

THE COMRADE



"THE CAPITALIST VAMPIRE" By WALTER CRANE.

How I Became a Socialist.

By Leonard D. Abbott.



AM asked to state why I am a Socialist. But the question I am inclined to ask myself is: Why should I be anything else? For the main truths of Socialism seem to me axiomatic. There have been only two intellectual periods in my life—the one, in which I thought as a child, believing what I was told to believe; the other, in which I hewed out my own conclusions. In the first period I was an individualist, in the crass and literal sense of the word. That is to say, I had no thoughts at all—or at least no thoughts of any value—outside of my own petty individuality. In the second period I became conscious of my relations to a world beyond myself, and the quickening of this consciousness led me to Socialism.

There are certain "red-letter" days in all our lives,—days of unusual import and significance, that cast their shadows over coming years. Such a day was that on which Robert Blatchford's "Merrie England" came into my hands. It is ten years ago now, and I was then at school in Uppingham, Eng. The book was lent to me by one of my school masters, a lovable character with qualities the very opposite of those one usually associates with the "academic" type. He had come across "Merrie England"—it had been issued in paper covers at a penny, and was selling by the hundred thousand—and had been impressed by the sincerity of the author without accepting all his conclusions. But to me the book was a veritable gospel. It revealed me to myself. It voiced thoughts that had long been struggling for utterance within me. It opened up wonderful vistas; and still they stretch, on and on and on.

I did not know much about economics, but I caught in a moment the glow of this remarkable human document. Almost without being conscious of the fact, I had been in rebellion against the life I knew. Born and brought up in the great seaport of Liverpool, seeing around me constantly the evidences of miserable poverty, oppressed by the utter unloveliness of the city streets and slums, I was already a revolutionist in spirit. And here was a book that echoed my revolt, and that held out the hope of a world beautiful, a world without poverty.

To "Merrie England" I can trace many of the strongest intellectual tendencies of my life. I turned from it to the writings of Ruskin, Carlyle, Tolstoy, Walt Whitman, Henry George, Kropotkin, Marx, Bellamy, Morris and Carpenter. Out of a welter of conflicting counsels Socialism emerged. I became more and more convinced that the realization of a

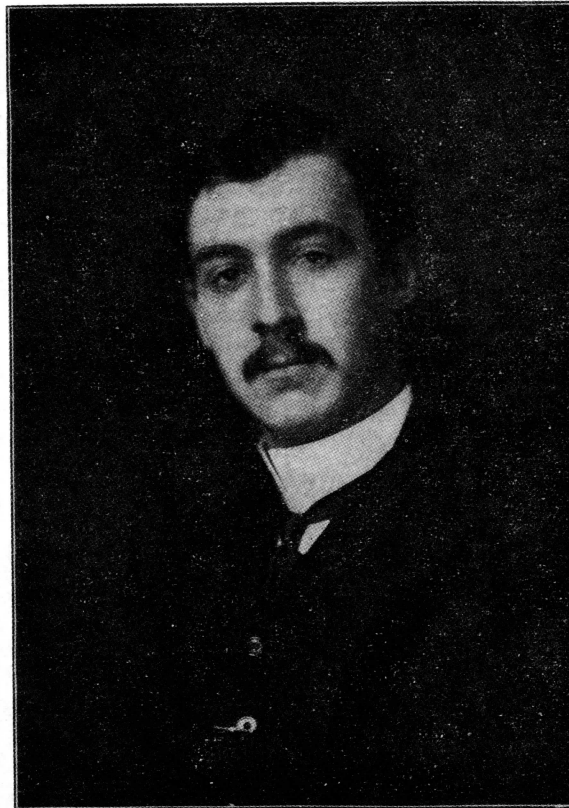
co-operative commonwealth, the organization of society on a collectivist basis, was the one object worth striving for. Reasoning first of all in purely Utopian fashion, I was led later to study and to accept in all its fundamentals the Marxian position.

An amusing anecdote is connected with my earliest researches in Socialist literature. I took into school with me one day Morris' pamphlet, "Useful Work versus Useless Toil," and was detected reading it by the master in charge. He was a lean, cadaverous individual, and he picked up the pamphlet with an expression of painful solicitude. "Useful Work versus Useless Toil," he sniffed, "I should say so! You have neglected useful work to engage in the useless toil of reading this rubbish." He turned the pamphlet over, and

revealed, to my consternation and confusion, the advertisement: "Read 'The Torch,' a journal of Revolutionary Communism." All hope of lenient treatment vanished with that legend. "You will report yourself to the headmaster," he drily observed, "and tell him that you were reading revolutionary pamphlets in school hours." The head master, as it fortunately happened, chose to laugh the matter off. He fingered the pages of the essay with a running comment of flippant criticism; damned Morris' carpets (he had recently bought one for his drawing room, and was dissatisfied with it!); consigned the pamphlet to the flames; subjected me to a cross-examination and some good-natured chaffing, and finally dismissed me without punishment.

My Socialist activities really began at school, for I was called upon to defend my convictions in the school debating society, as well as in many private conversations. But it was not until after I had left school and started the business of life in earnest that I came into touch with the actual Socialist movement. Among those who influenced me strongly during this period were John Edwards, a

prosperous Liverpool iron merchant, at that time president of the local branches of the Fabian Society and Independent Labor Party, and to-day still active in the movement (may his shadow never grow less!); Sam Reeves, a Social Democratic pioneer who kept a little shop on Scotland road, and Joseph Edwards, the editor of "The Labour Annual." I was a regular attendant at the local Socialist meetings, and in this way was brought into contact with most of the prominent men in the movement. Robert Blatchford came to town to open a Socialist Bazaar. I heard Keir Hardie address an open-air meeting on the Southport sands, and attended a



Leonard D. Abbott.
Photo by the Misses Selby, N. Y.

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great gathering, at which H. M. Hyndman spoke on the Indian question with his customary force and eloquence.

William Morris, to whom I feel that I owe most of all, I never knew personally. But I was in London a few months after his death, and met his daughter and some of his nearest friends. Edward Carpenter I saw on two occasions, once in a workingman's home in Liverpool, and again in Sheffield. I visited Walter Crane at his beautiful home in Kensington, and spent an afternoon with Prince Kropotkin at Bromley, near London.

Six years have passed since the days of my comradeship with English Socialists, but though much else has changed, my Socialist faith has not. If I ask myself what has kept me active in Socialist work through the years, the answer must undoubtedly be: A certain idealist intensity, a kind of social passion, in which economic and aesthetic motives have been equally blended. As one who cannot walk the streets without being conscious of the degradation of present-day life (I can imagine no more frightful indictment of civilization than that conveyed by a walk down the Bowery any night of the week); as one appalled by the whole monstrous paraphernalia of commercialism (I know of no testimony to man's insanity so vivid and convincing as the wild pile of "sky-scrapers" on Manhattan Island), I turn inevitably to the revolutionary movement, if only because it is committed to ideals exactly the opposite of those embodied in our present world. I love the whole army

of revolt. My heart goes out to all who have felt the urge of the democratic spirit, and have turned their backs upon capitalism. But my intelligence leads me into definite affiliation with Socialism, because it offers not merely protest and indictment, but also the definite economic framework of the future society.

We men and women are only in the world for a few brief years. As rational beings it must be our first aim to make life as happy and as beautiful as possible. Enduring happiness has never come and can never come from purely selfish pursuits. We, all of us, need the uplift, the inspiration, of great aims and ideals. Why, then, shall we not stake life on large motives? And what is there to summon us more urgently to its achievement than the task of social reconstruction, the call to take hold of this sorry old world of ours and shape it to every just and noble end? To me, at least, there is no task in the universe comparable in interest and in dignity with this. At times, I have quailed before its very magnitude; defeats and discouragements have crowded upon me; perspectives have altered; seeming truths have turned out to be illusions. Yet in growing manhood I am still impelled to renew my boyhood vows—

"To thee, old cause!

Thou peerless, passionate, good cause,
Thou stern, remorseless, sweet idea,
Deathless throughout the ages, races, lands."



Carnegie's "Reverence" and Mine.

By John Spargo.

"Steel, said Mr. Carnegie the other day, had a soul. He could never pass a bar of steel without being reverent, because in that bar there were perhaps all the mysteries of human life. Andrew appears to think more of an ingot than a human soul. That's the irony of it."—The Clarion.



SOMETIMES I have wondered whether the capitalist could feel reverence for anything but dollars. I have wondered if his soul and his bonds were kept in the vaults of the bank together and whether there was a ratio of exchange between them.

I have looked in vain to the capitalist for reverence of manhood, of womanhood, or of childhood. Everywhere I have followed him looking in vain for some sign of such reverence. Men and women and the children of their loins rush from gloom to gloom; from gloomy tenement hells to gloomy industrial hells, with none to reverence then coming or going. Reverence might save them, but there is none. Labor and life and love are mocked but not revered.

In the mart of the capitalist, in his home and in his temple, I have looked for some reverence of justice, of love, of truth. But I have found justice bound in the mart, love outraged in the home, truth muzzled in the temple. I have looked for reverence of art and the artist, work and the worker; but found art debauched and the artist chained; work shunned as a pestilence and the worker beaten and oppressed.

"THERE IS NO REVERENCE OF ANYTHING SAVE THE DOLLAR!" I cried.

"But I reverence each bar of steel," cries the capitalist from the shadow of a great library whose architectural beauties vanish before each gaze of a freed soul, and give place to the hideous and lurid shapes of a smoke-wrapt inferno. "I THINK STEEL HAS A SOUL AND THAT THE BAR BEFORE WHICH I AM SO REVERENT CONTAINS THE MYSTERIES OF HUMAN LIFE."

Do not mock that cry, my brother, for unless you, too, can reverence that bar of steel you are lost: not damned by gods, but lost to men. Only when you can reverence that steel, yon piece of coal, or this fabric, can you be of service to the race.

I hear you say you are reverent to the steel, Mr. Carnegie. And I am reverent to the steel. But you are reverent because the steel contains the MYSTERIES of human life, while I am reverent because it contains the TRAGEDIES of human life. We are both reverent, you and I, but it is not the same reverence, Mr. Carnegie.

You see the mysteries, and are reverent. You do not understand the mysteries but that helps your reverence. You see in that bar of steel which you have never seen before, something that is your own. You see in that bar of steel which you have not handled, a deposit to your bank account; you see a new library with your name blazoned above its portals and you are reverent. Why should you not be reverent before the bar of steel! Your name is upon the bar, upon each cold gray grain of it. It is yours. Your name was upon the iron-ore before the miner—your miner—broke it from its matrix; your name was upon the coal which released the metallic flow; and the fierce heat of the furnace could not remove your name. You saw that it was all mysterious; you thought it was God's doing; you became reverent as you gazed upon each bar of steel—each bar marked with your name; each bar to add to your collateral; each bar to add to your library account with God. I do not marvel that you are reverent!

You look at your little one: you lead her joyfully up the marble steps of the mansion your love built for her. Your love did not build, of course,—it was only a figure of speech

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you used. Somewhere steel bars, mysterious steel bars, raised the mansion while you feasted and slept. Wonderful steel bars! You gaze at your little one as she catches a lion and leads him to the cage where his pain and anguish will give joy to little ones who are not able to chase and catch lions; who do not know better than to be amused at a lion's suffering. Your little loved one did not catch the lion, nor lead it to the cruel cage? You are right, I had forgotten—it was those mysterious steel bars!

They say you must be damned, those steel bars. You are reverent, but you are afraid, too. They make you rich. They insist upon coming and making you rich in spite of your cries. You cry that you will die disgraced and damned if they don't let you die poor. But they say they must come; they must make you rich; they must damn you. It is mysterious and you are reverent.

But I said that I was reverent. The bars of steel do not have my name on them; they do not add to my bank account; they do not damn me. I am not afraid but I am reverent. You see MYSTERIES and are awed and reverent: I see TRAGEDIES and am awed and reverent.

I look upon the bar of steel, and your name disappears from each cold gray grain of it. I see the name of the race instead. Millions of faces peer out of it; millions of voices, voices ages old and voices youthful, cry out to me from each bar. "We are the race," they cry, "and we have made the steel." I am reverent in the presence of the steel bar because the race cries out of its inmost depths.

"STEEL HAS A SOUL," YOU SAY, AND ARE REVERENT. THE SOUL OF THE STEEL IS THE GENIUS AND POWER OF THE RACE. BEFORE IT, I, TOO, AM AWED AND REVERENT.

I look at the steel bar but am not afraid. It bids me come to it. "Look!" it cries, and I see through it and beyond it. Can you wonder now that I am reverent? I see the miners painfully digging, now for coal, then for iron. In the steel bar I can see them digging, and when one falls into the dark

abysses, or when the caverns close upon them, I can hear their cries of anguish.

I look and see the fierce furnace fires and the sweated faces of the men before them: I see the seething crucible burst forth and hear the cries and smell the burning flesh of the victims. I see the ashes of their bones in the bar of steel, and the bar of steel awes me. I am reverent now that I can look into the steel and see the tragedies it holds.

I can see the furnaces sending their poison into the lungs of the poor mother to murder her child before it is born. I can see the tired worker and the tired worker's tired wife. They become parents and parenthood is blasphemed. No tired man is fit to become a father, no tired woman fit to become a mother. Now I know what steel bars are. I am reverent.

I see helpless woman a prey to Lust as I gaze into the steel bar. I see youth fall to the sword: Hate is enthroned. I hear Death's cruel mocking laugh. I am reverent and awed, but I am not afraid!

