

# THE COMRADE



"WASHING DAY" FROM A CRAYON STUDY BY J. F. MILLET.

## THE COMRADE.

# A Point of View.

By George D. Herron.



I.  
WITHIN the struggle for life is a deeper struggle, seldom translated into consciousness; yet it is the power by which all struggle persists, and by which life endures and unfolds. I mean the struggle for life without struggle; for life that has learned to work with itself instead of against itself, progressing through fellowship rather than collision; for life at one with itself, co-operative with all its facts and forces, moving upon a plane of experience that has left dualisms and antagonisms behind; for life that shall blend peace and serenity and harmony with intensity of growth and achievement. This struggle for life without struggle is the soul of the struggle for life; it is the heart and reason of history, the secret hope of revolutions, the hid treasure of religions.

### II.

I might as well have called it the struggle for freedom; for, in the last analysis, freedom is but another name for co-operation, while tyranny and slavery are conditions that inhere in competition. It is the lack of co-operation, the yet unattained knowledge and practice of it, that makes history seem like a boundless and pitiless charnel house, and that makes the cost of each little, compromised step of progress so vast and destructive. And, so long as we fight and plot our way through competition, history will tell the same red tale of human waste, of the heaping of baffled and mangled generations of men one upon another. So long as our minds and resources are under the compulsion of conditions that make us fight with one another for bread and truth, just so long will the bulk of human product and the flow of human energy make for slavery and destruction. For we belong to whatever possesses our attention. To be forced to struggle against a thing is to be owned by it. To dwell amidst friction is to be consumed. The individual or the society may seem to unfold through strife for a little while, but the end thereof is death. Where struggle and adversity bring forth their one man, they blight and slay their millions. We are free just to the measure that we may use and direct all our forces constructively, without the disaster and disorder of forces that oppose and obstruct. Co-operation is a state in which we liberate and build one another; a state in which human attention is changed from aggression and defense to fluidity and growth, and the freedom and perpetual enlargement of experience; a state in which the whole world-life flows creatively into the life of each individual, instead of the world life that now is, armed to the teeth against every new-born babe, who must fight with

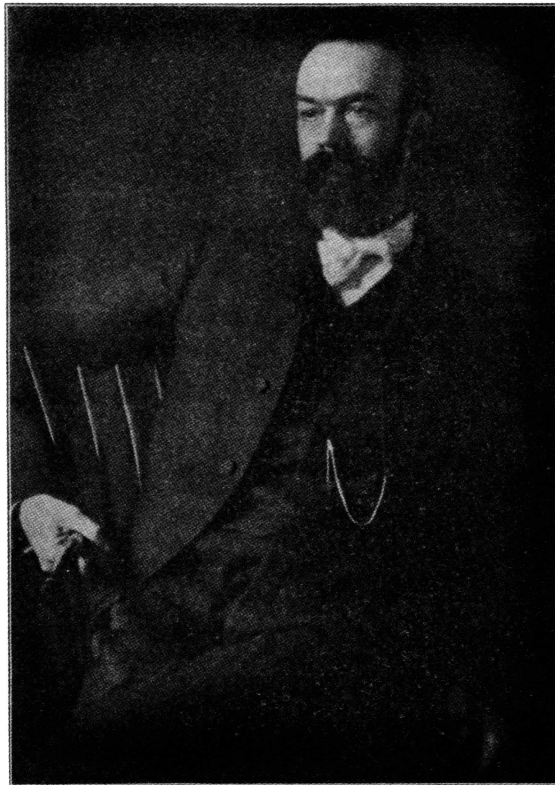
it a pitched battle for survival, from the dawn of consciousness. Competition or struggle is a state which begets the often unfit survival of the strongest. Co-operation is that freedom which will result in the fitting of all to survive—making each man a world-blossom and a world-joy.

### III.

Or I might call it the struggle for a will—a will on the part of man to really and fully be. A selected and freely willed movement of life, strifelessly and endlessly ascending, seems to be the whole effort of nature or the universe, so far as it expresses itself in man, or makes itself known to him. And, so far as we know, the will of man is the mightiest fact or force the universe has brought forth; it is upon the growth of this will to stature and self-knowledge that the future of the universe waits. Still, the will of man is nothing yet—nothing compared with what it is to be. Not yet has man a will concerning life; he has evolved neither the power nor faith nor courage to think what kind of a world he would like to have, or to select the materials for the building thereof. We are as yet but the evolved; we must become the evolvers. We are as yet but the made or created; we must become the makers or creators. We are as yet but victims, scourged on our way by fright and desperation and suffering; we must become the free choosers of our development and experience. We are indeed but children crying in the dark, without mind or purpose concerning life, or agreement as to what we shall call the light; we must have a common mind to co-operate, a sustained will to work together as members of a common life, a social will to love and be free. Upon the unorganized world-materials must the arrogant love-will of the race-man be brought to bear. The collective man must take the world in hand and make it, depending only on the power that worketh in him, waiting not for any power in the heavens above or impersonal powers in the earth beneath. And that will be light, and there will be no more darkness; and all will be heaven, and there will be no more hell. For each man shall have the full fruits of his labor, and the full protection and joy of the common love, with complete liberty over his own life.

### IV.

For the end of this social will, this co-operation of all men for the full good of each man, is that each may individualize himself according to his own mind—each following the will and leadership of his own love, each soul a sacred ark, with neither tyrant nor priest nor meddler to lay hands thereupon. It is the love of liberty that makes for the co-operative life, and the fruit thereof will be the liberty of love; for love and liberty are



GEORGE D. HERRON.

## THE COMRADE.

one. The end of love is that each may be free—free to live an original and unfeared life of his own. The end of liberty is that each may love—may contribute his life in his own way to the world-life, which shall at last become an ecstasy to each man.

### V.

I have said that the full-grown human will will be social because there is no way of having a good world save by our all having it together. The brotherhood of man is a scientific fact, rather than a sentiment; only it has been a terrible fact, up to the present time, bringing unreckonable judgments and torments upon the race. We have been brothers in competition and misery as yet; it waits for us to become brothers in life and labor, in beauty and happiness. There is no escape from this law of the inseparability of human interests, and there ought not to be. What happens to any of us ultimately writes its record upon all of us. The tides of the race's life rise and fall with each man's pulse-beat. The life of the world constantly tends to the level of the downmost man in the world, and it ought to be so. There is no freedom for any man save through the freedom of all men; and there is no freedom for all men so long as any man has withheld from him the full product of his share of the common labor, or the full inflowing of the common love. Could any man be free or safe or good without all men being free and safe and good, then a spiritual or ethical life would be impossible.

### VI.

It is fear that holds back the coming of the social will—the cruel and haunting fear of the unknown. Not yet has even science dared to look life in the face from the human viewpoint. The universe is so vast and menacing, and the common life so perilous and hostile toward each of its members, that we still seek new cities of refuge from life, or rather old cities under new names. Willlessly and ghost-driven we wander, threatened by masters of souls, trembling and servile before masters of bread and wages. We have sought refuge in the idea of fate; in gods and priests; in rulers and governments; in natural laws and economic developments. And man still seeks for something outside of himself, outside of the will of the brotherhood, to do for him that which he only for himself can do. So long as man looks to the skies for help, or for some abstract law or tendency in nature, and evades the responsibility that lies upon the human will to become social and sovereign, just so long will fear of the unknown remain the wretched foundation of our calculations and institutions, and upon that foundation will religions and governments build; and just so long will the forces that work against us appear so vast and resistless, so pitiless and relentless, and the will of man as nothing in their presence, while the gods we drive from our back doors will by our front doors return, re-armed and re-named in the interests of the world's owners.

### VII.

But the gods are dead, and the time is over-ripe for the coming of man—the collective man, who shall be both creator and creation, taking the world in hand and making a home of it at last. It is for this that the world travails in birth-labor and pains, and for this the Socialist movement comes, summoning man to the creation of his own world, and to a life that shall be lived in the name and for the good of man. It is true that the socialist pivots his world-revolution upon the question of bread; but it is not because he regards bread as the end of life; it is rather that he regards life as the end of bread. Men do not live by bread alone, that is true; but until all men have equal and abundant bread, bread that shall be as free and certain as the air we breathe or the light of the sun, no man may truly or ethically live.

### VIII.

Even if there were a god who could come to the earth and make a kingdom of heaven for man, both man and his god-

made kingdom would be a failure; and so would be the god. Any kind of a world that could be made for man instead of by him, any freedom or good not the fiber and flower of man's own experience and choice, would be but the freedom or good of death. Freedom cannot be granted or given or handed down; it can only be achieved. No power outside of man can give freedom unto man; he can win it only by his own self-affirmation in the face of the known and the unknown, rising out of the dust and failure, out of the long sorrow and doubt of baffled and purposeless effort, into the creative might of the full-grown social will, which the winds and the waves and the stars must at last obey. Nor can any class hand down freedom to another class, or the capitalist and his retainers give freedom to labor; for only labor can achieve labor's freedom, or preserve it when won. The freedom of the working class, and the consequent freedom of humanity, can come only through the solidarity and socialized will of that class. It is the freedom which is rich and red with experience that counts; the freedom which is achieved that is real and enduring.

### IX.

Another way of saying that the social will is held back by fear is to say that its coming has been prevented by religion; for official religion is but the organization of our fears. It is not because we have faith that we stretch forth imploring hands into the unknown; we pray and propitiate because we have no faith, but have only the fear of life upon us. And the offices and interests of religion lie in keeping us prostrate with praying and propitiating. For if we should freely look life in the face and have a mind of our own concerning it, if we should will and co-operate and create instead of fear and beg and compete, what would become of the vast ramifications of religious institutionalism—this hideous and colossal parasite that subsists by the blood and labor of the disinherited toilers it yokes to their masters, and by the destruction of the human will and the prostitution of our human life? The miner who digs climate from the mines of Pennsylvania, the wasted children in the southern cotton mills, the consumptive woman in the sweatshop—these are they who create the billions of wealth that towers in our steeples and drones in our rituals, and that preaches the blessings of the ancient and continuing curse of submission. It is by means of their hell that the priest is able to cheat them with his heaven. Religion has always been the foil of the owning class: first, to keep the exploited in subjection; second, to alleviate the fears of the exploiter. For the tyrant is always afraid; tyranny is intensely superstitious. There is no such pitiful slave as Nero, save the modern capitalist, who endows universities. The free man has nothing to fear, and is never afraid. What has he to do with danger or death or disgrace? He has only to preserve the integrity of his own soul by living the truth of his own life, and so help to loosen the bonds of the world.

### X.

And it is through fear that we fight as well as pray. It is not because men are brave that they turn to making war upon one another, but because they are cowards. The soldier's calling is in truth the most cowardly of all callings, the lowest in the scale of human choices, the occupation nearest to the brute instincts which we are so slowly and painfully outgrowing. The standing armies of the world are the universal proclamation of the cowardice of humanity—especially of its rulers and teachers, and their capitalist owners. The present revival of militarism is but a passing reversion and decadence of the nations; the strenuous life that it exalts, glorifying brutality and collective murder as the ideals of worth to be striven for, is but a reassertion of our beast ancestry. And it will pass. It has come because our modern life has taken fright at the enormity and complexity of the problems that confront it. We have fled at our first timid look at life, and have taken to fighting as a refuge from our fears.

XI.

Up to the present time, no problem of life has really been solved; no question has been answered; no revolution has completed its circuit; no initiative has been finished. Upon each historic drama has the curtain been rung down before the real players have taken their places. The quality of progress we have had has been through evasion rather than through solution. There have been reforms and reformers, revolutions and their programs; but there has been no real radicalism as yet. No movement has yet gone to the roots of life and proceeded therefrom. The fundamental problem of life has not yet been faced. With life's simplest elements we are yet unfamiliar.

XII.

It is only when the whole of mankind is lifted above the struggle for food, when all the resources of the earth and the fruits of labor shall be commonly and equally enjoyed through their common ownership and distribution, that we may really begin to inquire into the meaning of life. So long as the mass of human beings are swallowed up in the uncertain and devouring struggle for bread, so long as practically the whole of mankind is but grist for the world-mill of economic might, so long as the heart and brain of the common life are exhausted in a pitched battle for something to eat and wear, so long as some people own that upon which all people depend, so long as one class is able to live off the labor of another class, so long as our economic system makes the life of each man a desperate and sickening game of chance, just so long will the real problem of life be an impertinence and the question of ethics a ghastly hypocrisy. If we are ever to have a fit world for free men to live in, a life that shall be truly noble and beautiful, perpetually enriched with inquiry and daring, prolific in idealism and radiant with a common good will, we must begin with life's economic foundation, and see to it that the whole produce of labor goes to the laborer. Then may we have a secure and truthful point of view from which to look out upon life and declare how it may be made good. Then may mankind so grow in the knowledge of life that the life of each man shall at last become a world-ecstasy.

## She is Great.

By J. William Lloyd.



LOVE, be great, that in degree  
And equal part my love of  
thee  
Be born of wind and sky and  
sea!

*And who is great?*

Lo, she is great who, 'neath my breast  
Fills all my heart with high unrest—  
"Forget me, love, to love the best!"

And she is great whose love of me  
Knows naught of rival, jealousy,  
Or any mean monopoly.

And she is great who bids me dare  
My highest truth for garment wear,  
And all my message forth declare.

