

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y.,
under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. II

OCTOBER, 1907

No. 8

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

A great many intelligent people—and some fools—are forever mouthing such empty platitudes as, "America is a free country," "Every man who is willing to work can find a job," and many other equally bright and original sayings.

These inanities are repeated so persistently, that occasionally—when we are suffering from an attack of biliousness or are sore at the world in general because some conductor has palmed off a lead nickel on us—we are almost inclined to believe them; always provided, of course, that our own stipend is reasonable and regular.

At this point it usually happens that some good, kind government official comes along and mercilessly robs us of an argument that has been a source of satisfaction and of a conscious feeling of superiority over our less fortunate fellow-men. The latest State Bureau of Labor report reads:

"Conditions of employment in the first six months of this year have not been so favorable as in the record year of 1906, but they surpassed those of 1905, which was the next best year. Returns to the State Bureau of Labor Statistics from associations of working people, with a membership of more than 93,000 wage earners in eighty-five different trades and occupations, show that the average monthly number of idle workmen was 147 per 1,000 in the first half of 1907, as compared with 151 in the corresponding period of 1905, 104 in 1906, and an average of 164 for the last five years. At the end of June the number idle was 7,809 (81 per 1,000), of whom 1,200 were not working on account of illness, accident or other disability, 700 on account of labor disputes, and the remaining 5,900 on account of lack of employment or other non-personal causes.

"Building operations, which were retarded by the severity of the winter, are now unusually active in all the large cities. In New York the number of buildings begun and the number completed in the second quarter of the present year exceeded the record of last year, and the estimated cost of projected buildings fell but little short of the 1906 record, the decline in the erection of houses in Manhattan and The Bronx having been almost counter-balanced by an increase in office buildings, etc. In both Rochester and Syracuse new records in the building department were attained, and in Buffalo there was a large increase over the average of recent years, although the total was somewhat below the figures for the corresponding months of last year.

"At the end of June conditions of employment in nearly all trades were much above the average. While there were, as a rule, more unemployed workers in the various industries than in the same month last year, there were fewer than in 1905, the next best year of the decade, in all but three of the groups in which all trades are classified. In New York City, in which reside two-thirds of the wage earners herein included, the conditions of employment at the end of June were more favorable than in any of the last five years, with the exception of 1906."

Stripped to the bone, the above figures mean that 164 out of every 1,000 workingmen have been idle during the last five years,—a period probably unprecedented for its prosperity in the last fifty years. We will be told, no doubt, that a certain number of lazy or rapacious workmen of the above total were out on strike. Putting aside the fact that the percentage of the striking workmen is very small, it is a certainty that if there were no labor unions "to cause" disputes, the men would be working twelve or fourteen hours instead of eight or ten, and the total number out of work would be larger for that very reason. The question naturally arises: If there are 16½ per cent. unemployed during such very prosperous times, what is the percentage in periods of depression?

Dreamers, like ourselves, might ask of what use is a social system which condemns one man out of every five—a very low average, taking prosperous and dull times—to idleness, prevents him from producing wealth, being happy and adding to the general well-being of the human family. The practical man answers: "This is a free country," "Every man who is willing to work can find a job," "We are a great people," etc.

Of course, we are—but what do you think of it?

* * *

Among the members of Roosevelt's official household is

a descendant of a family of Corsican banditti, known in history as Buonaparte. The ambition of this "imperial" scion seems to be to surpass his master Teddy in brutality of expression. A year ago, for instance, he had the audacity to propose that Anarchists should be punished by flogging. Now he is winning unenviable distinction as the champion of the death penalty for all those who are unfortunate enough to fall thrice into the merciful hands of our Christian justice.

Brutality, arrogance and stupidity are the family virtues of the Buonapartes. The American descendant, though monarchically illegitimate, is no more humane than his European kin. Indeed, a worthy representative of our plutocracy!

But does Secretary Bonaparte take himself seriously? For, if his suggestions were to be carried out, and the *real* criminals executed, would not Bonaparte and his caste prove the first victims?

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At the recent dedication of the McKinley monument at Canton, Ohio, the President again let loose a speech upon a long-suffering public.

Roosevelt's speeches strongly remind one of Teddy bears: they all look alike. Of course, the Strenuous One is always sure of an audience: man's love of the circus is proverbial. But not even Bonaparte could have invented a more inhumane punishment than the forced reading of the President's speeches.

* * *

Alice Roosevelt and her husband have recently been running wild in Arizona. Boarding a train, on the home-stretch, the couple informed the sleeping-car agent that they wished to get a drawing-room. When the train pulled in, the agent interviewed the Pullman conductor. He had only one drawing-room in his cars, and that was occupied by two wealthy Russians. After a consultation the Russians were approached and were told that the daughter of the President was traveling and wished to have the drawing-room. They regretted, somewhat testily, that they could not oblige even so exalted a personage.

Arguments were used without avail and another consultation was held. The Russians were then informed

that they must give way. They protested angrily and created an uproar in the cars, but finally they and their baggage were forcibly moved out to some unoccupied berths, and the Longworths were placed in possession of the drawing-room.

The trouble with "those ignorant foreigners" is that, coming from benighted Russia, they cannot "appreciate the spirit of our free institutions."

* * *

'Tis not so very long ago that radicals—yea, even some Anarchists—could be counted among the admirers of Yellow Hearst. "He means well," was the verdict of these naïve people. "Just read Brisbane's editorials," they argued. "Hearst is the right man!"

Suddenly came the disillusion. At the Jamestown Exposition, where Willie was the chief attraction on Labor Day, the mask fell. Mark Hanna himself could not have championed capitalism more enthusiastically. "I speak in defense of honestly gotten wealth," "The capitalist deserves his just profit"—that was the refrain of the labor champion's song.

Yes, Willie, "honest profit" is more euphonious than the old stock phrases of "thieving scoundrels," "public robbers," and the like. But this is so sudden.

The former radical admirers of Hearst are aghast. For William has spoken; but, lo and behold! the sheep stands revealed as—no, not a wolf—only a parrot.

* * *

Two shining Marxian lights, W. J. Ghent and M. Openheimer, have recently issued a pamphlet, entitled "The Red Flag."

Speaking of the emblem of universal brotherhood, the authors relieve their feelings in this manner:

"The Red Flag is not the emblem of Anarchy. No doubt, Anarchists sometimes use this flag. But it is not the only thing which Anarchists appropriate in use to themselves, and their occasional appropriation of this emblem is something for which the Socialists cannot rightly be blamed. There is, as all sensible men know, not the slightest similarity between Socialism and Anarchism. Between capitalism in its unmitigated form and Anarchism, there is a close and easily observable relationship. But Socialism is equally the enemy of both. Anarchism and capitalism stand equally for social chaos. But Socialism stands eternally for social order."

Is *Socialism* the enemy of Anarchism, or are our enemies merely *Socialists*? If the former is the case, so much the worse for Socialism. There was a time when Socialism, the ideal of brotherhood and liberty, was *not* the enemy of Anarchism. But since Socialism has come to mean concentrated authority and parliamentarism of the lowest order, it is the enemy of Anarchism and the foe of *all* liberty.

"Anarchism stands for social chaos." This declaration sounds familiarly capitalistic. Of course, our Socialistic brothers would not stoop to willful misrepresentation à la Hearst. In charity we ascribe their transgressions to mere stupidity.

* * *

The third annual convention of the Industrial Workers of the World has recently taken place at Chicago.

Among the various questions discussed, the main point at issue was: Should the I. W. W., as an organization, participate in politics? The Anarchists present strenuously opposed all suggestions of a politico-parliamentary character, insisting that the battle of labor must be fought exclusively on the economic field. Our comrade Caminita, speaking for the Anarchists, made an eloquent plea for direct action, demonstrating in the most lucid manner the dangers lurking in the ballot box, as well as in all authoritarian policies. He ably championed revolutionary economic battle methods.

Unfortunately, the majority of the delegates were opposed to Caminita's suggestions. It was decided to make no changes in the second paragraph of the I. W. W. preamble, to the effect that the liberation of the proletariat must be accomplished by both political and economic means.

* * *

Our comrades, who have aided so actively in the organization and efforts of the I. W. W., will soon have to decide whether they shall remain, as members of the organization, a mere appendage of the Socialist Labor Party, or whether they should act independently, on their own initiative.

* * *

A word about the practical lessons taught by the propaganda of direct action.

The strike of the longshoremen at Antwerp, Holland, is being broken by scabs shipped from German and Eng-

lish ports. It is a highly instructive fact that not a single Frenchman is to be found among the strike-breakers.

The trade unions of England and the Social Democratic organizations of Germany are rich, strong and well disciplined. How does it happen that they would not, or could not, prevent the shipping of scabs from the ports of their respective countries into Antwerp?

The answer is very simple: they lack the spirit of solidarity.

The propaganda of direct action and the General Strike, which our French comrades have been earnestly carrying on during the last decade, has produced beneficent practical results. It has developed a strong feeling of solidarity among the workers of France and has made them conscious of the identity of interests of international labor. They have learned to realize this basic fact—not as a mere theoretical proposition—but as a living, practical factor.

Hence the intelligent, praiseworthy attitude of the French longshoremen during this important strike at Antwerp. It is time the German and English workingmen should realize the educational value of the direct action and General Strike propaganda, in its application to the practical solution of the labor problem.

* * *

How utterly insignificant are all party politics when compared to that grand spectacle, the Russian Revolution! Irrepressible and unconquerable is this momentous uprising of a mighty people: repeatedly defeated and apparently mastered, it is resurrected again and again, ever rising with renewed vigor, growing stronger by defeat.

Is it possible to eradicate this spirit, this unquenchable thirst for liberty? No! The most hardened pessimist must be taught by it to learn and to hope.

The liberation of the Russian people is no mere dream. Renewed defeats, protracted exhaustion and apparent death may return. But so will also new uprisings, successively growing in strength and determination, and finally assuming proportions beyond the resources of the decayed Tsarism.

The deeds of valor and self-sacrifice we read about in history make the blood course faster in our veins and fill us with admiration. But grander and more prodigious than any deed of the past is the heroic example of our own time.

Wonderful, indeed, are the possibilities of a people inspired by liberty and brotherhood.

* * *

The recent assassination of M. Borodulin, Superintendent of the political prison at Akatui, Transbaikalia, has made another Torquemada harmless. Borodulin was one of the jailers and torturers of Mlle. Spiridonova, the valiant revolutionist who killed M. Luchenovsky, Chief of the Secret Police of Tambov.

After her arrest Mlle. Spiridonova was brutally maltreated and outraged by her captors. Three of the latter, a police officer named Zhanoff, a Cossack officer Abramoff, and another officer Metus, have been assassinated for the part they took in abusing and torturing the young woman.

The hand of the avenging revolutionary angel is swift and sure: Borodulin is the fourth who forfeited his life for torturing Mlle. Spiridonova.

Sic semper tyrannis!

* * *

The capitalistic policy of suppression and exploitation has attained its highest triumph in the colonies. India, once rich and beautiful, has been laid waste by the greed and tyranny of Great Britain.

That the natives are driven to rebellion by their foreign oppressors, is quite natural. Just now much-suffering India is in a state of ferment, one uprising fast following another.

Little news reaches the outside world as to the true conditions in India; but it is evident from the meagre, censored accounts that things are far more serious than the official circles of England are willing to admit.

The spirit of liberty and independence is abroad in all the colonies. Not only India is endeavoring to break the yoke of the foreign oppressor. The Malays are up in arms against Holland. The Moors are defending the remnants of their independence against the encroachment of the French government. The Koreans are bravely

struggling against the Japanese autocracy, and our own colonies are far from "pacified."

The natives, everywhere, are striving to shake off the yoke of the foreign masters. May success crown their efforts! But Liberty will not triumph till *all* oppression—both foreign and domestic—is a thing of the past.

* * *

Conservative literary circles of France religiously believe that the best traditions of the 17th century have been preserved—in custom, language and literature—in the French-speaking part of Canada.

It is not long since the academician Vicomte de Vogüé, addressing a Canadian statesman, exclaimed: "We could learn much from you! Our language, for instance. You, Canadians, have preserved it in all its purity and beauty!"

De Vogüé's academical predecessor, Marmien, who had traveled much in Canada, even believed that he had discovered there the Atticism of *le grand siècle*.

Comrade R. de Marmande, in a recent contribution to *Mercure de France*, exposes these flatteries, which—on the lips of the French politicians—are but self-flattery.

Our comrade, describing the true condition of Canadian life and literature, leaves no doubt that the situation is anything but a healthy one.

Every free expression is mercilessly suppressed by the double censorship: the moral one of the State and the still more dangerous religious one of the all-powerful clergy. Only in Canada could it happen that a publisher, under clerical pressure, should have to burn the works of Voltaire.

On the other hand, the Canadian government encourages the re-publication at home of such French books as have been approved by the censorship. Native authors are thus directly discouraged and every free expression discountenanced.

As to the alleged language purity of French-Canadian literature, Marmande quotes native authors to prove their inanity of expression and empty romanticism.

The literature of Canada but mirrors her life. Both will be infused with originality and strength only when the all-deadening curse of religion will have been lifted from our neighbor.

McKINLEY'S ASSASSINATION FROM THE ANARCHIST STANDPOINT

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

SIX years have passed since William McKinley met his doom at Buffalo and the return stroke of justice took the life of his slayer, Leon Czolgosz. The wild rage that stormed through the brains of the people, following that revolver shot, turning them into temporary madmen, incapable of seeing, hearing, or thinking correctly, has spent itself. Figures are beginning to appear in their true relative proportions, and there is some likelihood that sane words will be sanely listened to. Instead of the wild and savage threats, "Brand the Anarchists with hot iron," "Boil in oil," "Hang to the first lamp-post," "Scourge and shackle," "Deport to a desert island," which were the stock phrases during the first few weeks following the tragedy, and were but the froth of the upheaved primitive barbarity of civilized men, torn loose and raging like an unreasoning beast, we now hear an occasional serious inquiry: "But what have the Anarchists to say about it? Was Czolgosz really an Anarchist? Did he say he was? And what has Anarchism to do with assassination altogether?"

To those who wish to know what the Anarchists have to say, these words are addressed. We have to say that *not Anarchism, but the state of society which creates men of power and greed and the victims of power and greed*, is responsible for the death of both McKinley and Czolgosz. Anarchism has this much to do with assassination, that as it teaches the possibility of a society in which the needs of life may be fully supplied for all, and in which the opportunities for complete development of mind and body shall be the heritage of all; as it teaches that the present unjust organization of the production and distribution of wealth must finally be completely destroyed, and replaced by a system which will insure to each the liberty to work, without first seeking a master to whom he must surrender a tithe of his product, which will guarantee his liberty of access to the sources and means of production; as it teaches that all this is possible without the exhaustion of body and mind which is

hourly wrecking the brain and brawn of the nations in the present struggle of the workers to achieve a competence, it follows that Anarchism does create rebels. Out of the blindly submissive, it makes the discontented; out of the unconsciously dissatisfied, it makes the consciously dissatisfied. Every movement for the social betterment of the peoples, from time immemorial, has done the same. And since among the ranks of dissatisfied people are to be found all manner of temperaments and degrees of mental development—just as are found among the satisfied also—it follows that there are occasionally those who translate their dissatisfaction into a definite act of reprisal against the society which is crushing them and their fellows. Assassination of persons representing the ruling power is such an act of reprisal. There have been Christian assassins, Republican assassins, Socialist assassins, and Anarchist assassins; in no case was the act of assassination an expression of any of these religious or political creeds, but of temperamental reaction against the injustice created by the prevailing system of the time (excluding, of course, such acts as were merely the result of personal ambition or derangement). Moreover, Anarchism less than any of these can have anything to do in determining a specific action, since, in the nature of its teaching, every Anarchist must act purely on his own initiative and responsibility; there are no secret societies nor executive boards of any description among Anarchists. But that among a mass of people who realize fully what a slaughter-house capitalism has made of the world, how even little children are daily and hourly crippled, starved, doomed to the slow death of poisoned air, to ruined eyesight, wasted limbs, and polluted blood; how through the sapping of the present generation's strength the unborn are condemned to a rotten birthright, all that riches may be heaped where they are not needed; who realize that all this is as unnecessary and stupid as it is wicked and revolting; that among these there should be some who rise up and strike back, whether wisely or unwisely, effectively or ineffectively, is no matter for wonder; the wonder is there are not more. *The hells of capitalism create the desperate; the desperate act,—desperately!*

And in so far as Anarchism seeks to arouse the con-

sciousness of oppression, the desire for a better society, and a sense of the necessity for unceasing warfare against capitalism and the State, the authors of all this unrecognized but Nemesis-bearing crime, in so far it is responsible and does not shrirk its responsibility: "For it is impossible but that offences come; but woe unto them through whom they come."