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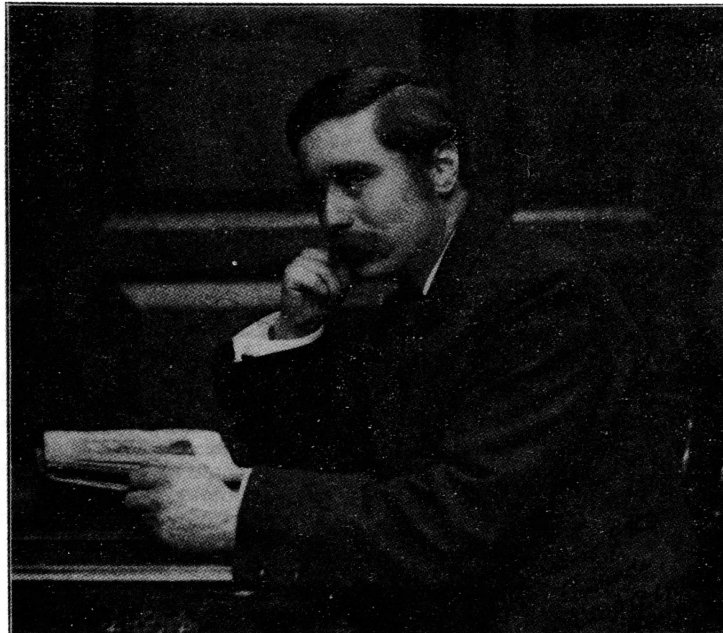
For all the common life and labor of the race speaks from each unit of wealth; from the pin no less than the locomotive. In each is contained tragedies without number. Every tool, every fabric, every book, every morsel of food, is a product of the race-life, and for each has the race paid stupendous price.

THAT THE RACE-LIFE WITH ITS SACRIFICE AND ITS SORROW SHOULD BRING YOU MASTERY AND SURFEIT, MR. CARNEGIE, AND TO ALL BESIDE SERVITUDE AND WANT, IS NO MYSTERY OF THE GODS, BUT MAN'S BLASPHEMY—YOUR BLASPHEMY! BEFORE THE BAR OF STEEL AS A PRODUCT OF THE WORLD'S ETERNAL COMMONALITY I AM REVERENT. BUT BEFORE THE SUPERSTITION AND BLASPHEMY OF YOUR PRIVATE OWNERSHIP I STAND DEFIANT, OUTRAGED—REBELLING.

Thought in the Modern State.

By H. G. Wells.

THOUGHT is the life, the spontaneous flexibility of a community. A community that thinks freely and fully throughout its population is capable of a thousand things that are impossible in an unthinking mass of people. The latter, collectively considered, is a large rigid thing, a lifeless thing, that will break rather than bend, that will die rather than develop. Its inevitable end is dust and fruitless extinction. Look at the thing from the baser level of political conception, and still that floating tide of thought is a necessity. With thought and gathered knowledge, things that mean tumult, bloodshed, undying hatreds, schisms and final disaster to uncivilized races, are accomplished in peace; constitutional changes, economic reorganizations, boundary modifications and a hun-



H. G. WELLS. Author of "Anticipations", "Mankind in the Making" etc.

dred grave matters. Thought is the solvent that will make a road for men through Alpine difficulties that seem now unconquerable, that will dissolve those gigantic rocks of custom and tradition that loom so forbiddingly athwart all our further plans. For three thousand years and more, the book has been becoming more and more the evident salvation of man. If our present civilization collapse, it will collapse as all previous civilizations have collapsed, not from want of will, but from the want of organization for its will, for the want of that knowledge, that conviction and that general understanding that would have kept pace with the continually more complicated problems that arose about it." —From "Mankind in the Making," in the Cosmopolitan.

Reminiscences of Karl Marx.

By W. Harrison Riley.



THE first time that I saw Marx was on the platform. He was the principal speaker at a meeting held to celebrate the noble work of the Commune of Paris. His speech was logical, powerful and effective, but not "fiery." His manner of delivery was that of a deep thinker, and he used no orator's tricks.

Marx was as good to look at as to listen to. Albert Brisbane, who saw him in 1848, said he was "short, solidly built, with a fine face and bushy black hair." I am quite sure that Marx was at least four inches taller than the average height of Londoners. He was well built and remarkably good looking.

The next time that I saw Marx was at his house, No. 1 Maitland Park Road. He wore an old dressing gown, his bushy hair—no longer black—was wildly pompadour. His den was profusely littered with books and papers. After asking me if I smoked, he invited me to try his tobacco. When our pipes were going satisfactorily he called my attention to a Spanish paper in which there was a translation of one of my editorials. I told him that I could not read Spanish and then he translated the introduction to the editorial.

Up to the time of my first visit to Marx, the reports of the meetings of the General Council of the International had been sent to the "Eastern Post," a very commonplace newspaper. Marx told me that he wished to have the reports sent to my paper, the "International Herald," and that he proposed to supply an official weekly supplement to the paper. He also informed me that he was writing an article on the land question, which would be at my disposal.

At my subsequent visits to Marx, the chief subject of discussion was about troubles in the Federal Council (entirely caused by the secretary, Hales,) but sometimes he wanted to talk about more agreeable subjects. At one of these meetings, the name of Walt Whitman was brought into the conversation. I think that Marx had not read any of his poems—even if he had ever heard of them—but he was evidently well pleased with some of the lines that I quoted, as, for instance, "Speaking of miracles, a hair on the back of my hand is as great a miracle as any." Then I quoted a verse from the "Pioneers":

"All the past we leave behind;
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world;
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,

Pioneers! O, Pioneers!"

I quoted some other things, at the request of Marx, who seemed to be greatly interested, and then he tried to draw me

out. He wanted to know something about my depth and breadth before taking me into his confidence, so he tried to make me do most of the talking.

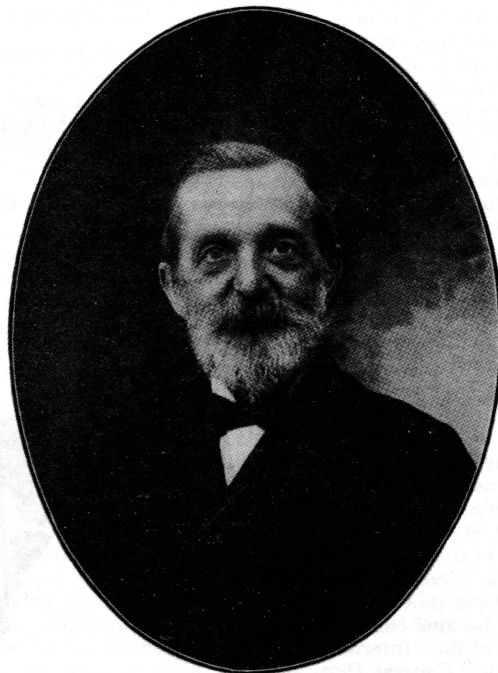
Whitman's treatment of theology pleased Marx, and he spoke approvingly of it. Then he referred to some of my writings—including "My Creed"—and we had a brief discussion. He asked me to try to prove that it is more reasonable to believe than to disbelieve in a continuation of existence after what is called death, and in the existence of superior intelligence to that of mankind. Marx took the agnostic position, and I do not think I could have found a more able opponent, but after awhile he said, "You should know Thomas Alspop. He would like to hear your remarkable arguments, and I should like to hear what he has to say in reply." When I told him that Alspop was already one of my best friends, he said, "You cannot find a wiser friend in all England."

It was probably because of my responsible and influential position as editor of the "Official Organ of the British Federal Council" that Marx occasionally catechised me, wishing to ascertain my qualifications for the position. One of the questions he asked me was, "Which of the Asiatic countries will be the future dominating power?" "Siberia," I replied, and I gave him my reasons, with which he seemed satisfied. At another time he asked me if I thought the United States would be the first country to adopt Socialism, and in reply to my opinion that France and Germany would take the lead, Spain and Italy be in the centre, and the Anglo-Saxons march in the rear, he said (as nearly as I can remember), "I am glad to find that you are not parochial, but that you are a citizen of the world." The Internationalists addressed each other as "Citizen," but I disliked the designation and frequently substituted Whitman's greeting, "Comrade."

At another time, Marx asked me if I had read Proudhon. When I replied that I had not, he said

something to the following effect: "Some things you have written are peculiarly like some of the things he has written. I don't suspect that you have copied from him, or from anybody, and when you read the book I am now at work on I don't want you to suspect that I have copied from you." I suppose that I stared, for he smiled and said: "Well, I may decide to translate it into English, and then you may see some arguments that you have used, and others have used centuries ago. We have only worded them a little differently."

One day, in 1872, Marx told me he wanted the United States Report of Immigration, and I said I had the latest and would send him a copy, which I afterwards did. He occasionally sent to me marked copies of Continental papers, and I have a copy of the Rules of the House of Commons that he gave to me.



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Marx spoke highly of some of the writings in the *Herald*, but said that most of the writers were "patent pill mongers," which was, unfortunately, only too true. He spoke bitterly of some of the trades union leaders, Potter (of the "Bee Hive"), Howell, Mottershead, and a few other "mercenaries," and asked me if I was aware that almost all of the trades unionists in Spain were Socialists. He warmly approved my denunciation of the labor misleaders.

There were very few Internationalists in Ireland, but Marx seemed to take more interest in the work in Ireland than he did in our English work, or in the agitation in America.

Lessner, a German exile, was one of Marx's most intimate friends. He is yet living and should be able to supply more interesting information about Marx than I can give. I can only jot down a few disconnected recollections.

The only time that I was in the company of Walt Whitman, he asked me—referring to Ruskin—"How is the good man?" Marx also esteemed Ruskin most for his "goodness."

I never heard Marx talk about pictures, sculpture, or poetry (except Whitman's). He was not what is called a "Sentimental Socialist." He was rigidly mathematical.

After the secession of the Bakounine insurgents, and the removal of the General Council to New York, I seldom saw Marx, and the few letters I received from him related only to the lamentable disruption of the association in England.

It has been said, "A prophet hath honor, except in his own country." In 1872, there were not many people in England who knew anything of Marx, although a million knew of Odger and Bradlaugh. But the London "Times" editor was well aware of his great ability and his influential position, and Marx told me, on several occasions, "The 'Times' has sent a man to me again for special information."

There are many unwise proverbs, and one of the unwise is, "The voice of the people is the voice of God." Carlyle said, "The population of England is twenty millions—mostly fools." Few of the men we now consider heroes were esteemed by the populace, in their own time and country, and many of the noblest men that ever lived have been martyrs.



R. RILEY, who contributes the foregoing reminiscences of Karl Marx, played an important part in the old International Workingmen's Association in England and saw much of Marx and his associates. In 1871 he was editor of the Leeds "Critic" and issued several pamphlets, including one on "Strikes." In that year he joined the "International," and in the year following went to London and became editor of the "Republican." Later he became editor of the "International Herald," the official organ of the British Federal Council, and, afterwards, of the "Herald and Helpmate" (Bristol) and the "Socialist" (Sheffield).

Strange to say, Mr. Riley attributes his "conversion" to Socialism to Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," a copy of the first edition of which he came across in Boston in 1857. Years afterward it was his good fortune to be the means of interesting Ruskin in Whitman. In response to a letter from Mr. Riley inclosing some quotations from "Leaves of Grass," Ruskin wrote: "These are glorious things you have sent me. Who is Walt Whitman, and is much of him like this?" Ruskin's interest in Whitman later was, as is well known, very great and sincere.

Mr. Riley returned to this country in 1880, and is now sixty-eight years young, as enthusiastic as ever in the Socialist faith.

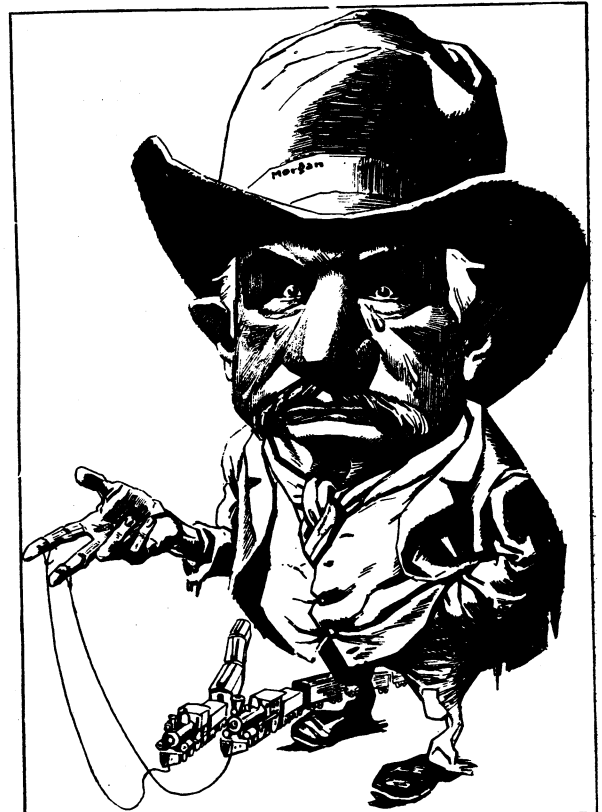
His description of Marx as being "rigidly mathematical" must not be interpreted too literally as meaning that Marx had no taste or liking for poetry. Far from that

being the case, his familiarity with, and appreciation of, the great poets, ancient and modern, was remarkable. In his youth Marx himself wrote a number of poems, but seems to have grown out of that not uncommon habit of youth. Marx was indeed "rigidly mathematical" when the occasion required, but his literary tastes were surprisingly catholic and broad. He inclined to the romantic school and "Don Quixote" seems to have been one of his great literary favorites. Of the poetry of his friend and countryman, Heinrich Heine, he was particularly fond as he was also of the work of that other great poet of his native land, Goethe. "Faust" and Dante's "Divina Commedia" he knew almost entirely by heart and, it is said, I think by Lafargue, that he made it a rule for several successive years to read Shakespeare from cover to cover. Homer was another of his favorite authors. His love for committing poetry to memory was inherited by at least one of his children, Eleanor, who used to pride herself that she could recite every line of the poetry of Robert Burns!