And she is great whose eye, I see,  
Full often dreams, forgetting me,  
In worlds of great ideals to be.

*And she is great!*

O, love, be great, that all my soul  
May worship thee, and find Control  
And Largeness written on thy scroll.



## Egyptian Economics

By Prof. Thomas Rott.



It will be remembered of one of the Egyptian Kings, taking advantage of the seven years' famine, "stabilitated Society" and conferred upon his people the blessings of private ownership of land by himself, assuming for the Court the duty of owning it all.

It would be incredible that the Better Element should do anything wicked; indeed it seems to have done only what enlightened patriotism suggested to enhance values; accordingly it gave the proletariat employment cultivating the beloved land, that the better classes owned.

To strengthen government it encouraged religion; it endowed chairs for professors of magic; it made waterworks on the Nile and spent money lavishly on Pyramids and other luxuries, so as to circulate money and to furnish wages to the working classes.

Later, when the problem of Jewish pauper labor confronted it, its King attempted to reduce the surplus population by having the infants killed, and later, finding that the idle are always the discontented, he accomplished by a simple device what our leading economists have attempted by indirect methods; he created a demand for domestic products, raised the price of

stubble, and made abundant work, by checking the flood of cheap straw for making bricks. He seems to have been pleased when the Israelites finally went away, carrying with them all the agitators, as well as some valuables: probably he saw that the consequent surplus of exports over imports would secure to him a favorable balance of trade; but, on finding that it was mostly gold which went out (in the shape of jewelry) he endeavored to turn the tide by encouraging immigration, and to secure eastern capital by force.

Capital, however, proverbially timid, fled across the sea; there was "a period of liquidation which exposed much rottenness," and a true panic seems to have swept over the country. When prosperity returned and values again increased, the poor got the insane idea that they had to carry the whole weight of the increase.

To allay this discontent, the Pharaohs instituted foreign wars and increased their Army and Navy. Colonial expansion provided an outlet for the dissatisfied masses.

It is not clear what led to the final ruin of Egypt, but it is surmised that the lower classes would not go to the country and that when the Assyrians came the unpatriotic proletariat stupidly refused to strike in defence of their tenement houses.

Such is the depravity of Man.

BOLTON HALL.

## Millet: The Painter of the Common Life

By Leonard D. Abbott.

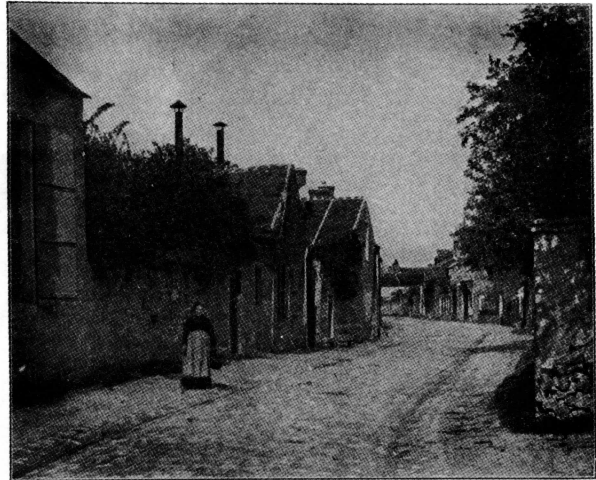


OUT of a stern, gray house in the little French hamlet of Gruchy came Jean-Francois Millet. His boyhood was spent among farmers, husbandmen and fishermen. He took his part in rough outdoor life; tended cattle, or wandered down over the granite cliffs, listening to the murmur of the sea. His grandmother, a devout peasant woman, schooled him in reverence. His uncle, a priest unfrocked by the Revolution, trained his intellect in knowledge of Virgil and the Bible. His father, the precentor of the village church, taught him to read the book of Nature, showing him a blade of grass, or a flower, and saying: "See how beautiful; how the petals overlap; and the tree there, how strong and fine it is!"

When the boy first began to draw, it is hardly likely that he received much encouragement from those around him. What business had a poor peasant lad with drawing, anyway? But draw he must, whether others praised or scoffed. He kept on sketching the familiar objects before his eyes—peasant figures, the garden, the stables, the fields and the animals that passed. By the time he had reached his eighteenth year his talent compelled recognition. His father consented to journey with him to the neighboring town of Cherbourg, and there they consulted together an artist named Mouchel. Mouchel was astonished at the sketches brought to him, and at first refused to believe them genuine. When convinced that they were Millet's work, he exclaimed: "This boy will become a great painter."



J. F. MILLET. From a Crayon Study by himself.



Street in Barbizon showing Millet's Studio and Home.

*Courtesy of The A. Wossola Co.*

Several years later Millet made his way to Paris. The clay of the fields was still on him. His fellow-artists dubbed him "the man of the woods." He was so awkward, so uncouth, so visionary; he lacked the graces and refinements of the gilded salons. Millet, for his part, has told us that the great crowds oppressed him with a strange sense of loneliness, and that he was home-sick and longed for the country. But one day he climbed the stairs of the Louvre, and looked upon the work of Michael Angelo. He was overwhelmed by what he saw, and the memory of that day lived with him always. Paris did not seem so lonely after that.

A "man of the woods" Millet remained until the end. His destiny could not be accomplished, nor could he be true to his own ideal, so long as he remained in the city. For a time it seemed as if the very integrity of his nature was threatened. He deserted his sturdy peasant studies for conventional "nudes." His art achieved no real distinction or recognition. He was forced by his necessity to paint anything and everything that came his way—even sign-boards and advertisements. Only after twelve long years of struggle and privation was he able to win the financial independence that enabled him to become the master of his own life. In 1849, at the age of thirty-five, he renounced the city life and set his face toward the country. Thereafter his home was in Barbizon, on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau.

Amid the freshness of the fields, touching primitive things, his spirit was renewed, and his purpose became strong. He rented a laborer's cottage buried in foliage and flowers, and found himself looking out once more upon peasants and simple folk as they came and went about their daily tasks. Instinctively he turned to the portrayal of their lives; and under his hands there grew the most wonderful epic of the common life that the world has ever seen.

These peasant figures of his loom up as the eternal, the universal, types of oppressed humanity. They do not appear to us as distinct individualities. Gleaners, potato diggers, gardeners, herders—their faces lie back in the shadows. Their dull forms are what we see.

It has been truly said that the dominant note in all Millet's genius was one of sympathy. He felt to the heart of him

## THE COMRADE.



"The Sower." From the Lithograph by J. F. Millet.

the tragedy of the drudging, uncomplaining lives of these peasant neighbors. He made his art a thing of service to them. He put them on canvas that the world might see their plight, and, seeing, might have compassion.

Most terrible of pictures is "The Man with the Hoe." No wonder that this bowed figure, with its mute appeal, its heart-rending import, was resented in an age of artistic trifling! On the strength of this picture Millet was accused of being a Communist, of inciting the peasants to revolt. The characteristic reply that he made to his accusers is contained in a letter to his friend, Sensier:

"I see very clearly the aureole encircling the head of the daisy, and the sun which glows beyond, far, far over the countryside, its glory in the skies. I see not less clearly the smoking plough horses in the plain, and in a rocky corner a man bent with labor, who groans as he works, or who for an instant tries to straighten himself to catch his breath. The drama is enveloped in splendor. This is not of my creation; the expression, 'the cry of the earth,' was invented long ago."

Millet's "Death and the Woodcutter," which is reproduced herewith, was refused admission by the Paris Salon in 1857. In the bitterness of his heart he exclaimed: "They believe that they will make me bend, that they will impose upon me the art of the Salons. Ah, no! Peasant I was born, peasant I shall die. I wish to say that which I feel. I have things to describe as I have seen them, and I will remain upon my soil without retreating a *sabot's* length, and, if need be . . . I will fight, too . . . for honor." But Gulliver need hardly have fretted at the antics of Lilliputians. This picture is not in lack of endorsement from Salons. Where men who labor have suffered and died, its meaning is plain. The gaunt form of Death ever stands beside the worker—beckoning, beckoning.

"The Sower" has become a world figure. Who is there that does not know the lines of this somber picture? Who

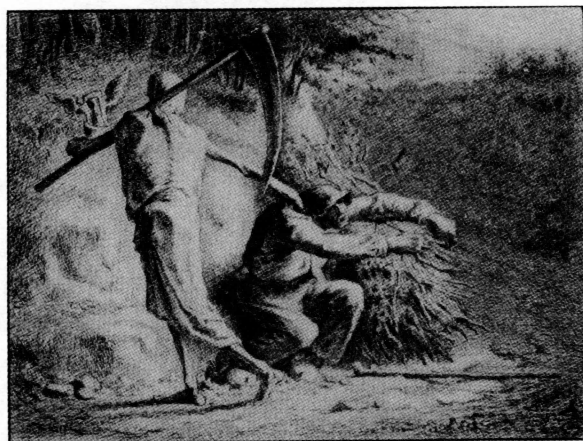
has not felt the mystery of this proud form and all that it portends? Here is the great Type of Labor, of the Proletaire. Here is the very Symbol of the pioneer spirit, of the courage that dares against great odds. Doubtless Edwin Markham caught the painter's meaning in the rebellious lines:

"With the august gesture of a god—  
A gesture that is question and command—  
He hurls the bread of nations from his hand;  
And in the passion of the gesture flings  
His fierce resentment in the face of kings.

This is the Earth-god of the latter day,  
Treading with solemn joy the upward way;  
A lusty god that in some crowning hour  
Will hurl Gray Privilege from the place of power."

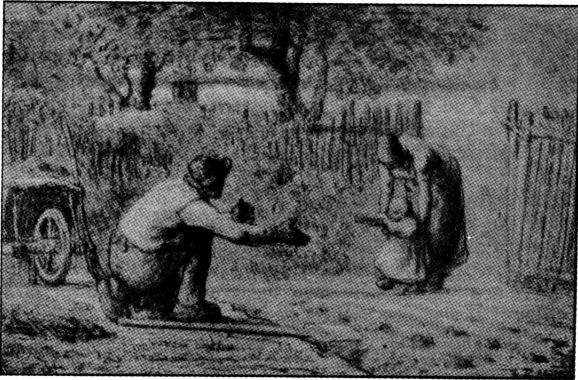
There can be no doubt that Millet's life was keyed in the minor. He could not drink to the full the cup of joy while others suffered. And yet he cannot be set down as a pessimist, or as one indifferent to the beauty of the world. He was happy with his wife and little children, and has given us, in "First Steps," and others of his pictures, exquisite idylls of family life. His nature studies reveal a man whose being was ever responsive to the quiet lines of the hills, the sweep of the plain, the changing sky. We know that he loved the twilight and the fragrance of country things. His peasants, crude though they be, have yet a certain human and universal dignity. They carry with them the atmosphere of Carlyle's words:

"Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Scepter of this Planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; *thou* toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread."



"Death and The Woodcutter." From the Oil Painting by J. F. Millet.

## THE COMRADE.



"First Steps." Crayon Study by J. F. Millet,

The closing lines of this immortal tribute to labor remind us of Carlyle's, as of Millet's, limitations. We resent the injunction to "toil on," without hope, as we resent Millet's "Angelus," with its lesson of patient submission to wrong. We demand rather a paean of revolt that shall bring the light into these lusterless eyes. We long to quicken the hot blood and set it coursing through these dull bodies, We would kindle in these hearts the flame of some mighty revolution.

But Millet seems to have been content to record. His sensitive soul received and gave back impressions. He ventured no prophecy. Yet surely at times he must have dreamed. And who shall tell us the dreams that he dreamed? Who shall ever know the vision that came to those grave and tender eyes? He must have looked onward and forward; he must have aspired to the time when the crouching figures he depicted should stand upright. He must have known that some day the common life of the world would come into its own.



## An Industrial Miracle

By Horace Traubel



ONCE visited a Pennsylvania coal mine. Two decades and more of time have passed since I slumped in its black hollows. But I am still in that mine.

I used to think that I could find a way to comfort myself in hell. But how could I find a way to comfort myself in a coal mine? I used to think that it might be pleasant to die in battle. But I have died many deaths in a coal mine and never found one of my deaths pleasant either to the flesh or the spirit. And I had one prejudice which made me think it might be disgraceful to die fighting for my country. And I had another prejudice which made me think that it might be glorious to die laboring for my country. I used to hear the preachers talk about some bottomless pit. But I have taken the preachers to the coal mine. And the preachers have never since threatened men with hell. The preachers have threatened men with the coal mine.

Back of one set of my eyes is another. And I have lived to see the unseeable.

For I have lived to sit with the Coal Commission. And the Coal Commission has enacted a miracle. And by that miracle I find history revised. The gentle, unsparring miracle that lifts a veil and enables me to see life as it is. The gentle, unsparring miracle that makes black white and cowardice valor in the magic transpositions of its genius.

And let me tell you of that miracle. That miracle whose substance is the sunlight.

You love the sunlight. So do I. And you like to be on the top of the earth with the flowers. And so do I. And you are in the habit of inferring that fresh air is better than stale. And so am I. And you have supposed that the top of the earth has living advantages for the human biped. And so have I.

You are mistaken. I am mistaken. The sunlight is a snare. There is nothing at all on the top of the earth worth contending for. It is as wholesome to swallow coal dust as wheat. It is just as much all right to live all our days in the darkness as to live all our days in the light. The man mole is as well off as the man robin.

