiting the working day to eight hours, but four years later, through the direct influence of Ira Steward, he stated on the floor of the United States Senate that he was anxious to vote in favor of the law which he opposed in 1868.

It might be mentioned here that by this time Steward had enlisted in the eight-hour cause a large number of persons. In 1869 the Boston Eight-Hour

League was organized, a body that was for a long time the intellectual center of the labor movement in New England. Of course Ira Steward was the soul of the organization.

The great passion of Steward was to write a book on the subject, to which he was bending all his energy—the shorter working day. For years he had been collecting facts and all kinds of statistical data for the work that he was contemplating in the early sixties, under the title "Philosophy of the Eight-Hour Day." It was to be his life work. Unfortunately, his hope in this respect was not realized. After 1876 he came in touch with New York Internationalists, Dr. Douai being one of them. His new relations pleased him much, as is evident from the letters which he wrote to friends in New York. The death of his beloved wife in 1878 completely unnerved him. Fearing that his "Philosophy of the Eight-Hour Day" would never see the light, he hastened to the West, where he hoped to be able to devote all his time to his literary undertaking. But his health was already shattered, and on March 13, 1883, his life came to an end.



A LOOK FORWARD.



An artist's conception of how the Capitalist will degenerate if Labor leaves him and how he will look to visitors from Altruria some years after the establishment of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

A Matter of Definition

By Walter Marion Raymond.

Author of "Two Men and Some Women".

I.

"I think you treated Mr. Watson atrociously, Ruth; nothing short of it! Don't you, Bijou?"

But the stupid, beribboned little beast, supposed to be a dog, was inclined to neutrality in the matter. Mrs. Gordon gave him a gentle stroke or two by way of rebuke, and, turning again to her kinswoman, continued:

"Jennie wrote me all about the affair, and do you know I was so mad that I felt just like writing you a piece of my mind? Ruth, you are perfectly horrid! I mean it, every word!"

Miss Harrison caressed the violets she wore, smiling tolerantly the while.

"What would you have wished me to do, Florence?" she asked, with a mild uplift of her sweet gray eyes. "To marry a man whom I couldn't love?"

"Surely not, dear; but"—regretfully—"it would have been so nice if you could have loved him just a little."

"Why, Florence? Because he is rich?"

"No; not exactly. Why, Ruth, Mr. Watson is not bad-looking"—evasively. "There are times when he is positively handsome, and he is clever at all times. You can't deny that, dear."

"Clever or not, I couldn't love him, and this I think sufficient reason for not marrying him," answered Miss Harrison, spiritedly.

A full minute elapsed before Mrs. Gordon spoke.

"You know what I believe, Ruth?" she then said.

"A great many things, I presume, Florence."

"I believe—in fact, I know—that you still love that—that fellow—oh, what's his name?"

Ruth made no effort to enlighten her. She knew her cousin's lapse of memory was feigned.

"You know well enough whom I mean," cried Mrs. Gordon. "Origen Newton—old Origen Newton," she spitefully jerked out.

Ruth colored. It was impossible to conceal the irritation she felt.

"There now! I knew you loved the old thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, triumphantly. "Oh, Ruth Harrison! Ruth Harrison! What is the matter with you that you could throw away such a splendid chance as you have done for a fellow like Newton?—a man poor as Job's turkey hen, with no push or ambition; a man who will never amount to anything—an absolute failure!"

"An absolute failure!" repeated Miss Harrison, a touch of exasperation in her voice. "That depends upon one's definition of failure, Florence. If unswerving loyalty to truth regardless of the consequences; if whiteness of soul, if utter forgetfulness of self, if love for others that runs into an absolute passion—if these, the things that make for Godhood, count for nothing, then, of course, Origen is a failure, for all the wealth he has is that of character, of soul. He has always lived for others. He gave himself a sacrifice for his mother and brothers. Is all this nothing? To me it is everything. I am that queer I love him because he is good."

Mrs. Gordon laughed gratingly. With all her beauty and winsomeness, Ruth would insist upon being "peculiar," and it was a hopeless task to quarrel with her about it; but, really, the conventional Mrs. Gordon couldn't help it sometimes. Ruth was so provoking.

"By the way, he had a good position on the *Bulletin* at one time, didn't he?" pursued Mrs. Gordon.