Many offences had come through the acts of William McKinley. Upon his hand was the "damned spot" of official murder, the blood of the Filipinos, whom he, in pursuance of the capitalist policy of Imperialism, had sentenced to death. Upon his head falls the curse of all the workers against whom, time and time again, he threw the strength of his official power. Without doubt he was in private life a good and kindly man; it is even probable he saw no wrong in the terrible deeds he had commanded done. Perhaps he was able to reconcile his Christian belief, "Do good to them that hate you," with the slaughters he ordered; perhaps he murdered the Filipinos "to do them good"; the capitalist mind is capable of such contortions. But whatever his private life, he was the representative of wealth and greed and power; in accepting the position he accepted the rewards and the dangers, just as a miner, who goes down in the mine for \$2.50 a day or less, accepts the danger of the firedamp. McKinley's rewards were greater and his risks less; moreover, he didn't need the job to keep bread in his mouth; but he, too, met an explosive force—the force of a desperate man's will. And he died; *not as a martyr, but as a gambler who had won a high stake and was struck down by the man who had lost the game*: for that is what capitalism has made of human well-being—a gambler's stake, no more.

Who was this man? No one knows. A child of the great darkness, a spectre out of the abyss! Was he an Anarchist? We do not know. None of the Anarchists knew him, save as a man with whom some few of them had exchanged a few minutes' conversation, in which he said that he had been a Socialist, but was then dissatisfied with the Socialist movement. The police said he was an Anarchist; the police said he attributed his act to the influence of a lecture of Emma Goldman. But the police have lied before, and, like the celebrated Orchard,

they need "corroborative evidence." All that we really know of Czolgosz is his revolver shot and his dying words: "I killed the President because he was the enemy of the people, the good, working people." All between is blank. What he really said, if he said anything, remains in the secret papers of the Buffalo Police Department and the Auburn prison. If we are to judge inferentially, considering his absolutely indifferent behavior at his "trial," he never said anything at all. He was utterly at their mercy, and had they been able to twist or torture any word of his into a "conspiracy," they would have done it. Hence it is most probable he said nothing.

Was he a normal or an abnormal being? In full possession of his senses, or of a disturbed or weak mentality? Again we do not know. All manner of fables arose immediately after his act as to his boyhood's career; people knew him in his childhood as evil, stupid, cruel; even some knew him who had heard him talk about assassinating the President years before; other legends contradicted these; all were equally unreliable. His indifference at the "trial" may have been that of a strong man enduring a farce, or of a clouded and non-realizing mind. His last words were the words of a naïve and devoted soul, a soul quite young, quite unselfish, and quite forlorn. If martyrdom is insisted upon, which was the martyr, the man who had had the good of life, who was past middle years, who had received reward and distinction to satiety, who had ordered others killed without once jeopardizing his own life, and to whom death came more easily than to millions who die of long want and slow tortures of disease, or this young strong soul which struck its own blow and paid with its own life, so capable of the utterest devotion, so embittered and ruined in its youth, so hopeless, so wasted, so cast out of the heart of pity, so altogether alone in its last agony? This was the greater tragedy—a tragedy bound to be repeated over and over, until "the good working people" (in truth they are not so good) learn that the earth is theirs and the fullness thereof, and that there is no need for any one to enslave himself to another. This Anarchism teaches, and this the future will realize, though many martyrdoms lie between.

THE INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST CONGRESS

Report by EMMA GOLDMAN.

AN International Congress! The suspicious mind will at once conjure up horrors of majority rule, of politicians and platforms—platforms carefully devised to appeal to the stupid, and politicians who will make it appear that the stupid themselves have chosen their programs. The majority has but to be made to believe that it enjoys sovereignty and the power of decision, and it will cheerfully seal its own degradation.

However, the International Anarchist Congress at Amsterdam had none of that. The eighty delegates who had come from monarchies and republics did not assemble to get up a catechism. Their purpose was to crystallize—out of the contrast of temperaments, theories and opinions—harmonious and concerted action. Of such contrasts there were many, occasionally bursting out at one another like bomb-shells, the Latin temperament readily bubbling over, often threatening to destroy the dearly cherished German sense of "order." But after the delegates had come into comradely touch with one another, a quieter atmosphere made itself felt, uniting all in a sincere desire to co-operate in every way possible to make the Congress a success.

Enrico Malatesta, the senior of the Congress, full of youthful spirit, his eyes glowing with the divine fire for the revolutionizing of mind and body, was one of the most interesting figures. His enthusiasm for the cause, together with his sweet personality, produce an exquisitely harmonious character, the influence of which is both soothing and inspiring.

Pierre Monatte, a representative of the "Confédération du Travail" (Revolutionary Trade Unions of France), an agitator of great force, thoroughly versed in the literature of the economic and anti-militarist movements, simple and unassuming, full of the spirit of solidarity and true comradeship. Together with such men as Pouget, Delesalle, Greffulheus, he is building up a tremendous economic force, the "Confédération Générale du Travail," of which MOTHER EARTH will have more to say in a later issue.

R. de Marmande, *revolutionaire* and true *bohème*, jovial, full of esprit, with a keen sense of humor. He refuses to see in the Mother of Freedom—Revolution—a black-robed nun, walking about in penitence and despair over the sins of mankind. Revolution, to him, is the great liberator, the joy-bearer.

Henri Feiss-Amoré, the Belgian, was one of the most typical Frenchmen at the Congress: impatient, hot-headed and impulsive, yet polite and chivalrous; he necessarily proved a failure in everything that required system and self-control.

Broutchoux, a power in the mining regions of France, belongs to the type of workingman who has helped to make revolutionary history,—intelligent, daring and uncompromising. He is beloved by his fellow-workers and hated by all authoritarian parties.

Dunois, from Switzerland, and Chapelier, a Belgian, furnished much human document—the former too democratic to appreciate the real value of the individual; the latter, too sectarian for a universal movement. Chapelier's internationalism lies in Esperanto. No doubt, much could have been gained at the Congress had all the delegates known Esperanto, as the interpretations from the French, Dutch and German consumed a tremendous amount of time. But to believe that an arbitrary, mechanical language can ever replace anything that has grown out of the soil, the life and the customs of a people, is to be sectarian indeed.

Another of the delegates was Luigi Fabri, from Italy, well known through his writings on Anarchism and his affiliation with Mollinari's *L'Università Popolare*.

Dr. Friedeberg, the German delegate, is an ex-member of the Social Democratic Party, which he represented as Alderman in the city of Berlin. In that capacity he has had ample opportunity to learn the uselessness of parliamentarism, which induced him to turn to Anarchism. Dr. Friedeberg is now one of the foremost champions of the General Strike, direct action and anti-militarism. Though he is indicted for high treason—a very serious offense in the land of the Kaiser—he was completely wrapped up in the work of the Congress, unconcerned as to what the future may bring him.

Two Bohemian comrades, Vohryzek and Knotek, were very interesting delegates. Vohryzek, alert and ever ready with suggestions and resolutions, is a fanatical admirer of the achievements of his country, without the slightest sense of relative proportion. His friend, Knotek, was quite a contrast. He never spoke once during the entire session, yet one could not fail to perceive the artistic, dreamy and refined temperament. I regret that time did not permit me to see more of Comrade Knotek.

Then there was R. Rucker, editor of the *Workers' Friend* and *Germinat*, Jewish papers published in London. German by birth, he has acquired the Yiddish language, and through his able pen he is doing much to bring light and hope into the gloomy existence of the Jewish proletariat in England. He has acted as an impetus to the idealism, the earnestness and studiousness of the young Yiddish element, both in England and America. But one of his greatest merits is that he has made accessible to the Jewish reading public the revolutionary literature of the world.

There were many other delegates, who, for lack of space, cannot be discussed here; but they added much interesting material on the growth of our ideas in their respective countries.

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After a few preliminaries, the Congress began its real work Monday afternoon, August 26th. Reports were read from France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Russia, Servia, Bulgaria, Holland, England and the United States. The report on the American situation our readers will be able to follow in MOTHER EARTH. A résumé of the other reports will appear later.

The first subject for the consideration of the Congress was "Anarchism and Organization," with Dunois as speaker. The constant misrepresentation of Anarchism by its opponents has resulted in the widespread notion that Anarchism is merely destructive. That it is also constructive, our enemies carefully avoid stating.

In his opening remarks Dunois regrets that so little attention has hitherto been paid to the necessity of organization. "The individualistic notion, as expressed by Dr. Stockman in Ibsen's 'Enemy of the People,'

that the strongest is he who stands alone, has been very detrimental to the Anarchist movement. This statement has no relation to Anarchism, since Stockman merely voiced the egoistic notion of the bourgeoisie." After a lengthy discourse on similar lines the speaker proposed the following resolution to the Congress: "Anarchism and organization are not antagonistic; on the contrary, the common material interests of the workers as well as the mutual interests in ideas necessitate federated organizations."

In opposition to Dunois' conception, the Dutch comrade Croiset spoke of the individualistic phase of Anarchism—not in the sense, however, of private property, mutual banking, contracts and a voluntary police force—but of the importance of the individual in society. He is not opposed to organization, on principle. But, believing egoism the main-spring of all our desires and actions, he holds that organization can be founded only on purely individual interests. "Egoists may combine to more successfully carry out some mutual project. But organization, not based on individual interests, is in danger of developing into an arbitrary and authoritarian factor."

Max Baginski and myself spoke in favor of organization, laying stress on the fact that it is always the self-conscious, free individualities which decide the character and influence of an organization. We further illustrated our point by the following paper on "The Relation of Anarchism to Organization," read by Max Baginski:

"The charge that Anarchism is destructive rather than constructive, and that, therefore, Anarchism is opposed to organization, is one of the many falsehoods spread by our opponents. They confound our present social institutions with organization; therefore they fail to understand how we can oppose the former and yet favor the latter. The fact, however, is that the two are not identical.

"The STATE is commonly regarded as the highest form of organization. But is it in reality a true organization? Is it not rather an arbitrary institution, cunningly imposed upon the masses?

"INDUSTRY, too, is called an organization; yet nothing is farther from the truth. Industry is the ceaseless piracy of the rich against the poor.

"We are asked to believe that the **ARMY** is an organization, but a close investigation will show that it is nothing else than a cruel instrument of blind force.

"The **PUBLIC SCHOOL!** The colleges and other institutions of learning, are they not models of organization, offering the people fine opportunities for instruction? Far from it. The school, more than any other institution, is a veritable barrack, where the human mind is drilled and manipulated into submission to various social and moral spooks, and thus fitted to continue our system of exploitation and oppression.

"Organization, as *we* understand it, however, is a different thing. It is based, primarily, on freedom. It is the natural and voluntary grouping of energies for the achievement of results beneficial to humanity; results which should endow life with meaning, worth and beauty.

"It is the harmony of organic growth which produces variety of color and form, the complete whole we admire in the flower. Analogously will the organized activity of free human beings, endowed with the spirit of solidarity, result in the perfection of social harmony, which we call Anarchism. In fact, Anarchism alone makes non-authoritarian organization of common interests possible, since it abolishes the existing antagonism between individuals and classes.

"Under present conditions the antagonism of economic and social interests results in relentless war among the social units, and creates an insurmountable obstacle in the way of a co-operative commonwealth.

"There is a mistaken notion that organization does not foster individual freedom; that, on the contrary, it means the decay of individuality. In reality, however, the true function of organization is to aid the development and growth of the personality.

"Just as the animal cells, by mutual co-operation, express their latent powers in the formation of the complete organism, so does the individuality, by co-operative effort with other individualities, attain its highest form of development.

"An organization, in the true sense, cannot result from the combination of mere nonentities. It must be composed of self-conscious, intelligent individualities. In-

deed, the total of the possibilities and activities of an organization is represented in the expression of individual energies.

"It therefore logically follows that the greater the number of strong, self-conscious personalities in an organization, the less danger of stagnation and the more intense its life-element.

"Anarchism asserts the possibility of an organization without discipline, fear or punishment, and without the pressure of poverty: a new social organism, which will make an end to the terrible struggle for the means of existence,—the savage struggle which undermines the finest qualities in man and ever widens the social abyss. In short, Anarchism strives towards a social organization which will establish well-being for all.

"The germ of such an organization can be found in that form of trades unionism which has done away with centralization, bureaucracy and discipline, and which favors independent and direct action on the part of its members."

* * *

Malatesta, discussing the various attitudes towards organization, finds the difference not so much in principle as in the method of expression. "One is apt to lay too great stress on some particular pet phase, whereas in reality all the speakers are agreed as to the necessity of organization. I, too, can see little in the position of Dr. Stockman. Were he a worker in some factory, at the mercy of poverty and exploitation, he would soon descend from his lofty pedestal."

Baginski and myself opposed the opinion expressed by Dunois and Malatesta, that Ibsen represented, in his art, the attitude of the egoistic bourgeoisie. Anarchism does not mean Kropotkin *or* Ibsen: it embraces both. While Kropotkin has explained the social conditions which lead to a collective revolution, Ibsen has portrayed, in a masterly manner, the psychological effects which culminate in the revolt of the human soul,—the revolt of the individuality. Nothing would prove more disastrous to our ideas, were we unable to unite the external, the physical, and the internal, the psychological, motives of rebellion against the existing institutions.

Vohryzek agreed with us, adding: "Stirner is not opposed to organization; on the contrary, a close study of 'The Ego and his Own' will show that Stirner saw in the organization of free individuals a lofty aim of human endeavor."

Cornelissen, of Holland, took exception to the views of the American delegates. "Individual liberty is desirable, yet a limit must be set as to how far it is admissible; it must not be allowed to become injurious to the movement, as a whole."

After several others had spoken, Dunois consented to accept my amendment to his resolution, to the effect that collective activity in no way denies individual action; that, on the contrary, they complete each other. In this form the resolution was accepted by the Congress.

The evening sessions, lasting until midnight, were turned into public meetings wherein reports of the day's work and some of the speeches were interpreted into the Dutch language.

* * *

Wednesday afternoon's session was of a private nature, to which the press was not admitted. Incidentally, I wish to say a few words in regard to the Amsterdam press. Coming from the land of yellow journals, it was refreshing to read Dutch papers. All the important publications, even those of the most extreme conservative type, had correct and honest reports; not a word of misrepresentation or sensationalism. When I think of what our New York papers would have made of the Congress, I am grateful to Fate that in "free" America, with its "free" immigration laws, an Anarchistic Congress is out of the question. That the New York papers would bring some sensational and blood-curdling news was to be expected; thus they reported, for instance, that Malatesta and I had advised a "reign of terror." Poor, dull brain of our penny-a-liners that must forever invent a "story"!

* * *

The formation of an Anarchist International Federation was thoroughly discussed and finally agreed upon. The International is to be composed of groups and federations, as well as of individual comrades who wish

to join. The groups, federations and individual members are to retain their full autonomy. A Bureau of Correspondence, consisting of five members, has been chosen, the purpose of which is to bring about closer communication and greater solidarity between the groups of various countries; also to keep them posted on the current events of the movement. Individual comrades, desiring to become members of the International, must be identified by their organization, the Bureau, or some comrade known to the Bureau. The expenses of the Bureau are to be defrayed by contributions of the groups and comrades belonging to the International.

Various views were expressed as to the merits of a Bureau, some of the delegates being apprehensive of the resurrection of the General Council of the International—an authoritarian clique, full of national and international intrigue and gossip. The fact that such irreproachable characters as Malatesta, Rocker, etc., have been chosen as members is safe guarantee, however, that the new Bureau will have a different character. The American delegates were in favor of a Bulletin, which should furnish all countries with data on the growth of our ideas. However, those who preferred the Bureau hope that such a Bulletin may be issued as soon as money will be forthcoming.

* * *

Syndicalism was discussed by Pierre Monatte, from whose paper I quote a few paragraphs: "Syndicalism is the arena where the proletariat can gather for the battle, whose final object is the overthrow of the present economic and social institutions. There are various means, of course, but the most effective ones have proven to be *sabotage* (the despoiling of property and material), direct action and the General Strike. All these means, in contradistinction to the old authoritarian and political methods, have already caused a great deal of consternation among the enemy. It is to be regretted that many Anarchists still cling to the tradition of the old political revolution. No wonder they often despair of the means of realizing their ideals. Syndicalism, however, organizes the proletariat into a revolutionary phalanx giving the workingman confidence in himself, in his own power. Syndicalism, imbued with the true spirit of International-

ism, also propagates anti-militarism, anti-political and anti-parliamentary action, seeing in all these dangerous obstacles in the way of human liberation."