You do not concede this? Very well. Come and be convinced. Sit for a few days with the Coal Commission.

The Coal Commission does not play its trick to your credulity.

It covers the palm with fact. It brings you witnesses. It offers you proofs in all sorts and conditions of wear and tear. It offers you proofs disguised and proofs on the level. And before the mass of its testimony your sorrowful prepossessions throw up their bloodless hands.

The doctor is called to the stand. The doctor touches the veteran Bible and oaths himself to the commonplaces of truth. The doctor would not swear to what he does not know. Does the doctor ever pretend to know anything of which he is not absolutely certain? The doctor swears. And when the doctor swears your docility is sacred. And so the doctor gives the Commission and gives you some little tips on the subject of health. He shows you that it is healthier to work in a mine than to run a farm. He shows you that the human body is as well off interdicted as left free. He shows you that it does not matter what sort of atmosphere the lungs breathe. The lungs know their business. And it is the business of the lungs to breathe and to ask no questions. A rebellious lung is as bad as a rebellious workman. No good doctor in the pay of the operators will condone a trade union lung. And whether the mine lung breathes bad air or good, it is all one in the result. The doctor assures us that it is so. And he ought to know. For if it is healthy to live in a mine then it must be healthy to breathe bad air. There is no getting away from that. There are words for it in books written by men who never saw a mine. There are figures for it in medical journals edited by doctors for doctors at so much per yard. And if this was not true it might transgress the doctor's creed. Or his pay. Sometimes creed and pay are one thing. And if you hurt the creed anywhere you might be quoted as a friend of disease. And that would prove that it is not after all so very healthy to live in a mine. But as we have the word and the pay of the company doctors for it that it is healthy to live in a mine your apostate lungs will have to accustom themselves to the non-union conditions. And that is how the doctor's logic convinces you that it is healthy to live in a mine.

Here comes a plain workman who will corroborate the doctor's professional audit. And the plain workman is all over scars. One of his eyes is gone. He has a hitch in his breathing apparatus. You can hear his wheeze all round the court room. He is lame in one leg. He has a couple of fingers out of joint. But the workman knows. The workman is paid to

## THE COMRADE.

know. Or the workman is promised a better job. Therefore the workman knows. The workman says that the occupation of the miner is not hazardous. He says it is as easy to breathe when the air is full of dust as when it is impeccable. He tells us that accidents do not hurt. Accidents are stimulants. If a miner has accidents enough he need not spend a cent on whiskey. An accident is so much stock in trade. The miner gets stronger after each accident. And if the miner kept on chronically having accidents he might live on forever. This shows how healthy it is to live in a mine. And you have this not from a boss or an auditor who takes a nap at midday under an arbor of roses, but from a hero of a hundred accidents who points to his own wounds as an unimpeachable collateral. This workman has gone the highest working miner one better. He has got the lowest boss job. That shows how healthy it is to live in a mine.

And the statistician. He, too, is called. To him figures are an art. What the others do with words and pictures he does with figures. He shows that two and two make four. Therefore it is healthy to live in a mine. And he calculates that if there is an explosion in a mine and ten men are killed intact and seventeen wounded and twelve blown into pieces, then we have exactly thirty-nine articles of evidence that it is healthy to live in a mine. For, if it is not healthy to live in a mine, how can this man turn prophet to the arithmetical gospels? For you know that figures do not lie. And the figures say that any proper corpse has as many toe joints as any living man. And if that does not prove that it is healthy to live in a mine we should abolish the multiplication table. For sentiment might say that it is not healthy to live in a mine. But figures can back up the worst air any time. And if you wish to discover whether it is healthy to live in a mine you must not go into the mine and try to live, but you must stay outside and study the reports of the coroner. For the coroner knows how healthy it is to live in a mine. For the coroner reports to the statistician so many deaths from various incidents of mine tragedy. And if nothing else could prove that it is healthy to live in a mine death should prove it. If this is not so why is the statistician summoned to exhibit the wonders of his tables? The statistician, whose shelves are full of jack rabbits. Jack rabbits, you know, always have demonstrated that it is healthy to live in a mine.

I look across your way. You are still doubtful. And yet I see that your confidence is somewhat shaken. Many witnesses are called but few are chosen. This time the scab. The scab tells how he loves liberty. He loves liberty first, last, and all the time. He would rather give up a small wage for a bigger one than surrender one jot of his liberty. There is nothing really the matter with the scab. He is only the scab. That is all. You may think that is enough. Anyhow, he is the scab. And the scab says he did not scab in order to improve his income, but because he loved liberty. Therefore it is healthy to live in a mine. Any man who sees liberty through non-union spectacles seems to see that it is first-rate fun to live in a mine. The scab tells us how eager he is to work full days and all day and all night. And he tells us how sorry he is that he must sometimes sleep. And how, if he could, he would rather build his house below your cellar than over your roof. For he knows that the mine is so healthy that any being grown accustomed to its exhilarations finds it difficult to breathe in the open air. And when he comes from the mine wet to the skin and chilled to the bone he is the best sort of evidence that the mine is dry and warm and therefore cosy nurture ground for the healthiest life. For you may doubt the fat superintendent. But you cannot doubt the man who is wet and cold. And when this man comes to you a living document of icicled affirmation no skill in cross-examination can shake his courage. His rheumatism cries out to you for judgment. Rheumatism ought to absolve any mine. No mine so bad that a good case of miner's asthma may not give it back to virtue. Since we discover how healthy it is to live in a mine we are realizing in new ways what

goes to the making of health. Health is no longer life and vista. It is of few days and of brief hope. And the scab will show you that it is easy for an operator to reach paradise through the eye of a needle, but hard for a trade unionist to catch up with the celestial procession. For it is healthy to live in a mine. And the trade unionist will not live in the mine. How can the trade unionist expect to be healthy? And that is one way the scab has of proving that it is healthy to live in a mine.

The operators do not appear in person. But their subs and sub-subs are here to speak in their spirit, if not in their name. And these agents have learned the regulation sing-song. They too, have discovered that it is healthy to live or work in a mine. And there are reasons why their declarations must be irrefragible. For if it was not healthy to live inside a mine you would not find the operators living outside a mine. And if it was not healthy to live in a mine the operators would close their mines. And if it was not healthy to live inside a mine the operators would not be superintendents, of Sunday schools and presidents of philanthropic succotasheries. And if it was not healthy to live down a mine you would not find God, God, written all over the script of a coal company. And the operators are not running the mines for money. They are running them to improve the health of the miners. That is the reason it is so healthy to work in a mine.

You see how the evidence accumulates. Every church proves the salubrity of the mine. Every college proves the hygiene of the mine. And the sealskin sack your daughter wears proves the health of the mine. For if the mine was not healthy every operator would be ashamed of his religion, his culture, and his clothes. And the operators are not ashamed. Ergo, it is healthy to live in a mine. For, if it was not healthy to live in a mine the operator would not enjoy his meals at home. But the operator does enjoy his meals at home. Hence, it is healthy to live in a mine.

Behold the man of God. The preacher, too, comes forth, to testify to the bill of health. And the preacher says it is healthy to live in a mine. For the operators and the friends of operators pay his salary. They would not pay his salary if it was not healthy in a mine. Therefore it is healthy to live in a mine. The preacher himself does not live in the mine. He preaches a doctrine of sacrifice. He lives his doctrine by sacrificing himself to the open air. That shows that it must be healthy to live in a mine. And the preacher impounds and expounds. He exhorts you to avoid the open air. The open air is contamination. How could the idea of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man be true if it is not healthy to live in a mine? And Jesus would never have declared the truce of communism if it had not been healthy to live in a mine. For how can heaven be true if the mine is not true? And the mine cannot be true if it is not healthy to live in a mine. And the preacher would not take God to the mine if he was ashamed to take the mine to God. This disinfects the mine of all purgatorial aromas. Consequently it is healthy to live in a mine.

And the artist comes. And the artist finds the mine dramatic and picturesque and murderous. From which we must argue that it is healthy to live in a mine. And the artist sells his pictures to the operators. Which is further proof that it is healthy to live in a mine.

And the savant comes. And the savant tells you a theory which he calls the survival of the fittest. And if this theory is a good guess then it is healthy to live in a mine. For nothing could so well as this doctrine account for the breaker boy. And nothing could go so far to justify coal dump prostitution. And if it is not healthy to live in a mine how can the doctrine of the survival of the fittest be true? You see, the mine has to be healthy. So much is conditioned upon it. So many of our boasts are built upon the assumption of the health of the mine. So much of what we call art and science and practice. So much of our money is taken upon the assumption of the



## THE COMRADE.

health of the mine. If we for one instant yielded one point in our defense the whole fabric of society, all the sacred first causes in property, would be threatened. So you see that it must be healthy to live in a mine, even if it is not healthy to live in a mine.

Look to whom you may, the witnesses crowd your doubts to the wall. For if all things prove anything they prove that it is healthy to live in a mine. The universe exists for but one purpose. It exists to prove that it is healthy to live in a mine. And if the mine does not justify the universe, the universe will have to go out of business. For, if the mine is not healthy the universe is useless. And as the old universe is not entirely worn out yet, but is in fact of some use still, it must be healthy to work in a mine.

So runs the tale away. And the hotel keepers at resorts come to protest. They claim that the operators have made the mines so alluring that thousands of people are preparing to spend their summers in the mines. And the operators are shown to have made the mines so irresistible that mothers testify to the difficulty they have in restraining their tender daughters from looking up husbands among the mining populations. And even the Commission itself has seriously considered

whether it could not with advantage adjourn from its sunny court room in Philadelphia to the sunless corridors of a mine. For there is no doubt about it. The real life is not the life we formerly sought above ground, but the subterranean existence with which this Commission has made the world acquainted. The sun is a superstition. The mine challenges the farm. The health of the mine sends the quotations of all other healths clean below par.

The witnesses concentrate. All their lessons teach the one lesson. And in the light of its unexpected revelation the Commission is compelled to shift the bases of all investigation. The evidence of the health of the mind is so tremendous that the Commission is forced to ask itself not whether the miners should have more pay but whether they should have any pay at all. For the advantages of the mine as a place of rehabilitation for the maimed and sick and of fructification for the well and the strong have been so rehearsed as to make it appear that the miners should be willing to mine coal without wage or even be willing to pay something for the privilege. All of which, read backward, says: It is healthy to work in a mine.



## The Coming Day

By Lady Florence Dixie



SEE it coming! Lo! the pale grey dawn  
Heralds the advent of the coming day.  
Rose blushes rise upon the cheeks of Morn  
And dreary Night passes upon its way;  
Arrows of light shoot from the sun's gold bow  
And pierce the atmosphere with radiant gleams,  
Diffusing all around their warm life glow  
And rousing sleepers from the land of dreams.

"These *must* awake. At Evolution's cry  
They must make haste to hearken and obey,  
For yonder on the far-off eastern sky  
Rises the sunburst of The Coming Day."

—Lady Florence Dixie, in *Redeemed*.\*

\* A drama not yet published. Written in 1881.



ALL over the world men are working to redeem mankind from the submerged state into which it has fallen, as a result of selfish and bad government, one-sided laws and inequality of opportunity. The dream of a social state, in which all men share alike, will, however, not be realized till men seek to *practise* what they preach. One of the greatest bars to progress is the degradation of woman and her ostracism from the realms of government. Capacity to fulfill certain functions, not sex, should be the sole passport required to admit to such. All laws should be made applicable to men and women alike, and perfect freedom to either to adopt the calling for which each individually feels the most fitted; for, if Socialism is to redeem mankind, it must give individual freedom and recognize the absolute right of both sexes to develop that which is within them, and of which they feel they are most capable. Men must recognize that it is not woman's *sole* function to give birth to children. Some women are fitted to do so and some are not, even as some men are fitted to be fathers and others are not. To declare woman, as woman, inferior to man, is imbecile and unfair. Crush a sex, and it cannot develop its capabilities. Woman has been handicapped for thousands of years.

But men are beginning to see and to acknowledge this fact, and to recognize that in woman's degradation lies the secret of their own downtrodden state. Man's freedom will not be realized till woman is free. Far off I see that Coming Day.



LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.

## How I Became a Socialist

No. XII.

By Frederic F. Heath

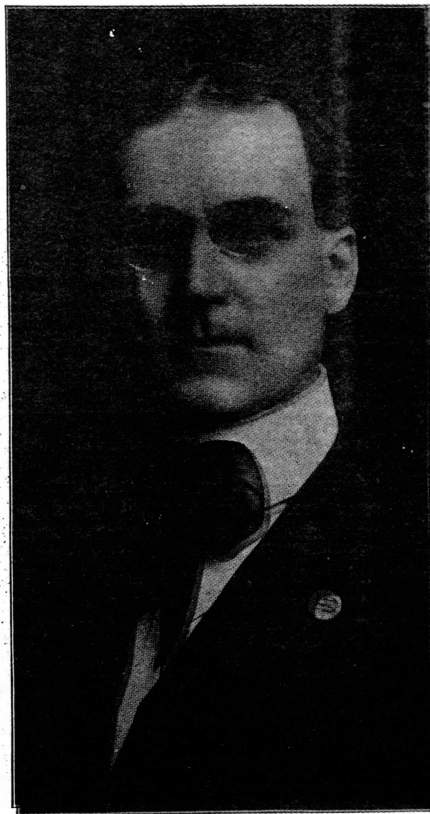


WHEN James G. Blaine was defeated for the Presidency of these United States in the year 1884, there was at least one sincere inourner in the land. I lacked a year of being able to vote for him, it is true, but I had tramped several miles in rubber boots that were cruelly heavy, and held aloft an ill-smelling torch, in my devotion to his cause. So the day after election I was footsore as well as head-sore when the despatches gave the Republicans such harrowing doubts as to the result. It looked as if the "plumed knight" had been unhorsed, but we hoped against hope, and I appeased our wrath as best we could. I appeased mine by happening upon a big bundle of campaign dodgers in an upper room of the Republican headquarters, in Milwaukee, a dodger sent on from the East and unsuitable for such a German-American city because of its attack on Carl Schurz; but up went the window and out went the flying leaves, nevertheless. Pedestrians picked them up and read them, and when the county chairman, Henry C. Payne, came out from an inner room and saw what I had done, he went the Slang Dictionary several points better, and doubtless meant every word he said. You will observe that at that time I had not discovered that an old party campaign ends abruptly on election day.