It would be a most interesting piece of work if someone would compile from Marx's works all his many quotations from, and reference to, the great poets. Even the most casual reader of "Capital" must have noticed, and marvelled at, their range no less than their appropriateness.

It is well that all such "Reminiscences" as the foregoing should be recorded and so preserved for the generations of the future, but is it not strange that there is as yet no adequate and reliable biography of Marx in any language? Surely the time for that has come!

Editor.



Morgan The Rail Road Peddler.

Lustige Blaetter.

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The Laborer

By Elwyn Hoffman.



SOAL have I digged and wood have I hewn,
Yet cold is my heart and drear;
And I shiver full oft for a bit of the flame
My Promethian hand brought here.

I have given my strength to the useful plow,
And followed it after with seed;
Yet the grain is threshed, and the grain is ground,
And still do I know my need.

I have tended the flock on the lonely plain,
And sheared in the noisy pen;
And watched by the loom—yet the cloth I wear
Is Israel's draggled hem.

My brain has thought and my hand obeyed,
And my soul has dreamed its best;
Yet I lay me down, when the night comes on,
With a dead heart in my breast!

Broad is the land my master owns,
And fruitful year to year;
But my estate is a rented lie
And my holdings lodged in fear!



Tolstoy, Novelist and Radical.

By Ernest Crosby.



WE often hear it said of Tolstoy, as of Ruskin and William Morris and other men of genius with socialistic leanings: "What a pity it is that he should have been so eccentric in his social and economic ideas!"—as if these ideas not only bore no logical relation to his literary talent, but were actually hostile to it. In the same way it is customary to divide the lives of such men into two periods, the former that of their sane creative activity, and the latter that of their deplorable mental degeneracy. It must have startled critics of this school to find in Tolstoy's last novel, "Resurrection," all the old genius existing side by side with the new vagaries, and they must have felt the necessity of discovering some new theory to explain the anomaly.

The fact is that in Tolstoy's case, as in many others scarcely less notable, it was his sympathy with all mankind that made him a novelist as well as a revolutionist—it was love for neighbor that lay at the base of his economics as well as of his literary talents. It is true that between his fiftieth and fifty-fifth years he became more fully conscious of the wrongs of his fellows and more determined to do his best to right them, but the sudden changes in nature, the "conversions of sinners," the bursting of seeds, the unfolding of buds and leaves, are only sudden in appearance, and the preparation for them has been long and certain. The outer husk may fall off in a moment, but the new life that appears had its source in the long-ago. We might naturally expect therefore to find in Tolstoy's early writings the prophecy of his latest opinions, and such in fact is the case. It would be interesting to go over all his literary work and follow through it the traces of revolt against oppression and love for the oppressed, but such a task would be a laborious one, and if it had been accomplished there would be no room for its results here. I desire, however, to quote one or two passages from his earlier works to show that his genius was never free from the taint of liberty, equality and fraternity.

Tolstoy's first novel was the "Cossacks," written in the

early fifties before his five-and-twentieth year. In it he gives an account of a shooting excursion which his hero, Olenine, makes by himself. It is a very hot day and he is pursued by a swarm of gnats. He lies down in the hollow where a stag had passed the night and left the impress of his shape. He begins to tolerate the gnats and even to have a certain sympathy for them. "He felt himself at ease. He thought of nothing, wished for nothing. All of a sudden he was seized by an inexpressible feeling of happiness, by an unspeakable love for all creation. * * * And he understood clearly that he was not at all a Russian gentleman, a member of society of Moscow, friend and relation of so-and-so, but simply a living being, a stag, a pheasant, an insect, like those which buzzed about him. * * * 'I wish to be happy, but how?' said he to himself. * * * A sudden light shone into his mind. 'Happiness,' he thought, 'consists in living for others, that is clear. Man desires happiness; therefore it is a proper desire. If he tries to get it selfishly, by seeking wealth, glory or love, he may fail altogether. It is the selfish desires then that are improper, and not the desire to be happy. What are the only dreams which can come true independent of external conditions? Love and devotion.' He jumped up, happy and excited over the discovery of this apparently novel truth and he sought with impatience some one to love, to do good to, to devote himself to. 'I want nothing for myself; why not dedicate my life to others?' And he goes back to the village and insists on giving his horse to a young Cossack who had been his successful rival in the affections of one of the village maidens, and the villagers look upon him as crazy. In this little episode we have the fundamental ideas upon which are reared all of Tolstoy's later democracy and humanitarianism.

"Prince Nekhludov" is a story belonging to nearly the same period and the hero passes through a very similar experience. He goes into the woods in the Spring. "For a long time he had wandered without thought, suffering only from his inability to express the feeling which oppressed him. Suddenly his imagination showed him the voluptuous form of

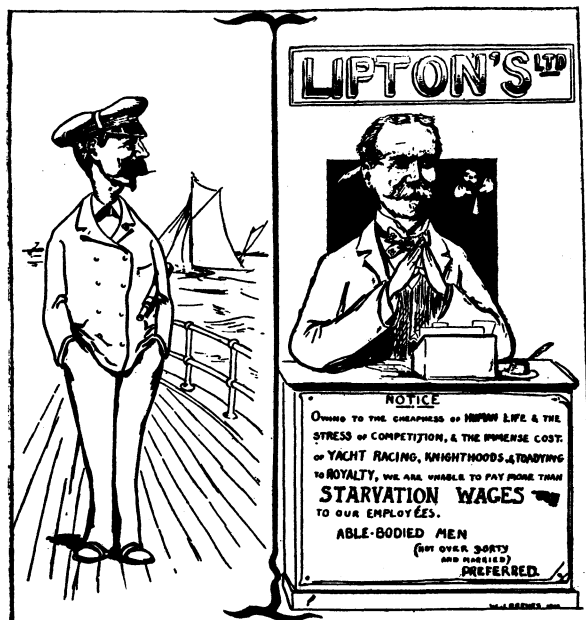
THE COMRADE.

a woman with all the attractions of the unknown, and it seemed to him that this was the object of his unexpressed desire. But a higher feeling said to him, 'It is not this,' and forced him to seek another ideal. Then his untried and enthusiastic mind lifted itself gradually and unconsciously into the regions of abstract thought and he seemed to discover the laws of existence of things. And with a proud delight he gave himself up to these ideas. But again a higher feeling warned him that it was not this that he was seeking, and he pressed onward to find it elsewhere. Finally he lay down under a tree without thought and without desires, as is always the case after excessive work, and began to watch the light and transparent clouds which passed above him in the deep, infinite sky. All at once and without apparent cause his eyes filled with tears, and, God knows how, a thought came to him which took possession of his whole soul. The thought, which captivated him immediately, was this: 'Truth and happiness are to be found in love and well doing—the only truth and happiness possible in the world.' This time the voice within him did not say, 'It is not this! It is not this!' He got up and analyzed the thought. 'That is it, that is it!' he repeated, full of joy, comparing his old opinions with the new truth which he thought he had discovered. 'All that I knew, all that I had faith in, all that I loved, was worthless. Love and self-denial, these are the only pleasures which do not depend on chance. Therefore to be happy, I must do good.' We have here the foreshadowing of the same revolutionary principle of love for neighbor, as well as of Tolstoy's sexual ideas and his predilection for self-abnegation, while the forest scene of both of these incidents is suggestive of a return to nature and simplicity of life. The whole story of Nekhludov, his devotion to the interests of his serfs, his Quixotic friendship for a wandering musician at Lucerne, and his indignation against the smug gentlemen at the hotel who slighted the man—these and other events suggest the

Tolstoy of recent years, and we are not surprised to find the same Nekhludov figuring as the hero of his latest novel, "Resurrection."

Not unlike Olenine and Nekhludov are Pierre Besoukhov and Levin, the heroes of Tolstoy's two greatest novels, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." Both of them seek for something rational in life and both of them succeed more or less in finding a working theory of living based on love for one's fellows. In "Anna Karenina" I find no passages at hand which bear quoting as well as those which I have given from the earlier books, but Pierre in "War and Peace" again and again in his search for truth testifies to the claims of "love of neighbor and devotion." He learns the lesson from a common soldier, a peasant, after he had studied the philosophers in vain. The French soldiers are struck by the fact that Pierre bears no resentment against them, although they had ravaged his country. Even Prince Andre, a more superficial character in the same book, comes to much the same conclusions when he finds himself on his death-bed. "Yes, yes, love! not selfish love, but love such as I felt for the first time in my life when I saw my enemy dying at my side and yet loved him just the same!"

As might be expected, Tolstoy's ideals, and particularly his resultant criticisms of society as it is, appear much more clearly in the book "Resurrection," which he wrote in his seventieth year. There with painful accuracy he points out the cruelties of the penal system and the blindness and inhumanity of the official class, and at the same time shows his full appreciation of the evils of the land system and his confidence in the justice and practicability of the reform advocated by Henry George, but it is hardly an exaggeration to say that there is nothing in this powerful novel which cannot be traced back to hints and suggestions, at least in his earlier masterpieces. When a man is "born again" he merely finds his real self.



Two Views of Sir Thomas Lipton,
From London Justice.



"In vain is the net spread for the wary".

THE COMRADE.

The Agitator

By Peter E. Burrowes.



"GOOD bird," said I to it which sang upon the cherry tree before my window, "wherefore do you sing? Is it thy pleasure or thy business?" Then the other, who always sits beside me, said: "Babbler, urge it not to the answer; for it is not this one, but a family of birds you hear. Thrust it not out with a self-conscious 'why' to the infinite, whence only echo comes to any one. With its broken wing thrust it not out to the boundless, where there be no branch to rest upon for answer."

"Does the bird not know, then, what it sings nor wherefore?"

"It knows an urgency that calls it out in song, and sings the answer to that urgency up, around, away. Querist the bird is not, but singer of replies, scattering around light sprays of melody with something in them more than sound. A lighter step, you saw, it gave the laborer coming from the mine; to you it gave this query of the larger life."

"Tell me, my other, is it meet that I, an agitator, should talk above the crowd or write or rhyme as sings this little bird?" The other whispered: "You are not the thinker; I am he who never yet thought down to any one."

"But I, who am a demagogue, an agitator, must I not stick my heels in very common clay?"

"The purse-patriot who sees you meddling with his slaves will take no alarm, while as a slave you talk. That speech alone which pulls them up and out is dangerous to him."

"And then, may I, who talk above their heads, as critics say I do, have hope to help them?"

"Above yourself you needs must think, and he who puts his thinking in his words will surely always talk above his normal life. Beware of vain simplicity. The man who feels himself a-coming down to simple saxon condescension; he who plumes himself on monosyllabic simplicity to meet the lesser minds of common men is very sick indeed with vanity. My agitator, speak as utterance has been given to thee, the multi-famines of the race have need of everything that speaks."

"The racial motherhood hath always held in loving strength the agitator to her heart. There, when you are divinely close, you may give out as much of self as you can find—how little it will be! Near to this sacred pulse, my agitator speak. What if with aching head upon my breast you sometimes moan: 'I do not understand myself and others do not understand me.' Speak on. You are, and they, but part of me. Speak on."

"But it is surely right that in my speech the facts and figures of man's much-wronged working life should ever be."

"'Tis right to utter what you know. But any class of slaves who linger in their bonds until the scales be brought and ledgers told, to prove that the very score of ounces has been reached which some one shall define as slavery, is such a class as never shall by figures be set free. Mayhap you are the very man ordained for them. The other agitator, your opposite, complains: 'How long shall I learn, wrangler that I am, in logic forms be cramped and crucified to the alliteration of little things to prove the truth, though it be written black and large in daily life as the top lines of mountain ranges standing out against the sky. Is there a reasoning to be attained by me of larger sweep without these over-dotted i's and much-crossed t's, without the hard fixed little mood and tense and place of everything.'

"To him this answer: 'Anchored in the deeper sea, you will not shun the ruffles of the wind on top. You have the everlasting grip, the social faith that may forget itself and take an interest in everything. You may acquire the facts and figures that men love to hear; to you grown irksome now because they are no longer what they were, your first conviction. The good old symbol 'M. C. M.' of Marx, first set you in the Socialist ranks, but something mightier than symbols have since laid hold of you and made you agitator. And as you come shall others come for many days unmoved by daily shameful wrongs, yet greatly moved by 'M. C. M.' Let us have all we need of books and you. Give us your now and then. The human eye for social and class wrongs you soon will cultivate, and will to fight them all as human wrongs with human force will come to you. Then life, not letters, shall supply your great resentment and the energy that overcomes.'

"Then am I free, Oh, Mighty Other Life, to agitate the common people with my soaring words, as he has been with concrete facts?"

"Be thou thyself; the man who is himself in what he does is true to his parent—everybody. For that you call yourself is all but you. It is not how you speak, but how men hear you that must tell. The sound of distant animals comes to recumbent hunters on the ground; religious thoughts to men upon their knees, but social revolutionary truth to men upon their feet, uprisen already, posed for action. The agitator never yet explained himself to others' satisfaction. Behold him, crowned with thorns and in the royal robes of flame, how long he burned before the people felt the human beacons shining from the stakes. Speak on, speak up, speak out."