These remarks, followed by an interesting discussion, left the impression that the keeping aloof, in the past, from the trade union movement has been a mistake. The destructive, as well as the constructive, forces for a new life come from the working people. It, therefore, behooves us to keep in close contact with the latter. There was little diversity of opinion on this point. The various speakers merely considered whether syndicalism is to be looked upon as an aim or as a means. Malatesta was particularly brilliant in his remarks anent this question. "I, too, regret that most of the comrades isolated themselves from the trades union movement; but there would be still more cause for regret were they to go to the other extreme and dissolve in the present syndicalist agitation. To regenerate society, more is required than the battle on the economic field. Direct action and the General Strike are to be hailed as glorious weapons in the present struggle; but to assume that they will bring about a Social Revolution, as we conceive the latter, is to be guilty of great *naïveté*. Such a revolution goes far beyond every class interest, its aim is the liberation of man in all phases of life. Therefore, our methods must never become one-sided. It may be impossible and, in fact, inadvisable for *all* workingmen to join the General Strike—railroad men, sailors, carmen and others, holding the means of transportation in their hands, may serve the cause of labor infinitely more by carrying the necessities of life to their striking brothers. Statistics prove that a city like London has provisions only for three months. What would become of the strikers after three months, if the railroad employees, too, were to join them?"

Malatesta has in view, particularly, periods of a great uprising or an insurrection. So far as ordinary strikes, however, are concerned he will probably agree with me that, if those employed in transportation were to join the strikers, the question at issue could be settled long before the supply of any large city would give out.

The subject closed with two propositions. One, signed by Monatte, Nacht, Dunois and Marmande, was to the

effect that they see in syndicalism and in the material interests of the proletariat the principal basis of revolutionary activity.

The second, signed by Malatesta, myself and others, explained that revolutionary trade unionism and the General Strike are only means and can in no way replace the Social Revolution. It also expressed the conviction that the capitalistic régime can be abolished only through an insurrection and expropriation, and that our battle must be directed against all authoritarian forces.

As the first resolution was merely an addition to the second, both were accepted by the Congress. So also was the following declaration as to "Individual and Collective Terror," signed by Max Baginski and myself:

"We recommend that the International Anarchist Congress declare itself in favor of the right of rebellion on the part of the individual, as well as on that of the masses.

"We hold that most terroristic acts, especially those directed against representatives of the State and the plutocracy, must be considered from a psychological viewpoint. They are the results of the profound impression made upon the psychology of the individual by the terrible pressure of our social injustice.

"As a rule, only the noblest, most sensitive and tender spirits are subject to such deep impressions, which manifest themselves in internal and external revolt. Thus viewed, terroristic acts can justly be characterized as the socio-psychological consequences of an unbearable system; as such, these acts, together with their causes and motives, must be understood, rather than praised or condemned.

"During revolutionary periods, such as the present one in Russia, for instance, terrorism—apart from its psychological character—serves a twofold purpose: it undermines the very foundation of tyranny, and kindles in the timid the divine fire of revolt. Especially is this the case when terroristic activity is directed against the most brutal and hated agents of despotism.

"The Congress, indorsing this resolution, manifests its understanding for the act of the individual rebel, as well as its solidaric feeling with collective insurrection."

The paper on "The General Strike and the Political Strike," by Dr. Friedeberg, was an able critique of the Social Democratic notions in regard to the merely political General Strike. The speaker stated that the latter was being advised merely to infuse new life into the anemic condition of the political activity of that party. A résumé of Dr. Friedeberg's resolution follows:

"The class struggle and the economical liberation of the proletariat are not identical with the ideas and aims of Anarchism. The latter extend beyond the class aims and stand for the complete material and psychological regeneration of human individuality. Anarchism sees in the abolition of class régime and economic dependence the first step towards a free society. It cannot, however, employ those means of combat which are contradictory to itself and its purposes. Anarchism, therefore, refuses to recognize parliamentary action, conservative trade unionism and the right of the majority to dictate to or coerce the minority."

* * *

"Anarchism and Anti-Militarism" was referred to the anti-militaristic Congress that had been arranged by comrade Domela Nieuwenhuis. The opening session, Friday afternoon, August 29th, was attended by all the delegates of the International Anarchist Congress. Interesting reports were read as to the growth of anti-militarism in various countries. Switzerland furnished the most gratifying results, seventy men having refused military service. The delegates expressed their solidarity with all those imprisoned for such heroism. Pierre Ramus and R. de Marmande spoke on "Anarchism and Anti-Militarism." All agreed on the necessity of a vigorous agitation among soldiers and militiamen, urging them to refuse obedience when ordered to shoot strikers. Also to impress upon the workingman the necessity of abstaining, as much as possible, from the manufacture of all articles of wholesale slaughter. A letter of greeting from Dutch soldiers, also one of sympathy from Ferrer—recently rescued from the clutches of the Spanish authorities—were read.

* * *

Saturday, August 30th, the last day of our own Con-

gress, was taken up by a paper on co-operative societies in Holland, by comrade Samson; a paper on co-education, by Leon Clement, read by Marmande; an exposition of Esperanto, by Emile Chapelier, and a paper on Alcoholism, by a Christian Anarchist. As time was limited and the delegates worn out, the subjects were not discussed. A letter of greeting was received from comrade Yvetôt, now serving four years for syndicalistic activity. In reply, a letter of solidarity was sent to Yvetôt and his fellow-sufferers, of the following contents:

"The Congress declares that the French government acts toward the workingmen as brutally and severely as all other governments of the world. We, therefore, send our brotherly greetings to Yvetôt, Marck, Levy, Bousquet, Corton, Loubot, Berthet, Clementine Delmotte and Gabrielle Petit (who are now in prison). At the same time we express our sympathy and solidarity with all the champions of liberty, suffering under the capitalistic régime. We urge that the International Bureau consider it one of its first steps to defend and assist all these."

A resolution in behalf of Russia, signed by Rogdaeff, Zabregneff, Cornelissen, Baginski, Munjitsch, Fabri, Malatesta and myself, was enthusiastically accepted by the Congress. It follows:

"Considering that with the development of the people of Russia the proletariat of the cities and country will never be satisfied with mere political liberties, it is their aim to free themselves from economical as well as political bondage, and to employ in their struggle such means as have been propagated by the Anarchists for a considerable time. They can not expect anything from above, and they must, therefore, conquer their rights by direct action.

"The Russian revolution is not only of local or national importance, but the near future of the international proletariat depends on it. The bourgeoisie of the new and the old worlds co-operate to defend their privileges and to postpone the abolition of their régime. They furnish moral and material support to the government of the Tsar, even supplying it with ammunition for the destruction of the Russian people.

"We therefore urge that the proletariat of all countries should inaugurate an energetic activity, opposing capitalist, monarchical, republican, democratic and constitutional government. It is in the interest of all workingmen to refuse any compromise in their attitude toward the Russian Revolution. Never, under any circumstances, ought they to be willing to assist any foreign power in its attempt to crush the revolt. If during a strike in Russia a General Strike cannot be declared in the corresponding industries in other countries, the proletariat should resort to such means which would spoil or injure the material sent to the Russian government, refusing to carry arms or other sinews of war into Russia.

"The Congress recommends to all comrades the necessity of furthering Anarchism in Russia and the Russian Revolution."

Two Christian Anarchists, who seemed to think that the régime of the Tsar can be met with Bible texts, refused to vote.

The Congress closed with a few warm and expressive remarks by Malatesta, and the singing of the "Internationale."

The delegates were in no way molested by the authorities at Amsterdam, except for a few Dutch detectives, who were occasionally following some of us.

I may mention that on the 2d of September, the day when Queen Wilhelmina came to Amsterdam, Baginski and I were supposed to have been watched very carefully. As if Anarchists were engaged in the slaughter of geese!

Whatever may come of the work or the resolutions of the Congress, it has undoubtedly brought about a closer international feeling and proven to the world that the Anarchist movement can no longer be treated as the "pastime of a few cranks," but that it is a wide-spread, earnest endeavor to wage war against all power and oppression.



ANARCHIST INTERNATIONAL

Dear Comrades,—The Anarchist Congress at Amsterdam has thought it useful to create an organ of communication between comrades of different countries, and has nominated to this end an International Correspondence Bureau. This Bureau has no other duty than to facilitate the relations between those who cannot correspond directly with each other, and to bring to the knowledge of all concerned the news and propositions which will be communicated to it.

The Bureau has also the duty of organizing archives of the Anarchist movement, which should be at the disposal of all the comrades.

To be able to fulfill its work, the International Bureau appeals to all Anarchists to send at least two copies of all the publications concerning the movement.

The International Bureau opens at the same time a subscription to cover the deficit left by the Amsterdam Congress, and to raise necessary funds for the expenses to be involved by the Bureau.

The Bureau will publish shortly the resolutions accepted by the Congress, and asks the different groups and federations to send in, as soon as possible, the number of copies they wish to receive.

With fraternal greetings,

For the International Bureau,

A. SCHAPIRO, Secretary.

All communications, subscriptions, publications, etc., to be sent to A. Shapiro, 163 Jubilee Street, London, E.



THE SITUATION IN AMERICA

(Continued.)

THE American labor movement, as represented by its numerically most important organization, the American Federation of Labor, has not yet awakened to a proper realization of the true purpose of trade unionism. It is still in the leading strings of bourgeois views and under the influence of the political traditions of the Republic. The people at large are still living in the blind belief of their alleged political liberty,

though the last vestiges of the same are fast disappearing. The plutocracy encourages this belief, as the safest and surest method of perpetuating the wage slave in his bondage. It might be truly said that the rule of the rich is based upon our faith in worn-out political traditions.

The revolutionary propaganda here is charged with being a foreign growth, suitable perhaps for other conditions, but entirely out of place in "this free land, where the people govern themselves." The leaders of our labor unions pride themselves on the fact that their organizations are law-abiding and orderly bodies. They strive to serve both capital and labor, with the inevitable result that the latter is the loser. Taking for granted the identity of interests of employer and employee, our trade organizations fail to see the real source of wage slavery in the system of capitalism. They limit their activity to attempts to improve economic conditions within the present régime; they are seeking palliatives for evils conditioned in the very system of industrialism, never questioning the social right of existence of labor exploiters.

Preaching the identity of interests between the exploiters and exploited, the labor leaders are naturally on the most intimate terms with the plutocracy. They are the "honored" members of the capitalistic organization known as the Civic Federation, which was founded by Mark Hanna, America's most corrupt politician and the greatest exploiter of labor. The alleged purpose of this Federation is to "preserve the harmony between capital and labor," i. e., to arbitrate strikes. Its spirit is represented by such men as August Belmont, F. Cutting, Bishop Potter, etc., every one of them directly interested in perpetuating existing conditions. Samuel Gompers, the president of the American Federation of Labor, and John Mitchell, president of the coal miners, are also members of the Civic Federation, representing in that body organized labor by wining and dining with exploiters and arbitrating strikes over a glass of imported champagne. Needless to add, such "arbitration" generally results to the detriment of labor.

Strikes are still conducted along lines primitive to the point of being ludicrous. The workers of some single

branch go out on a strike and passively await results. They act as if it were a contest of endurance between capitalist and workers, the victory to rest with the one who can persevere longest in the economic struggle. Of course, the capitalist is able to sustain financial losses for a longer period than his striking employees; to the latter, a strike, after a few weeks duration, means actual starvation. The funds of labor organizations not being as plentiful as those of the exploiters, the workingmen are doomed sooner or later to capitulate. This antiquated method of striking is reactionary in principle and a failure in practice.

The movement of the early 80's, which culminated in 1887 in the legal murder of comrades Parsons, Spies, Lingg, Fischer and Engels, closely approached the idea of direct action and the General Strike. Since then various attempts have been made by individual labor unions to abolish the old methods of striking; the greatest obstacle to their success, however, proved the trade union hierocracy, which is determined to preserve its pleasant sinecures.

In some of the great conflicts of capital and labor, the natural spirit of revolt on the part of the strikers carried them beyond the limits set by the labor misleaders. Thus in the Homestead strike of 1892 the locked-out steel workers came in collision with the imported Pinkertons, the struggle practically assuming the proportions of a rebellion. The shot fired by comrade Alexander Berkman upon the then president of the Carnegie Steel Company struck a responsive chord in many a workingman's heart. An equally revolutionary spirit permeated the strikers of the Pullman Car Company, the struggle culminating, in 1894, in the brutal persecution of the most active element of the strikers and the imprisonment of Eugene Debs. In the mining districts of Colorado and Idaho the bitter war of the workers against the arrogant mine owners has been continued during the last decade. The money power, servilly aided by the State, inaugurated a reign of terror in the above regions. But persecution only served to awaken and strengthen the power of resistance on the part of the miners, whose organization, the Western Federation of Miners, grew in strength and conscious determination

through that very struggle. In spite of the combined attack of State and capital, the Western Miners can point to considerable triumphs. The plutocracy, however, realizing that the revolutionary spirit of the Western Federation of Miners constituted a real danger to its system of exploitation, determined to destroy that labor body by sending its most intelligent and active workers and officials to the gallows. Naturally, the authorities of those mining regions, true to the mission of all government, hastened to aid the mine operators in the nefarious conspiracy to hang Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone. The latter were charged with murder, and their execution was determined upon as the best means of destroying their revolutionary organization and stifling the awakening spirit of conscious revolt.

Fortunately, however, the conspiracy of the exploiters and State authorities was not successful in this case: William Haywood was acquitted. But this episode should serve as a lesson for the American proletariat to prepare for the coming greater struggles with their unscrupulous oppressors.

One of the recent attempts to put the labor movement of America upon a more rational, progressive and revolutionary basis, has resulted in the organization of the Industrial Workers of the World. It represented a great improvement upon the old method of trade organization. It was formed on the principle of uniting all the branches of an industry into one organization, along the lines of their common solidarity of interests. At their first convention in Chicago, in 1907, the Industrial Workers condemned the old trade union tactics, which produce discord and weaken the power of organized labor; they resolved to declare war against the existing economic system, aiming at the complete emancipation of labor from all forms of exploitation.

It is to be regretted, however, that the new organization is not preserving its single-heartedness and concentrating all its energies in the struggle with capital. The efficiency and usefulness of the I. W. W. has been considerably impaired by internal strife, jealousy and legal litigation among themselves, as well as by the unenviable—and partly justified—reputation they have acquired as strike-breakers, taking the places of striking

members of the American Federation of Labor. Petty political machinations on the part of one of the wings of the Socialist movement have further served to discredit the new organization.

Before closing this chapter, brief mention should be made of the Socialist movement in America. Having split at their conference in Chicago, in 1897, into the Socialist Party and the Socialist Labor Party, they have since devoted their time to politics and mutual condemnation. While the Socialist Labor Party still remains true, to a certain extent, to the traditions of the Socialism of former days, the Social Democratic wing—numerically the more important—has entered the swamp of opportunism, with all its attendant disasters to the ideal, resulting in pure and simple State Socialism. "Get votes!" is their slogan. This policy has resulted in a number of disgraceful campaigns, conducted on the principle that "the end justifies the means." On the whole, the American Social Democracy is aping its German sister, even to the extent of condemning direct action and the General Strike.

The star of the new revolutionary labor movement in America is rising in the West.

* * *

A special report should be devoted to a consideration of the condition of the American farmers, whose number is almost twice as large as that of the industrial population. But there is neither time nor space to permit of a detailed report, necessary to do the subject justice. We shall merely remark, in passing, that the independent American farmer is as much a myth as the free-born American citizen. The best land is in the hands of large holders, and, as farming is profitable only on a large scale, the small farmer is under tremendous disadvantages, both in the matter of competition and as a result of railroad discrimination in favor of the big shippers. The fate of the farm hands is still worse. The small farmer, loaded with heavy mortgages, cannot afford to pay good wages. The agricultural laborers are veritable slaves, toiling long hours for a mere pittance: sixteen to twenty dollars per month.

* * *

Sad and deplorable in the extreme is the position of the American negro. Rivers of blood have been shed to free the black man from slavery; yet, after almost half a century of so-called freedom, the negro question is more acute than ever. The persecution, suffering and injustice to which this much-hated race is being constantly subjected can be compared only to the brutal treatment of the Jews in Russia. Hardly a day passes without a negro being lynched in some part of the country. It is no uncommon occurrence for a whole town to turn out to witness the no less brutalizing than brutal spectacle of so-called "mob justice": the hanging or burning of a colored man. Nor are these terrible atrocities perpetrated in the South only. Though in a lesser degree, the North is guilty as well. Nowhere in the country does the negro enjoy equal opportunity with the white man—socially, politically or economically—notwithstanding his alleged constitutional rights. Legally and theoretically, black slavery has been abolished; in reality, however, the negro is as much a slave now as in ante-bellum days, and even more ostracized socially and exploited economically.