And I little suspected at that time that I was a Republican because my father was, or that letters from a much revered uncle, a chief of division in the Treasury Department at Washington, had anything to do with it. I supposed I was a Republican because that political faith represented my philosophy of life. That party had given black slavery its quietus, and I had imbibed strong anti-slavery ideas from my maternal grandsire, whose tall, spare frame actually shook at the mere thought of a "copperhead." And then, did not the Republican party stand for "protection" to American labor? And was I not an apprentice and "protected" to the extent of my \$2 a week salary! Most certainly I was. Such arguments as I used to have!

Two years later I was eking out a beggarly weekly income in Chicago at my trade (drawing on wood) and not lucky enough to get steady employment. I boarded with a relative, who maintained a brownstone front on Jackson boulevard, so that while poorer than my pride would allow me to admit, I nevertheless lived in an aristocratic atmosphere. I will never forget with what feelings of concern we heard one evening the sound of a nearby explosion. It was the detonation of the Haymarket bomb! The days that followed were full of excitement, which the newspapers, with an eye to business, did their best to keep alive. Then the trial came on and I gloried in the travesty on justice that followed, and looked as leniently on the packing of the jury that was to avenge "law and order," as I had on the tattoo

marks on the epidermis of Blaine's political career. My benchmates were divided in sentiment, but I had heard enough and read enough to know, deep down in my inner consciousness, that the Haymarket tragedy was not part of a conscious plan to enforce restitution to the plundered myriads of toil, but rather the culmination of a series of clashes between an assortment of social rebels speaking a foreign tongue, and a notoriety-loving police cabal, egged on by the capitalist press for both mercenary and class reasons. This was a conviction that I smothered for the time. But the Haymarket bomb had its message for me, nevertheless. It forced my attention to conditions I had previously, as a dutiful Republican, refused to see.



FREDERIC F. HEATH.

Yet in spite of the influence of surroundings, I believe I was always a democrat. I always had a hatred of caste, and of artificial superiorities. As a member of the work-a-day army I was painfully conscious of the vulgarity and unwholesomeness of the whole fabric of toil and of toil's *dramatis personae*. In time I grew into the stoutest kind of a rebel. I evolved a philosophy of my own. I became impatient that the lower classes did not partake of the culture and the refinements that minister to a satisfactory life, and came in time to blame conditions and not the workers for it. I grew to be reflective. I remember that I noted the fact that the first ambition of the negro who drifted North was to make a good appearance and dress well, even though this latter was often carried to the lengths of caricature. I saw that there was in the breasts of all persons, white or black, the desire for self-betterment, no matter how little the possibility of attaining to their ideal.

I was puzzling my brain with such groping thoughts as this, when Bellamy's "Looking Backward" flashed forth upon the American people. I capitulated to it at once, and a few years later was the author of a series of reports of the sessions of a mythical Bellamy club, in a Chicago illustrated paper, of which I myself was editor, articles which afford me amusing reading to-day, you may believe. By this time I had come to think myself a Socialist, yet kept on religiously voting

for "protection" to American industry.

There was one criticism that Socialism made as to the capitalist system that I was in a position to understand. That was the utterly reckless and planless way in which capitalism ruled in the industrial field. I had at different periods of my life been a printer, a wood engraver and an artist for wood engravers. I had practically given my time to my employers as an apprentice for the sake of learning trades that were later rendered practically useless by the development of industry. The Mergenthaler linotype knocked the typesetter out, and process engraving knocked out the wood engraver and the artist on wood as well. And later on, when I drifted from newspaper work into the occupation of a staff artist on

## THE COMRADE

the Milwaukee *Sentinel* and had made portrait drawing my specialty, along came the coarse-screen half-tone process and again took my employment away from me and tossed my skill to the winds. And it was not hard to see that the same sort of fate was overtaking other workers and forcing them to readjust themselves, as best they could, in the work-army.

But to resume: To my view a Socialist is not a Socialist until he has actually taken his place in the ranks. So I have not yet told how I became a Socialist. My introduction to the actual Socialist movement was due to three influences. First, there was the paper that J. A. Wayland used to print at Greensburg, Indiana, long before the Ruskin colony even was dreamed of. Then there were stray copies of Socialist Labor Party literature that came my way. And, finally, I struck up an acquaintance with Victor L. Berger, who had given up teaching to edit the local German Socialist daily in my native city, Milwaukee, where I was now again located, he having succeeded Paul Grottkau. I fell in with Comrade Berger at the time of the big Milwaukee street railway strike, in which he was rendering President Mahon all the assistance possible. I viewed the strike from the standpoint of a Socialist, and scandalized my aristocratic Prospect avenue neighbors by being a most persistent patron of the buses that ran in opposition to the cars. The Milwaukee Socialist movement at that time was a large one, wholly outside the S. L. P. (which was regarded as too narrow and stagnating), and was composed of German-Americans. The word got abroad among them that a Yankee had turned Socialist, and they began to see the beginning of the end! The great desire among the German Socialists in the country at that time was to have Socialism become native to the soil; for they saw that there could be no progress otherwise. To have the ice broken locally, therefore, by means of a real descendant of Pilgrim New England, was no everyday matter—so I learned later. I attended a meeting of their club without understanding a word that was said, and was urged to work toward the establishment of an English-speaking branch, some of them agreeing to join. At this time, like the typical convert, the intensity of my Socialism was unbounded. I was terribly academic. I had the S. L. P. habit, strongly developed. Ordinary words were too tame;

phrases were my "long suite," and I remember now, when we were about to form the English-speaking branch at last, it was my suggestion that the fact of having read Marx's "Capital" should be the badge of eligibility to membership! Luckily this proposition was not agreed to, and so the club grew in membership and influence—and Marx escaped again being made a fetish. Meantime Berger and I had become brother confessors. He had a fund of general information and a far-seeing judgment that I made big draughts upon. It helped to reduce the intensity of my fanaticism, and gave me a much clearer outlook. Some of our plans of those days have since been realized beyond our expectations.

The years that have followed have mellowed my conception of Socialism, luckily. The Socialism presented by the Socialist Labor Party soon grew to be repugnant to me. I could not square it with my love of democracy. I came to realize that a Co-operative Commonwealth secured through a cataclysm was a wild dream indeed, and not at all in accordance with the teachings of history. And I felt also that if Socialism was to be a condition of society in which autocratic or bureaucratic rule was to exist I should in all probability be in rebellion against it. I wanted my Socialism to be democratically administered; I wanted the whole people to rule, and hence when we were able to launch the new national party in 1897 (the so-called Debs Party), I was proud that the name chosen was the Social Democracy of America, and have always regretted that exigencies developed later that seemed to require a change, although in my own and in some other States the old name is still retained, under the rights granted by State autonomy.

And so I have told not only how I came to be a Socialist, but also how I came to be a Social Democrat. Socialism in America to-day is virile and all-conquering just because it has ceased to be cataclysmic, and therefore utopian. It is a proposition that is simply unanswerable, and loses nothing by being stated in simple language. We live in a most favored time. I thank my stars that it has been given me to live just at this particular stage in the world's history, when there is such a wonderful cause to be won. I can think of nothing more inspiring, unless it be Social Democracy realized.



Will it hurt the Octopus ?



Anxious Teddy.

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## EDITORIAL.

**SOME** of our good friends appear to be unduly excited on account of the very significant gathering of the forces of opposition to the Socialist movement. There is surely nothing surprising or unexpected in this opposition, and as little cause for alarm. Let us have opposition; the more we are attacked by the enemy, the more we shall thrive. Opposition is a thousandfold better than being ignored. The National Economic League, by its puerile attacks upon Socialism, will do much to strengthen our movement. And if its attacks are strengthened, so much the better for us. Attacks of this kind from without tend to unify the movement, and to develop the intellectual power of its members. The immediate effect of the present attack should, and probably will, be an increased number of Socialists studying more thoroughly than before the philosophy of Socialism and its bearing upon present problems. Opposition is the very thing we need at this time, and the National Economic League, and others who have entered the fight, are doing us a great service. Just as our comrades in other lands have done in the past, we shall find new strength and power in every attack. So let them all come! His Imperial Henchman, Marcus Alonzo Hanna, urges the Republican National Committee to join in the fray, and that also is well. The sooner it is realized that there are only two really opposing political parties, the Republican and the Socialist, the better will it be for us. Bismarck went down before the advancing Socialist host of Germany. ~~Can anyone suppose that where Bismarck~~ ~~and there is ever likely to succeed?~~

This opposition is not nearly so dangerous as the friendship, real or professed, of certain people. We have much more to fear from those who, in the name of friendship,

adopt our watchwords and our name, only to emasculate our principles. Better a million times the opposition of Marcus A. Hanna and his followers, than the "friendship" of a foul intellectual prostitute like William Randolph Hearst, whose newspapers belch forth such a continuous stream of filth and lies. With words of love upon his lips, Hearst would stab labor from the back. Shrieking aloud his faith in a pure democracy, from New York to San Francisco he sends forth a second shriek, a mad jingoistic yell, for weapons of death—more armaments and more soldiers, than which there could be no surer means of thing like a true democracy. Professing anxiety that the workers should learn to respect themselves, and trust themselves, he nevertheless by his yellow records of the vulgar life of "society," set forth as attractively as can be done by debauched intellects, is doing much to increase the snobbery of the workers.

So it is with the churches. Far better is it to have the open hatred and opposition of the Catholic Church, from the Pope down to Father Heiter, than the maudlin sympathy and friendship of some of our would-be friends, who, in the name of friendship, would make the Socialist movement an appendage to the church, and Socialism a prop for an infidel Christianity. Let us have the fight in this case it is a good deal better than the friendship. There has been too much of a tendency in the movement of late to measure Socialism by the measure of Christianity; too much attempting to link the two. Let us beware of these attempts! Socialism has nothing to gain from any such alliances; the church must gain at the expense of the Socialist movement. The very word Socialism embodies an ethical concept infinitely higher than anything that organized religion has ever known. Nothing could well be more dangerous than the no doubt well-meant attempts to prove Socialism true by an appeal to religion. Favorable enough to the latter, these attempts are disastrous to the former. It is no business of ours to prove anything of the kind. It is for us to proclaim and defend our own social faith. If that is not in accord with the teaching of the church—well, so much the worse for the church!

\* \* \*

The capitalist newspapers are trying to make a great deal out of the introduction of so-called "liberal reforms" in Russia. But the fact is that there is very little in the whole matter. As our good friend, M. Jaures, with greater wisdom than he has sometimes shown of late when dealing with Russia, pointed out in *La Petite Republique*, there is little more than sham in the Czar's latest timid performance. The "Constitution" will not satisfy anybody, and by excluding the Jews, the irritation has been rather increased than diminished.

To begin with, no sort of reform is possible in Russia which does not include liberty of the press and freedom of speech. To grant these would mean the speedy downfall of Czarism. The Czar, a miserable neurospast at best, has neither the courage nor the brains to cope with the situation. There are stormy times yet ahead for the poor Czar. If he hope or expects that his trumpety "Constitution" will end the Socialist agitation he is sadly misled by his advisers. Unless we much mistake the temper of our Russian friends, the Czar will have little time for foreign aggression for some time to come. His "troublesome Socialist subjects" will give him enough to do to maintain his position at home. And that

is well for the peace of the world. Russia has always been a disturber of international relations, a breeder of strife.

\* \* \*

There is a striking similarity in the present condition of the Democratic party in this country and that of the Liberal party in England. Both alike are hopelessly bankrupt and inert. With splendid opportunities such as real opposition parties of other times would have coveted, they are helpless. If ever there was a Congress in which the conditions were favorable to a strong opposition, it was surely the Fifty-Seventh Congress, just closed. And there never was a Congress in which the minority proved so utterly incapable to resist the majority. If anything were needed to prove the Socialist contention that the interests of both the great parties are identical, the record of the late Congress ought to be sufficient. Lacking in leadership, principles, courage, and common decency, the Democratic party is a mere rabble. Disraeli once scornfully described the English Conservative party as "an organized hypocrisy"; recalling which, many years afterward, Sir Wilfrid Lawson said that the Liberal party differed only in being "a disorganized hypocrisy." The description admirably applies to the Democratic party of to-day.