"Yes, as journalistic positions go; but his opinions on economic questions were not in accord with those of the men in control of the paper, and rather than prostitute himself, as so many editors do, he gave up his position."

"I see. He is one of those unfortunate men in advance of their time! My! I can't see why men won't be sensible and take things as they are."

Ruth, not wishing to pursue further a topic so painful to her, deliberately changed the subject by saying:

"Isn't it time Jack was here?"

"Not exactly; but if they aren't here about four o'clock, they won't come till nine. I believe that's the hour the next train from Madison is due in Chicago." Mrs. Gordon looked at her watch. "Ten minutes of four," she remarked. "My! won't Jack be delighted to see you! Darling boy! You have no idea how he has grown, Ruth. He is huge, Jack is, and so handsome. You won't know the child; I'm positive you won't. And he is getting on beautifully at the university. Why, his progress is something wonderful, marvelous. But I want you to meet his chum, Will Winthrop. Will is perfectly lovely. He comes of the old Massachusetts family of Winthrops, but, more than all else, he is very wealthy. His father, they say, was a millionaire, and Will being his only child, of course inherits everything. He is perfectly devoted to Jack and Jack to him. Really, I never in all my life saw such devotion."

II.

"Why, Ruth! You dear, dear old girl!"

And Jack Gordon, one of the athletic prides of the University of Wisconsin, took his pretty Virginia cousin into his arms, and, taking full advantage of his cousinly license, kissed her again and again, while his mother stood regarding the scene with a stupidly adoring smile about her waferlike lips.

Jack's chum, Will Winthrop, stood a few steps away, awaiting an introduction to Miss Harrison. Young Winthrop was not the superb athlete that Jack Gordon was, but Ruth thought his face the sweeter, the more refined of the two, and his smile won her at once by its warmth and winsomeness.

"You are from Virginia, Jack tells me?" he said to her when they were seated.

"Yes; I am a Virginian."

"How interesting! Somehow, I have always loved Virginia and Virginians. She has produced some great men in her time—Jefferson, Henry, Mason. Jefferson was the greatest of them all, of course. At least, I think so," he added, smiling, "because he was the dangerous man, the radical, the revolutionist of his day. But wise as he was, he didn't know it all. He was not inspired, nor did he make the claim to speak for generations to come."

"As his disciples believe," said Ruth.

"His disciples!" repeated Winthrop, with a show of disgust. "Why, they have degenerated into a mere lot of fossils. They can't see, or they won't see, that the political and economic conditions of to-day, brought about by capitalism, render Jefferson's ideas of government obsolete, if not ridiculous. But enough of political economy. Pardon my dipping into it. I have yet to learn that everybody is not as interested in it as I. Yes, I have a warm place in my heart for old Virginia," he said, after a pause. "Do you know I owe my life to a Virginian? That I was saved from a most horrible death by a young man from your State?"

"Why, no!" cried Mrs. Gordon. "When did that occur?"

"Tell them about it, Will," said Jack. "It is a deucedly pretty story, I think."

And the lad crossed his legs and settled himself to listen with as much interest as if he had never heard the story.

"Yes, do tell us all about it," chimed in Ruth, her face all eagerness. "Stories of heroism and self-sacrifice are my de-

light. They make me grow; I fall in love afresh with humanity."

Winthrop ran his fingers through his wealth of dark hair; then, looking full into Mrs. Gordon's face, said:

"You never turn a tramp away unfed, do you? Of course not," he added, blushing. "Pardon the question."

"Yes, I do—every one of them," cried Mrs. Gordon. "The lazy, filthy bums!"

The young man winced before his hostess' unblushing acknowledgment of the fact.

"Some of them are, Mrs. Gordon, but not all, not all," he said, shaking his head sadly, almost mournfully. "I knew one who was not, and I believe there are others—thousands of them—who are not bums."

Ruth's eyes were fixed on the refined, unhaired face, beautiful with tenderness. How like the face of the handsome young Socialist she had loved for years! Verily, Will Winthrop might have passed for a younger brother of Origen Newton's.

"Well," said Mrs. Gordon, who had little of the altruist in her makeup, and was brusquely matter-of-fact in her way of getting at things, "what's all this talk about tramps to do with your life being saved by a Virginian?"