Race hatred and persecution are not limited to the negro. In a lesser degree, other races and nationalities also suffer from the same narrow-minded spirit. Only recently Japanese residents were made the victims of this curse of our Christian civilization.

* * *

The beginning of Anarchism, as a distinct and independent movement in America, dates from the Congress of the International Working People's Association, which took place at Pittsburg, October 14—16, 1883.

A plan of organization was there agreed upon, which, among other things, provided for the formation throughout the country of federal or federated groups. It was decided that five persons should have the right to form a group; that each group should have complete independence, and that a bureau of information should be created, with headquarters at Chicago.

Immediate and most energetic action followed the holding of this Congress. Groups of the International were organized in all the principal cities of the Eastern

and Middle States, and an active propaganda movement was begun, which, with varying degrees of success, has continued down to the present day.

From about the time of the arrival of John Most in New York, in 1882, and the publication in that city of the *Freiheit*, the metropolis and the adjacent city of Brooklyn have been the scene of continuous and almost uninterrupted agitation. After the Pittsburg Congress, in 1883, groups of the International were formed in both cities, and many meetings were held for the purpose of propaganda. The publication of the *Freiheit*, and the energetic agitation of our German and Jewish comrades, acted as a continual spur to our English-speaking Anarchists, the movement rapidly gaining strength and influence. Public meetings were held from time to time, at which large quantities of Anarchist literature were distributed.

The first day of May, 1886, had been selected by the trades unions as the time for an attempt to inaugurate the eight-hour day, and our comrades were not slow to take advantage of this opportunity to spread the gospel of Anarchism. From the beginning of the year 1886 down to the fatal 4th of May of that year, meetings and demonstrations of all kinds took place all over the country, the city of Chicago being in a constant state of agitation. Then came the climax: the 4th of May; the fatal bomb with its accompanying slaughter; the arrest of our Chicago comrades; the voluntary surrender of Albert Parsons, the farcical trial, conviction and sentence; the long months of waiting for the final decision; the rulings of the State and United States Supreme Courts, and the final fatal end. All this has been told before, and but mere mention of it can be made here.

After the Haymarket troubles in Chicago, the Anarchist movement in New York and adjacent cities grew stronger than ever. On July 14th, 1888, the *Alarm*, which had been suspended since the issue published in Chicago on the 8th day of April of that year, was again launched to do valiant service for the radical cause, with Comrade Dyer D. Lum at the editorial helm. Strenuous efforts were made to keep the paper alive, but owing principally to the great expense of publication, it was found impossible to do so, and the paper was indefinitely

suspended about eight months after the first issue appeared in New York. Early in 1893, *Solidarity*, a semi-monthly paper, published in the English language, was started, with Savario Merlino as editor. Comrade Merlino had but recently arrived in the United States and had already made a propaganda tour, traveling as far West as St. Louis. The paper had then but a few months' existence, but was again brought out in January, 1894. John E. Edelman was selected as editor, but owing to lack of adequate support, *Solidarity* was again compelled to suspend, the last issue appearing in April, 1895.

Several other journals, in the Jewish and German languages, have been published in New York between 1883 and 1900, among them being *The Anarchist*, *Brandfackel*, *Sturmvoegel*, and *Zukunft*.

Groups were formed in Jersey City, Newark and Paterson, our Italian comrades being particularly strong and aggressive in the last-named cities. About twelve years ago *La Questione Sociale*, a paper published in the Italian language, was brought into existence, and this publication still continues. The Italian radicals have for several years been very active, and through the efforts of the Italian groups the writings of Kropotkin, Jean Grave, Malatesta, Morris and others have been translated and published in the Italian language and distributed throughout the entire country.

During the great Homestead strike, in July, 1892, thousands of leaflets were distributed among the strikers at Homestead, Pa., by Henry Bauer and others, and for this bold work H. Bauer and C. Nold were sent to prison. In the year 1891 another group was formed in Allegheny, with fifteen members; but after the attempt by comrade Alexander Berkman upon the life of the millionaire Frick, who was responsible for the Homestead strike, this group was dissolved. Alexander Berkman, of New York City, arrived in Pittsburg July 14th, 1892; on the 23rd of that month he shot Frick in the latter's business office. After spending eight weeks in the county jail, he was tried and sentenced to twenty-two years in prison, in the Western Penitentiary at Allegheny City. Carl Nold and Henry Bauer were arrested a few days later for alleged complicity in this attempt, and sentenced to the same penitentiary for four years each on

that indictment, and one year additional for distributing radical literature at Homestead.

On the heels of the Homestead strike followed the industrial crisis of 1893. Thousands of unemployed crowded the streets of our cities, and considerable Anarchist agitation was done, especially in the East. The propaganda culminated in comrades Emma Goldman and Claus Timmerman being condemned to prison, in 1893, for "inciting to riot"; the former was sentenced to one year, the latter to six months, to the New York Penitentiary.

No less active was our agitation in the West. During the years 1892 and 1893 our comrades in Oregon and nearby States did good work, distributing literature and organizing meetings whenever possible. In 1894 the Portland Anarchists took advantage of the movement which was then at its height, to agitate for Anarchy; Henry Addis, Charles Doering and Morris were particularly active. In January, 1895, the starting of an Anarchist paper was proposed and soon decided upon. The first number of the new publication, *The Firebrand*, was issued on January 27th, 1895, by the efforts of comrades Addis, Morris, Doering and the Isaak family. The first six months of the paper's existence were stormy and exceedingly difficult. Addis went on an agitation trip northward, into the State of Washington, in order to get subscribers and to secure support for the struggling paper. Several times the active workers of the paper were obliged to leave the city to work in the hop fields, in order to earn money to continue the publication. Great credit is due to comrade Mary Isaak for her heroism and devotion in assisting to keep the paper afloat. In the autumn of 1897, Henry Addis, the Isaaks and Abner Pope were arrested on the charge of mailing "obscene" literature, and number 34 of *The Firebrand* was confiscated by the postal authorities. H. Addis and A. Isaak, Sr., were soon released on bail; Pope refused to recognize the authority of the courts in any manner and would not accept his release even when the bail was reduced to a nominal sum, with the privilege of going on his own recognizance; he preferred to serve his four months in jail. The paper was shortly afterwards removed to San Francisco, where it was issued

under the name of *Free Society*. Subsequently moved to Chicago and thence to New York, *Free Society* finally succumbed in 1903, after an unusually hard struggle against adverse conditions.

The comrades of Boston, Massachusetts, about this time formed a printing association and for a while issued the *Rebel*, a monthly magazine, H. M. Kelly, publisher. The first number came out in September, 1905; unfortunately, however, only six issues appeared.

Another Anarchist paper was started in the latter part of 1898, under the name of *Discontent*. It was published at Home, State of Washington, a beautiful place on Puget Sound, where some free spirits built a colony distinctly Anarchistic in character. This paper is still in existence under the name of the *Demonstrator*, having recently fused with the *Emancipator*, a revolutionary sheet of San Francisco. The Home Colony is a complete success, demonstrating the practicability of men and women living free and independent lives, minus laws, jails, and authority.

(To be continued.)

ANARCHISM AND ANTI-MILITARISM ON TRIAL

(Paris Correspondence.)

I am almost inclined to think that it is a pleasure to be a revolutionist or an Anarchist in Paris. They have, so to speak, "good standing in society." Not, of course, the kind of standing the man has who pays his rent regularly, but as one who has bravely fought many battles, regardless of danger and wounds, and has therefore gained so great a respect that nobody dares to treat him like a beast, as the police and other authorities in the United States usually treat the Anarchists.

Last week I witnessed the court proceedings in the case of nine young Parisian Anarchists, who were indicted for having written and distributed amongst soldiers an anti-militaristic circular in which "violent language" was used.

I was sorry for the American citizen: I remembered very vividly how brutally those New York comrades were treated who were arrested last fall in connection with the Czolgosz meetings. There are, no doubt, many refined and sensitive Americans amongst the stupid multitude of "desirable citizens." If one of them had witnessed the proceedings in the Parisian court, he would have shed tears of regret that he was born in the "beloved free country."

The difference in the treatment of Anarchists in the American and the French courts is astounding—especially would the American judges and State attorneys find it so. In the American courts the Anarchist is an outcast, a criminal pure and simple. He is looked upon as a degenerate, whom society and government must get rid of at all costs.

In the Parisian court the Anarchist stands as a militant representative of a grand and noble idea. He is not at all a mere object, a soulless creature that has meekly to stand aside when the judges, jurors and lawyers indulge in their stale "law and order" trickery. He is the accused, but he is also the accuser.

During the two days of the trial the defendants remained the centre of interest. Freely and vigorously, without interruption from the bench, they gave voice to their deep hatred of militarism, branding it as wholesale slaughter and murder; they spoke in the most disdainful terms of the 'glory of the country,' of the famous grand marshals and generals of France. "Militarism is the bloodhound of capitalism, and we, as workingmen and Anarchists, are determined to energetically combat and finally destroy it. We laugh at your justice, your patriotism, your 'robe rouge.' (In France the judges and State attorneys wear red robes.) It's true you still have the power to send us to prison, but upon our return we shall begin the fight anew, till your wretched society, your rotten patriotism and militarism are destroyed." That was the refrain of the speeches the comrades delivered before the court. It harmonized with the contents of the circular that was the original cause of the arrests. The leaflet contained the following passage: "On the day when the revolutionists will get hold of the 'pillars of society,' they will shoot them without delay."

How the Garys, Goffs and Rosalskys of America would have jumped from their blood-stained seats, had they heard such language, publicly used before their own sacred dignity! No doubt they would have shouted: "Contempt of court! Off with the fellows to the darkest cell!"

How pale you look, messieurs. Is it really true that you and your kind are employed in the slaughter houses, wherein justice and humanity are murdered?

In Paris the Anarchists at the bar were respectfully listened to by the court, jury and audience. One comrade, momentarily excited, paused a few seconds; the president, judge and prosecuting attorney waited in silence until the speaker had recovered his composure.

After the defendants had spoken, the witnesses were called. Again a revolutionary anti-militarist demonstration! Charles Malato, the author of the article on Mateo Morral and his act, published in this issue of MOTHER EARTH, Monoré and two other comrades connected with the syndicalistic movement (whose names I cannot recollect), had very little to say, so far as the juristic point of view is concerned. But they had much to say about the righteousness and the revolutionary spirit of the anti-militarist movement. They, too, spoke like aggressive propagandists. No apology was made. It was not argued that the defendants were young, hot-headed and inexperienced, that they would grow more practical and sedate with age. I well remember the attitude of the "old comrades" of New York, on the occasion of the arrest of several young comrades, who had dared to express their opinion as to the motives that prompted Czolgosz to shoot McKinley.

The revolutions of France may have failed to bless mankind with the great, positive results one could have desired, but they have destroyed forever that unmoveable conservative spirit which means death to progress,—that attitude which maintains that the conditions of to-day will last forever.

The Frenchmen gained from their revolutions the knowledge and conviction that everything in society is changeable and is doomed to make place for a new life,—yes, that even the holiest mummies and institutions must fall.

The witnesses were followed by the prosecuting attorney, who spoke in the smooth manner of a comedian. His address, though cynical, was free from personal malice; it was the speech of the official, interested in the continuance of government and capitalism. Thus ran his argument: "You have to send these people to prison, because they are a danger to the government, to patriotism and exploitation, to the good things we, officials and bourgeois, draw our salaries and income from."

Our indicted comrades showed little awe for the importance of the prosecutor; they repeatedly interrupted his speech with ironical and satirical remarks,—again no case of contempt of court.

Gustave Hervé and Urbain Gohier were the attorneys for the defense. Hervé, editor of *La Guerre Sociale* (The Social War), is at present the foremost exponent of the anti-militarist movement in France. Urbain Gohier is well known as a distinguished writer and revolutionist.

After a two-hours' session the jury rendered their verdict—guilty. However, an exception was made in the case of Henriette Roussel, a comrade who is connected with the *Universite Populaire*. Brave Henriette protested energetically against this exception, on the grounds that she cherished the same opinions and had committed the same "crime" as the others. A beautiful example of "solidarity among criminals."

On the charge of having incited to disobedience and mutiny, the comrades received the following sentences: Goldsky, Ruff, and Molinier, three years prison and one hundred francs fine, each; L. Paris, two years and one hundred francs; Moucheboeuf, Josse, and Tafforeau, 15 months and one hundred francs, each; Picardat and Mahé, being very young, were sent to the reformatory.

It will be interesting to the readers to know that our comrades come under the category of political prisoners—something unknown in "free" America. They have the right to see visitors every day, read papers and books, exercise four hours daily; they receive good food, not to be compared with the slush served on Blackwell's Island.

Before being led away, the prisoners were given an opportunity to say something. Tafforeau remarked: "I have expected nothing else from the jury."

Mahé: "I did what I considered right!"

Paris: "What else could one expect of them!"

Molinier: "I am happy the jury used its power while it lasts; we shall profit by it; when we will have the power, we, too, shall know how to use it."

Moucheboeuf: "It is the verdict of imbeciles."

Goldsky: "Gentlemen, you are speeding the revolution; continue, you are doing our work."

With the joint cry: "Hurrah for Anarchy! Down with the army! Long live the Social Revolution!" our brave boys were led away.

MAX BAGINSKI.



POLICE METHODS

By STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

E. ARMAND, the editor of *L'Ère Nouvelle*, writes to me from a Paris jail. He has been arrested on the charge of uttering counterfeit money. The evidence against him, aside from a probably malicious denunciation, is said to consist of one counterfeit coin, found by searching his room in his absence. What he feels worst over, however, is that all his books and papers have been seized. Apparently, he thinks it will be harder to get these back than to get acquitted on the charge of counterfeiting. I think so, too.

It reminds me of the time when Alexander Horr was arrested in New York. Not being a habitual criminal, he did not know that the police would hold as evidence whatever they found in his pockets; so the police got everything that was in his pockets in the ordinary course of things, his keys, (part of which were not his own property, but belonged to the landlord, on whose premises the Freeland Central Association did its printing), his proof-sheets, and I don't know what else. The Freeland concern had been doing a little typesetting, and Horr had in his pocket six or seven proofs of type sold—merely AAAAA and so on, BBBB and so on, as type is sold, half a dozen wide galleys. I, as the firm's business agent, in Horr's absence, wanted to get hold of those proofs and measure the number of inches, so that I could make out a bill and collect the money. The

police sergeant, to whom I applied in Fifth Street, was very willing to tell me that I couldn't see those proofs, that I couldn't even measure the number of inches, and that he and the police force did not desire to be told my opinion as to whether this was reasonable or not; but he was not gracious enough to tell me that I had come to the wrong office and that he had properly nothing to say about it, the goods being in Mulberry Street. I made up my mind later, that when next time a police sergeant used such recklessly over-bearing language to me across his desk, I would infer that he was irresponsible in the matter, and would ask him to direct me to the man who had really something to do with the business.

When Horr was finally tried and sentenced, I heard that I could now get the goods; but his lawyers told me it would be more trouble than was worth while, unless there was something that I specially cared about. But I did want those proofs, and the key that belonged to the other man, and I went at the job. It took me half a day, for the Mulberry Street man had his red tape tied up good and tight; he would not give me the goods on the strength of my signature as Horr's attorney. Backed by the exhibition of a power of attorney whose validity he acknowledged,—though he was legally bound to give them to me on those terms, or else I know less about a power of attorney than I think I do,—but insisted that either he must have my power of attorney to keep, or else I must bring an order for the delivery of the goods, signed by Horr's own hand. I had to get into the Tombs—and out again—twice, outside of regular hours, before I could get the papers. One key I failed to get. It was one of the most elaborately designed keys I ever saw, the bit having narrow side-pieces that turned and ran back. The elaborateness and delicacy of the pattern struck the eye of the policeman in charge, and he declared it to be a "regular pick" that would open almost any door. He got another policeman by his side to agree with him that the thing was a skeleton key, and on this ground he refused to give it up. As I suppose most of my readers are no more familiar with skeleton keys than I was at that time, let me explain that a skeleton key is necessarily *simple* in pattern. When a key is elaborately designed, or has any bars of metal running

in a way in which the metal of ordinary keys does not go, it proves that that key was made to fit a *particular* lock, and not for the work of a skeleton key. But these two policemen, speaking as experts in burglars' tools, decided that this chamber-key of Horr's was a skeleton key, and I had to leave it there. By the way, Horr was not imprisoned for burglary or theft, or for anything in which a skeleton key could be useful; and nothing in the evidence or the allegations had tended to cast upon him any suspicion of being dishonest to pick anybody's lock.

I wonder if it is the ordinary custom in France to seize a man's library when you arrest him for counterfeiting. I strongly suspect that if Armand had kept clear of the Anarchist and anti-militarist agitation, he would never have been arrested as a counterfeiter; or, at the very least, that his library would have been spared.