And it is equally true of England. Never since Lord John Russell tried to fool the Chartists has there been any real vital difference between the two parties. From the point of view of labor it has always been a case of "rogues both!" Even Gladstone, the greatest humbug of them all, could never frame anything but a bald verbal distinction that was particularly unconvincing. But Campbell Bannerman, the present "leader" of the Liberals, cannot even play at opposition. There is no opposition. There is no Liberal party, any more than there is a Democratic party here. They are unorganized rabbles. There is only one political division that is vital in character—the economic division. There is the party of labor and the other party. The Socialist party and the party of Capitalism. S.



Whate'er thy lot, learn *thou* to be content—  
All things are good, the sweet and bitter, too.  
Grumble thou not that Providence hath sent  
Sweet things to me and bitter things to you.  
—S.

## "This Is None of I"

By Ethel L. P. Griffith



**N**OW when the old woman did first awake  
She began to shiver and she began to shake,  
She began to wonder, and she began to cry,  
'Lack-a-mercy on us, *this is none of I.*'

"But if it be I, and I suppose it be,  
I have a little dog at home, and he'll know me.'  
Home went the little woman, all in the dark,  
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark!  
He began to bark, and she began to cry,  
'Lack-a-mercy on us, *this is none of I.*'"

—Mother Goose.



**H**ALL I arrange the bath, sir, or will you  
omit it this morning, sir—and what suit  
may it please"— It is my obsequious,  
stealthy-footed valet, who sneaks about taking  
care of me. His ambition is to be as  
near nil as possible, and his success is mad-  
dening.

"Shut up!" I shout so loud that it makes  
me cough.

Falling back among the pillows, I see him slink through the doorway. I know he will go down to the basement, and after preparing a diabolical mixture of malted milk with which to irritate me later, he will laugh loudly and jocosely, behind deadening doors, with his friend the grocery clerk, and continue the thread of interrupted discussion with the butler.

I shake my fist at his retreating figure in sudden, unaccountable rage.

What is there about the fellow's manner that contains an unconscious insult? Why can't he treat me like a human being? Am I not his equal? Why does everyone lower his voice and soften his step when I come around?

I caught them all having a good time in the basement yesterday, and they hushed guiltily, and drooped their faces. Did they think I carried a very pestilence of dismal spirits? True, I am sick, and noise tires me; but need they presuppose me a corpse and themselves attending the funeral?

I must discharge that man. He is rasping me to open insolence with him.

I get up and wander to the window.

The street is slippery and dark with the moisture of a New York drizzle, but the people are all offensively merry. They trudge along through the standing pools, and some are laughing together.

Once a big, rough man, with a long oilskin coat, doubles up a tremendous fist and hits out at a fellow passing under the window. The fellow parries quickly, and returns a terrific blow in the chest. They both assume expressions of complete savagery, and then, as if by appointment, both guffaw unrestrainedly.

Then some school girls, with shabby dresses, shuffle along with locked arms, chattering incessantly.

I turn back to my luxurious empty room.

On the table are books and magazines uncut. It is a torture to read and keep silent; their thoughts a burden to bear alone; the joyousness of their life a taunt at the emptiness of my own; their sadness unendurable.

My violin in the corner startles me as it breaks the dead stillness of my house, and I am afraid of the silence that follows its music.

\*Suggested by an article, "A Page from a Diary," by Franklin H. Wentworth in the *Socialist Spirit*.

I long for the sound of a human voice addressing me in terms of equality—unconstrainedly.

Sympathetic companionship!

To be understood!

To be wanted!

I return to a scrutiny of the spot on the pavement where the men met. It has a fascination for me.

I have never had a friend!

In the weakness of ill health the loneliness closes upon me with a physical grip.

In this house I have entertained men. Yes, but unacquainted, for they were conciliatory. I would rather they opposed me—a *kingdom* for manly, wholesome *opposition!* My kingdom! Bah! The poverty of it!

What will it bestow on the owner?

What has it brought me?

An excuse for idleness; a wide distrust of men; the attitude of self-defense; the position of a chattel instead of a man; the damning suspicion of ambitious motives in my associates—and a wife, a home, comfort? I jeer at the thought of them for such as me.

But those rough, splendid fellows in the street; they make me sick with envy.

They are rich; they are affluent; I am perishing.

They are groveling in good health and animal spirits; I am struggling on the outskirts of meager existence!

By myself I am nothing!

Loneliness, a mind of unrest, is the great evil which, beyond everything, tends to Disease, to Death. (Sad, self-haunted dwellers in the valleys of life, closed in by the early shadows, shall we not have learned to know the fall of Night?)

Think well on that, for it is true.

To be free of one's self; of one's feeble, encumbering body. I am startled by the wide, fear-filled eyes of the man who looks out from my mirror—luminous, cravenous eyes of the consumptive—and the dry hands clinch each other convulsively. He looks nearer fifty than thirty! Great Heavens! Can it be I?

"Thirty years, six months," they will write on those little stones they stick up.

They told me so last night. Many, many sentences they made, but with short meaning—"Six months, sir, with care!" With CARE!

Why should I care? Had the thirty years then been so precious that I should cling to the half of one of them? Not in itself, but that it should close a life so profitless with a death so wholly ignoble—the slow rasping toward the end—in this room—with my stealthy servants always attendant.

"Six months"—six months for a life. I must *think*, I must *plan*; but I can only cower in the face of the fact. It seems hardly worth while trying. Is it not too late?

I lie staring, benumbed and unthinking, at the floral paper border on the opposite wall. Great rosy tulips, winking impudently back at me. I notice they conceal something behind that look of frankness, a certain sphinx-like air of wisdom.

"Very well," I mutter, "it's prophetic, that row of grinning faces. I'll number 'em. Even, I play out my game; odd, I throw down my hand!"

I begin counting steadily, increasing in speed, and anxiously anticipating the end. The design is small, and twice I become confused, and feverishly trace again with infinite care. It is nearing the end—I am cold with perspiration, but with dry, nervous hands, knotted hard. Did I care so much, then?

"My God!" with unconscious sacrilege, "it turns the corner on an even number—but the larger part is on this!"

## THE COMRADE.

"Surely, oh surely it is meant that I'm to have *half a chance!*" I am driven, the next day, around among the dockyards, and the groups of workmen along the water front. I am vaguely in search of my friends of the street incident. They appeal to me; they hint of great fulfillments. Their secret of life haunts me, and half jealously I search among the grimy, vigorous workmen.

They are loud and strong and frank, and sometimes they order me out of their way.

A man comes up from behind, and slaps me on the back.

"Out again, old feller? My, but I'm glad to see yere ugly old phiz again."

Then seeing his mistake, and glancing at my clothes, emblems of my soul's poverty, he apologizes abominably.

"I'm only Van Norman, please," I say, "but I'm awfully sorry about it."

Mistaking the bitterness of my tone, the fellow flushes, and his manliness limps at the sound of a *name*.

I look at myself with his eyes, and what I see is a horrible, startling thing.

I see that I am *permeated with my belongings*. It angers me strangely.

"Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am," I quote silently. I protest against this reference from a man to his belongings. Is a man to be blotted out by the circumstance of wealth? Is it fair?

Ah! I know it now; the penalty of my life with its weakness; its dependence; its futility:

*Never once have I tasted the joy of independent thinking service.* My unworthiness seems stamped on my face, to cry loudly from the richness of my dress.

Sick and ashamed I make my way back to my carriage, and, driving rapidly to my empty house, I revolve over and over again the situation.

I have been *cheated*. I know that. *Cheated all my life long by a Lie:*

"That happiness comes of *having*, not being; of *having*, not *doing*; of *keeping*, not *giving*."

And by another:

"That strength is kept by not using it."

And now, as the enormity of the Lie bursts upon me, and their nature becomes unmistakable, a strange sense of relief, of safety, sweeps over me.

Yet there remains the will, and still, for a time, the power to live. To live fully and worthily as becomes a man whose God-given privilege it is to *serve*.

Great breaths of Freedom come on the young spring wind from the ocean. It is possible, then, to find in the *end* that which before my life has lacked, and in the clean, fresh joy of the thought the regret of my loss is washed away.

## News from Nowhere

By William Morris

[continued]



LOOKED, and wondered indeed at the deftness and abundance of beauty of the work of men who had at last learned to accept life itself as a pleasure, and the satisfaction of the common needs of mankind and the preparation for them, as work for the best of the race. I mused silently, but at last I said:

"What is to come after this?"

The old man laughed. "I don't know," said he; "we will meet it when it comes."

"Meanwhile," quoth Dick, "we have got to meet the rest of our day's journey; so out into the street and down to the Strand! Will you come a turn with us, neighbor? Our friend is greedy of your stories."

"I will go as far as Oxford with you," said he; "I want a book or two out of the Bodleian Library. I suppose you will sleep in the old city?"

"No," said Dick, "we are going higher up; the hay is waiting us there, you know."

Morsom nodded, and we all went into the street together, and got into the boat a little above the town bridge. But just as Dick was getting the sculls into the rowlocks the bow of another boat came thrusting through the low arch. Even at first sight it was a gay little craft, indeed—bright green, and painted over with elegantly drawn flowers. As it cleared the arch a figure as bright and gay clad as the boat rose up in it; a slim girl dressed in light blue silk that fluttered in the draughty wind of the bridge. I thought I knew the figure, and sure enough, as she turned her head to us, and showed her beautiful face, I saw with joy that it was none other than the fairy godmother from the abundant garden on Runnymede—Ellen, to wit.

We all stopped to receive her. Dick rose in the boat and cried out a genial good morrow; I tried to be as genial as Dick, but failed; Clara waved a delicate hand to her, and Morsom

nodded and looked on with interest. As to Ellen, the beautiful brown of her face was deepened by a flush, as she brought the gunwale of her boat alongside ours, and said:

"You see, neighbors, I had some doubt if you would all three come back past Runnymede, or if you did, whether you would stop there; and besides, I am not sure whether we—my father and I—shall not be away in a week or two, for he wants to see a brother of his in the north country, and I should not like him to go without me. So I thought I might never see you again, and that seemed uncomfortable to me—and so I came after you."

"Well," said Dick, "I am sure we are all very glad of that; although you may be sure that as for Clara and me, we should have made a point of coming to see you, and of coming the second time, if we had found you away the first; but, dear neighbor, there you are alone in the boat, and you have been sculling pretty hard, I should think, and might find a little quiet sitting pleasant; so we had better part our company into two."

"Yes," said Ellen, "I thought you would do that, so I have brought a rudder for my boat. Will you help me to ship it, please?"

And she went aft in her boat and pushed along our side till she had brought the stern close to Dick's hand. He knelt down in our boat and she in hers, and the usual fumbling took place over hanging the rudder on its hooks; for, as you may imagine, no change had taken place in the arrangement of such an unimportant matter as the rudder of a pleasure boat. As the two beautiful young faces bent over the rudder they seemed to me to be very close together, and though it only lasted a moment, a sort of pang shot through me as I looked on. Clara sat in her place, and did not look around, but presently she said, with just the least stiffness in her tone:

"How shall we divide? Won't you go into Ellen's boat, Dick, since, without offence to our guest, you are the better sculler?"

## THE COMRADE.



Dick stood up and laid his hand on her shoulder, and said: "No, no; let Guest try what he can do—he ought to be getting into training now. Besides, we are in no hurry; we are not going far above Oxford; and even if we are benighted, we shall have the moon, which will give us nothing worse of a night than a gray day."

"Besides," said I, "I may manage to do a little more with my sculling than merely keeping the boat from drifting down stream."

They all laughed at this, as if it had been a very good joke; and I thought that Ellen's laugh, even amongst others, was one of the pleasantest sounds I had ever heard.

To be short, I got into the new-come boat, not a little elated, and taking the sculls, set to work to show off a little. For—must I say it?—I felt as if even that happy world were made the happier for my being so near this strange girl; although I must say that if all the persons I had seen in that world renewed, she was the most unfamiliar to me, the most unlike what I could have thought of. Clara, for instance, beautiful and bright as she was, was not unlike a *very* pleasant and unaffected young lady; and the other girls also seemed nothing more than specimens of very much improved types which I had known in other times. But this girl was not only beautiful with a beauty quite different from that of "a young lady," but was in all ways so strangely interesting; so that I kept wondering what she would say or do next to surprise and please me. Not, indeed, that there was anything startling in what she actually said or did; but it was all done in a new way, and always with that indefinable interest and pleasure of life, which I had noticed more or less in everybody, but which in her was more marked and more charming than in anyone else that I had seen.

We were soon under way and going at a fair pace through the beautiful reaches of the river between Bensington and Dorchester. It was now about the middle of the afternoon, warm rather than hot, and quite windless; the clouds high up and light, pearly white, gleaming, softened the sun's burning, but did not hide the pale blue in most places, though they seemed

to give it height and consistency; the sky, in short, looked really like a vault, as poets have sometimes called it, and not like mere limitless air, but a vault so vast and full of light that it did not in any way oppress the spirits. It was the sort of afternoon that Tennyson must have been thinking about when he said of the Lotos-Eaters' land that it was a land where it was always afternoon.