"It has everything to do with it, mother," exclaimed Jack, magnanimously coming to his chum's rescue. "The fellow who saved Will's life was a hobo—no, not exactly that," amended the youth, coloring, "but he was on the ragged edge of hobohood. That's why Will feels so kindly toward the hobo contingent, see! But pardon me, my dear boy," laying his hand on Winthrop's arm. "It is you who have the floor, not I."

Winthrop smiled indulgently. A little more polishing and poor, big-hearted Jack would be as fine a diamond as one could wish.

"Yes; the man who saved my life was on the ragged edge of hobohood, as Jack expresses it," said Will. "I found him on the lake shore at Winnetka one, November afternoon five years ago. He was a young man about twenty-four."

Ruth started, causing the speaker to pause and look at her. "I was fifteen at the time," he resumed. "But, boy that I was, he impressed me at once as an unusual being. His face was one of the most refined I have ever seen—a rare combination of strength and sweetness—and the weariness, the pallor of it, served only to intensify its refinement. His voice was most winsome, with the charming accent of the cultured Southerner. Having won my confidence, he told me he was out of work and was then on his way to Chicago in hopes of getting something to do. He was hungry—very hungry, he said, at last, hesitatingly, blushing, as if he were confessing a crime. He had not tasted anything for a day and a night; it was so repugnant to him to beg, but he could keep from it no longer, he was so weak from hunger, and then it wasn't so hard to ask food of a child. The young were more generous, less suspicious, than the old. Stirred to my depths with sympathy for the poor fellow, I led him to the house, confident that mother would give him all he wanted, and more, for my sake if not for his, as she never denied me anything. But imagine my astonishment, my chagrin, when she angrily turned him away without the least compunction. She didn't encourage laziness, she told him, and when she had closed the door upon him she gave me a lecture on my 'absurd conduct,' calling me more than once 'a ridiculous infant.' But she failed to convince me that I was any such creature, and when she turned and went up to her room, I stole to the kitchen and coaxed the cook to stuff my pockets with the best things to eat she could find, and off I darted in search of the young man, resolved to find him if I had to follow him to Chicago. After an hour I came upon him in the oaks between Sheridan Drive and the lake shore. I never saw anybody so moved as he was. He wept outright, and, putting his arm around me, hugged me to his heart. We walked back to the lake shore and sat on the sands in the sunshine. 'Never let them kill the Christ in you, son!' he said, 'for if they should, you would become a dead soul, and the world is full of dead souls!' With

this speech, strange to me at the time, he leaned forward and traced the word 'Love' on the sands, but he had hardly done it when a huge wave came and wiped the letters out. Awe, reverence, love came upon me, inspiring strange, beautiful thoughts. I thought of the Master who had not where to lay his head, and of his deep, wise sayings, and, looking out over the blue waters of the great lake stretching away in seeming endlessness like the ocean, I thought of the Sea of Galilee, beside which he had loved to walk."

Ruth sat oblivious of everybody and everything save the speaker and his story. She had eyes only for his face, ears only for his words.

"That night, making confederates of John, our coachman and Annie, our chambermaid," resumed Winthrop, "I got the poor fellow snugly to bed on the hay in the barn, John having given him the key, and Annie, dear girl, having smuggled for his use sheets, blankets and a pillow, when mother's eyes were not upon her. And, knowing that he was warm for the night, I went into the house and shortly after went to bed myself; but, in spite of it all, I felt mean to think of his lying out there, that fine soul, in the same building with the horses, as if he were not human, while I lay like a young lord in my luxurious bed. But what could I do? I would gladly have shared my room, even my bed, with him, if I could have done it."

Again Winthrop stopped, looking into the wet eyes of the girl before him.