"In vain the silken fatnesses cry out to spare their easy discontent; the humblest agitator is worth more to life than crowded boulevards of such repose. In vain the toad of property, deep bedded in its legal rock, cries out against the iron age which gives the steel which cuts the rock and uncovers him. In vain they would avert the mighty torrent's roar, the crush and falling of a pent up flood, who have restrained life's labor and damned it in their higher places for their profit. Life, like the mountain waters, will not suffer to be held above the days and doings of democracy's wide vale, and who succeeds awhile to hold it up, must one day hear the awful roaring of its liberation; will hear it breaking o'er the barricades to level up the people. The voice tumultuous of long restraint and all its violence, I would betimes the agitator to prevent that day."

"Then will I on, with mind and voice; my mission is not mine, but thine, oh, total man; a stream, a saving stream am I from history's swollen reservoir. Step by step I agitate humanity's advance. Blest be the cause of Socialism, the present fight the future rest of nations. For thee I do recall myself and pick out every thread of useful thought and habit, became mine, and then retwist into the agitator. I blend and do rethink my lights and shades, my laughter and my tears. My tumbled years I sift and order to the cause. Henceforth, I nothing know and nothing have to tell but Thee, the Century's Word. Repulsive, foolish remedy thou art to many eyes; yet must they look on Thee, thou serpent of the wilderness. Raising the ruddy banner of one race we march; one blood one common bondage of the laborers' everywhere we march, whose mission is to form a new society and agitate to save the race from sinking in the atrophy of false repose."

Havelock Ellis, Scientist and Socialist

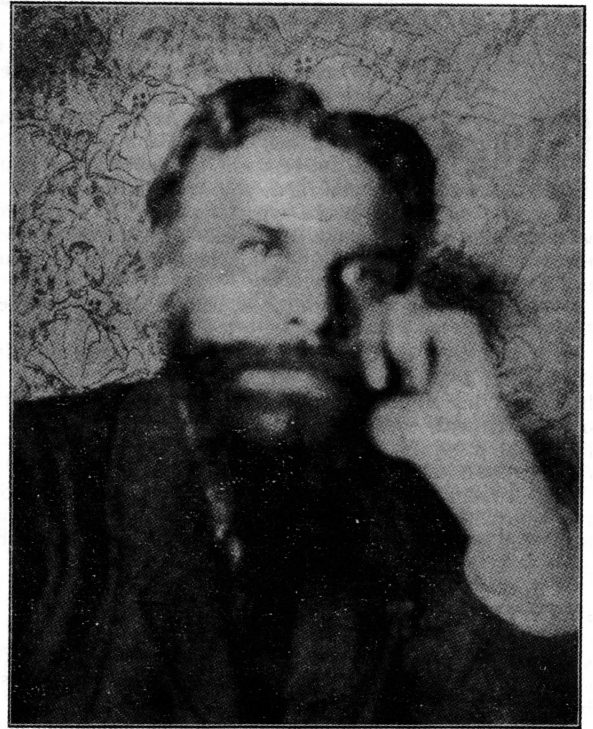


HAVELOCK ELLIS, the well-known scientist and Socialist, was born in Croydon, England, in 1859. Several years of his early life were spent in the Australian "bush," after which he qualified as a doctor of medicine. For a good many years, however, he has devoted himself entirely to literary and scientific pursuits. In addition to being the general editor of the well-known "Contemporary Science Series," Mr. Ellis is the author of several important works, of which the best known are "The New Spirit," "The Criminal," "Nationalization of Health," "Man and Woman" and "The Psychology of Sex."

One of the founders of the English Fabian Society, Mr. Ellis believes in the socialization of the means of life as the only basis for individual liberty; he believes that the development of political democracy and scientific progress will make Socialism possible. He is strongly of opinion that the sex problem is the most important problem for Socialists at present. He is a strong believer, too, in women's work in the Socialist movement.

A profound thinker and scholar, he is as genial as he is clever. His wife, who is also a Fabian Socialist, has for several years lectured upon social subjects. Like her husband she devotes a great deal of attention to the sex problem and specially advocates some preliminary sexual experience before the marriage contract is made binding. She has published "A Novigate for Marriage" and "Democracy in the Kitchen," among other works.

Beloved and respected by their simple neighbors, no less than by the learned and wise, they live quietly in a peaceful little village on the Cornish Coast. S.



HAVELOCK ELLIS.

A Word to the American Workingman

By John A. Morris.



ALL over the world to-day is played the great game of political euchre and diamonds and clubs triumph over the hearts and spades. The diamonds of aristocracy and a gilded plutocracy are worth more in our so-called civilization than the heart-felt longings of the people, the club of the policeman is more respected than the spade of a workingman. The American workman is a unique product of his time. Every now and then comes forth the political spieler, from one or the other of the capitalistic parties, and tells him what a great fellow he is, the horny-handed son of toil, the creator of all wealth, a god, as it were, superior in intelligence, more divine in form, more mighty in the realization of his destiny than the down-trodden peasant of Europe, the coolie of Asia and the savage of Africa combined. He has the strength of a Hercules, the obedience of a Samuel, the patience and endurance of a Job. All these things and more will the silvery-tongued prevaricator speak in eloquence unto the American workingman about election time.

Come now, let us reason together awhile, friend. Granted that the workingman is strong—and he undoubtedly is in some ways. What is the reason why he is, like the Israelites of old, "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water"

for a capitalistic taskmaster? That is the question of the day and hour!

Why are we as we are and why cannot we be what we want to be?

The American workingman is strong, yet he knows not his strength and power, except to toil and work and sweat for a master; he is obedient to his hero-worshipping propensities; his patience and endurance make of him a willing slave to baseborn conditions.

The cause of poverty is ignorance. The suffering of the many and "the centralization of wealth into the hands of a few," is attributable to but two things: The ignorance and cowardice of the workingman allied to the selfish and heartless indifference of a ruling master class.

How to remedy the conditions that be and make a better and purer civilization has been the question. First, there is the philosophy of destruction and the philosophy of construction, but destruction of old forms and conditions always precedes the construction or birth of new ones. Remember that! You can never construct anything without you first destroy some other thing. Such theory can be proven to be correct, both by the discoveries of science and the facts of history. Even our grand old earth is a proof of my assertion since its production or construction was brought about

THE COMRADE.

through the destruction of certain forces in the sun, which, detaching or separating themselves from that central body rolled off a molten ball of fire into space, and this is the planet upon which we now exist. Matter, I know, is indestructible, but one form of matter must be destroyed to give way to another.

So, too, virtuous man, go thou and do likewise! Let the present form of society be destroyed to construct and build a new one upon its ruins. Let us kill the rapacious beast of trust and pool, of syndicate and combine, with the hot shot of intelligence and cover the naked body of society with the warm garments of a universal co-operation. Let us heal that body, wounded and injured almost unto death by this present cut-throat competitive system, with the medicinal herbs of equality, fraternity and justice. Let us chop down the tree of monopoly with the sharp axe of revolution to build the fires of a common welfare, which will warm and strengthen every living soul, and construct the palace of fraternity, wherein shall be sheltered from the storms of life every human being.

Let us look at the facts of history (that is, if one can separate the chaff of error from the wheat of truth). In the religious world Jewish Phariseism had first to be destroyed before the sweet spirit of true Christianity could make itself manifest. Constantine was the instrumentality who wrecked the early Christian communists on the rock of church and state united; the Roman Catholic power, as it then existed, was crippled, injured and crushed, ere Martin Luther could make himself a power in the world. In the political world our forefathers had to destroy or break the chain of Britannia's tyranny from off the neck of America before they could make or construct a new form of government; they were not allowed to ride the high seas until they had destroyed Britannia's censorship over American vessels and American seamen; chattel slavery was abolished only through the destructive fires of physical force revolution; and to-day we can be freed from industrial slavery only by destroying, root and branch, the system which produces it. In the scientific realm the days of the old stage-coach have passed to be succeeded by the age of lightning travel; the telegraph and telephone annihilate time and space and bring men a thousand miles apart, near to each other. Electricity has revolutionized the world and converted the dark, dead ages of the night into the living light of to-day. Nay, more! The electrical forces of science and invention have destroyed priestcraft and witchcraft, and will destroy kingcraft and statecraft, ultimately to emancipate humanity from thralldom to all kinds of superstition.

Salvation consists in the carrying out of this philosophy of destruction and of construction. Friends and readers, I believe in revolution, not entirely one of physical force, of sword and bayonet, of bullet or bomb, not in any blood and thunder kind of reform, but in the revolution of grand, moral ideas. In other words, our ballots should be made a sort of political dynamite to blow into eternity the present competitive and capitalistic system. If a majority of the workingmen of the United States of America understood the question of their emancipation through the power of the revolutionizing spirit as thoroughly as they will have to before a change can take place, the government would be in the

hands of the people (the real people who are not the politicians) within twenty-four hours. There would be no bloody revolution, no terrible rebellion, for the strength of the majority would be upon our side. If I did not know the reason I would consider it as absurd to see the strong giant Labor licking the boots of capital as to see Jim Jeffries become the abject slave of the whims and caprices of a puny infant. But while capital is a dwarf in physical strength, he is a giant in intellect and has the financial strength; and Labor, though a giant physically, is or has been a weakling mentally. A slave is more ruled by his superstitions than any capitalistic class.

And I can see evidence of the light beginning to dawn—of Labor awakening from his long-age dream of toil to a desire for some of the good things which he, as a creator of wealth, should, and by right ought to have. For possessing the capacity to create he also possesses the capacity to enjoy, though such capacity can be developed or evolved through the practice of the enjoyment that will come to him through the use of the same. Labor is waking up through the large-sized discontent that is being spread to larger and larger masses of people; and all over the world more and more people are being merged into the philosophy of discontent, that aspiring discontent which is the mother of progress, for in the discontent with the things of the present moment we aspire to nobler ideals for the morrow. A philosophic discontent is wise and optimistic. Dissatisfaction and despair is injurious and pessimistic and leads to worse conditions.

And herein we see the light of philosophy shining through our pain and misery and suffering that is man-created and degenerates into conditions of satanic night where crime, insanity and poverty hold high carnival and are as grinning demons in an age of progress.

Pain and suffering are blessings in disguise. When we do anything that would be injurious to us if kept up very long pain comes and through the suffering it brings with it, tells us to stop. "Cease to do evil and learn to do well." The wise man takes the warning and investigating the matter finds out where he has strayed away from the affirmative or constructive side of Nature. If it is through any improper or unwise habit, such as using alcoholic stimulants or pernicious drugs he will rid himself of the habit that his body may once more be restored to that perfect equilibrium which is health.

So with our body politic. The increase in the last few years (according to statistics now in my possession) of crime, insanity, poverty, disease and preventable accidents, besides many other undesirable conditions, are but effects of a preceding cause that is criminal, insane, poverty-producing and disease-creating. If the nation is wise then in a collective manner it will find out what is the matter with society, for society or civilization in the twentieth century is a patient that is very much diseased and whom none of the quack nostrums of protection, free trade, single gold standard, free land, free silver, so industriously prescribed in the past will cure.

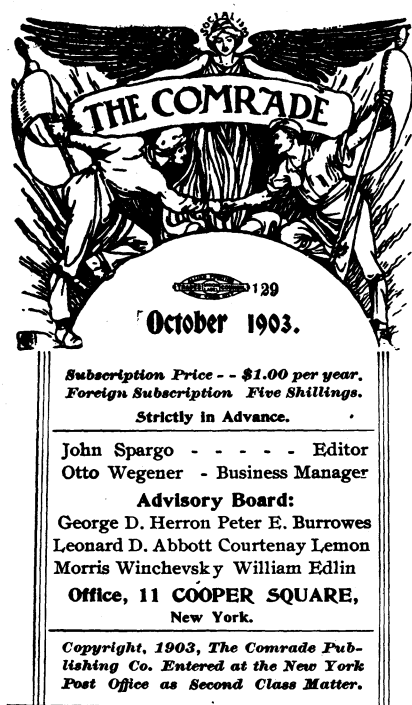
To me the remedy is plain. It is this: **THAT WHICH THE PEOPLE COLLECTIVELY CREATE THEY SHOULD COLLECTIVELY OWN.**



HEARD the sad, sweet song of a bird, and the music seemed at once to soothe and sadden my heart;
I heard the moan of the sea, when its waves lashed the shore as if in an agony of discontent;
I heard the laugh of a child, as its frail little body bent over a whirring machine.
That was saddest of all.

—Gladys V. Lamb.

THE COMRADE.



Editorial.

A GOOD earnest Socialist woman who is respected and beloved for her faithful and unselfish work in the Socialist movement sends us a lengthy and strongly worded letter protesting against "the outrageous cynical indifference (where it is not worse) with which women are regarded in the Socialist movement," and urging us to "do something to remove the reproach from our movement that we are indifferent, where we are not actually hostile, to a vital principle of our faith."

Of all the dangers which can beset a movement like ours, unfaith to principle is the most to be feared. And "cynical indifference" and patronizing tolerance are the begetters of unfaith. Nothing short of absolute loyalty to every one of its principles can make possible, or worth while, the triumph of the Socialist movement.

In no spirit of alarm, but of watchfulness and duty, do we second the protest and warning of our correspondent. Upon more than one occasion we have urged that too little is made of woman's stake in this great social struggle, and too little effort made to enlist woman's help and interest in the Socialist movement. It is all too true that, notwithstanding the fact that we declare in our party platforms for the political and economic

equality of the sexes, it is very rarely emphasized in our propaganda, and that small effort is made to give practical expression to our declaration by making it possible and easy for women to work together with men upon terms of absolute equality and comradeship. At most they are treated with amused indulgence in much the same manner as children are treated. Open, frank and equal comradeship is very rarely shown toward even the few women who find their way into the party organization. If a woman is brave enough to face the ostracism of the rest of her sex and society generally to take the platform in the interest of Socialist propaganda, she is permitted—and even encouraged—to do so as a "drawing card." And when money-raising schemes are set afoot women are welcomed more heartily for the reason that they are "specially adapted" to some of the work, generally the most arduous and least pleasant, involved in such schemes. For the rest there is toleration rather than welcome for them. And, as a consequence of this, many women of enthusiasm and ability have given up the attempt to work within the regular party organization and established separate organizations for themselves, adding, in spite of their best intentions, to the difficulties in the way of those who are striving to remedy the evil.