Ellen leaned back in the stern and seemed to enjoy herself thoroughly. I could see that she was really looking at things and let nothing escape her, and as I watched her an uncomfortable feeling that she had been a little touched by love of the deft, ready and handsome Dick, and that she had been constrained to follow us because of it, faded out of my mind; since if it had been so, she surely could not have been so excitedly pleased, even with the beautiful scenes we were passing through. For some time she did not say much, but at last, as we had passed under Shillingford Bridge (new built, but somewhat on its old lines), she bade me hold the boat while she had a good look at the landscape through the graceful arch. Then she turned about to me and said:

"I do not know whether to be sorry or glad that this is the first time I have been in these reaches. It is true that it is a great pleasure to see all this for the first time; but if I had had a year or two of memory of it, how sweetly it would all have mingled with my life, waking or dreaming! I am so glad Dick has been pulling slowly, so as to linger out the time here. How do you feel about your first visit to these waters?"

I do not suppose she meant a trap for me, but anyhow I fell into it, and said: "My first visit! It is not my first visit by many a time. I know these reaches well; indeed, I may say that I know every yard of the Thames from Hammersmith to Crickdale."

I saw the complications that might follow, as her eyes fixed mine with a curious look in them, that I had seen before at Runnymede, when I had said something which made it difficult for others to understand my present position amongst these people. I reddened, and said, in order to cover my mis-

## THE COMRADE.

take: "I wonder you have never been up so high as this, since you live on the Thames, and, moreover, row so well that it would be no great labor to you. Let alone," quoth I, insinuatingly, "that anybody would be glad to row you."

She laughed, clearly not at my compliment (as I am sure she need not have done, since it was a very commonplace fact), but at something which was stirring in her mind; and she still looked at me kindly, but with the above-said keen look in her eyes, and then she said:

"Well, perhaps it is strange, though I have a good deal to do at home, what with looking after my father and dealing with two or three young men who have taken a special liking to me, all of whom I cannot please at once. But you, dear neighbor, it seems to me stranger that you should know the upper river, than that I should not know it; for, as I understand, you have only been in England a few days; but perhaps you mean that you have read about it in books, and seen pictures of it?—though that does not come to much, either."

"Truly," said I. "Besides, I have not read any books about the Thames; it was one of the minor stupidities of our time that no one thought fit to write a decent book about what may fairly be called our only English river."

The words were no sooner out of my mouth than I saw that I had made another mistake; and I felt really annoyed with myself, as I did not want to go into a long explanation just then, or begin another series of Odyssean lies. Somehow, Ellen seemed to see this, and she took no advantage of my slip; her piercing look changed into one of mere frank kindness, and she said:

"Well, anyhow, I am glad that I am traveling these waters with you, since you know our river so well, and I know little of it past Pangbourne, for you can tell me all I want to know about it." She paused a minute, and then said: "Yet you must understand that the part I do know, I know as thoroughly as you do. I should be sorry for you to think that I am careless of a thing so beautiful and interesting as the Thames."

She said this quite earnestly, and with an air of affectionate appeal to me which pleased me very much; but I could see that she was only keeping her doubts about me for another time.

Presently we came to Day's Lock, where Dick and his two sitters had waited for us. He would have me go ashore, as if to show me something which I had never seen before; and, nothing loth, I followed him, Ellen by my side, to the well-remembered Dykes, and the long church beyond them, which was still used for various purposes by the good folk of Dorchester; where, by the way, the village guest-house still had the sign of the Fleur-de-luce which it used to bear in the days when hospitality had to be bought and sold. This time, however, I made no sign of all this being familiar to me; though as we sat for a while on the mound of the Dykes, looking up at Sinodun and its clear-cut trench, and its sister *mamelon* of Whittenham, I felt somewhat uncomfortable under Ellen's serious, attentive look, which almost drew from me the cry, "How little anything is changed here!"

We stopped again at Abingdon, which, like Wallingford, was, in a way, both old and new to me, since it had been lifted out of its nineteenth-century degradation, and otherwise as little altered as might be.

Sunset was in the sky as we skirted Oxford by Osney; we stopped a minute or two hard by the ancient castle to put Henry Morsom ashore. It was a matter of course that so far as they could be seen from the river, I missed none of the towers and spires of that once don-beridden city; but the meadows all around, which, when I had last passed through them, were getting daily more and more squalid, more and more impressed with the seal of the "stir and intellectual life of the nineteenth century," were no longer intellectual, but had once again become, as beautiful as they should be, and the little hill of Hinksey, with two or three very pretty stone houses new-

grown on it (I use the word advisedly; for they seemed to belong to it) looked down happily on the full streams and waving grass, gray now, but for the sunset, with its fast-ripening seeds.

The railway having disappeared, and therewith the various level bridges over the streams of Thames, we were soon through Medley Lock and in the wide water that washes Port Meadow, with its numerous population of geese nowise diminished; and I thought with interest how its name and use had survived from the older imperfect communal period, through the time of the confused struggle and tyranny of the rights of property, into the present rest and happiness of complete Communism.

I was taken ashore again at Godstow, to see the remains of the old nunnery, pretty nearly in the same condition as I had remembered them; and from the high bridge over the cut close by, I could see, even in the twilight, how beautiful the little village, with its gray stone houses, had become; for we had now come into the stone country, in which every house must be either built, walls and roof, of gray stone or be a blot on the landscape.

We still rowed on after this, Ellen taking the sculls in my boat; we passed a weir a little higher up, and about three miles beyond it came by moonlight again to a little town, where we slept at a house thinly inhabited, as its folk were mostly tented in the hay fields.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE LITTLE RIVER.



E started before six o'clock the next morning, as we were still twenty-five miles from our resting place, and Dick wanted to be there before dusk. The journey was pleasant, though to those who do not know the upper Thames, there is little to say about it. Ellen and I were once more together in her boat, though Dick, for fairness sake,

was for having me in his, and letting the two women scull the green toy. Ellen, however, would not allow this, but claimed me as the interesting person of the company. "After having come so far," said she, "I will not be put off with a companion who will be always thinking of somebody else than me; the guest is the only person who can amuse me properly. I mean that really," said she, turning to me, "and have not said it merely as a pretty saying."

Clara blushed, and looked very happy at all this; for I think up to this time she had been rather frightened of Ellen. As for me, I felt young again, and strange hopes of my youth were mingling with the pleasure of the present, almost destroying it and quickening it into something like pain.

As we passed through the short and winding reaches of the now quickly lessening stream, Ellen said: "How pleasant this little river is to me, who am used to a great wide wash of water; it almost seems as if we shall have to stop at every reach-end. I expect before I get home this evening I shall have realized what a little country England is, since we can so soon get to the end of its biggest river."

"It is not big," said I, "but it is pretty."

"Yes," she said, "and don't you find it difficult to imagine the times when this little pretty country was treated by its folk as if it had been an ugly characterless waste, with no delicate beauty to be guarded, with no heed taken of the ever-fresh pleasure of the recurring seasons, and changeful weather, and diverse quality of the soil, and so forth? How could people be so cruel to themselves?"

"And to each other," said I. Then a sudden resolution took hold of me, and I said: "Dear neighbor, I may as well tell you at once that I find it easier to imagine all that ugly past than you do, because I myself have been part of it. I see both that you have divined something of this in me, and also I think you will believe me when I tell you of it, so that I am going to hide nothing from you at all."



## THE COMRADE.

She was silent a little, and then she said: "My friend, you have guessed right about me; and to tell you the truth I have followed you up from Runnymede in order that I might ask you many questions, and because I saw that you were not one of us; and that interested and pleased me, and I wanted to make you as happy as you could be. To say the truth, there was a risk in it," said she, blushing—"I mean as to Dick and Clara, for I must tell you, since we are going to be such close friends, that even amongst us, where there are so many beautiful women, I have often troubled men's minds disastrously. That is one reason why I was living alone with my father in the cottage at Runnymede. But it did not answer on that score, for, of course, people came there, as the place is not a desert, and they seemed to find me all the more interesting for living alone like that, and fell to making stories of me to themselves—like I know you did, my friend. Well, let that pass. This evening, or to-morrow morning, I shall make a proposal to you to do something which would please me very much, and I think would not hurt you."

I broke in eagerly, saying that I would do anything in the world for her; for indeed, in spite of my years, and the too obvious signs of them (though that feeling of renewed youth was not a mere passing sensation, I think)—in spite of my years, I say, I felt altogether too happy in the company of this delightful girl, and was prepared to take her confidences for more than they meant, perhaps.

She laughed now, but looked very kindly on me. "Well," she said, "meantime, for the present, we will let it be; for I must look at this new country that we are passing through. See how the river has changed character again; it is broad now, and the reaches are long and very slow-running; and look—there is a ferry!"

I told her the name of it, as I slowed off to put the ferry chain over our heads; and on we went, passing by a bank clad with oak trees on our left hand, till the stream narrowed again and deepened, and we rowed on between walls of tall reeds, whose population of reed sparrows and warblers were delightfully restless, twittering and chuckling as the wash of the boats stirred the reeds from the water upward in the still, hot morning.

She smiled with pleasure, and her lazy enjoyment of the new scene seemed to bring out her beauty doubly as she leaned back amidst the cushions, though she was far from languid; her idleness being the idleness of a person strong and well knit both in body and mind, deliberately resting.

"Look!" she said, springing up suddenly from her place without any obvious effort, and balancing herself with exquisite grace and ease; "look at the beautiful old bridge ahead!"

"I need scarcely look at that," said I, not turning my head away from her beauty. "I know what it is, though" (with a smile) "we used not to call it the Old Bridge time ago."

She looked down upon me kindly, and said, "How well we get on now you are no longer on your guard against me!"

And she stood looking thoughtfully at me still, till she had to sit down as we passed under the middle one of the row of little pointed arches of the oldest bridge across the Thames.

"O, the beautiful fields!" she said. "I had no idea of the charm of a very small river like this. The smallness of the scale of everything, the short reaches, and the speedy change of the banks, give one a feeling of going somewhere, of coming to something strange, a feeling of adventure which I have not felt in bigger waters."

I looked up at her delightedly, for her voice, saying the very thing which I was thinking, was like a caress to me. She caught my eye, and her cheeks reddened under their tan, and she said simply:

"I must tell you, my friend, that when my father leaves the Thames this summer he will take me away to a place near the Roman wall in Cumberland; so that this voyage of mine is farewell to the south; of course with my goodwill in a way; and yet I am sorry for it. I hadn't the heart to tell Dick yes-

terday that we were as good as gone from the Thames-side, but somehow to you I must needs tell it."

She stopped, and seemed very thoughtful for a while, and then said, smiling:

"I must say that I don't like moving about from one home to another; one gets so pleasantly used to all the detail of the life about one; it fits so harmoniously and happily into one's own life, that beginning again, even in a small way, is a kind of pain; but I daresay in the country which you come from you would think this petty and unadventurous, and would think the worse of me for it."

She smiled at me caressingly as she spoke, and I made haste to answer: "O, no, indeed; again you echo my very thoughts. But I hardly expected to hear you speak so. I gathered from all I have heard that there was a great deal of changing of abode amongst you in this country."

"Well," she said, "of course people are free to move about; but except for pleasure parties, especially in harvest and hay time, like this of ours, I don't think they do so much. I admit that I also have other moods than that of stay-at-home, as I hinted just now, and I should like to go with you all through the west country—thinking of nothing," concluded she, smiling.

"I should have plenty to think of," said I.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### A RESTING PLACE ON THE UPPER THAMES.



RESENTLY, at a place where the river flowed around a headland of the meadows, we stopped a while for rest and victuals, and settled ourselves on a beautiful bank which almost reached the dignity of a hill-side; the wide meadows spread before us, and already the scythe was busy amidst the hay. One change I noticed amidst the

quiet beauty of the fields, to wit, that they were planted with trees here and there, often fruit trees, and that there was none of the niggardly begrudging of space to a handsome tree which I remembered too well; and though the willows were often polled (or shrouded, as they call it in that countryside), this was done with some regard to beauty; I mean that there was no polling of rows on rows so as to destroy the pleasantness of half a mile of country, but a thoughtful sequence in the cutting that prevented a sudden bareness anywhere. To be short, the fields were everywhere treated as a garden made for the pleasure as well as the livelihood of all, as old Hammond told me was the case.

On this bank or bent of the hill, then, we had our midday meal; somewhat early for dinner, if that mattered, but we had been stirring early; the slender stream of the Thames winding below us between the garden of a country I have been telling of; a furlong from us was a beautiful little islet begrown with graceful trees; on the slopes westward of us was a wood of varied growth overhanging the narrow meadow on the south side of the river; while to the north was a wide stretch of mead rising very gradually from the river's edge. A delicate spire of an ancient building rose up from out of the trees in the middle distance, with a few gray houses clustered about it; while nearer to us, in fact not half a furlong from the water, was a quite modern stone house—a wide quadrangle of one story, the buildings that made it being quite low. There was no garden between it and the river, nothing but a row of pear trees still quite young and slender; and though there did not seem to be much ornament about it, it had a sort of natural elegance, like that of the trees themselves.

As we sat looking down on all this in the sweet June day, rather happy than merry. Ellen, who sat next me, her hand clasped about one knee, leaned sideways to me and said in a low voice, which Dick and Clara might have noted if they had not been busy in happy, wordless love-making: "Friend,

## THE COMRADE.

in your country were the houses of your field laborers anything like that?"

I said: "Well, at any rate the houses of our rich men were not; they were mere blots upon the face of the land."