MATEO MORRAL

ON the anniversary of Morral's attempt on the Spanish King's life at the wedding procession, our French comrade, Charles Malato, thus characterized the man and the deed:

"Among the revolutionists, martyred for their ideals, Mateo Morral, in the course of the year 1906, gained a worthy place beside Zheliabov, Sophie Perovskaia and Bresci.

Like these he aimed high, at the very top.

Convinced that the propaganda, to be productive of results, must be carried on by means of revolutionary acts, in any form except the irrational, he set an example by flinging down his own life in exchange for the life of Alfonso XIII., the personification of the Spanish monarchy and the Inquisition.

Mateo Morral, son of a wealthy cloth manufacturer in the little industrial town of Sabadell, knew well the misery of the workers, and his noble soul revolted at the thought that the riches of the privileged—to whom he belonged—were accumulated through the sufferings of the workingmen. Highly educated, commanding several languages, possessed of indefatigable energy and courage (of which he gave ample proof), he left the ranks of the

bourgeoisie, whose egoism exasperated him, to engage in the struggle for the liberation of the proletariat.

Assuredly, he had no illusions; he had seen his father's employees at close range; he knew their moral shortcomings and intellectual narrowness, the unavoidable consequences of wage-slavery. Ignorance, rudeness, brutality or abject slavishness, almost total lack of initiative and of general, clear and practical ideas,—these picture, even to-day, the mental state of the masses, who oscillate between the activity of the advanced, who lead toward a better Future, and the opposing reactionary forces that strive to hold them in the bondage of the Past.

Modern workers, who are but cannon food and beasts of burden, like the slaves of antiquity, cannot be noble, pure, irreproachable and of good parts in a society that keeps them in subjection.

Yet, although now they are degraded and miserable, their lives could be made beautiful and happy, were the conditions different. Freedom and affluence for all! If it be true, as most of the Neo-Malthusians maintain, that the production of to-day provides for all, is it not an additional reason why the producers of wealth should be the first to enjoy it, while the idlers—if any survive—shall be left to shift for themselves?

Morral was the descendant of a republican family, that, in bourgeois fashion, educated its daughters in convents, and enriched itself by fleecing the workingmen. The young man perceived that republicanism would alter nothing but the form, leaving all the evils unmitigated. He realized the necessity of a complete social transformation through the spirit of equality; a regeneration of society that would promote the free development of the individual; a new life of light and harmony, based on free co-operation and the common ownership of the means of production.

Morral's Anarchism was fundamentally different from that decadent Individualism, which, thoroughly permeated by the reactionary spirit, would introduce new repressions, would fain annihilate the revolutionary Anarchists, and lead to the re-establishment of an aristocracy,—a so-called spiritual aristocracy.

Morral, who was neither lost in the mists of metaphysics, nor sunk in drawing-room Anarchism, sought for

practical means to realize the social reformation. He perceived that, above all, the revolution must have an economic character if it is not to betray again the interests of the masses in favor of new rulers. He could not fail to understand that organization and direct action on the part of the workers were necessary conditions of the economic revolution.

He devoted himself entirely to the education and organization of the masses. He spared neither effort nor money in the work of organization and enlightenment; he often contributed to the Spanish Anarchist papers translations from the *Voix du Peuple*, to acquaint the workingmen with practical action and to urge them to join the international labor movement. He preached the prevention of conception and free motherhood—a new and bold language in Spain: he believed that the disinherited should avoid breeding unfortunate beings, whom they could not bring up properly, and who subsequently became the easy prey of the factory, the barracks and the brothel. Yet he never maintained, as the bourgeois Neo-Malthusians did, that there should be a cessation of revolutionary activity, and that from the simple numerical diminution higher wages would result, leaving existing institutions intact.

He believed neither in parliamentarism nor in politics—otherwise, could he have been an Anarchist? Yet he did not commit the error, into which so many comrades have fallen, who, confounding with the parliamentary politics of a bourgeois régime all phenomena of a political nature, deny the effect of the latter in the economical, moral and social domains. For example, there were numerous Anarchists, who, during the Russo-Japanese conflict, contented themselves with platonic and theoretical declamations against the war, as such, without foreseeing the immense impulse which the defeat of the Tsar's forces must give to the Russian Revolution.

The habit of soaring in the clouds of speculative philosophy produced this state of mind, which could but lead to impotence.

Morral himself, who was well versed in the economic and political situation in Spain, thought that the death of a young monarch, without issue, would cause turmoil and confusion, during which a social revolution might

break out in Catalonia. Doubtless, such revolution would have exhibited quite incompatible elements, but this is the fate of all great and profound popular upheavals.

It would be insipid to recount all the sophisms, falsely called humane, which are quoted by the bourgeois—and even by republicans—against regicide. The republicans who glorify Harmodius, Aristogeiton, Brutus, Wilhelm Tell; who, in their history, enlarge upon the beheading of Charles Stuart and Louis Capet, the execution of Maximilian in the tombs of Queretaro, the eighteen attempts on Louis-Philippe, the infernal machine of Fieschi, Orsini's attempt on Napoleon III.; who celebrated in verse—at a distance, to be sure—the announced assassination of Napoleon by Victor Hugo; they, the republicans, should moderate the vehemence of their official indignation against regicides.

As to Alfonso XIII., personally, it may be remembered that this young man, brought up by a fanatical mother, by the worthy father Montana and by Canovas del Castillo, never displayed a ray of intelligence or a touch of human feeling. Every year of his reign was marked by killings and executions. "He was so young," pleaded the outspoken monarchists, as well as the monarchized republicans. I beg to differ; when the shooting of peaceful strikers at Alcala del Valle took place, followed by terrible torturing of workingmen and long prison terms, Alfonso XIII. was almost eighteen years old,—an age at which the sons of the poor are ruthlessly punished by the law, whenever they commit the slightest offense. He was found mature enough to rule eighteen million people, and to lord over them as he pleased. Juan Codina was but sixteen years old when he was tortured and shot for the attempt at Lico's Theatre, of which he was perfectly innocent, while the one responsible, Salvador French, was arrested later.

Morral did not long weigh in the balance the life of Alfonso XIII., the representative of the hostile class of monarchy, Inquisition, exploitation and slaughter, as against the great end to be attained.

Since 1903 Morral had been the friend of Francisco Ferrer, director of the Modern School of Barcelona.

This came about in the simplest manner. In his own

family the young Anarchist could observe the results of a clerical education. Two of his sisters had been brought up in a convent. Not wishing that his third sister, then but seven years old, should become a mere doll, capable only of muttering paternosters and wearing jewelry, he took little Adelina to the Modern School and instructed the director to educate her as modestly as a working-man's daughter, developing the youthful mind. Hereafter he came frequently to visit the child.

Ferrer, passionately devoted to the rational education of the children of Barcelona, and himself living most frugally until suddenly enriched by an unexpected bequest of a former pupil, was a man who understood and valued Morral. A bookstore was added to the Modern School, which published exclusively pedagogical and philosophical works. Reclus, Letourneau, Naquet, Stakelberg, were translated for publication. Morral, a genuine polyglot, offered his services for these translations; he was gladly accepted. Soon after he assumed the actual management of the publishing department, while Ferrer bent all his energies to founding rational schools throughout Catalonia.

Morral, who was naturally reserved, had imparted to his friend nothing about the project that was ripening in his mind of the deed that might have ushered in the social revolution. Under the plea of fatigue he suddenly disappeared from the school.

The rest is known. Arriving in Madrid shortly before the commencement of the festivities attending the royal wedding, Morral forthwith proceeded to carry out his project. Wishing to strike the royal couple only—or, at most, the uninteresting troop of court sycophants—he originally chose the cathedral where the wedding ceremony was to be performed, as the place for action.

Under the guise of a German journalist—he knew German perfectly—he tried to procure a card of admission to the cathedral; in this he failed, however: the police were fearful of an attempt. Evidently the authorities felt that the official merry-making was a brazen defiance in view of the public misery, famine, shootings, tortures and executions. Then Morral determined to throw his bomb at the royal carriage on its return to the castle.

He hired a room in a hotel on Calle Mayor, through which street the procession was to pass.

At noon, on the 31st of May, Alfonso XIII. and the practical princess Ena von Battenberg, who had just changed her religion to espouse a throne and a civil list, came up in triumph. They were lustily cheered by the idiotic rabble of monarchists and the good *populo*, that eternal supporter of its hangmen; then there came a veritable shower of flowers amid the frenzied shouts: "Viva el rey! Viva la reyna!"

Suddenly a crash resounded through the air, drowning the noise of the jubilations. Morral, too, flung a bouquet, but it held a bomb. In falling, the bomb struck an electric wire strung for the illumination of the street. This caused the bomb to deflect a few centimeters. Were it not for this mishap, the King of Spain would have been blown to pieces, and the throne vacant.

The apotheosis of the royal pair turned into indescribable confusion. Twenty dead and about one hundred wounded sprawled on the pavement; Alfonso XIII. and his young spouse, who were unhurt,—the priests hastened to declare it a miracle of Providence—fled to the palace, forced to abandon their carriage, the horses having been slain. Fortunately, there was not a single victim belonging to the working class. With the exception of the little daughter of a marchioness—obviously not responsible for the crimes of her caste—all the dead were enemies of the people: noblemen, court-toadies, officers and soldiers. True, the soldiers are for the most part sons of toilers, but that does not hinder them from shooting down workingmen at the behest of their masters.

Thanks to his self-possession, Morral succeeded in leaving the hotel during the general hubbub. He went directly to the office of the republican paper, *El Motín*, and inquired for the publisher, José Nakens.

Nakens, a typical old Jacobin and irreconcilable anticlericalist, is an honorable man. He has, however, always antagonized the Anarchists, whose broad views of life disconcerted him. Had he known of the attempt beforehand, he would have doubtlessly discountenanced and opposed it. Nevertheless, he now thought it his duty to save his political antagonist, who thus confided in him.

He took Morral to the house of a friend, a republican by the name of Mata, who was ignorant of the identity of his guest.

The next day Morral departed in disguise. But an alarm had been sent throughout the country. At Torrgon, where Morral stopped for breakfast, the innkeeper grew suspicious of him, denounced him to the constable Vega and rushed to inform the magistrate. To serve one's king and at the same time obtain a reward—what good fortune!

Vega questioned Morral, who, unabashed, volunteered to go with him to the telegraph office. On the way the Anarchist suddenly drew a revolver and resolutely shot the policeman through the head.

Morral could have easily escaped. He was a hundred yards from the crowd at the inn, and his revolver contained five bullets. But a bitter feeling filled his heart. Was he to claim more victims, and this time not toadies and royal footmen, but ignorant, deluded peasants, who lent a helping hand to the authorities? And he, who did not hesitate to fling a bomb at the king, queen and the festive official mob, at this juncture preferred to die rather than to slay those for whom he had struggled.

A shot through the heart ended his life.

Death saved Morral from the torture of the Spanish inquisitors. But they wreaked their vengeance on Ferrer, though he had had nothing to do with the attempt. He was arrested, treated as a convicted murderer and robbed of the fortune which he was using for the liberation of the intellect. Amidst the triumphant outcries of the Jesuits, Ferrer's educational work was annihilated.

Nevertheless, the days of the Spanish monarchy are numbered. The people, in their revolutionary awakening, will sweep it off the earth. They will not again set up a republic of politicians and generals, as was done thirty-three years ago. The workers, conscious of their strength, will have their will, and they will know how to maintain their victories."



LABOR ON PARADE

(Denver Correspondence.)

THERE are ten thousand men in line. In all this army of workmen I see only three who wear beards, and not over a dozen whom I can safely assume to be over fifty years of age. So far as the laboring man is concerned, Dr. Osler need have no fears about the troublesome old folks. Without the ostentation and fuss of a formal sending-off, they are quietly pushed aside to starve or to resume a final desperate struggle for self-preservation.

This cheaper process of eliminating superfluous humanity has the additional recommendation of leaving undisturbed that sense of propriety which everywhere characterizes our very charitable and Christian civilization.

If a lingering germ of filial affection dwells here and there in the breast of one of the younger generation, he is a veritable Aeneas bearing the old Anchises burden upon his back—with this difference: the modern Aeneas will never be honored in song and story.

The wage-earner must needs be practical. He knows too well how unpardonable a folly it is to attempt the competitive struggle with sentimental millstones about his neck. True, he forms family ties of his own, but much on the principle of the little girl who decided to believe in God because, "If you don't, who *can* you pray to?"

There are at least fifteen hundred carpenters and joiners and millmen on parade. These men handle all the lumber that goes into the buildings of this great, growing city. Why does the thought cause my eyes to blur, and why do I feel the clutch at my throat? The laboring man never indulges in such emotions about himself. He is wholly unconscious of his heroism. He simply works. He is apt to be unmoved by the dignity of labor—even labor on parade. These uniforms the unions voted and paid for. Why, indeed, do the men parade to-day? Is it to show labor's strength and to glory in it, or is it to escape the five dollar fine that the union will impose?

The electrical workers—the linemen and inside wiremen—number not less than five hundred. These men

illuminate the city (non-union electrical workers have little or no prestige in Denver). They string the wires that make it possible for me to order my groceries from a down-town store without leaving my house, to make an appointment with my dentist, to chat with my friend across the city. I am directly indebted to these men for these privileges.

Conveniences that were once considered luxuries, we now reckon necessities. The telegraphers have recently awakened the whole country to a realization of this fact. The Denver Chamber of Commerce petitioned—rather *demand*ed—the Western Union Company to come to some terms with the striking telegraphers and “end an intolerable condition.”

As I watch the Labor Day parade, these thoughts and many others pass in rapid succession through my brain. I get a glimpse of Haywood in the crowd (with characteristic modesty he does not parade, and no one pays any attention to him or seems to know who he is) and my mind reverts to the recent trial at Boise that aroused the interest of the entire labor movement and the verdict that surprised us all. Why am I despondent? Did I forget for a moment the significance of that great and glorious victory? What stronger evidence do we need to be convinced of the rapid strides of labor since '86.

Labor has awakened! True, there is much to be desired, but much also has already been attained. The political juggling of the Gompers and Mitchells, the dogmatic governmentalism of local officials, will continue to annoy and disgust; but these grievances from labor's nearest and subtlest foes are insufficient to make us despair. We shall continue to be dissatisfied with Labor Days that are *granted* by governmental clemency, and shall look to the time when the laboring man shall *take* a day for himself that shall in no sense represent a political bribe; when voluntary co-operation shall bind men more effectually than five dollar fines and union governmentalism.

With this vision in view, we honor the laboring man for what he has attained, and we rejoice in the recent splendid manifestation of his strength and solidarity.

Lillian Browne-Thayer.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT FERDINAND EARLE

By LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

DURING the past month the yellow press of America has fairly shrieked with the name of Ferdinand Earle, and his private affairs have been discussed from one end of the country to the other. The hubbub has all been due to the fact that he has separated from his wife and child, and openly avows his love for another woman. For this heinous offense against conventional morals he has endured a kind of crucifixion. He has been mobbed by his fellow-townsmen at Monroe, satirized by cartoonists, and viciously attacked by editorial writers. The press has done everything in its power to foster the impression that he is a monster in human form. But those of us who know him intimately know that he is a singularly gifted and pure-spirited man.

The first time I met Ferdinand Earle was at Normandie-by-the-Sea. He had been painting by moonlight. The palette was still in his hand, and he showed me, with pride, an exquisite little picture that he had just finished.

Later, when I visited him at his home in Monroe, I found that he had studied under Whistler and Bouguereau, in Paris, and was an artist of great talent. He is also a poet and a musician.

I have known many remarkable men, but none more remarkable than Ferdinand Earle. He might pose for a Christ—his head is so noble—and people in the street turn to look at him as he passes. His physique does not belie his temperament. One could not be with him an hour without feeling the heroic, the exalted, in his character. He is as gentle and sincere as a child.

His home at Monroe represents a unique experiment in romantic living. Up on a hill-top, two miles beyond the village, he built his eyrie. It is a landmark for miles around, with its red roof and boulder-walls. It has some of the traits of a Moorish house, and a balcony or corridor runs under the eaves, commanding superb views over the whole countryside. I have memories of rising

at dawn and looking out from that wonder-castle over a landscape veiled by drifting clouds.

The studio in which he works is a spacious room, hung with Oriental tapestries and decorated by trophies from Venice, Egypt and Spain. One of the upper rooms is devoted to Rembrandt; another to the Japanese master, Hokusai; and Michel Angelo's sibyls and seers flank the stairway. It is an inspiration merely to pass through that house.