For these brave and earnest women we have nothing but admiration and nothing could be further from the intention of this article than condemnation of their action in forming these independent Socialist bodies upon sex lines. We wish, however, that it were otherwise, and that they could see their way clear to remaining in the regular organization of the Socialist Party to aid in the effort made to solve the problem there. Sex lines are incompatible with sound Socialist principles.

We plead for a full recognition of our sisters in the fight; they must be welcomed upon terms of absolute equality and neither tolerated nor patronized. Every woman, as well as every man, feeling the need of, and believing in, the socialization of the means of life must find a place in our ranks and an outlet for the best that is within them. And especially would we remind our comrades that the clause in our platform which advocates "Equal civil and political rights for men and women" is seriously intended. It is not an idle and empty phrase, but an integral part of our platform as much as any other and should be as consistently urged. To that great body of women engaged in the struggle for the extension of civil and political rights to their sex the Socialist party must demonstrate by deeds that

its words, its declarations of opinion upon this question, are seriously meant and that they represent its profound conviction.

Happily there are not wanting signs that, whatever dangers may have threatened in consequence of an unwise disregard of these simple facts, a more generous recognition of woman's interest and rights in the struggle is being manifested. However slowly, we are surely growing toward a complete realization of Socialism as the hope not only of the proletariat of the field, of the mine, and of the mill, but of the "proletarian of the home" also. S.



Go Bye Old World

by Prof. J. Ward Stimson.



O bye! Old World! with all thy glittering train!
Thou canst not lure me by thy glare again!
I know the muddy wheels of thy gross rumbling cart,
That grinds to death the human heart!

Go bye! Cold World! I've seen thy falsehoods proved.
But know this, as thou goest: Lo! I've lived and loved!

What care I for the ashes of thy feverish fires,
Thy vain conceits; thy ravenous desires;
Thine idle chaff that blinds thy vision's ray
Is all the glories of Celestial Day,
Bright streaming through the soul from Heaven above?
Thou canst pass on! I've learned to Live and Love!

Alas! I've seen thee rob the widow's mite,
And slay the children in thy headlong flight;
And grasp, from home and husbandman, the grain;
And crush life's flowerets with thy blighting rain;
And drive thy priests and prophets forth to rove:
Thy poets left to starve for Life and Love!

A curse upon thy ravine! O, thou fool!
That killed thy Christ—to be the devil's tool!
Yet know thy Day-of-Doom hastes swiftly on!
Their blood is on thy hands—thine hour is gone!
The tempest and the storm swell swift to move!
And thou hast lost thy Key—to Life and Love!



Freedom's Teaching.

By Edwin Arnold Brenholtz



BROTHERS battling that our burdens be distributed anew,
Brothers pleading that earth's pleasures be no longer for the few,
Brothers, hark! those whispered murmurs growing momentarily more
clear
Are the harbingers that hurry in advance of Slavery's bier.

Discontent, divine, is spreading; deepest dark preceeds the dawn!
Fair the future, oh, my fellows, when for work we need not fawn!
When the shirker shall not slay us by absorbing what we earn—
Blest the day when further lessons Freedom thinks us fit to learn.

Dreary is the school at present, for it is the school for slaves;
Teaching how the most are slaughtered—worked and worried to their graves
By the Competition Monster, high enthroned and worshipped yet,
Who delights to slay their children—who will slay, long as they let.

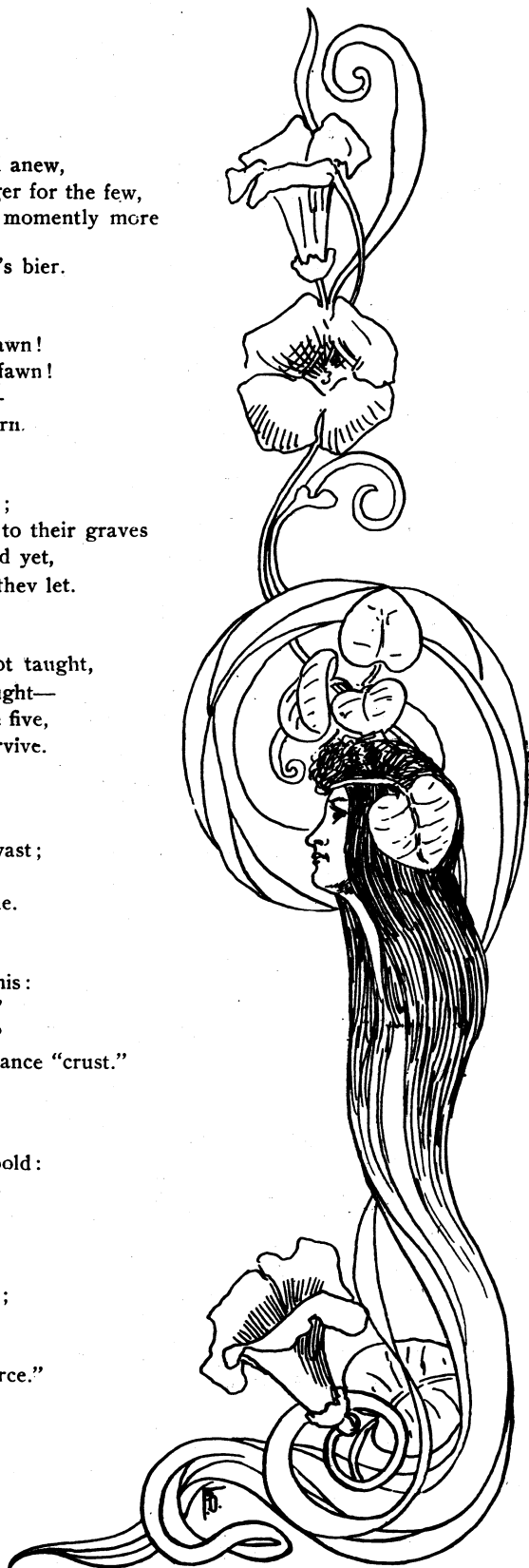
In the school for slaves, my Comrades, half of learning is not taught,
And the half they never mention is the half that should be sought—
"Two and two make four" they tell us; in a factory they make five,
Is the complemental statement through all time that will survive.

If on Competition fatten those for whom you work and fast,
When you listen to their teaching grasp the complemental, vast;
What they teach who gain that fatness, it is safe to let alone;
For there's never room for many on a ruling monarch's throne.

Brothers, mortal life is saddened by your slowness to solve this:
"As to twenty million starving, so are, twenty bathed in bliss."
If to twenty you add "million," will it make proportion just?
Should the starving call it Justice that makes "feast" thus balance "crust."

When the murmurs and the mutterings multiply a million fold
There will then be this instruction of stern Freedom for the bold:
"Every rich man is a master; I would have all mortals free—
Rich and Poor are needed never; share alike and follow me.

"Follow me, ye freemen, further—to a broader school beyond;
To the conning of a contract—an indissoluble bond;
To the signing of it freely, to the putting it in force;
"Twixt the worker and his earnings there shall never be divorce."



The Kidnappers.

By Caroline Pemberton.



WHEN Gabriel Goldstein and his pale, dark-eyed little wife decided at last to rent a room in the "Model Tenement Building," which had been put up by philanthropists "for the benefit of the poor," as the newspapers said, it was not because its forbidding stone and brick masonry, its iron-clad stairways and its blank whitewashed walls within had any attractiveness for this weary couple. On the contrary, they shuddered as they looked at it.

"'Tis so like a prison!" sighed the little wife.

"'Tis more like a fortress! Do you look out for the guns—they're hidden somewhere, Myra, and they'll be handy sometime to point at us when we ain't forthcoming with the rent," said Gabriel, the Grim.

"They'll find us as ready with the rent as they are with their guns," the little wife had replied proudly. "I'm not afraid of guns, but I'd rather live in a cellar than be thinkin' of fire every night. Oh, Gabriel! This place can't never be burnt down! There ain't a bit of wood here to catch afire!"

And this is what had decided them. They would be free from all danger of fire and Myra could sleep in peace. For it was only a year ago that they had fled for their lives from a burning building, and since then they had been constantly moving. Here, perhaps, Myra would not imagine she smelt smoke in the dead of the night—and she would not be so likely to spend her days planning how to escape from another fire. She might find peace in this hateful, hideous, unhome-like building and recover her spirits, and the color would perhaps come back to her cheeks, and she might even forget the child they had lost three years before. So they moved into the "Model Tenement Building," and although Gabriel scowled heavily at the printed "Rules" that were hung in every hallway, forbidding them to do the most innocent things imaginable, it was nevertheless a fact that Myra slept peacefully and sweetly within the iron-clad fortress, and every day her spirits seemed brighter.

They had been there a month. One day Myra sat in their cell-like room with a three months' old baby in her lap. It was not hers; it was merely a borrowed baby and belonged to one of their neighbors on the same floor. Myra was always borrowing this baby from its Italian mother, who had several little ones, and could sometimes spare the youngest. When it couldn't be spared, Myra would hang over its cradle in the Italian woman's room and make tender love to its little sleeping face, until the mother of it would laugh aloud and tell her to go get one of her own. But this was exactly what Myra could not do.

Gabriel was lying on a faded lounge. He had been asleep and the baby woke him up. He did not care for a baby that was not his own, and he was just beginning to chide Myra for her "foolishness" over the borrowed infant, when the door opened unceremoniously and the Italian woman rushed in. She began talking excitedly with wild gesticulations, and at first Gabriel thought she was scolding his wife for keeping the baby so long. But she was not looking at the baby or thinking of it. Myra understood her quickly and began hastily to explain to her husband.

"She says the lady's come that owns the place, and she's brought a lot of other ladies along with her to see the building, and they're going all over it and lookin' in at all the folks! Oh, Gabriel! They're a-comin' in here!"

The baby was suddenly rushed into its mother's arms as a

knock was heard at the door. Myra tore frantically around the room with a vague, agonizing desire to straighten its meagre furnishing into a semblance of comfort and elegance. But Gabriel, scorning the weak sense of shame which he read in her actions, strode to the door himself and flung it wide open. Without a word of welcome to the group outside he returned to his couch and laid himself down at full length.

Myra blushed for him. She turned a timid, startled gaze on the visitors and stood still with clasped hands in the middle of the room. The Italian mother curtseyed gracefully with her infant clasped to her breast, and bade the visitors welcome in broken but melodious English.

The visitors had not waited, however, for an invitation to enter. They advanced well into the room, talking eagerly with each other. One lady seemed to be leading the others and explaining things to them. They were all richly dressed and wore magnificent furs, as it was cold weather. Their clothing rustled with silk linings and breathed a perfumed air, both suggestive of wealth so incalculable that it had mostly to be concealed simply because it could not be displayed on one person.

"This room we let them have for only \$7 a month! Isn't that wonderful?" cried the leading lady, evidently the owner of the building. "Isn't it simply lovely? Just smell the white-wash on the walls! Such a clean, wholesome smell! We won't allow any wallpaper, its a refuge for dirt and vermin, you know! My idea is to make them clean against their wills! Everything sanitary, just think what a boon to these poor people! Actually forced to be clean and wholesome! We have the rules printed in three languages, and next month we're going to have a new set printed and hung up in every room!"

"How perfect! How deeply interesting! Truly, a great charity!" murmured the members of the group to each other.

"Philanthropy at five per cent! That's what it means!" cried the leading lady with a gay laugh and a sagacious twinkle in her eyes. Her followers were still more impressed.

"Really—five per cent., did you say? How splendid!"

Gabriel on the lounge sat up and glared at the intruders. He wanted to tell these people that a man's house was his castle or something to that effect, but words failed him. Perhaps the saying did not apply to a room with whitewashed walls at \$7 per month, anyway. The thought of having those hated "Rules" forced into his room and hung perpetually before his eyes made him furious. So he sat blinking and glaring. One of the ladies observed him.

"Take care," she whispered. "Perhaps these people understand what you say. Look at that man!" The leader looked carelessly.

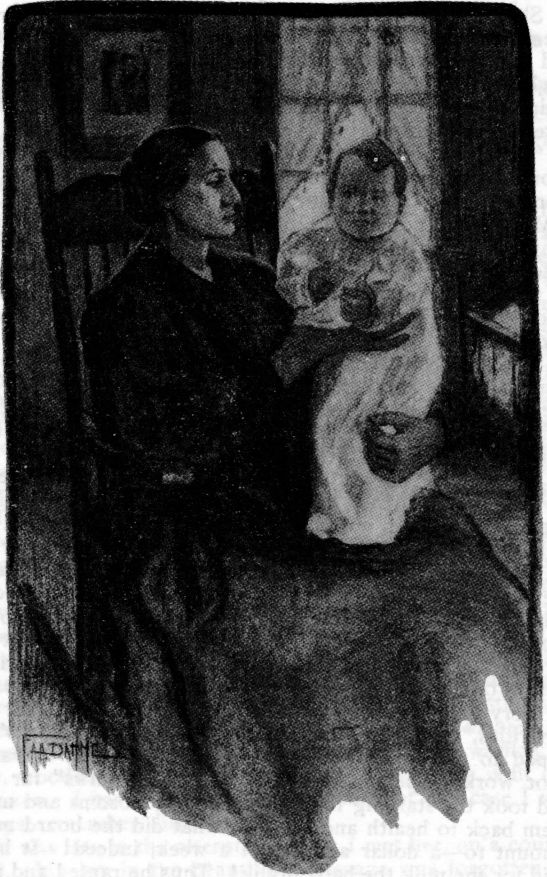
"They never understand! They're too stupid!" she whispered back, laughing. "Besides, they hardly ever speak English." She advanced toward Gabriel. "What language do you speak, my good man?"