"I find that hard to understand," she said. "I can see why the workmen, who were so oppressed, should not have been able to live in beautiful houses, for it takes time and leisure, and minds not over-burdened with care, to make beautiful dwellings; and I quite understand that these poor people were not allowed to live in such a way as to have these (to us) necessary good things. But why the rich men, who had the time and the leisure, and the materials for building, as it would be in this case, should not have housed themselves well, I do not understand as yet. I know what you are meaning to say to me," she said, looking me full in the eyes and blushing, "to wit, that their houses and all belonging to them were generally ugly and base, unless they chanced to be ancient like yonder remnant of our forefathers' work" (pointing to the spire); "that they were—let me see; what is the word?"

"Vulgar," said I. "We used to say," said I, "that the ugliness and vulgarity of the rich men's dwellings was a necessary reflection from the sordidness and bareness of the life which they forced upon the poor people."

She knit her brows as in thought, then turned a brightened face on me, as if she had caught the idea, and said: "Yes, friend, I see what you mean. We have sometimes—those of us who look into these things—talked this very matter over; because, to say the truth, we have plenty of record of the so-called arts of the time before Equality of Life; and there are not wanting people who say that the state of that society was not the cause of all that ugliness; that they were ugly in their life because they liked to be, and could have had beautiful things about them if they had chosen; just as a man or body of men now may, if they please, make things more or less beautiful—stop! I know what you are going to say."

"Do you?" said I, smiling, yet with a beating heart.

"Yes," she said. "You are answering me, teaching me, in some way or another, although you have not spoken the words aloud. You were going to say that in times of inequality it was an essential condition of the life of these rich men that they should not themselves make what they wanted for the adornment of their lives, but should force those to make them whom they forced to live pinched and sordid lives; and that, as a necessary consequence, the sordidness and pinching, the ugly barrenness of those ruined lives, were worked up into the adornment of the lives of the rich, and art died out amongst them? Was that what you would say, my friend?"

"Yes, yes," I said, looking at her eagerly; for she had risen, and was standing on the edge of the bent, the light wind stirring her dainty raiment, one hand laid on her bosom, the other arm stretched downward, and clenched, in her earnestness.

"It is true," she said, "it is true! We have proved it true!"

I think amidst my—something more than interest in her, and admiration for her, I was beginning to wonder how it would all end. I had a glimmering of fear of what might follow; of anxiety as to the remedy which this new age might

offer for the missing of something one might set one's heart on. But now Dick rose to his feet and cried out in his hearty manner: "Neighbor Ellen, are you quarreling with the guest, or are you worrying him to tell you things which he cannot properly explain to our ignorance?"

"Neither, dear neighbor," she said. "I was so far from quarreling with him that I think I have been making him good friends both with himself and me. Is it so, dear guest?" she said, looking down at me with a delightful smile of confidence in being understood.

"Indeed it is," said I.

"Well, moreover," she said, "I must say for him that he has explained himself to me very well indeed, so that I quite understand him."

"All right," quoth Dick. "When I first set eyes on you at Runnymede I knew that there was something wonderful in your keenness of wits. I don't say that as a mere pretty speech to please you," he said quickly, "but because it is true; and it made me want to see more of you. But, come, we ought to be going; for we are not half way, and we ought to be in well before sunset."

And therewith he took Clara's hand, and led her down the bent; but Ellen stood thoughtfully looking down for a little, and as I took her hand to follow Dick, she turned around to me and said:

"You might tell me a great deal and make many things clear to me, if you would."

"Yes," said I, "I am pretty well fit for that—and for nothing else—an old man like me."

She did not notice the bitterness which, whether I liked it or not, was in my voice as I spoke, but went on: "It is not so much for myself; I should be quite content to dream about past times, and if I could not idealize them, yet at least idealize some of the people who lived in them. But I think sometimes people are too careless of the history of the past—too apt to leave it in the hands of old, learned men like Hammond. Who knows? Happy as we are, times may alter, and many things may seem too wonderful for us to resist, too exciting not to catch at, if we do not know that they are but phases of what has been before; and, withal, ruinous, deceitful and sordid."

As we went slowly down toward the boats she said again: "Not for myself alone, dear friend; I shall have children; perhaps before the end a good many—I hope so; and though, of course, I cannot force any special kind of knowledge upon them, yet, my friend, I cannot help thinking that just as they might be like me in body, so I might impress upon them some part of my ways of thinking; that is, indeed, some of the essential part of myself, that part which was not mere moods, created by the matters and events round about me. What do you think?"

Of one thing I was sure, that her beauty and kindness and eagerness combined, forced me to think as she did, when she was not earnestly laying herself open to receive my thoughts. I said, what at the time was true, that I thought it most important, and presently stood entranced by the wonder of her grace as she stepped into the light boat and held out her hand to me. And so on we went up the Thames still—or whither?

*(To be continued.)*



## VIEWS AND REVIEWS



ALTER CRANE'S new book, "A Masque of Days," is an exceptionally brilliant and attractive piece of work alike in concept and execution. A recent critic has complained of Crane's lack of color-sense—a charge which seems to me exceedingly stupid and unwarranted. Indeed, the perfect blending of color in this artist's work has

always impressed me as being no less wonderful than his splendid draughtmanship. Take this book for example: here are forty full-page illustrations, and a double-page title piece, all in colors, most harmoniously blended. I have not seen anything else of its kind quite so successful as this book.

"A Masque of Days" is based on the gentle Lamb's "Last Essays of Elia," from which the letterpress, in each case incorporated in the design, has been drawn. The artist has fully entered into the sweet humor of the great author, and a charming book is the result. While it is unlikely that it will add appreciably to Crane's reputation as one of the foremost illustrators of his time, it is safe to say it will help to sustain it. To those who remember his "Flora's Feast" and "Queen's Summer;" it will be sufficient praise to say that "A Masque of Days" is equal to either. It is a book to treasure and love.

\* \* \*

So intimate was the association between William Morris and Walter Crane, that there is a certain fitness in the association of two such books as the "Masque of Days" and William Morris's "The History of Over Sea," of which a beautiful edition has been issued by Mr. R. H. Russell. This is one of those Old French Romances which Morris rendered into English with a measure of success that has rarely been attained. It is not too much to say that the great Socialist poet-artist was also one of the greatest translators by whom our literature has been enriched. The present edition of this charming romance, a thin quarto, is mainly notable by reason of the illustrations and decorative designs of Mr. Louis Rhead, whose work as a decorative artist has won high praise.

Mr. Rhead, I believe, is an American, although born in England, and now resides in the vicinity of New York City. Some of his work is much sought after by collectors—particularly the poster-collectors. Perhaps he is best known on account of his very meritorious illustrations of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." In my judgment, the frontispiece to the book under notice is even more successful than anything else of his which I have seen. While I do not much admire the cover used in this instance, this book, like so many others issued by Mr. Russell, represents a very high standard of bookmaking.

\* \* \*

Apropos of the article on Millet in the present issue, let me recommend to you Charles Sprague Smith's "Barbizon Days," published by the A. Wessels Company. Mr. Smith, who is the director of the People's Institute of this city, has given us an exceedingly attractive and helpful book. He describes the Barbizon district and there are several excellent views which help out the description. Not all the book is devoted to a description of the district, however. It treats mainly of the widely different characteristics of the artists who made the district famous, and of their work.

Millet, Corot, Rousseau, and Barye are the four great artists of the "Barbizon School." Millet painted the *Misere* of toil. Corot and Rousseau the *Gloria* of nature; Barye, painter and sculptor, loved best to mold and paint animals and men. The many reproductions of their best known works add to the interest and value of the book.

Mr. Smith is not an art critic. That is not his forte and he generally remembers it. Having spent a whole summer in the district "roaming the woods in all directions, searching out the haunts of the artists," he gives us "the chronicle of that sum-

mer." And having himself gathered rich and lasting inspiration, he gives it to the reader. Wherefore it is a good and desirable book. Once more we have an attempt to destroy the impression so widely prevailing that Millet's peasants were intended to convey a great social and political protest, such as Markham read in "The Man with the Hoe." Relying upon Sensier, who was to Millet what Boswell was to Johnson, Mr. Smith scouts the idea with a good deal of what seems to me unnecessary emphasis. For what does it matter that "he was always remote in thought and purpose from radicalism"; that "he failed to grasp Socialist doctrines," or that "all revolutionary principles were distasteful to him"? Does it do away with the fact that the pictures *are* a protest, to say Millet did not so intend them? Markham found the protest there: I never see the pictures without reading in them a protest. Millet painted the peasant as he saw him—the peasant as he is. *And the peasant is a protest.* Perhaps Millet saw in the toil and degradation of the peasant, so powerfully depicted in "The Man with the Hoe," something to worship—"the discipline of divine justice, love and wisdom." It has always seemed to me that he did, else there would have been protest, resentment, and revolt, instead of the dumb, hopeless submission of all his peasant pictures. Millet did not protest. But what of it? The protest is in the peasant; the protest is in the picture because the picture of the peasant is true. And the peasant is the protest. Millet's soul never got above the peasant's degradation: wherefore Millet's soul that did not protest was a protest, just as the peasant that does not protest is a protest.

I knew an iron founder who took a friend through his foundry. As he saw the molders and their helpers straining themselves to the uttermost, and the sweat running down their grimy faces he chuckled with pleasure. But the friend was silent. "Is it not great?" asked the iron-founder at length. "Why, man, it has made me a Socialist!" was the astonishing reply. The iron-founder was astonished because he read no protest, saw no tragedy, in the painful toil of the men that went to make his ease. But the friend read the protest and saw the tragedy. The iron-founder had no thought of giving a Socialist a lesson, but he gave it. So with Millet. He knew it not, but his brush registered mighty protests. Markham read the protests; the critic who saw in "The Sower" a poor Communist "flinging handfuls of shot against the sky," read the protest; others, even as these, have read the protests. And the man who cannot read a protest in "The Angelus," or "The Man with the Hoe," is to be pitied. His very soul is a protest against the infamies which have blinded him to the degradation of labor and life.

"Barbizon Days," I repeat, is, upon the whole, a good book which will be found as profitable as it is interesting. Well printed and profusely illustrated, it makes a very desirable addition to one's library—especially when one is unable to afford high-priced books on art subjects.

\* \* \*

Lady Florence Dixie is a remarkable woman—a noblewoman in the highest and best sense of that much and sorely misused word. Her "Songs of a Child," of which I gave a brief notice some months ago, showed her to be a woman of strong humanitarian sympathies and noble ideals, as well as a woman of undoubted genius. Reading again the noble protests against the brutalities of so-called "sport" and of war, and the fearless challenging of orthodox religious creeds, written in childhood as they were, I am bound to repeat that I know nothing to equal them in the whole range of our literature.

Now Lady Dixie has given us another book which I have read and re-read with unbounded interest and admiration. "The Story of Ijain; or the Evolution of a Mind," is a book which ought to be carefully read by every person responsible for the training or education of children. It is a book with a



PROFESSOR R. T. ELY.

purpose. Perhaps I cannot do better than state the purpose in Lady Dixie's own words: "The Story of Ijain" is but a simple record of early education in religion, early doubt and its attendant suffering on the young. It is written in no mocking spirit, but in the earnest hope of making clear to many, who have not studied the question or given it one moment's serious thought, the cruelty practised on the young, of subjecting them to the orthodox religion of the day. It is a lance broken on behalf of youth." Such is the author's purpose and no one, I should imagine, could read the book and fail to be impressed by its intense moral earnestness, even though differing widely from the theories set forth.

The book is, moreover, as interesting as the most interesting novel of the year. From cover to cover it is crowded with incidents. I shall not, I think, be betraying any confidence by saying that the book is largely autobiographical, Lady Dixie herself being the "Ijain" who, at three, asserted the rights of her sex and declared there must be a "Lady God." Only a few years later the same child wrote to the Emperor Napoleon III. and induced him to pardon a poor soldier who had been condemned to death. As the child, so the woman; and years after, when the Matabele chief Ketshwayo pined in his captivity to return once more to South Africa, it was "Ijain," now grown to womanhood, who brought about the fulfillment of that desire. The book, which is sold by Scribner's Sons, is enriched by a number of excellent illustrations in color.

\* \* \*

Another little book about Edward Carpenter and his work comes to me from its author, an English Socialist, Tom Swan. To all who are interested in Carpenter (and who is there among us that is not?) I cordially recommend this booklet. Swan tells Carpenter's meanings in small space. Emerson, who seems to me oftentimes to be very much wiser and truer as a poet than as an essayist, says somewhere in one of his poems:

"Who telleth one of my meanings  
Is master of all I am."

Swan tells Carpenter's meanings. He tells you in two-score pages what Carpenter's ten or a dozen volumes mean. I have read at least five of the ten or a dozen volumes, but Swan's booklet told me more about Carpenter than I had learned from them. The booklet is well written, and there are two portraits of Carpenter.

\* \* \*

From my good friend, Lucien V. Rule, who lives at Goshen, Kentucky, I have received a dainty little book of verses, dedicated to Ernest Crosby, entitled "When John Bull Comes a-Courtin'." Some of the poems have already appeared in THE COMRADE. Lucien V. Rule is a Socialist, and he puts his Socialism into excellent verse-forms. He is a true poet and a sweet singer. The dedication to Crosby—an admirable sonnet—is interesting as showing the change which a few years have wrought in the poet. When the Spanish-American war was raging Rule wrote jingo poetry; and when the Boer war broke out he wrote more jingo poetry, which, maybe, the British jingoes went home and enjoyed after they had kicked and stoned poor Me through the streets.