"A little after midnight," he went on, "I was awakened by the violent sensation of being seized and lifted out of bed. Opening my eyes, I saw it was he—my tramp friend—who held me in his arms. The house was afire, and he had rushed to my rescue. This much I realized, but I was so dazed by the suddenness, the excitement of it all, I could do nothing but lie passive in his arms, while with a strength I should not have dreamed he possessed, he bore me as if I were an infant along the hall and down the stairs through the stifling smoke and roaring flames. Mother, surrounded by a crowd, stood on the lawn, calling frantically for me, and when I was put down, safe and whole, before her eyes, her joy was indescribable. It was then that, looking upon my rescuer, who was modestly slipping away, she recognized the poor fellow whom she had turned from the door. Overwhelmed with remorse as much as gratitude, she sprang toward him and started to throw her arms about him, when he closed his eyes and would have fallen but that we caught him. The strain had proved too much for the poor fellow, and, worse, it was found he had been fatally burned. From that moment until he died, a week later, he was the hero of the household, indeed of all Winnetka. Mother hovered over him day and night, the most tender and devoted of nurses. I was with him all the time; I didn't want to be anywhere else, I loved the brave, sweet soul so; and he loved to have me near him, and would lie for hours holding my hand and looking at me. Once—it was the night before he died—he said I reminded him so much of a little brother who had died when he was about my age."

Ruth was sobbing as if her heart would break. Big, strong Jack, too, had tears in his eyes, and he wasn't ashamed of them, either. Mrs. Gordon was alone unmoved. She was one of your "practical" women, and hence "took no stock in sentimentalism"—a term she applied indiscriminately to everything beyond her comprehension or appreciation.

"Ah! you have no idea of the grief that was ours when he left us, he had grown so dear to us," sighed Winthrop, going on with his story. "Poor mother! It put into her a new heart, a new spirit. As for myself, I cannot tell you the ennobling, hallowing influence his life and death have had, and will always have, upon me. I live in the perfume of his memory. I have but one ambition—to live as he lived."

"To live as he lived!" repeated Mrs. Gordon, aghast.

"Yes; to help rid the world of selfishness and injustice; to help make it a decent place for men and women to live in. This is what he lived for, and it is what I live for. I can see

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no other reason for existence, no other justification for my being here."

And this from the son of a millionaire! Mrs. Gordon shuddered, alarmed for the sanity of the youth. The idea of his going crazy over an old tramp like that and worshiping his memory just like he was some lord or king! She had no patience with such "sentimentalism"—not she. But maybe Will would outgrow it all in time. He was young, poor child—only twenty—and needed contact with the great world to bring him to his senses.

Coming out of these reflections, she asked:

"Why didn't you take the fellow to Virginia to bury him, Will?"

Poor Jack moved uneasily in his chair, there was something so grating in his mother's question and the manner in which it was put. "Hang it!" he ejaculated, mentally. This seemed to give him some relief, and he looked toward his chum as the latter proceeded to answer his mother's question.

"Well, he had expressed no wish to be buried in Virginia, Mrs. Gordon, and as he had no near kindred living, mother declared he belonged to us and that his remains should rest among our dead. So we buried him in Rose Hill."

"I guess you've got a grand monument over him," pursued Mrs. Gordon.

Jack squirmed, groaning inwardly.

"It is a very nice one, bearing his name, with the dates of his birth and death and an appropriate Scriptural quotation—those words of Jesus, Miss Harrison"—here Winthrop turned instinctively to Ruth, knowing they would appeal more strongly to her than to Mrs. Gordon: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

"They are beautiful," she said, softly. "Words more fitting could not have been found to inscribe on the tomb of such a man."

Then she leaned toward him with a strange look.

"Mr. Winthrop," she began, in a semi-whisper, and then she stopped with an unasked question in her eyes.

"What is it, Miss Harrison?"

"What was his—you—haven't—told—us—his—name?"

She had got the question out at last, and she flinched as one anticipating a physical blow.

"His name was Newton," said the youth, slowly, hushedly, as if it were a name too sacred to take in vain.

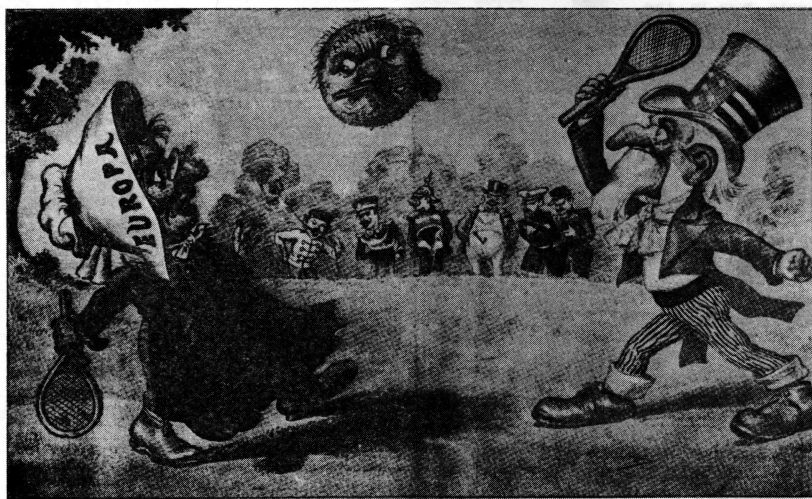
The color ran from her face. Even Mrs. Gordon felt sorry for her.