"English," growled Gabriel, without looking at her.

"How is it you're not working to-day?" Gabriel made no reply, but looked steadily toward the windows. His wife trembled at this display of passive insolence. She threw herself forward, overcoming her bashfulness in one supreme effort to save her husband from wrecking their lives.

"Lady, he is working to-day, he works every day! He is never idle if he can help it! He works at night now this two weeks to save his eyes from too much sewing. He is night watchman this two weeks, because his eyes are bad, so

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he gives up sewing coats for the while!" The little wife clasped her hands appealingly; tears were gathering in her dark soft eyes.

The lady looked relieved and cast an approving glance at the small frail figure of the wife.

"But still, I should think he would want to employ his spare time some way! Do you have him hanging around here all day—doing nothing?"

Her tone implied the deepest reproach.

"Oh, Madame, he is not idle, he sleeps!" cried the little wife.

"Sleeps?" repeated the lady, looking more deeply shocked than before.

"He sleeps by day because he cannot sleep at night. He works all night, lady, he is night watchman, and he must have his sleep by day," murmured the wife despairingly.

"Oh, I see," said the lady, coldly. Gabriel had risen from the lounge and walked over to the window, where his back was eloquent with suppressed rage. The lady looked at him dubiously, then back at the wife.

"Have you any children?"

"No, not one," sighed Myra.

"Do you like children?"

"Oh, lady, if I had but one! I'd be thankful for one, but I have none! We lost our only child, lady, and he was just two days old!"

"Well, you ought to be thankful he wasn't older, then you would have missed him more! And think what a world of suffering he has escaped!"

"That is what I try to think," whispered Myra, the tears now flowing down her eyes.

The lady continued to look at her approvingly. Then she turned quickly to her companions.

"Do you know, I believe this would be a splendid place for one of our babies—temporarily, of course!"

"Aren't they almost too poor?" suggested one of the group.

"Not at all; besides, we pay its board, \$1.50 a week. Its as good as any home we have in the city. I'll mention it to our agent, but I must get their names." She approached Gabriel in a businesslike way with an open notebook in her hand. Gabriel had turned in astonishment at the conversation he had just overheard and forgot to be surly for the moment. Myra drew near, looking equally bewildered. What did they mean—these rich ladies? Would they really trust one of their own little darlings to such poor people as Gabriel and herself? Had she heard aright or had her eyes deceived her? Her wistful, frightened eyes were fixed as if fascinated on the face of the magnificently clad lady.

The explanation was brief and businesslike. This great lady was connected with many charities, and, among others, with a society for placing out foundlings in private families and boarding them where they could have a mother's care. They came from the almshouse, generally. The sum of \$1.50 per week would be paid for the maintenance of one baby. Its clothing would be provided by the society; also, a nursing bottle, which must be kept very, very clean!

Myra nodded and smiled. "Oh, very, very clean!" she whispered in assent. Then she ran to an old chest of drawers and drew out an infant's gown, then a little pair of socks, a sack, some more socks, and then more little dresses and petticoats.

"My baby's!" she cried, and held them out to the lady. "They are as good as new! Oh, lady, give me the little baby to wear these clothes!"

She sank into a chair clasping the little garments to her breast. The Italian woman stepped forward, pointing with her left hand at the baby clothes.

"Save money—save lots moneys—no buy dress for baby! She give all dress and shoes! She loves babies—she take my baby all time! I come to get my baby!" And she held out the infant to show the lady that she had just been deprived of this particular offspring.

"You give her baby, I keep my baby!" she explained, laughing.

The lady looked enchanted. "Give me your names, you two, and you shall have a baby here in a week!"

Myra hastened to give her husband's and her own name. What church? They were Jews. The lady looked a little shocked, but was not to be shaken from her decision. Of course they would be under orders and would receive printed instructions—rules. The money would be paid monthly. An agent would visit them and see how the baby progressed. If it became sick, a doctor would come. Such beneficence!

Finally, the whole group withdrew to the door and the great lady said farewell. The door closed on the handsome furs, the silken rustles, the gorgeous apparel, the delicate odors, and the murmur of their voices died away on the staircase.

Gabriel sat down on the lounge again and looked at his wife.

"What have you been up to?" he asked roughly. "Is it not bad enough to live in this prison without you going and mixing up with these people and their charities and having them poking in with their rules every day?"

"They will come once a month, anyway," replied Myra calmly. "All the people here say they come once a month, anyway. And they will give me a baby—and a dollar and

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a half a week besides. Oh, Gabriel! To hold a little baby in my arms once more! Now we can light our candles Friday evening. I'll light them now, it is Friday, and keep them burning nights till the baby comes!"

"If the Lord don't choose to send you one, why do you light candles in his honor?" sneered Gabriel. "I'd waste no candles on a baby not my own! Let's have them now for light, not for the Lord, so do you light them, Myra!"

"If you blaspheme, the Lord will punish you, Gabriel," said the wife, as she brought three brass candlesticks out of the closet. "Have we not suffered enough a'ready for your talk? This is Friday evening, and I light them for the Lord's sake; one for you, one for me, one for the baby that's coming!"

"You are always superstitious," said the husband, wearily, "but I'll read my paper by the light o' them, for its most dark now. Those women spoilt my sleep. They grudge me the little sleep I get after me working all night!"

Myra made no reply for she was busy folding and putting away the little garments.

"A week, just a week to wait." How can I wait so long!" she thought.

In a week the baby came.

It had been Gabriel's proud and tender determination that his wife should never work in a shop or factory while he was able to work for her. It was in a sweat shop that he had first met her; it was the running of a heavy sewing machine that had injured her internally and made it unlikely that she would ever bring another child into the world. She sometimes did a little work at home just to occupy her fingers, but Gabriel always made such a talk about it that she was glad to give it up and take to knitting or crocheting instead. The rest of her leisure she spent in visiting the other tenants in the "Model Tenement Building" and nursing their babies.

An agent from the "Society" called to see the Goldsteins before bringing the promised baby. She was a pleasant, business-like young woman and her close questioning into their circumstances was done with such an official air that they came through it all without sense of shame or resentment. Gabriel discerned that she was an employee, and not by any means on a level with the "grand ladies" who had broken so rudely into his privacy a few days before. She was nearer to his own class, being a wage-earner herself, and he regarded her with a somewhat indulgent air.

On her second visit, she stepped into the room with the baby in her arms—smiling and panting for breath.

"Here is Elizabeth for you—Elizabeth Linton—three months old, and a perfect beauty! She was picked up in an ash barrel!"

A fair, blue-eyed little baby was deposited in Myra's arms, and from that moment the little wife lived in a world of ecstasy and tender delight. Gabriel professed indifference to the infant's charms, but smiled at it occasionally, and grumbled only a little when Myra insisted on spending their small savings on a baby coach, behind which she walked out

proudly on fair days to a near-by open square filled with trees.

She was beginning to bloom outwardly herself,—her cheeks wore a faint tinge of color and her eyes were bright and sparkling—and the baby was apparently flourishing, too,—when suddenly the agent appeared again at the door of their little room. Like the angel of death, she had come to take the baby away!

"Have we not been good to her—have we not done enough? See the baby coach we have bought with our own money!" cried Gabriel, hot with indignation.

Myra could not speak. She bent her head close over the baby's shoulder to hide her tears. Mechanically she put on its little "best dress," and then the sacque—and alas! on must go the little hood and the long cloak and the tiny "leggings"! The little darling was to be taken away from her—she was never to see it again!

"I'll bring you another! You've been so good to this one, you shall have another in a few days. So don't cry!" The agent patted her on the shoulder, smiled encouragingly at Gabriel,—grabbed the baby and its bundle of clothes and whisked off through the open doorway.

In this way the tiny Elizabeth had come and gone. It was exactly as if they had lost a child of their own. Myra wept all afternoon, and moaned in her sleep that night; she woke up and cried fresh tears from time to time. For several days she moved about like a broken-spirited creature, silent and sad. Gabriel tried to scold her, but found he could not. Instead, he stormed at the "grand ladies" who had brought this new sorrow to his wife. Why did they not take care of the baby themselves if they wanted to be charitable instead of making use of poor people's hearts and homes?

Very likely rich people gave vast sums of money for their "charities," and were very proud of their "good works" and hoped to get to heaven by them; but after all, it was the poor working people who did the "good works" for them and took the starving foundlings to their bosoms and nursed them back to health and life—for what did the board money amount to—a dollar and a half a week, indeed! It hardly paid for the milk the baby drank! Thus he ranted and raved whenever the little Elizabeth was mentioned.

However, it made not much impression on Myra, for when the agent of the Foundling Society walked in again one day with a large bundle in her arms, the little wife stretched out her arms with a look of tremulous, unspeakable joy. She thought Elizabeth was brought back to her.

But it proved to be not Elizabeth, but a tiny, wizened-faced, black-eyed boy baby. The agent explained that it was an incubator baby, and needed the tenderest care to induce it to live—such care as only Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Goldstein could give! Even Gabriel softened a little at this timely flattery. Furthermore, the baby was the image of himself—and undoubtedly had Jewish blood in its veins. After firing this shot into the hearts of this lonely couple, the clever young woman hastily withdrew, leaving the black-eyed Jacob in Myra's arms.

(To be concluded in our next issue.)



Women Workers in Germany.

By Sadie Van Veen Amter.



IN LEIPZIG, and in the villages in the vicinity thereof, one finds the most wretched specimens of poverty-stricken and poverty-degraded beings imaginable. I use the word "degraded" advisedly, for they are degraded, both physically and mentally—and, as a matter of consequence, morally. I understand that one does not have to travel far to come in contact with the very poor, and also that the burden of poverty falls most heavily upon the women and children, but here in Germany it is especially the case that the women suffer. They work from sunrise to sunset. They push or drag big carts through the city, plying their wares. They carry great packs and baskets on their backs, strapped to their shoulders, so that they have the appearance of yoked cows. And the comparison is somewhat true in other phases. For the women, as the cows, are used both to work and to breed, so to produce more workers and breeders.

Their work and lives are so unvaried that they grow like cattle in appearance and manner. They are short and broad and stubby. Their gait and manners remind one of stolid oxen, save that very often they are deformed. I asked several people why so many of the workers are cursed with this extra misfortune (having crooked shoulders, backs or legs). They shrugged their shoulders in reply. I think the cause is lack of nutrition from the time of their conception—and even afterward; beginning hard work early in life, and resting only when life gives out. (Perhaps the German diet of beer and "wurst" may be accountable.) At any rate, these women, are ugly, wooden-faced and shapeless, and their work is fit only for oxen. I have spoken often to them, but one case I shall always remember distinctly.

It was late in the afternoon, when I met her, on a country road. My joy in the beautiful landscape was forgotten immediately. The clear sky and friendly sun, the long, even rows of piled hay and grain, the abundance of life-giving elements in the surroundings, were but mockeries to this woman, and at the time to me, since I felt a reflection of her misery. She appeared old, though she may have been young. Their lives of overwork, anxiety and despair cause youth to fade before it blooms. I said the customary "Guten Tag." The woman's smile was worse than a sob could have been; it was not even a smile, she stretched her lips, merely. She was dragging a well-loaded cart, and two very small, very dirty children hung close to her. The garb of all three was

colorless and shapeless from wear and patches. I learned from her that her little boy had died that morning. She told it without a tear or sob, but her dry eyes were utterly hopeless. This woman of toil and sorrow was denied the "luxury of grief" expressed in tears. For her work was endless: under a master in the fields, in her home a slave to husband and children. And, saddest of all—Oh, God, have pity—No! men and women who labor, have pity—this woman, already toil worn, and sorrow-laden, was about to give birth to a child! Oh, think just a moment; though she could not express it, and could not cry for it, this woman was a mother and felt a mother's grief for her last baby; the children that lived and the child to be born must be fed, and work, work, everlasting work must be endured, though limbs be weary and eyelids droop and the feet are sore, and shoulders bent in their eternal slavery!

And finally they become in reality, what in the vast operation of industry they are—machines; till no sun is left in their lives, and life itself has lost all meaning. They and their children tread on in the same wearying, dulling, deadening path, losing all hope, finding only the negative peacefulness of oblivion in sleep, until, at last, they fall without hope for the future, or regret for the past, into the grave of the pauper.

That there are joys, common to rich and poor, I am aware, but even these are tainted by want. Can there be a happy evening fireside, when the household is weary from daily work and care? And the thrill of the first hours of motherhood must be dulled, if not killed, by the knowledge that, perhaps she will not be able to feed and rear her baby. And even work, which should be a common daily pleasure, becomes only accursed slavery.

Oh, men and women who think! Ponder over such scenes; picture such awful conditions. Is there no hope for these women of toil? Must they be denied the common pleasures and the common necessities of life?

Shall the great mass of women bear the world's children, do the world's work, and be denied of all in life, that which is worth living for? Do not, then, Oh, mothers of comfort, and fathers of homes, do not pass from these things with a sigh, and then forget. A great question must be answered—a great problem solved! Then to work, men and women; let those who do not know search for the cause, and those who know the solution, that will free women forever, tell it to all the world.



KNOW no higher heaven than your love;
I seek no greater pleasure than you give;
I can't conceive a blacker fate than this—
That you should pass out from me—and I live.

Josephine Conger.

Anarchism and Socialism.

By Ernest Untermann.