But Socialism knocked out Rule's jingoism and left his poetic spirit stronger than before. Now he sings "A Pæan of Peace."

\* \* \*

Upon receipt of friend Rule's book, it occurred to me that the number of our contributors whose names are to be found in the publishers' catalogues must be quite considerable. This is our nineteenth issue, and I find that *since we began, little more than a year and a half ago*, no less than twenty-three of our contributors have published one or more books each. I do not reckon in this total the writers of books in other languages, nor those who have published only pamphlets. The total number of their books published since October, 1901, so far as I have record of them, is thirty-two, made up as follows: Poetry, eight volumes; Fiction, eleven; Art, three; Criticism, Philosophy and Economics, ten. I wonder how many of our contemporaries could beat that record?

\* \* \*

The much-advertised "Journal of Arthur Stirling" does not appeal to me. It is altogether too morbid. I am not one of the "dozen people in this huge city in which he lived" who knew the unfortunate, baffled, poverty-driven author, who, working as a car conductor, learned Greek and wrote blank verse, and sought at last an escape from the torment of blighted hopes by committing suicide. Stirling's body was never recovered, but the newspapers published long accounts of his death. There is a disposition to treat him as a mythical personage: I do not know. The editor, who simply signs himself "S.," avers that he knew him well. Let that suffice. I believe that I know "S.," who, if I mistake not, is none other than the author of "King Midas"—also a COMRADE contributor.

Stirling's whole life-interest and hope were centered in "The Captive," a tragedy in blank verse which no publisher could be found to accept. It is easy to sympathize with Stirling, especially when you have known what it means to have to wait upon publishers whose decision must settle questions of vital moment to you. But your sympathy does not prove him to have been a genius. Nor, in my judgment, does his "Journal" suggest that he was. He may, of course, have been another Chatterton, but there is no evidence of anything of the sort in these pages. In fact, I found myself bored by his stupid commonplaces and his morbid egotism. If "The Captive" is a masterpiece, or if the editor believes it to be one, why doesn't he give us some of that to prove his and Stirling's case—that the rejected stone was in truth worthy of the temple?

\* \* \*

The announcement that my good friend and comrade, Peter E. Burrowes, is about to publish a volume of essays gives me unqualified pleasure. Burrowes is a writer who has never yet been fully appreciated by the movement. I shall not be far wrong if I say that not infrequently he has been tolerated

## THE COMRADE.

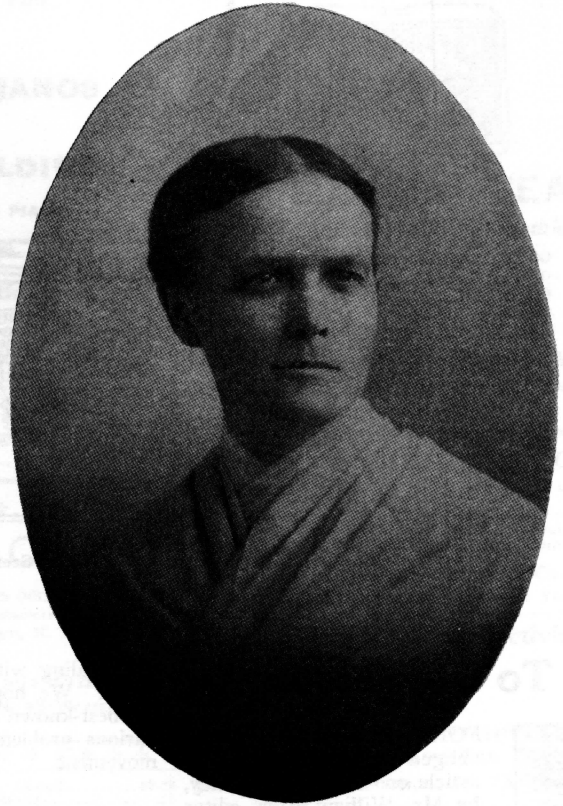
rather than appreciated. For my part, I am confident that at no far distant date Burrowes will come into his own. The movement will sooner or later learn to appreciate his work. Possessed of a keen and reflective mind, he is certainly one of the ripest thinkers in the American Socialist movement, and, at his best, one of its most efficient literary workmen. The subject, "The Collectivist Philosophy," is one with which he is particularly fitted to deal. Few indeed are they in our ranks whose conceptions of the collectivist thought will bear investigation. The appearance of this collection of essays by friend Burrowes will be a literary event of no little importance to the movement.

\* \* \*

Mr. Alfred Bartlett, publisher of the attractive "Cornhill Booklets," has issued the best of all the cheap editions which I have seen of the late Oscar Wilde's famous poem, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." Upon its publication this ballad was widely heralded as being perhaps the most remarkable poem of this generation. That it is *one of the most remarkable* in the language, I think most critics would agree. Mr. Bartlett gives us the poem in an attractive little volume, of which only 550 copies were printed. The paper used is a good white deckle-edge and the pages are printed on one side of the paper only. Bound in boards, with white paper labels, it is a marvelously cheap book at fifty cents.

\* \* \*

In closing this *causerie*, I want to introduce as many of my readers as possible to a worthy friend of every lover of the good and beautiful in literature, Thomas B. Mosher, of 45 Exchange street, Portland, Maine. I know of no man in the country to whom book-lovers of moderate means are so deeply indebted as to Mr. Mosher. More than any other publisher of his time, he succeeds in combining literary and artistic beauty with cheapness of price. No other list that I know of contains so many rarities as his, which, by the way, is itself quite a worthy piece of artistic bookmaking. Almost all the works of William Morris are included, some of which are but little known, and are not to be obtained in any other editions. For example, in the exquisite "Brocade Series" Morris's mediæval English Romances are issued in limited editions of 425 copies each, on Japan vellum, at seventy-five cents per volume. Thus, the set of four volumes may be had in a cabinet case for three dollars. In the same series are the Old French Romances, as well as the works of Stevenson, Fiona Macleod, Oscar Wilde, and other favorite authors. Another choice series, on hand-made paper, at one dollar per volume, contains such favorites as Richard Jefferies' "The Story of My Heart," Browning's "Pippa Passes," and "The Dream of John Ball" (with "A King's Lesson") by Morris.



MILA TUPPER MAYNARD.

Mr. Mosher also publishes a unique little magazine, *The Bibelot*, which is much superior to anything else of its kind that I have ever seen. It is a big-little miscellany of choice reprints of prose and verse, and its every issue reflects the highest possible credit upon its editor. As an instance of what *The Bibelot* contains, let me mention two or three things taken at random from quite recent issues: Browning's little-known "Essay on Shelley;" William Ernest Henley's "London Voluntaries;" J. W. Mackail's noble lecture on Morris, and some quite noteworthy stories and poems by the latter. By all means get *The Bibelot*. J. S.



## The Charter of Humanity.

By Scott Temple.



WILL ye that World-embracing  
Charter,  
From th' Eternal handed  
down,  
For a mess of barren pottage  
barter,

And a slave's Circean crown?  
Exchange the franchise of that scroll  
For the Oppressor's worthless dole?

Behold, divinest of all charters,  
'Tis inscribed by blessed peh

Dipped in holy blood of countless mar-  
tyrs,

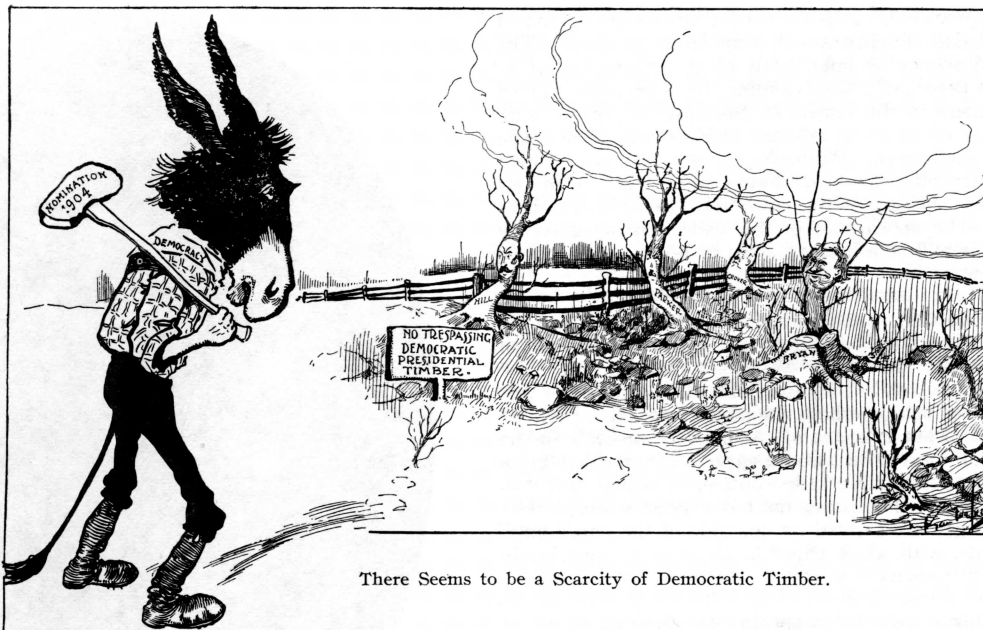
In the fortitude of men,  
In forward thoughts of pioneers,  
In glowing ecstasies of seers.

On its purity unstained, unsmitten  
With the lying blots of hate,  
Untainted with the sinful touch  
Of selfish fools who live too much.  
Her naked meaning is explicit,  
'Tis no secret from a Sphinx,

And the toiling people cannot miss it,  
Yea! not any man who thinks;  
Beside the helm, the forge, the plough,  
All men can read it, here and now.  
For Liberty the loved hath written,  
With the broad free hand of fate,

Alone 'tis valid through the ages  
Strewn with documents of dust,  
Ne'er can tyrants tear its primal pages,  
Though they strive in futile lust:  
This Charter inherent in the earth,  
Sun, sea, and man's renewing birth.

## THE COMRADE.



There Seems to be a Scarcity of Democratic Timber.

### To Our Readers.



UNFORTUNATELY we are obliged to announce that the article on Ernest McGaffey, by Mr. William Ellis, editor of *The Philosopher*, did not reach us in time for the present issue. That is one of several pleasures in store for our readers. Mr. Ellis is a brilliant critic, and his article is sure to be a distinctive piece of work.

\* \* \*

Another valued addition to our Comrade-ship is Mrs. Mila Tupper Maynard, author of "Walt Whitman; the Poet of the Wider Selfhood," who will contribute to the next issue. We are glad indeed of Mrs. Maynard's co-operation. In addition to these items, and to another article by George D. Herron, we have secured from our friend, M. Winchevsky, the promise of a series of three articles dealing with the history of Socialism among the Jews. These articles, which will be illustrated by rare portraits and other illustrations, will be reminiscent in character, and exceedingly valuable as a unique contribution to the history of the movement. Probably there is no living man so well qualified to deal with the subject as Comrade Winchevsky. No Socialist can afford to miss these articles.

\* \* \*

With the next issue, also, we hope to conclude our serial, "News from Nowhere." We do not contemplate running another serial, but shall devote the space to shorter stories and a variety of arti-

cles dealing with matters of general interest. We hope to include articles by the best-known European Socialists upon various problems of the International movement.

\* \* \*

For the title-page design in the present issue, which we shall continue to use until the end of the volume, at least, we are indebted to Mr. John Phelps Pette, who, it will be remembered, also designed the larger of the two sets of initials which we are using. Mr. Pette will also contribute some special designs later on.

\* \* \*

Now is the time for leaflets and pamphlets for propaganda work. The *Comrade Illustrated Leaflets* are unrivaled for cheapness and effectiveness. They make Socialists. Then there are the pamphlets we publish. These are just so much superior to the ordinary Socialist pamphlet in appearance as the *COMRADE* is superior, in that respect, to the ordinary Socialist paper. And they are not only externally attractive; they are reliable, well written and convincing. There is "Socialism the Basis of Universal Peace," by Dr. Gibbs; "Where We Stand," and "Child Slaves in Free America," by the editor; and "Socialism and the Negro Problem," by Charles H. Vail.

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BARBIZON DAYS. By Charles Sprague Smith. Cloth, illustrated; 232 pages. New York: The A. Wessels Company.

\*BOOK-PLATES OF TO-DAY. By Wilbur Macey Stone. Boards, illustrated. New York: Tonnele & Co.

THE VITAL TOUCH. By Victor E. Southworth. Boards, 48 pages. Denver, Col. The Author.

\*THE SOCIALIST AND THE PRINCE. By Mrs. Fremont Older. Cloth, illustrated; 309 pages. Price, \$1.50. New York: The Funk Wagnalls Company.

WHEN JOHN BULL COMES A'COURTIN'. By Lucien V. Rule. Paper. Price, 50c. Louisville, Ky.: The Caxton Publishing Company.

THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL. By Oscar Wilde. Boards. Price, 50c. net. Boston: Alfred Bartlett.

A REMARKABLE ALMANACK. Edition limited to 500 copies. Paper. Price, \$1.00. Boston: Alfred Bartlett.

\*TOLSTOY: HIS LIFE AND WORKS. By John Coleman Kenworthy. Cloth; illustrated; 255 pages. London (Eng.): The Walter Scott Publishing Company.

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