When I first met Earle he needed something essential. He himself could not have told what it was. He had money, talent, all that the world counts good fortune. He had traveled in many lands. But he was intellectually isolated and restless. He had no vital relation to the world of men. In a word, he lacked a social philosophy. His was too great a nature to rest content with the average artist's narrow life. He felt it a degradation to paint for rich men and to cater to bourgeois tastes. I lent him the books of Morris, Carpenter, Gorki, Wilde. He was already a worshiper of Shelley, Whitman and Wagner. He became a Socialist almost before I realized what had happened.

Earle never does anything by halves. When he embraced Socialism he went into it heart and soul. He suggested a public meeting in his studio. I gladly co-operated, and invited John Spargo to come out from New York as the speaker. The meeting was a great success, and I shall never forget the sight of those village store-keepers and farmers and workingmen, with their wives and daughters, listening to the Socialist gospel in that strange and beautiful environment.

A few months later we arranged a second meeting in the village. The chief speakers were J. G. Phelps Stokes and Rose Pastor Stokes. For days in advance Earle scoured the countryside, distributing circulars. He wrote a revolutionary poem for the occasion and set it to music of his own composing. He also painted a number of posters and had them displayed in the stores. One of them is still in my possession, showing the herald-angels of Socialism blowing their trumpets over benighted Monroe. The meeting was attended by hundreds of people, and stirred the whole country.

Earle had married while in France. His wife was a

woman of the Gallic type, graceful and delicate, and for a while they seemed well matched. They had one baby, a sunny little fellow. But as the years passed, there developed a more and more marked incompatibility between the two. Earle was difficult to live with, because of his changing moods and ultra-sensitiveness, and Mrs. Earle had never grown accustomed to America. It always seemed to her a strange country; and she was rather lonely and unhappy. They began to talk of a separation.

During the course of a journey to Europe Earle met a woman who drew him to her as a magnet—a woman in whose companionship he seemed to “find” himself more completely than in that of any other being he had ever known. She shared his every ideal and appealed to all that was highest in him. He wrote to his wife, telling her of his new friend and his new happiness—why should he not?—and Mrs. Earle welcomed the situation as affording a way of release for herself.

With childlike candor Earle brought his new friend to his young wife. The two women cordially and genuinely liked one another. For a few days the three lived amicably under one roof—and why should they not? But Mrs. Earle no longer cared to remain in America. Her desire now was to return as quickly as possible to her parents in Paris, and to take her boy with her. Earle is a loving father, and he could not bear to be separated from his child. But he holds that in times of separation the child belongs to the mother. Many conflicting emotions mingled in his farewell greeting to his wife and boy, as he sped them on their way across the ocean. It was his wish, he said, that they might often meet again, and he hoped that the boy would return to America, if only for a visit, when he grew older. He made ample financial provision for both mother and boy.

It was on the day before the sailing that the mad whirlwind of notoriety burst over the heads of Earle and his two woman-friends. Little did they realize, these three child-people, these three honest souls, what a demoniac beast the American newspaper is!

The storm has almost spent itself. Earle has been tormented, and people seem to feel that conventional

morality has had another glorious vindication. But I, for my part, can only wonder at the spiritual temper of an age that sets the stamp of its approval on coarse and sordid money-grubbers and that crucifies men like Ferdinand Earle.

THE CHAIN GANG

IT is far, far down in the southland, and I am back again, thanks be, in the land of wind and snow, where life lives. But that was in the days when I was a wretched thing, that crept and crawled, and shrank when the wind blew, and feared the snow. So they sent me away down there to the world of sun, where the wind and snow are afraid. And the sun was kind to me, and the soft air that does not move, lay around me like folds of down, and the poor creeping life in me winked in the light and stared out at the wide caressing air; stared away to the north, to the land of wind and rain, where my heart was,— my heart that would be at home.

Yes, there, in the tender south, my heart was bitter and bowed for the love of the singing wind and the frost whose edge was death,—bitter and bowed for the strength to bear that was gone, and the strength to love that abode. Day after day I climbed the hills with my face to the north and home. And there, on those southern heights, where the air was resin and balm, there smote on my ears the sound that all the wind of the north can never sing down again, the sound I shall hear till I stand at the door of the last silence.

Cling—clang—cling— From the Georgian hills it sounds; and the snow and the storm cannot drown it,— the far-off, terrible music of the Chain Gang.

I met it there on the road, face to face, with all the light of the sun upon it. Do you know what it is? Do you know that every day men run in long procession, upon the road they build for others' safe and easy going, bound to a chain? And that other men, with guns upon their shoulders, ride beside them? with orders to kill if the living links break? There it stretched before me, a serpent of human bodies, bound to the iron and wrapped in the merciless folds of justified cruelty.

Clank—clink—clank— There was an order given. The living chain divided; groups fell to work upon the road; and then I saw and heard a miracle.

Have you ever, out of a drowsy, lazy conviction that all knowledges, all arts, all dreams, are only patient sums of many toils of many millions dead and living, suddenly started into an uncanny consciousness that knowledges and arts and dreams are things more real than any living being ever was, which suddenly reveal themselves, unasked and unawaited, in the most obscure corners of soul-life, flashing out in prismatic glory to dazzle and shock all your security of thought, toppling it with vague questions of what is reality, that you cannot silence? When you hear that an untaught child is able, he knows not how, to do the works of the magicians of mathematics, has it never seemed to you that suddenly all books were swept away, and there before you stood a superb, sphynx-like creation, Mathematics itself, posing problems to men whose eyes are cast down, and all at once, out of whim, incorporating itself in that wide-eyed, mysterious child? Have you ever felt that all the works of the masters were swept aside in the burst of a singing voice, unconscious that it sings, and that Music itself, a master-presence, has entered the throat and sung?

No, you have never felt it? But you have never heard the Chain Gang sing!

Their faces were black and brutal and hopeless; their brows were low, their jaws were heavy, their eyes were hard; three hundred years of the scorn that brands had burned its scar upon the face and form of Ignorance,— Ignorance that had sought dully, stupidly, blindly, and been answered with that pitiless brand. But wide beyond the limits of high man and his little scorn, the great, sweet old Music-Soul, the chords of the World, smote through the black man's fibre in the days of the making of men; and it sings, it sings, with its ever-thrumming strings, through all the voices of the Chain Gang. And never one so low that it does not fill with the humming vibrancy that quivers and bursts out singing things always new and new and new.

I heard it that day.

The leader struck his pick into the earth, and for a

moment whistled like some wild, free, living flute in the forest. Then his voice floated out, like a low booming wind, crying an instant, and fell; there was the measure of a grave in the fall of it. Another voice rose up, and lifted the dead note aloft, like a mourner raising his beloved with a kiss. It drifted away to the hills and the sun. Then many voices rolled forward, like a great plunging wave, in a chorus never heard before, perhaps never again; for each man sung his own song as it came, yet all blent. The words were few, simple, filled with a great plaint; the wail of the sea was in it; and no man knew what his brother would sing, yet added his own without thought, as the rhythm swept on; and no voice knew what note its fellow voice would sing, yet they fell in one another as the billow falls in the trough or rolls to the crest, one upon the other, one within the other, over, under, all in the great wave; and now one led and others followed, then it dropped back and another swelled upward, and every voice was soloist and chorister, and never one seemed conscious of itself, but only to sing out the great song.

And always, as the voices rose and sank, the axes swung and fell. And the lean white face of the man with the gun looked on with a stolid, paralyzed smile.

Oh, that wild, sombre melody, that long, appealing plaint, with its hope laid beyond death,—that melody that was made only there, just now, before me, and passing away before me! If I could only seize it, hold it, stop it from passing! that all the world might hear the song of the Chain Gang! might know that here, in these red Georgian hills, convicts, black, brutal convicts, are making the music that is of no man's compelling, that floods like the tide and ebbs away like the tide, and will not be held—and is gone, far away and forever, out into the abyss where the voices of the centuries have drifted and are lost!

Something about Jesus, and a Lamp in the darkness—a gulping darkness. Oh, in the mass of sunshine must they still cry for light? All around the sweep and the glory of shimmering ether, sun, sun, a world of sun, and these still calling for light! Sun for the road, sun for the stones, sun for the red clay—and no light for this dark

living clay? Only heat that burns and blaze that blinds,
but does not lift the darkness!

“And lead me to that Lamp——”

The pathetic prayer for light went trembling away out into the luminous gulf of day, and the axes swung and fell; and the grim dry face of the man with the gun looked on with its frozen smile. “So long as they sing, they work,” said the smile, still and ironical.

“A friend to them that’s got no friend”—Man of Sorrows, lifted up upon Golgotha, in the day when the forces of the Law and the might of Social Order set you there, in the moment of your pain and desperate accusation against Heaven, when that piercing “Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani?” went up to a deaf sky, did you presage this desolate appeal coming to you out of the unlivid depths of nineteen hundred years?

Hopeless hope, that cries to the dead! Futile pleading that the cup may pass, while still the lips drink! For, as of old, Order and the Law, in shining helmets and gleaming spears, ringed round the felon of Golgotha, so stand they still in that lean, merciless figure, with its shouldered gun and passive smile. And the moan that died within the Place of Skulls is born again in this great dark cry rising up against the sun.

If but the living might hear it, not the dead! For these are dead who walk about with vengeance and despite within their hearts, and scorn for things dark and lowly, in the odor of self-righteousness, with self-vaunting wisdom in their souls, and pride of race, and iron-shod order, and the preservation of Things that Are; walking stones are these, that cannot hear. But the living are those who seek to know, who wot not of things lowly or things high, but only of things wonderful; and who turn sorrowfully from Things that Are, hoping for Things that May Be. If these should hear the Chain Gang chorus, seize it, make all the living hear it, see it!

If, from among themselves, one man might find “the Lamp,” lift it up! Paint for all the world these Georgian hills, these red, sunburned roads, these toiling figures with their rhythmic axes, these brutal, unilluminated faces, dull, groping, depth-covered,— and then unloose that song upon their ears, till they feel the smitten, quivering

hearts of the Sons of Music beating against their own; and under and over and around it, the chain that the dead have forged clinking between the heart-beats!

Clang—cling—clang—ng—. It is sundown. They are running over the red road now. The voices are silent; only the chain clinks.

✻ ✻ ✻

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

By SLOVAK.

RUSSIA.

The Anarchist idea is spreading, especially among the students and best organized workers, and everywhere one finds sympathizers and friends. During the last eighteen months the best works of foreign Anarchists have been translated, such as those by Bakunin, Kropotkin, Reclus, Malatesta, Nieuwenhuis, Sebastian Faure, Malato, etc., not excepting the anti-Marxist pamphlets of Tcherkesoff—all circulating in many editions. It is true the majority of this literature was prohibited three months ago and the police tried to sequester the works; but it was too late, and they reaped but a poor harvest. Under the influence of this literature Anarchist groups were formed in many places. The syndicalist movement on French lines, with their motto of direct action, is also spreading rapidly. A few months ago there was a congress of syndicalists; 152 delegates met from all parts of Russia and decided not to follow legal parliamentary tactics, but those founded on the revolutionary and economic basis of direct action. Certainly the syndicalists cannot be considered as purely Anarchist, but they do not hide their sympathy with Anarchism. Not only revolutionists, but the workers themselves state that the revolution has imposed Anarchist tactics upon them—no other will work under the pressure of government oppression. Even panegyrists of centralization—such as the Social Democrats—even these are now obliged to recognize the autonomy of groups and federations and the General Strike.

As regards the clergy in Russia, it is well to remember that they form a State establishment, having a revenue from the State of 28,000,000 roubles a year, in addition to their own tremendous riches in land, monasteries, church

and other buildings, while the thousands of monks form a regular Black bureaucracy. The latter, in fact, are the moving spirit of Pobiedonostseff's organization, the clerical secret police and inquisitors who work under the name of missionaries. It is doubtful if even in mediæval times the clergy had such power in Western Europe as they wield in Russia to-day. The oppression in Russian social and political life may be defined as a union of monks, spies and executioners.

SWITZERLAND.

The Canton of Geneva has by a majority of eight hundred votes decided in favor of separation of Church and State, which shows that libertarian waves from France are also flooding the stronghold of intolerant Calvinist puritanism that rivaled with the Dominicans (the dogs of the Lord!) by once burning Miguel Servet at the stake.

* * *

We are informed that a new fighter for revolutionary syndicalism is in the field, *L'Exploitée*, published by Marguerite Faas, 3 rue du Marché, Bern, in the interests of working women.

* * *

From Zurich we receive a valiant little libertarian monthly review, *Pokis*, intended as a haven for unrooted intellectuals who abhor all brands of orthodoxy. Address Dr. Johannes Widmer, Leonhardstrasse 12, Zürich, Switzerland.

ITALY.

The syndicalists of Italy held a convention in Ferrara, the center of recent agrarian strikes. There were reported as represented twenty-five branches of the new Socialist youths' organizations, 55 syndicalist groups with 1,987 members, 38 party branches with 1,350 members, and 493 trades unions with 96,083 members.

This convention decided to sever connection with the political party and to keep affiliated with the "Confederazione del Lavoro," the Federation of Labor in Italy, whose seat is in Turin. They passed resolutions in favor of

anti-patriotism, anti-militarism and direct action, as the only means for the emancipation of the working class, and in favor of the publication of a syndicalist manifesto by comrades Leone and de Ambris. *La Questione Sociale*, of Paterson, N. J., claims that over one hundred thousand Italian proletarians were represented at said convention.

A smooth agent provocateur, having gained the confidence of the comrades of Milan, tried to railroad the editors of our contemporary, *La Protesta Umana*, to the gallows, by smuggling into the office of the paper a bomb, which was to be detected by a searching party of the police on the same day. Thanks to the attention of the janitress of the house, who reported having given the office key to the stranger during the absence of the editorial force, believing him to be a trusted friend, the bomb was found and destroyed by the comrades before it could do its service to the police.

The Yellow Press Gang is always ready to charge that the so-called "plots" to assassinate highly-placed personages are planned by a gang of extremists; and it is not to be wondered that they do so, since they get their information from the Sneak Department (otherwise called "the detective force"). The case of Pietro Acciarito in Italy, however, has lately brought to light some pretty doings of this ideal department in combination with the prison authorities.

This is what the London *Daily Chronicle's* correspondent in Rome says on the matter:

"Pietro Acciarito is suffering a life sentence for the attempted assassination of the late King Humbert in 1897. The police were altogether unwilling to believe that Acciarito was without accomplices. There was an utter lack of evidence, but in order to provide scapegoats for the offended national conscience, an abominable procedure is alleged to have been resorted to. Under pressure from the above-mentioned officials in the Central Department of Rome, Governor Angelelli, of the Santo Stefano Penitentiary, where Acciarito was incarcerated, was ordered to deliver to the latter a forged letter in the handwriting of his sweetheart, Pasqua Venaruba, imploring him for the sake of their child to petition for a royal pardon, as one weakly led astray by wicked companions.

"To prepare the way for the success of this trick, Acciarito's gaolers had for several months beforehand been harping upon the fiction of his sweetheart's having given birth to a son.

Angelelli then informed the unhappy man that there was a good prospect of his release if he would just conform to superior instructions and denounce as accomplices in his attempted regicide five individuals whom the authorities had marked out for the purpose. Acciarito gave way, except in the case of one victim, with whom he was personally acquainted. When the trial took place in 1899, at Teramo, Acciarito discovered the official treachery, and realized fully the fate whereto he was exposing the innocent quartette. The prisoners were acquitted, while Acciarito was sent back to prison, and the vials of the public wrath poured on Governor Angelelli's head, causing his retirement.

"A new scandal has arisen through Angelelli revealing that he was only executing the instructions of headquarters. Besides the Crown Prosecutors, the two accused functionaries and the witnesses they are alleged to have employed are being criminally proceeded against by the four victims referred to. The public feeling over these revelations is intense, for the scandalous, officially-faked bomb plot at Ancona at the time of Victor Emmanuel's visit there is still recent history."

Comment is, of course, needless. The reader can see for himself how much truth there is in these "plot" stories.

SPAIN.

The Comstocks of Spain are prosecuting and confiscating *Salud y Fuerza* of Barcelona, for the splendid eugenic work it is doing for the future of a better race to come.

PORTUGAL.

In Lisbon has been opened the first free school, named Alfonso Costa in honor of the republican member of parliament of that name, who donated a house for this purpose. The school started with fifty pupils of both sexes. Soon other schools of similar character will be opened, with the purpose of damming the influence of the religiously permeated public schools. Through these free schools it is hoped to accomplish effective work against clericalism, by educating the masses along the lines of Ferrer's splendid work in Spain.

From Coimbra some young comrades, mostly students, inform us that they have formed a group of propaganda, called "Mocidade Livre." Good luck to our friends!