VER since human society passed from the freedom of ancient sexual organization into the stage of civilization with its private property, classes, oppression and injustice, there has been a retaliation of the oppressed against the usurped supremacy of the ruling classes. The dissatisfied elements were so much more violent, as they

lacked education and organization. They dealt blow for blow, and met injustice by injustice, brutality by cruelty. The precursors of the modern anarchists were the bandits of all ages, who assumed the role of Providence in defending the poor against the rich and their hired authorities. Robin Hood, Fra Diavolo, Rinaldo Rinaldini, Schinderhannes, Karl Moor, these are the real or idealized prototypes of the latter-day disciples of the propaganda of the deed.

But it remained for the last stage of civilization in the 19th century to bring system into this madness and surround it with the halo of a "beautiful philosophy." The first attempt to give a logical foundation to the theory of absolute individual liberty was made by the German Max Stirner, who in 1845 published his work "Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum," a veritable apotheosis of egoism. Stirner is the only anarchist writer who had the courage and reasoning faculties to carry his philosophy to its logical extreme. His logic is, perhaps, the cause that prevents the anarchists of to-day from granting him his rightful title of "Father of Anarchism" and transferring it to the illogical and visionary Proudhon. In his works, "Qu'est-ce que la Propriete" and "Confessions d'un Revolutionnaire," Proudhon has laid the theoretical foundation for the modern anarchist philosophy. According to him, the historical fights of humanity have been carried on for a "phantasmagoria of our brains," and he speaks of the "fiction of a superior person, called the state." In contradiction to Socialist philosophy, he maintains that "it is the fate of the political constitution to constantly call forth and produce the social constitution." Property, according to him, indicates among other things, "identity of labor and capital." And although he considered the state a fiction, the program of his paper, the "Voix du Peuple," was: Universal suffrage, state credit to industries, political reform by the "free contract" of individuals, and economic reform by "constituted value." In his "Philosophie de la Misere," he gave a plain demonstration of the sad fact, that anarchist philosophy is a tyro in economics, history, and natural philosophy, and the reply made to him by the Socialist, Karl Marx, in his "Misere de la philosophie" covers his case as well as that of all the other illustrious and obscure teachers of anarchism, from Bakounin, Krapotkin, and Reclus down to Jean Graves and Abraham Isaak.

Proudhon's program has been slightly changed by his followers. While Proudhon still advises the use of the ballot, Bakounin and the modern anarchists will have none of it. Bakounin in his "La Commune de Paris et la notion de l'Etat," Krapotkin in "La Conquete du Pain," and "Field and Factory," Graves in "La Societe Mourante et l'Anarchisme," Isaak in his paper, "Free Society," are more or less unanimous in denouncing the state, repudiating political action, advocating free groups of co-operators with the utmost decentralization and the most charming ignorance of all industrial progress possible, and varying a general passive quietism with occasional outbursts of paeans in celebration of force. Political activity, however, is not shunned by all anarchists, nor is there any fixed program of action to which any single anarchist is bound to adhere. It is precisely the beauty of

anarchist philosophy that it is so beautifully vague. It gives no assurance of anything, takes no notice of social evolution, and in general may be said to teach nothing to nobody.

The following from Krapotkin's preface to Bakounin's above named book is a fair sample of anarchist logic "To seek to attain Socialism, or even an agrarian revolution, by means of a political revolution, is the merest utopia, because the whole of history shows that political changes flow from the great economic revolutions, and not vice versa." If you can reason after this fashion, you are ripe for anarchism—and the sanatorium.

The logical anarchists are the Bresci, Vera Sassulitch, Hoedel, Czolgosz, whether they call themselves anarchists or not. They alone had the courage of their convictions and replied to royal or capitalist anarchy by proletarian anarchy, at the sacrifice of their own lives. The philosophical anarchists, the anarchist communists, the parlor anarchists, the anarchists in office, and the capitalist anarchists, are only a weak and cowardly fry compared with those heroes of retaliation.

Socialism, on the other hand uses the term revolution in a far wider sense than that of mere stupid force or political coups d'etat. The Socialists recognize that present society is the product of evolution from past society, and carries within it the germs of future society. The fundamental theses of Socialism, first enunciated by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels in the "Communist Manifesto" (1848) then further elaborated by Marx in "Critique of Political Economy," and "Capital," by Engels in the "Origin of the Family, of the State and Private Property," and "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," may be summed up as follows:

The economic conditions of any given society determine its political institutions and its morals, religion, and laws. Private property, arising at a certain stage of human history, divides society into classes with opposing interests, and causes men to struggle against one another for economic and political supremacy. Slavery in an open or disguised form follows as a consequence and leads to the creation of the state, a tool of the ruling classes to keep the enslaved class in subjection. The development of the means for producing and distributing food, clothing and shelter, by the help of inventions and discoveries, adds more and more to man's power over nature. At the same time it transforms the different industries by a series of protracted economic revolutions into highly organized co-operative groups, which bring the class struggle to a climax and make it plain to the dullest mind, that capital and labor have no common interests, as long as capital is in the hands of idle exploiters, and labor is the only asset of the exploited. Finally, the old property system of society can no longer control the new conditions of production. In all countries where this stage is reached, the workers with hand and with brain unite against their masters by forming an international political party. The economic revolution ends in a political revolution, which may consist in nothing worse than in voting the capitalist opposition out of power. The workers of all nations seize the control of public affairs, transform the state from a ruler of men into an administrator of industries, and utilize all the fruits of centuries of organization, invention, and science for the common good, by an intelligent and voluntary subordination of the individual to the great co-operative process. The abolition of private property makes an end to classes and slavery and restores to humanity, in a higher degree, its ancient equality and freedom.

Views and Reviews



ONE of the most interesting books I have read for a long time is Mr. Bolton King's "Life of Mazzini," published by Dent & Co., London, publishers of the famous "Temple Classics." This book is the first of a new series edited by Mr. Dugald Macfayden, to be published under the general title of "The Temple Biographies," and if the succeeding volumes are as interesting as the first the series should prove immensely popular.

Thirty years have passed away since Mazzini's death and it is somewhat strange that no adequate study of his life or thought has been attempted till now, either in Italy or in England, the land he loved so well and to which he owed so much. But it is perhaps well upon the whole that the task has not been undertaken sooner. For while some valuable material has doubtless been carried down the stream of time and lost forever, we gain from the fact that it is now possible to place the great patriot and teacher in his true perspective. And Mr. King is particularly well qualified to be the biographer of the great apostle of Italian Unity. Of course, there have been a number of biographies of Mazzini before this, but they cannot be regarded as very satisfactory either as studies of his thought or mere uncritical accounts of his life. Mr. King's book naturally divides itself into two parts. In the first part he tells the story of Mazzini's strangely chequered career and tells it with sympathy and skill; the second part he devotes to a study of the great patriot's thought and teaching.

Mr. King paints Mazzini "with the warts." He shows how, partly because of his natural impulsiveness, and partly also as a result of his conspirator's life, an "occasional twist in his sense of honor" is manifest in the life of one whose general integrity none could deny. Mazzini himself pleaded that men who were "risking their lives for country, were not amenable by strictly punctillious rules of normal times." Next to the account of his revolutionary activities the story of his first exile in England appeals to me. He suffered terrible hardship and privation in those days. Most of his clothes, his books and maps, and even his mother's ring, were pawned to buy food—and cigars "the one thing I don't think I can do without." Haunted by the thought of suicide his love for his mother held him back. There is something inspiring in Mazzini's love for his mother. When he was well nigh starving some friends in Turin wanted to raise a subscription for him, but he refused to permit it on the ground that it might reach her ears and she would "die of shame." It was always his mother's interest which appealed to him more strongly than any other. So he fell into the clutches of rapacious money lenders. He saw much of the Carlyles and there is more than a suggestion of Thomas Carlyle's petty temper in the statement in his "Reminiscences" that he "once or twice talked with Mazzini." The fact is that Mazzini was a very frequent visitor at the home of Carlyle, with whom he had many rather heated debates. Margaret Fuller has left us a record of an evening spent in the company of the Carlyles and Mazzini. Carlyle, as was most often the case, was bitter and sneered at the "rose-water imbecilities" of Mazzini and his friends. Mrs. Carlyle to Margaret aptly described the two men. "These are but opinions to Carlyle," she said, "but to Mazzini, who has given his all and helped bring his friends to the scaffold in pursuit of such subjects, it is a matter of life and death." But Carlyle could be at times every bit as generous as at other times he was mean. Once he warmly defended Mazzini from the slighting attack of the Piedmontese minister and left the house in high dudgeon. And when the British government resorted to the practice, hitherto unheard of in

England, of opening his mail and communicating the results of their prying to the Italian government, Carlyle wrote to the "Times" protesting against the outrage and praising Mazzini's character in the warmest terms.

Mazzini sympathized with the Chartist movement and urged upon the leaders that political reform was of no avail unless used and directed toward social reform. He tried to capture the "International," but the opposition of Marx was too powerful for him to overcome. He was no match for Marx. While he was not by any means a Socialist, he was equally far from being an individualist. He hated individualism and free competition as being anarchial, "fatal to unity and true citizenship." He stood against any far-reaching extension of the power and interference of the State, believing rather in the free association that springs from moral conviction. Only in the matter of education he apparently would outdo the most rigid authoritarian, leaving no room for any education but that of the State. Toward the end of his life he realized that women must have full political power before anything like a democracy can be reached. He ardently advocated woman's suffrage, but at the same time insisted that only by emancipating themselves from foolish fashions, customs and traditions could women ever really be free and independent.

What most impresses one in connection with Mazzini's life is his boundless faith and his strong sense of duty. He was of the spiritual kindred of Savonarola and of Dante whose life and works were his unfailing inspiration. He made mistakes, many of them of great moment; his intellectual powers were narrowly limited. But the errors have passed, and Time, the great effacer, has obliterated their traces; others can make up to us what he lacked in intellectual power, but the power and influence of his lofty idealism still abides to cheer and inspire us to sacrifice and duty.

Like all the publications of this firm the volume is well printed and bound. There are some admirable illustrations, and in the appendix are several hitherto unpublished letters.

* * *

Mazzini is also the subject of a little book bound in blue cloth recently issued by Charles H. Kerr and Company of Chicago. It is made up of a brief Essay on Mazzini as "A Prophet of the Religion of Humanity," and a very perfunctory biographical sketch of Mazzini, by Mr. Louis J. Rosenberg, together with Mazzini's Address to the Young Men of Italy and a Bibliography of Mazzini's writings. Of this last it should be said that it might with much advantage have been omitted. It omits all mention of some of the most important of Mazzini's works to begin with, and no attempt whatever has been made to distinguish between newspaper and magazine articles and books and pamphlets; and no indication whatever is given of where they may be found. The very purpose of the little Essay being to interest new readers in Mazzini's life and writings, the author might have been expected to take at least so much trouble as was necessary to guide his readers. As for the Essay itself it would be foolish to expect a very discriminating study in such small limits. If it, and Mazzini's Address to the Young Men of Italy, should whet the appetite of the readers of them for more direct and intimate knowledge of the great patriot's life and teaching, the book will serve a very useful purpose.

* * *

"Lions of the Lord" is the title of a powerful novel by Harry Leon Wilson, whose earlier book, "The Spenders," secured for its author a brilliant reputation. There is a virile, elemental strength about this writer's work which is exceedingly attractive. This latest book is a romance of the

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old West and deals with the Mormon settlement of Salt Lake City. The story itself is full of strong human interest and holds the reader's attention from first to last. But the chief interest of the book lies in its terrific arraignment of Mormonism and early Mormon methods. The harrowing description of the Meadow Mountain Massacre and other terrible incidents almost made my brain reel. Brigham Young and other Mormon leaders are dealt with in the most remorseless manner imaginable. Mr. Wilson makes Brigham a low, brutal and avaricious scoundrel. I do not express any opinion as to the fidelity of the portrait, but of its terrible power there can be no two opinions.

The central figure in the great drama is Joel Rae, a religious mystic, who acquires a great reputation as one of the leaders of the church. A man of piety and fanatical devotion to Young as the head of the church, he ultimately arrives at the conclusion that the "revelation" to Joseph Smith authorizing polygamy was a trick of the latter and denounces it "in meeting" in the very presence of Brigham Young. He is to be "blood-atoned" by Young's orders, but death comes to him on the very spot of the Meadow Mountain Massacre before the murderous order can be carried out. His devotion to his adopted daughter, the child of his first sweetheart who had been slain in the massacre, is well depicted. He had hidden the child upon the field of that terrible massacre and then reared her as his own. When Brigham Young informs him that it is his intention to have the girl "sealed" to him, the mystic finds himself for the first time deliberately encouraging his child to resist the head of the church. Brigham is foiled and the maiden is wooed and won by a cowboy, a gentile, who, as a lad, had also witnessed the awful carnage at Meadow Mountain, and been saved by Joel Rae from the Indians at the same time the girl was. The book is capably illustrated by Rose Cecil O'Neill.

* * *

A work of more than ordinary interest and importance is "State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand," by Mr. W. Pember Reeves, Agent-General in London for the government of New Zealand. In these two volumes we have a plain, straightforward account of most of those State experiments in social legislation which have caused the whole civilized world to watch the Australian Colonies.

Of course, to a very great extent this work gives the official view of this "Fabian Paradise." Mr. Reeves was a colonial politician before he became a colonial official, and a strictly dispassionate analysis was scarcely to be expected from such a source. From the reader's point of view Mr. Reeves's work suffers by reason of his feeling handicapped by his personal connection with the New Zealand government. Careful to avoid as far as possible any charge of undue partisanship, the author has confined himself, in the main, to a mere record of reforms attempted and the results. But for the serious student this is the chief merit of the book. Mr. Reeves declares that his intention has been "to give information and not to make converts," and he certainly has succeeded in this quite modest undertaking.