"Origen Newton?" she asked, in an unsteady voice.

"Yes; Origen Newton," he said. "You knew him, then?"

"Yes; I knew him—and loved him."

And she sank back, closing her eyes. And the hush of the sepulchre fell on all in the room.



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I'm glad that there is Christians,
Said little "Migsey" Teal,
Because when Christmas comes around
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Whenever Christmas comes around
The "good 'uns" does their stunts
And the wrinkles in yer stomach
Gets all took out 't once.

I hates the bloomin' Socialists,
For if they had their way
I'd never do no business;
I'd be eatin' every day.

If it was'nt fer them Christians
Us fellers what is small
Instead of eatin' Christmas
Would never eat at all.

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How Hall Caine entered the Keys.

We had stirring times lately in this quiet old town of Ramsey. No event of such importance has happened since the old Vikings landed here and swept with fire and sword the countryside from the foot of Seaca Moll to the Lhane. But in this, our time, the pen has taken the place of the sword, and the poster has supplanted the torch, and revolutions happen and people know it not.

Hall Caine, our great Manx novelist, has become a politician, and now represents Ramsey in the ancient House of Keys—perhaps the oldest European parliament; and all this has taken place in one short week!

Hall Caine has studied social conditions in many lands—from sunny Italy in the south to snowy Iceland in the north, and from the Tyrolean Alps in the east to the Rocky Mountains in the west. As a result, he starts his political career with a fund of information and experience that would stock half a dozen ordinary politicians for a lifetime, and (what is more to the point), with an intense desire to remove the disadvantages and remedy the evils—social, moral and political—that oppress the working classes.

Let me tell you how we dragged him from his household gods in Greeba Castle and sent him to the House of Keys.

A vacancy having occurred through the resignation of our late member, Mr. Hall Caine was sounded as to his willingness to serve us in the ancient assembly. For several days there was doubt and uncertainty. Meanwhile, another candidate was in the field. We were informed (unofficially) that Mr. Hall Caine had refused to stand. But on the eve of nomination day it was decided that a final attempt should be made. We started at eleven o'clock that night on our 40-mile journey by road.

The rain fell in torrents. The thunder-claps were incessant, and the countryside was lit up with continual flashes of lightning. Seven of us composed the deputation—and a sorry company we looked. Some of us had not been in bed for two days, and most were unwashed and unshaven—bedraggled and weary. A wire had been sent off during the evening to Greeba to announce our intention. Off we rattled with restive horses—and a couple of trusty drivers on the box—along the Lezayre Road, one of the most beautiful in the United Kingdom, with Barule and Snaefell on our left, and the flat northern plain, allowing occasional glimpses of the far-off light on the Mull of Galloway, on our right. We pushed on over the swollen torrents, and through dark glens, past Sulby and Ballaugh and Michael, past solitary thatched cottages—the inmates startled in their beds by the crashing of the thunder and the bellowing of the blast, wondering what uncanny spectral carriage was rumbling past their windows, with steaming horses and flashing lamps, in the darkness beyond.

At long last, about half-past one, amidst a perfect salvo of heaven's artillery, we struggled up through the trees to where we saw a bright light burning. It was our beacon. Five minutes later Mona's most illustrious son was shaking us by hand and ushering us into the warmth and glow of his beautiful home.

We looked anything but imposing, with our grimy faces, dishevelled hair, limp linen and mud-stained garments. Our eyes were red and bloodshot for want of sleep. But under the travel-stained exterior our host saw a firm determination, evidenced by our presence there at such an hour, and before we had time to urge our mission, with ringing voice he cried: "I will come to Ramsey and fight." Whereupon we raised a cheer that made the furniture rattle. We shook each other by the hand, we shook our host by the hand and we shook our hostess by the hand, and then began it all over again, reversing the order.