A Conquista do Paõ is a splendid weekly published in Lisbon, Portugal, Rua de José Antonio Serrano 26, devoted to the labor movement along syndicalist lines.

DENMARK.

In Denmark it is the young men especially who conduct the active libertarian and anti-militarist propaganda. Thousands of leaflets are daily scattered about in the barracks, and the authorities are powerless to put a stop to this incessant distribution. Apart from these gratuitous leaflets the Danish youth issues the *Nij Tid* (the New Times), which is widely read, and which appears every fortnight. There are also two other libertarian journals with considerable circulation, viz., the *Anarchist* and the *Kor-Saren*, the latter being edited by the celebrated Danish poet Hans Jaeger, whose reputation long ago passed beyond the narrow limits of his native land.

HUNGARY.

A committee of trades union representatives of syndicalistic tendencies is issuing an appeal, protesting against authoritarian centralization of the economic movement, tending towards annexation to the Socialist Party. The signers claim that there is a strong libertarian current in Hungarian labor, which has to be enlisted in the cause of syndicalism and direct action, in order to obtain beneficial results. They protest against all efforts of making the union movement the mere appendix to the ambitions of a political party.

JAPAN.

While Transvaal, under the pressure of labor, organized and unorganized, is about to banish Chinese coolies, Japanese capital is meditating earnestly the advisability of importing Chinese labor for railroad construction. The plan is deeply resented by the laboring classes of Japan, we are informed by the *Labour Leader*, of London. Already an advance guard of thirty-six coolies has arrived at Nagasaki, to be employed in the construction of the Nagoshima railway. The direct action methods of Japanese labor in the Besshi, Ashaio mines, in navy yards and other private and government concerns, threatening the profits of the patriotic investors, show that labor is waking up to the recognition of what is its own. And the "patriotic" substitution of submissive, meek foreigners for the unruly, undesirable, because not profitable, citizens by the pillars of nationalism and capitalism will help labor on the road towards emancipation.

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* * *

BOOKS RECEIVED

- AUGUST REINSDORF UND DIE NIEDERWALD-VER-SCHWOERUNG. Max Schütte. Berlin.
- THE ELDER BROTHER. Chas. L. Brewer. To-Morrow Publishing Co., Chicago.
- THE STORY OF THE RED FLAG. Published by J. A. Wayland, Girard, Kansas.
- WILLIAM GODWIN AND MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT. (Series, "Lives of Great Altrurians.") Victor Robinson. Published by The Altrurians, New York.
- EROTOGENESIS OF RELIGION. Theodore Schroeder. 63 East 59th street, New York.
- LA MUJER DESDE EL PASADO AL PORVENIR. José Sergi. Barcelona.

* * *

NOTE

Sadakichi Hartmann, the well-known contributor to MOTHER EARTH, will make an extensive lecturing tour during the latter part of November and December. He will open in Syracuse, November 16. The special feature of his tour will be an illustrated lecture on the French Revolution. He also lectures on Edgar Allen Poe, Walt Whitman, Women as Delineated in Modern Literature, and various art and literary subjects.

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Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y.,
under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. II

NOVEMBER, 1907

No. 9

ARTISTS—REVOLUTIONISTS

(Anent our new cover design.)

THE illustrator of our new cover is a French artist who has consecrated his art to the revolutionary proletariat. The readers will find his signature under his dedication to the American comrades.

About two weeks ago the Paris police confiscated "La Voix du Peuple," the principal organ of the Confédération du Travail, placing the editor under arrest. The issue which served as pretext for the outrage was entirely devoted to anti-militarism. The illustration on the front page, drawn by Grandjouan, represents the home-coming of the soldier.

With a few masterful strokes the artist portrays the soldier returning from the strike region of Narbonne, where he helped to "restore order," with bayonet and rifle.

His mother confronts him with the indignant cry, "Ah, it is you who had fired on the people!" She spits in his face. Back of her stands the father, enraged at the perfidy of his son and threatening him with his clenched fist.

"La Voix du Peuple" is by no means the only revolutionary sheet that benefits by the ideas and art of Grandjouan. There is hardly a radical publication in France that he does not contribute to. Especially forceful are his drawings for "Temps Nouveaux," an Anarchist weekly, published by our Paris comrades.

With Steinlen, the foremost French artist, who so realistically depicts social misery, Grandjouan contributes to "L'assiette du Beurre," each issue of the journal being devoted to some special subject. The last number I saw in Paris represents "Men of Order": streaming with blood there stand the judge, the priest, the politician, the procurer, Thiers—the butcher of the Commune—and even the ex-Communard himself. The latter, fat and satisfied, cries: "I, too, stand for order. I am now a man of property."

Comrade Grandjouan is now at work on a series of designs that will prove of tremendous artistic and revolutionary effect. The drawings are to illustrate the characteristics of the various types of workingmen, portraying the whole gamut of labor.

A large array of French artists of note can be mentioned who are working along the same lines as Grandjouan. Their pen and pencil give to the world what Aristide Bruant has given in the street songs of the tramp, outcast and prostitute. Such are Steinlen, Delaunoy, Herman Paul, Zola, Mirbeau, Richepin, Charpentier, Ric-tus, etc. "Indeed, there is not an artist of consequence who is not also a revolutionist," said Grandjouan during our conversation.

This brought up to my mind our own artists of importance who, while not artistically to be compared with their French colleagues, are far superior to the latter in their money-getting genius. No one can accuse them of ever jumping the line or the limit set for them by the political shade of the newspaper or party they work for. They sketch whatever is ordered, whatever will be approved by the moral standard of the average citizen and his virtuous wife. To be sure, the caricatures are funny, sometimes; but the Lord forbid that they should ever become caustic or cutting. It is nothing but shallow society satire to relieve the dull monotony of five-o'clock teas. The sphere of social and economic chasms is never approached; or, if at all, it is to expose the "impudent pretensions of the common people" to the good things of life.

That the artist must serve the highest bidder is an American axiom. Practicality is our most essential trait.

Surely, one could not expect our artists to be so idealistic as to serve art.

Only in politics is the artist still allowed some latitude; but even there partisan interests dictate his policy.

Mr. Brisbane writes what Hearst pays for. Mr. Oppen receives his ideas ready made, to be illustrated in the reliable stereotyped manner. Should Mr. Hearst turn a political somersault, his journalists and caricaturists will follow suit.

During the 16 to 1 campaign Homer Davenport served the Bryan party, McKinley and Mark Hanna faring wretchedly at his hands. The most zealous devotion to free silver Mr. Davenport displayed in his caricature of the gold plank, with John Most and Mark Hanna at each end. During the last presidential campaign the same ardent silver artist drank nectar at the gardens of the Republican Party. The reward in the form of a fifteen thousand dollar check was large enough to induce any American newspaper artist to degrade his art.

Therein lies the fundamental difference between France and America. Delaunoy, Yossot, Herman Paul, Toulouse de Loutrec and Grandjouan are idealists, responsive to the efforts of oppressed humanity; therefore their art gains in originality, strength and beauty. With us, most artists are matter-of-fact men, practical people; thus their creative faculties become stultified, and their work commonplace.

* * *

Our new cover hardly needs an explanation. For the benefit of those who might wonder, I would say:

The mother of humanity, the Earth, lies fettered by the tyranny of capital. A wire fence, guarded by sword and revolver, separates her from her children. Behind the fence stands the Master of the Earth, the capitalist. At every attempt of humanity to approach their mother, he sternly points to the law.

Our magazine shall continue to wage war against tyranny and government. Its bugle call shall ever be, "A free Earth for a free people!"

E. G.



OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

The October issue of the *Miners' Magazine*, dealing with the Haymarket tragedy, which culminated in the crime of 1887, writes:

"After twenty years the men whom prejudice convicted and judicially murdered are being looked upon as the brave pioneers who were 'blazing the trail' towards the summit of economic freedom. It is no wonder that the monument of the policemen was removed. Capitalism is anxious that labor shall forget the infamy of that conspiracy that murdered under forms of law.

"When another twenty years shall have passed away the labor army of Chicago will assemble around the graves of the victims of capitalist hate, and from the lips of eloquence will stream a tribute to the brave men whose energies and efforts were consecrated to the downtrodden and oppressed."

The blackest page in the history of American labor was stamped by its silent approval of the crime of 1887. But we are happy to witness the awakening of the conscience of the masses that will at a later day do full justice to the martyrs in the cause of liberty.

* * *

It is reported from Cleveland that the temporary injunction restraining the national and local officers of the International Printing Pressmen's and Assistants' Union and its members from engaging in strikes or boycotts against the members of the Typothetæ has been made permanent by Justice Thompson of the United States Circuit Court.

This injunction is unusually sweeping. It not only restrains the union and its local and national officers from engaging in strikes or boycotts against the members of the Typothetæ, but it also restrains the union from taking a referendum vote, which had been started, on the question of ordering a General Strike, prohibits the union from levying assessments for strike purposes and restrains the organizers from organizing for the purpose of extending the strike.

In other words, the action of the Federal court practically deprives the Pressmen's Union of all the fundamental rights inherent in the very fact of its existence,

and annihilates with one sweep the very purpose of its being.

This injunction is a valuable document. We advise all workingmen to study it. Even the simplest intelligence could not fail to comprehend the true purport as summed up in the finding of the court. It is but too evident that the capitalist class is determined to use all the forces at their command—the government and courts which they own—to destroy the power of organized labor by paralyzing the activities of the unions.

Will the workingmen of America supinely see their last hope, the united effort, suppressed? Or will they, like men of spirit and independence, *demand* their rights—plutocratic court decisions notwithstanding—by virtue of their being the sole creators of the nation's wealth.

Rally around the flag of the General Strike and force your exploiters to beg quarter.

* * *

The Washington authorities are making strenuous efforts to improve the condition of the Filipinos. An edict has been issued to the local government to suppress all gambling, bringing home to the native the biblical injunction that it is better the body should perish than the soul may be saved.

Yet, fearing that the precious soul may suffer from the avoirdupois of its tenement, the body, our government has built a high tariff fence against Philippine products, which means the hunger cure for the "pacified" islands.

* * *

The *N. Y. Sun* laments the "very serious condition of affairs" in our regular army. Continuing, it says: "Not only are men deserting in formidable numbers, but as a rule good men neither enlist nor re-enlist. Although we need with each succeeding year an increase of our standing military force, each year it becomes more and more difficult to maintain even the establishment we had twelve months before."

And why should we "need with each succeeding year an increase of our standing military force"? What external enemies have the American people? Or does the *Sun*, perhaps, have in mind an *internal* enemy, whom the government of the rich must be in readiness to subdue?

Whatever enemies the government may have—that is, those interested in keeping intact the system of national and international robbery—the American *people* have no quarrel with the peoples of any other country and will have none if the government will quit interfering with the affairs of the people of this or other countries.

The American *people* have but *one* enemy, the plutocratic parasite sucking the nation's blood. But the people need no increase of the army. When the time comes, they will take care of their own interests.

As to the *Sun's* lament over decreased enlistment and increased desertion from the army, it is fortunately a circumstance to rejoice over. It evidences the fact that the American citizen has not yet fallen a victim to the corrupting jingoism of the *Sun* which ever claims for an increased army. It proves that the average citizen values his manhood above "governmental policy," and that he abhors the thought of turning professional murderer at the behest of a uniformed ruffian.

May the time come soon when every rational man will look upon war as what it is, wanton murder, and will not merely passively discourage it by his refusal to enlist, but will actively demand the abolition of that barbaric machine of slaughter, the army and navy.

* * *

According to the second monthly report of the Public Service Commission, fifty-six persons were killed and one hundred and fifty-two seriously injured by the steam railways and underground, elevated and surface street car lines in Greater New York during the one month of September.

The first report of the Commission, covering the last twenty-six days of August, showed forty-two persons killed and one hundred and forty-seven seriously injured. Taking the eight weeks covered by the two reports this means twelve or thirteen persons killed and nearly ninety injured every week.

Is this wholesale slaughter an unavoidable incident of rapid transit, as the company's officials would have us believe? Berlin, Paris and London statistics prove, however, that transportation in those cities is carried on at a far lesser sacrifice of life than with us.

The lack of adequate equipment, the overworking of

employees and the company's absolute disregard of the safety of either passenger or pedestrian are responsible for the murderous record.

An educated public opinion would speedily curb the greediness of the transit companies and reduce the sacrifice of life to a minimum, by holding the traction magnates personally responsible for their criminal negligence.

* * *

In England, that classic land of conservative trade unionism, the railway companies refuse to recognize the organization of their employees. The latter's proposal to arbitrate their demands and grievances was scornfully rejected. "We have nothing to arbitrate," said the employers. "We care nothing about your unions."

The employers of England, like the American breed, have gradually come to believe that trade unions have a right to exist only in so far as they enable the exploiters to make greater profits and to keep in check the "impudent pretensions" of labor. According to them, unions should serve as a kind of preventative against higher wages and shorter hours; they should also inculcate in their members the lesson that "the rich and poor you must always have among you," a God-ordained institution, based on a system of perfect economics. Is it any wonder, then, that the exploiters are so sorely disappointed when the workingmen persist—in spite of conservative trade unionism—in their attempts to lighten their heavy burdens.

The scornful attitude of the railway companies of Great Britain may lead to a General Strike of all the railway employees in the kingdom. After all, 'tis the only answer the labor organizations can give to the challenge of their exploiters.

* * *

We mourn the loss of two old and faithful soldiers of liberty, Sam Mainwaring and Fermín Salvochea. The former died in London, on the twenty-ninth of September; the latter, one of the most prominent Anarchists of Spain, died at Cadiz.

We shall pay our deceased comrades a deserved tribute in our next issue.

* * *

The "Confédération Générale du Travail" of France has resolved to form an International Trade Union Bureau; the labor organization of all countries, favoring revolutionary ideas and methods along syndicalistic lines, are invited to join.

Thus far the following organizations have signified their desire to co-operate: The Labor Federation of Roman Switzerland, the Labor Unions of the Netherlands, the Italian Syndicalists, the Trades Union League of Germany and various labor organizations of England.

* * *

An apparently insignificant newspaper item will often reveal the depths of our social misery, unmasking the glittering pretensions of an impotent civilization.

It was recently reported that Valentine Cantral, a young French girl, was sentenced to six months for destroying a picture in the Louvre. Without work or money, she preferred arrest to starvation. Asked for an explanation, she told the judge: "Since I was nine years old I have worked with mamma as a seamstress. Even getting up early, I could only earn fifteen cents a day. How do you expect me to live on fifteen cents a day? It is society that is guilty—the society which condemned me to starvation."

The friendless, hungry girl instinctively felt that she was not a criminal; that there was something wrong with a society which condemned her to starve,—her, that was so willing to work.

She felt all this and in her desperation she spoke out. Dangerous doctrine! No wonder the Cerberus of our perfect society condemned her to prison.

But if he had a spark of humanity in his crooked soul, he must have felt like a guilty criminal before the nobility of the poor girl, who said, simply: "I regret my act because I have learned that the man who painted the picture, like me, also suffered poverty and hardships."

It is characteristic of the capitalistic mind, that all the pathos of the poor girl's fate merely called forth the newspaper comment that "it is feared the girl will have imitators among the miscreants in search of notoriety."

Indeed, the underdogs, the exploited and oppressed are ever the miscreants, the undesirables.

* * *

With the October issue, our London contemporary, *Freedom*, celebrated its twenty-first anniversary. We congratulate our English comrades on their brave and persistent battle with indifference and financial difficulties.

The October number contains timely articles by Peter Kropotkin and other able contributors, reviewing the past two decades of the labor movement in general and the Anarchist agitation in particular.

* * *

"The third Duma is conservative," triumphantly cries the official Russian press. The journalistic Cossacks seem, however, to leave the revolutionists out of their calculations. The latter will become more active in proportion to the pressure of reaction. The recent assassination of Gen. Maximoffsky, Director of Russian Prisons, is the latest token of that noble self-sacrifice and devotion to liberty that will know no abatement till the savage autocracy is a thing of the past.

Mlle. Ragozinnikova, who joyfully gave her life to free her beloved country from the brutal torturer of political prisoners — Gen. Maximoffsky — beautifully typifies the noble spirit of young Russia, that has consecrated all its energies, yea, its very life, to the service of freedom.

Mlle. Ragozinnikova, whose father is a teacher in the Imperial Conservatory of Music, has long been active in the revolutionary movement of her country. She was an indefatigable and fearless worker. Her devotion and personal courage are the more remarkable in view of the fact that she was well known to the authorities, her portrait in the police gallery being marked "dangerous suspect." In spite of that, however, she presented herself at the weekly reception of Gen. Maximoffsky, demanding an interview. She quietly remained in the crowded ante-room for three hours, unrecognized by the officials. When she was finally admitted to the General's presence, she drew a revolver and relieved the world from a most cruel, inhuman torturer.