In the very first chapter of the first volume the cautious reader receives the impression that it is well to refrain from any hasty application of Australasian experiences to social and industrial problems elsewhere. Conditions are so vastly different there than in Europe or the United States. There is the sparseness of the population. Australia has less than two human beings to the square mile. "Some three million six hundred thousand souls inhabit it, and of these one million and a quarter are gathered in four cities." New Zealand and Tasmania have little more than a million inhabitants between them, yet together they are larger than Great Britain and Ireland. All the seven colonies are practically free from any very serious race problems. Nineteen-twentieths

of the inhabitants are whites. The colonists, as a rule, are of a restless, roving disposition. Perhaps the general uncertainty and lack of stability in well nigh everything accounts partly for this trait. A gold fever will upset things occasionally, or a prolonged drought will bring disappointment and failure. The fluctuations of prices is a very serious factor, especially in the wool industry, as may be seen from the following figures: In 1898-99 Victoria's wool product was 172,951 bales, which brought 1,729,510 pounds sterling. In the following year 194,368 bales brought 3,012,704 pounds, while in 1900-01, 193,914 bales brought only 1,551,312 pounds.

Mainly owing to the fact that the best of the Crown lands have passed into private hands, but partly also to dull times and the abandonment of the policy of giving State aid to immigrants, immigration has fallen off. Nevertheless, New Zealand and Western Australia still attract a considerable number from oversea. But if the inflow has been checked, so has the outflow. Less frequently do settlers who have made their "pile" return permanently to the old country.

The movement toward social legislation may be said to date from 1890. During the two or three years previous to that, partly as a result of German Socialist successes and partly, too, as a result of the feverish agitation in England, a great wave of Socialist sentiment, withal of a very indefinite type, swept over the colonies. "In 1889 every one was reading collectivist tracts and listening to altruistic sermons." Middle class people in Australia contributed liberally to the fund raised for the London dockers in the great strike and the victory of the dockers was hailed as a great victory for the cause of humanity. At home the exposures of the terrible sweating system, of which Mr. Reeves gives many greswome



Harvest Home: Farmer Bebel's load crushes some of his envious neighbors to the wall.

—Der Wahre Jacob.

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details, were made by the middle class—philanthropists, politicians and the capitalist press—rather than by the workers themselves. Every vestige of class division seems to have been blurred. But the maritime strike of 1890 was a rude awakener. The altruistic sentiments of the middle class died when Labor's struggle threatened their interests. In the following year the great shearers' strike took place in Queensland. The Colonies had entered upon an era of strikes. Labor was beaten at every point: in five years the employers won every fight in every colony. In fact, the decade, 1890-1899, was altogether a period of disastrous strikes in which the employers nearly always won. But in the meantime Labor had tasted the fruit of victory on the political field. In New Zealand the trade unions had in December, 1890, made an alliance with the Progressives and succeeded in electing five of their men. In Australia the entrance of the Labor Party was more dramatic. In 1895 the first effort was made when no less than thirty-five Labor members gained seats. They were more aggressive than the New Zealanders and aspired to form from the first a compact, disciplined third party as Parnell and his followers had done in England. Upon the whole they seem to have succeeded. In Queensland class lines were more closely drawn by both parties and the result has been a much less showy result. In 1893 the Labor Party won fifteen seats, which they have increased by eight. In South Australia there are five Labor members out of a total of forty-two in the Lower House, and two members in the Upper House. In Victoria there are seven in the Lower House out of a total of ninety-five. In Western Australia and Tasmania the factory system has not been very fully developed as yet, and the political labor movement is not very strong. Of all the colonies Queensland, where the Labor Party has fought middle-class radicalism and almost displaced it, appeals to my sympathy and support. In New Zealand the Labor Party has, from the first, been absorbed by the middle class Progressive Party.

The federation of six of the colonies—all but New Zealand—into a Commonwealth in 1901, was an event of great magnitude. It brought new opportunities to Labor and in the Federal Parliament there are sixteen Labor members out of a total of seventy-five in the House of Representatives, and eight out of thirty-six in the Senate. These terms, by the way, should not be taken too literally. Both are representative bodies and the names seem, therefore, unfortunately chosen. Mr. Reeves, as might be expected from a loyal New Zealander, is not so enthusiastic over the federation of the six colonies as he probably would be if he were a Queensland for example. And throughout the whole work one feels that, perhaps because of his greater intimacy with the affairs of that colony. New Zealand looms disproportionately large in this study.

The chapters devoted to Women's Franchise and Industrial Arbitration are particularly illuminating and should be studied by every thoughtful Socialist. Upon the whole it may be said that the enfranchisement of women has not had either the result predicted by its friends or that predicted by its foes. There has been no great moral revolution nor have women proved less capable than men. The fear that the priests would unduly influence them has been proven groundless and they have not shown the slightest tendency to be reactionary. In New Zealand women may vote, but not be elected to Parliament; while in South Australia where no such disability exists no women have yet stood as candidates. Mr. Reeves is very modest and does not once refer to himself as the author of the famous Compulsory Arbitration Act of New Zealand. He believes thoroughly in the principle and argues that it has been a complete success. In general his conclusions are pretty much the same as those reached by Mr. Henry Demarest Lloyd in his "A Country Without Strikes." While I do not personally believe in Compulsory Arbitration, I am free to admit that Mr. Reeves

has made a strong case,—though certainly less so for the principle, than for the actual measure in which it has been embodied in New Zealand. It is very interesting to note that in New South Wales the coercive principle has been extended considerably further than in New Zealand, but the act is of very recent date and it is too soon yet to attempt to gauge its effects.

Old Age Pensions are provided for in New Zealand, Victoria and New South Wales. In New Zealand a shilling a day (24 cents) is given to all needy and deserving persons—excluding aliens and Chinamen and Asiatics whether aliens or not—sixty-five years of age and upwards. There are many restricting provisos and the applicant has to be examined in open court before a police magistrate. In Victoria a sum is paid "sufficient to bring the pensioner's income from all sources to eight shillings a week," and there are many restrictions. But the law is more liberal and rational in this: it provides for the payment of the pension to any person less than sixty-five years of age who has been rendered incapable of earning a living by accident or disease, provided the necessity and good conduct tests are satisfactorily passed. This principle holds good in New South Wales also, where the maximum pension is higher,—about \$2.50 per week.

Space does not permit of my lingering longer over this absorbing and important work which deserves a wide circulation. Where there are Socialist Clubs with libraries, it ought to be at once placed on the shelves. Too expensive for the average student to purchase, it should be found in every public library, a fact of which I hope many of my readers will avail themselves.

* * *

I am writing these notes at the end of August when all the town is agog with excitement over the attempt of the British sweater-sportsman, Lipton, to "lift the cup." But the storm of wind and rain is more suggestive of an English November. But what care I for the Cup or for storms without? In these dreary days I am in good company, with good old "Bob" Blatchford, he of the Ramchunders, and a goodly pipe.

Blatchford is the ablest journalist the Socialist movement has yet produced in the English-speaking world. This I say all the more readily because I have freely expressed a very contrary opinion of his ability as an exponent of Socialist economics and politics. And if anybody doubts it let him read, as I have done during the last few days, those delightful creations of his prolific pen, "My Favorite Books" and "A Book About Books." Blatchford is a great critic, and these two attractive volumes are worthy to rank with the best volumes of literary essays this generation has produced.

It is a rare and beautiful spirit which pervades these books. Nothing short of greatness of soul could have made some of these essays possible. Think of "Nunquam," the aggressive materialist and agnostic, writing with reverence of such books as Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living" and "Holy Dying," and Smiles' "Self-Help." I can imagine the amused smiles of some good Socialists as they read the titles! And think of this little list; the Bible ("to read Job, Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon") Burton's "Anatomy of Misery," Sir Thomas Browne's "Urn-Burial," and John Selden's "Table Talk." These are some of the genial "Nunquam's" favorites. True there are others more familiar, like William Morris's "Dream of John Ball," and the poems: Gilbert White's "Selborne" and Ritson's "Robin Hood." Truly a catholic list enough. Most of the books I have read or skimmed as the case may be, but it is good to hear Blatchford's pleasant and sweetly-wise talk about them for he has the poise and the spiritual insight of the true companion of books.

The two papers devoted to William Morris as a poet and prose writer are very fine. I wish they could be repro-

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duced in the "Comrade," and perhaps Blatchford will consent. But in the meantime let me urge upon you to secure a copy of each of these volumes for companionship during the drear of the coming winter nights.

I had a letter the other day from a good and generous friend, a distinguished craftsman and a worthy disciple of Ruskin and Morris. "I think," he wrote, "that Blatchford's best work has been thrown away in a penny paper." But these essays so fragrant with beauty and wisdom appeared in that penny paper, the "Clarion" to wit, and I am quite sure it was no waste of power or genius to have written them. Thus garnered they make worthy and enduring books. May Blatchford long continue to give the readers of his "penny paper" work so strong and sane and sweet as this!

"Mistress Alice Jocelyn, Her Letters," the latest issue of the "Blue Sky Press," of Chicago, is a beautiful little volume in every particular. It is a cloy and graceful little romance of Colonial days—1642-55—and full of strong human interest. The quaintness of speech and thought of the period has been well caught by the author, Mrs. Cheney.

The edition is limited and the publishers are to be congratulated upon having produced so good a book at so cheap a price. The title page design and portrait frontispiece by our friend and contributor, Mr. H. Ivan Swift, are worthy of special mention.

The Cheap Edition of Ernest Crosby's "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," imported and for sale by the Comrade Company, is a well printed volume of nearly two hundred pages. Those of my readers who may have found the price of the ordinary edition of this remarkable book prohibitive will do well to obtain this excellent and exceedingly cheap edition. Crosby has given us so much of his best work in

these pages that to say anything here of his merits as a poet and thinker would be quite superfluous and I content myself with this reminder of a "good thing." J. S.

Books, Etc., Received.

- *LIFE AND LABORS OF SIR ISAAC PITMAN. By Benn Pitman. Cloth; illustrated; 201 pages. Cincinnati: Benn Pitman.
- *DISCOURSES ON WAR. By William Ellery Channing, with an introduction by Edwin D. Mead. Cloth; LXI—229 pages. Boston: Ginn & Co.
- MAZZINI: THE PROPHET OF THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY. By Louis J. Rosenberg. Cloth; portrait; 83 pages. Price, 50c. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr.
- MY FAVORITE BOOKS. By Robert Blatchford. Cloth; portrait; 253 pages. Price, two shilling and six pence. London, Eng.: The Clarion Company.
- A BOOK ABOUT BOOKS. By Robert Blatchford. Ornamental cloth; 254 pages. Price, two shillings and six pence. London, Eng.: The Clarion Company.
- *NEW HARLEM, PAST AND PRESENT, THE STORY OF AN AMAZING CIVIC WRONG NOW AT LAST TO BE RIGHTED. By Carl Horton Pierce. With a review of the principles of law involved in the recovery of the Harlem lands by W. Pennington Toler and Harmon De Pau Nutting. Cloth; illustrated; XIV—332 pages. New York: The New Harlem Publishing Company.
- POEMS OF WALT WHITMAN (Leaves of Grass). With a biographical introduction by John Burroughs. Cloth; portrait; XIII—343 pages. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr.
- *MODERN SCIENCE AND ANARCHISM. By Peter Kropotkin. Translated from the Russian Original by D. A. Modell. Paper; 94 pages. Price 25 cents. Philadelphia: The Social Science Club.
- THE RED ROCKER. By Seumas Macmanus. Cloth; 130 pages. Price, 75 cents. New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Company.

*To be reviewed in our next issue.

Our Cover.



OR the adaptation of Walter Crane's splendid design as a permanent cover we are indebted to the taste and skill of our good friend, Mr. J. Phelps Pette, who has done so much to approve the appearance of the magazine in various ways.

No doubt there are many readers who, like ourselves, will regret the passing of the spirited design which distinguished our cover for so long. But with that design it seemed well nigh impossible to obtain a satisfactory color effect. With the present design, equally beautiful we think, it will, we hope, be possible to secure more pleasing, because less garish, results.

The old cover design was reproduced so often by our contemporaries in various lands as to leave no room for doubt as to its popularity as an expression of the Socialist spirit. Sometimes in the reproduction considerable liberty has been taken with the design and with results as amusing as the incongruous can be. The accompanying reproduction of the adaptation of the design by our friends of the "Socialist" of Tokyo, Japan, with the Japanese letters and the rabbit so uncomfortably placed is certainly a quaint rendering of our good friend Crane's drawing. What the significance of the rodent crouching beneath the pointed flag-pole may be, the editor of "The Comrade" is not familiar enough with Japanese lore to determine.—S.



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All that Marx's hand set itself to do it did with all its might, and in this volume, as in the rest of his works, we see the indefatigable energy, the wonderful grasp of detail and the keen and marvelous foresight of a master hand.—"Justice," London, England.

A very masterly analysis of the condition—political, economic and social—of the Turkish Empire, which is as true to-day as when it was written.—"Daily Chronicle," London, England.

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If these 200,000 boot and shoe workers and 150,000 printers will really and truly unite with those 100,000 tobacco workers; if the 1,000,000 railroad employees will unite with all three; if the 1,200,000 men of the building trades will unite with the others; and if the iron and steel workers, the miners, the wood workers, the shipbuilders, the brewers, the cotton mill operatives and the granite cutters—if the whole working class would unite, what power is there in the world to oppose us, much less defeat us? Unite, not only in the economic fight, which still leaves many men without a job, no matter what the hours or wages for those who get work; but UNITE IN THE POLITICAL FIELD, UNITE AT THE BALLOT BOX.

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