The storm was all forgotten. Supper was served, and we fell to with a good will. But all things come to an end. Our host even placed beds at our disposal, but we scoffed at the idea. Some of us there did not see a bed until the result of the poll was declared.

We started for home. The atmosphere in that car seemed less stuffy, the springs seemed easier; we spoke all at once, we laughed unanimously, and we smoked incessantly. The storm was abating; the stars came out to look at us, and faded away. At daybreak our weary horses after their night's experience, with hanging heads and wet flanks trotted slowly into Ramsey. Half an hour later Ramsey knew that Hall Caine was to be our candidate, nay more, he was to be our member.

It would take too long to tell of how the town turned out to welcome our candidate; of the packed Pavilion, where he delivered a speech that marks a new epoch in Manx history; of old men that sat crying the whole time he was speaking, and could not tell you why; of the strange London reporters and artists; of telegrams from papers in London and New York, asking for the result of the procession from the Municipal Offices to the Pavilion with our elected in a carriage drawn by thirty Manx fishermen, singing lustily "Ramsey Town," "Ellan Vannin," and "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," the while. All this will live in the memory of Manxmen.

But let us see whether these events have any interest to the great outside world. The old order of government worked fairly well in the old days. But the later days have seen the great race for gold begun. Trusts, syndicates, companies, speculators and stock exchange gamblers increase daily. They have reached our little island home. They have brought upon us the cruellest calamity that has ever befallen us. A few unhappy men, imbued with the lust for wealth, have scattered to the four winds the hard-earned savings of the people. The present system of government has proved itself utterly incapable of raising a finger, either to prevent the crash, or to give to the world a word of confidence in the stability of the island, the blow having fallen. At the present moment our credit is gone, and yet, as a nation, we are as solvent as ever we were.

On this fallen fabric we must build up a new constitution, with Socialism as its basis. A Young Manx Party has arisen, and Hall Caine is its leader. Our island is small, and its frontiers are as immovable as the wave-swept rocks that guard our coast.

Our race is pure and distinct, with its own customs, habits and character, and until recently, its own language. We are a distinct nation, making our own laws and administering the same. Our old policy was to legislate in the wake of the British Parliament.

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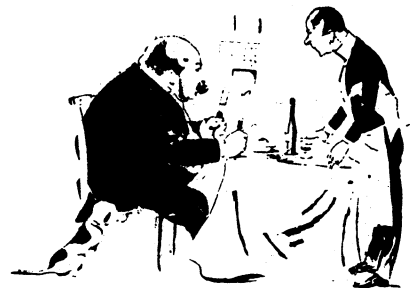
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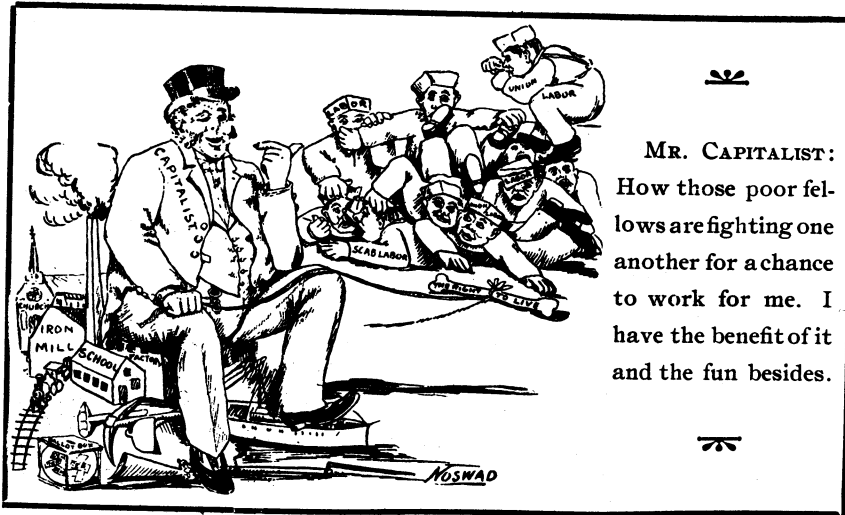
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