The Tsar's bloodhounds quickly devoured the noble victim. But the wondrous spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to ideals, typified by this martyr of liberty, shall finally triumph over all obstacles, suppression and tyranny.

* * *

The good, faithful subjects of the Fatherland stand aghast at the recent revelations concerning the noble-born entourage of the German court, whose shining centre is the Kaiser *himself*. It appears that his Majesty's most intimate friends have a strong penchant for the charms of—their own sex.

"Public opinion" feels dutifully outraged. How immoral to allow one's self to be so vulgarly exposed.

Maximilian Harden—who is less euphoniously known as Herr Wittkowski and whose life-work it is to guard the purity of the monarchy—could not master his moral indignation. In his magazine, *Die Zukunft*, he severely and persistently denounced the illustrious pillars of the throne—prompted by his great love for the Fatherland, of course.

Religion, morality and *das deutsche Gemüth*, so simple and trustful, have sustained a terrible shock. What shall become of the good people's confidence in their government, when its chiefs are unmasked as immoralists!

Something must be quickly done to restore the weakening faith of the terrified herd. We learn that the first practical steps in that direction already have been taken. The authorities lost no time in initiating a campaign of persecution against the Berlin Anarchists. The public must be given fresh proof of the untiring zeal and devotion of the police and government. That will pour oil on the troubled waters.



TO OUR READERS

DEAR FRIENDS:

MOTHER EARTH has not yet proven a paying venture. Those of us who were familiar with the bitter struggle of every outspoken, radical paper knew that MOTHER EARTH would not be exempt from the same fate.

In the July issue we brought a detailed account of receipts and expenditures; also the balance of the Sustaining Fund then amounting to \$372.66, which—if we had not been confronted by the summer—would have been something of a capital.

In no country is there such apathy, such indifference and inactivity during the summer months as in America.

I cannot quite account for it (though the heat may have something to do with it), unless it be that radicalism, at best, is by many considered a convenience or sport, but not a necessity. At any rate, the net receipts of the magazine for July, August, September and October amounted to less than \$120. The expenditures for the same period came to nearly \$700, that is, MOTHER EARTH suffered a monthly deficit of about \$145.

Some might consider such a state of affairs discouraging; we do not. We feel that MOTHER EARTH has kept her colors flying in spite of all obstacles. Uncompromising, fearless, barely known, with no sensational advertising lists, no schemes and inducements to buy shares or stock, MOTHER EARTH—which has not dabbled in all sorts of lukewarm reform and oily liberalism, yet was able to weather the storm for nineteen months—must surely possess staying powers which will sooner or later carry her to safe port.

That it may be sooner we appeal to you, friends, for co-operation and assistance.

We reopen the MOTHER EARTH Sustaining Fund, hoping that all those who like the little fighter will contribute at their earliest convenience.

There are many ways of aiding the magazine. For instance, by increasing its circulation: purchasing several copies monthly for missionary work; trying to secure new subscribers, and calling on one's newsdealer for the magazine.

As the magazine will now have a special labor department, our readers who are members of unions could aid our work by circulating the magazine among their fellow workers.

The first part of the coming year I shall begin a tour, for which extensive preparations are now being made in the West. Groups, unions and societies between New York and Denver wishing me to lecture before them will please communicate with me at once, in order that meetings may be arranged more systematically.

In the next issue I shall bring a complete list of subjects that I am now preparing. I shall endeavor to make my tour an educational and financial success, to furnish the sinews of war for MOTHER EARTH. Meanwhile, comrades, it is for you to help with the Sustaining Fund.

NOVEMBER ELEVENTH, TWENTY YEARS AGO

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

A PEACEABLE MEETING of protest against a murderous attack of the police on strikers, a meeting already half dispersed because of an approaching storm; an unprovoked attack by two hundred police upon the remnant of the meeting; a sullen glow in the air, a dull and angry roar, wounded and dying police and citizens, terror and consternation, bewildered faces and flying feet, a panic-stricken city full of the savagery of fright! So passed the 4th of May, 1886, into history.

A wild and insane spirit of revenge, a determination to hang somebody, as many as possible, a crystallization of that determination in a conspiracy theory which would drag in those whom the police and the partisans of Old Order most dreaded, a vicious resolution to use every method, every trick no matter how shameful, to bring eight men to the gallows; to deceive and inflame the public mind, to twist the law, to admit prejudiced jurors, to suborn perjury, to rule out every fair-minded person from a chance of influencing the trial in favor of the accused, to convict at all costs and to hang, that was the task the social powers set themselves; and they fulfilled it; and with the hanging of their victims the curtain went down upon the tragedy, and the 11th of November passed into history.

There was a comedy played afterwards,—a comedy in which the victimizers became the victims, and paid over thousands of good round dollars to their servants, the police, for protecting them from conspiracies which were hatched in the police stations. The comedy lasted about three years, and was very funny—to the policemen who divided the spoils. It, however, has *not* passed into history; it was thought better to preserve the memory of it by oral tradition.

The tragedy however is written; it is in the school histories of the country, and every child who studies the administrations of the presidents learns about it; and this is what he learns: that in the year 1886 there were many strikes and labor troubles; that there was a small but dangerous class of people in Chicago, called Anar-

chists; that at one of their meetings a bomb was thrown, killing a number of policemen, and several of the Anarchist leaders were convicted of conspiring to throw it, and hanged.

All up and down the land millions of school children learn that paragraph, with such additional embellishments as their teachers see fit to provide, and the half-truth and altogether lie of it, goes on killing the souls of the murdered men as once the scaffold killed their bodies. Only—long ago the preachers told us—*souls cannot be killed*; and in spite of all the malice and the injustice and the ignorance and stupidity that have heaped and are heaping outrage on their memory, the conquering voices of the dead men rise, and the conquering spirit that animated them in those days of bitter doom, the spirit of love and faith in human possibility, triumphing over all oppression and suppression, slowly makes its way.

Twenty years have died upon their graves since they died on the gallows; and venom and spite and fear, most venomous of all, have had their say. Yet other voices sometimes have spoken; great lawyers have said it was a shame; and General Trumbull tried the judgment, after Gary had thought it necessary to defend it; and John P. Altgeld said and did a thing or two. And now, after twenty years, a man of different stamp has spoken, and a great conservative magazine has published his say. *Appleton's Magazine* for October contains an article entitled "The Haymarket and Afterwards," by Chas. Edward Russell, a newspaper reporter for the *N. Y. World* in 1887; and though there is much misinformation therein, (when did a newspaper scribe ever neglect to furnish misinformation) the general intent is plainly to do justice to the memory of murdered men. I do not know whether this Mr. Russell tried to do anything to save them while they were yet alive; I have never heard that in all these twenty years he tried to tell the world the truths he has told here. But it is something that at last he has spoken and said that the conspiracy charge was conceived in a spirit of revengeful fury; that the working out of it was intrusted to a man afflicted with delusions, who arrested every person that spoke defective English as a direful conspirator, and extracted confessions to suit his purposes; that the methods of the trial were "unusual" (sure-

ly Mr. Russell did not choose a harsh word there); that, "so far as the record goes, the bomb might have fallen by accident, or been hurled by a lunatic, or by somebody that never heard of the accused men."

Very grateful I am to Mr. Russell for his tribute to the beauty and magnanimity of Albert Parsons's character. Very glad am I that he has told the readers of *Appleton's* how till the end, till the very last, Parsons could have saved his life had he complied with the formality of the law and signed the petition to Gov. Oglesby, but that he would not do so, because he would not desert those others whose lives could not be saved.

What he does not add is this: that Fischer and Engel were willing to sign the petition if he agreed to it; not that they hoped for themselves, but hoped for him; but he, knowing they could not be saved, said, "Then every night in Joliet upon retiring and every morning on arising, I should be haunted by the thought that I had made cowards of them in vain. No: I shall die with them."

Not grateful to Mr. Russell am I for his contemptuous rating of Adolph Fischer, and his miserly recognition of the abilities of Spies and Schwab and Fielden; yet one cannot quarrel with another's impressions so long as there is no malice in their statement, and I let that pass. But when it comes to Lingg, then all at once the fair man disappears, and the sensational news artist, the descriptive magician we all learned to know so well twenty years ago, comes to the surface. Under his prestidigitation the human being disappears, and a monster stands before you, clothed with "abnormal strength of body and capacity of mind"; a slim boy of twenty-one becomes a "secret, wily, resourceful, and daring conspirator," "a wild beast," "a modern berserker," "the least human man" he ever knew, "a formidable" creature, pacing "up and down the jail corridor," with "a lithe, gliding and peculiar step," etc., etc. The more I read, the more forcibly became the contrast between this Lingg of Mr. Russell's conceiving, and the Lingg painted by a good, kindly German lady who used to take the prisoners something to eat sometimes. One day he said to her, "I was dancing in my cell last night. They had a ball over there somewhere, and I heard the music, and oh! I did so want to be there and dance."

Inhuman desire on the part of a youth of twenty-one. Had Mr. Russell seen him dancing in his cell, he would probably have read abnormal physical or mental something-or-other into this pathetic attempt of a caged young creature to pass the lonely hours of a prison cell.

But the reason for Mr. Russell's peculiar visions, concerning Lingg, is that he feels nearly certain that Lingg made the Haymarket bomb, Lingg conceived the slaughter of the police, Lingg founded the Lehr and Wehr Verein, Lingg was the only Anarchist of the seven, Lingg was—everything in short, except the bomb thrower. The latter was, he says, Rudolph Schnaubelt. He does not give his reason for these opinions, he simply makes assertions.

Now as to the Lehr and Wehr Verein, it was not founded by Lingg; he was a member, but not the founder nor suggester of it. In the second place, the Lehr and Wehr Verein had nothing to do with the Haymarket bomb. It would be rather ridiculous to suppose that a society composed of some hundreds of people, organized to maintain its civil rights because of the ballot-box frauds which had wrested their political victory from them, should be led by the nose by one man, and he a mere boy. In the third place, I do not believe Lingg made the Haymarket bomb, for the reason that he pointed out the differences between it and the bombs he did make; and while I do not think he was superhuman, either mentally, physically, or morally, I think he was an exceedingly courageous man and an honest one; and I do not believe he would have resorted to any petty subterfuges before the court. I think if he had done that thing, he would have said so, as boldly as he did say other things. There was no want of candor in his speech.

Mr. Russell's confident identification of the bomb-thrower is probably based on the letter written by Schnaubelt taking the responsibility for the act, which may or may not have been true. A lot of fairy stories always arise around a mystery of this kind, and between one man's imagination and another's, the mystery gets so elusive that even shrewder guessers than Mr. Russell find themselves at sea and adrift. I believe that the matter will remain a mystery as it has remained for twenty years. Capt. Black has said, in a statement printed in the life of Parsons, that in his last endeavors

to secure a reprieve for the condemned men, the effort was made on the ground that he had had reliable assurance that the bomb-thrower would deliver himself up and prove that he was a stranger to the accused and that they had no complicity with him. The reprieve was not granted, and our comrades being slain, I can see no motive for the bomb-thrower's ever revealing his identity. A masked and silent figure, he has passed across the world, and left his mark upon it. What does it matter now who he was; it was not one of the eight men whom the State punished for it.

There are other legendary matters in the article, things positively untrue; but they do not greatly matter; the public may believe that Lingg's sweetheart gave him a bomb to kill himself with, if it likes. I do not. The public may believe there were precisely fourteen Anarchists, believers in the use of physical force, grouped together in Chicago. I take the statement with—sai. The public may believe the statement that the police behaved with conspicuous courage in the face of the bomb, and “did not falter”; that “they closed up their ranks, drew their revolvers, and began to fire upon the dumbfounded people who fled in all directions.” I should not, myself, have thought it required conspicuous courage to fire upon dumbfounded and fleeing people. Moreover, I have been told of a gentleman who being wounded in the leg by some splinter of the bomb, sought refuge in a closet to whose friendly shelter six policemen had fled before him. They begged him “not to give them away.” The position may have been undignified and not altogether heroic, but I do not blame those six policemen.

But all these things matter little now. What matters now, is that the world shall know how and for what our comrades died. Mr. Russell says: “The world of men outside our country seems to have accepted the belief that the defendants were tried on the charge that they were Anarchists. It may be well, therefore, to recall that they were tried merely on the charge that they were accessories before the fact, of the murders of Mathias J. Degan and others.”

The world outside our country thinks very correctly that our comrades were tried for being Anarchists and hanged for being Anarchists; over and over again the

State's Attorney repeated that "Anarchy was on trial"; his final appeal was: "Hang these eight men and save our institutions. These are the leaders; make examples of them."

Well they made the example. They murdered these men, not because of evidence that they had conspired to murder Degan, but because they preached the gospel of liberty and well-being to all, and an end of institutions which enslave the many to the few. The men are dead; twenty years are dead; but the strange doctrine that they preached is not dead, nor "stamped out," nor forgotten; the doctrine that there need be no poor and forsaken in the world, no shelterless, no freezing ones, no craven and cowering ones, biting the dust for a crust and a rag, no tyranny of masters nor of rulers; that all these are not, as we have been taught, necessary, but only ignorant and foolish; that life may mean wide opportunity and rich activity for every human being born; that mankind has only to conceive its own possibilities, cease preying upon itself, and combine its powers for the conquest of the earth, for toil to become easy and fruitful a thousand-fold, so all may have the good things of the earth; and more than that, may have free time to learn what really are *good* things, to modify its barbarian tastes, to escape from the vulgar ideals imposed upon it by its dead past and its slavish present, its stupid pursuit of valueless things, begotten by this profit-making system of production, free time to partake of its heritage in the triumphs of science, which only too often remain barren in the studies of great thinkers, unfruitful because of the lack of the practical genius of the common man, or worse, become the instruments of further robbery in the hands of power. This is strange doctrine; men die for preaching it. And yet another stranger doctrine, though really it is as old as man himself, that these things are to be won, not by entrusting power to legislators, but by the direct dealing of the individuals interested,—by strikes, by boycotts, by spontaneous sympathetic support, finally by complete socialization of the sources and means of production. If in the final struggle, as a measure of resistance, force became necessary, then use it. For saying these things our comrades died; the Haymarket bomb was only the excuse for silencing their tongues.

Well the tongues are silenced; but now "the silence speaks," as the prophet voice foretold. Still from the prison earth in the shade of the gallows tree, there springs the blossom of human hope, the blood-root blossom, the blossom with the wax-white face and the red, red root. Strange it should grow always there. Lilies from black mud, and hope, the highest hope, from the carmined stone of sacrifice. Yet thousands pluck the blossom, and hold it to their hearts; and the ideal of our dead waxes in the eyes of the living. And eyes meet eyes, and the light of them crosses the seas and the boundaries of the nations; and the dream grows, the dream of the common fraternity of humankind, and the equal liberty of brothers. And Greed and Tyranny and Patriotism, dividing man from man, making them strike foul blows against each other these weary thousand, thousand years will die—hard—but they will die; for they are of the past, the dead; and the new world, our world, the nationless world of free men, belongs to the living and the future.



THE ANARCHIST INTERNATIONAL

By MAX BAGINSKI.

THE old International awakens diverse feelings. It was no doubt a powerful attempt to call into life the idea of the revolutionary proletariat in solidaric and international relationship. Unfortunately, however, it served as a centre of intrigue and gossip.

Karl Marx was essentially centralistic. Possibly he imagined that himself, Engels and their immediate friends embodied the only true conception as to the lines that Socialism and the movement of the proletariat should follow. The faith in his own infallibility inevitably resulted in Marx becoming autocratic and authoritarian.

Michael Bakunin was temperamentally unfitted for dogmatic and orthodox ideas. He hated the zigzag path of diplomacy with its intrigues and speculations. Revolution to Bakunin did not mean a scientific doctrine, nor was it a cold, automatic result of evolution, to assert

itself without the efforts and assistance of men. Rather did he see in Revolution the direct result of the conscious emotions and aspirations of those who suffer most under the yoke of our social crimes and errors.

The Marxian slogan was to seize the governmental machinery through the ballot. Bakunin, on the other hand, waged war on all government, including that of workingmen, perceiving in any governmental and political régime the very source of oppression and tyranny.

The present syndicalist movement, consisting of direct action, the General Strike, etc., originated with Bakunin, and was fought tooth and nail by the Marxian clique. Thus, centralized authority—as conceived by Marx—and anti-authoritarian federalism—as embodied by Bakunin—were doomed to clash and war with each other.

The weapons employed by Marx and his disciples in this contest were full of poison and venom. But it is not the object of this article to discuss them, nor the mass of insinuation and malicious slander circulated against Bakunin.

The object I have in view is to acquaint the readers of MOTHER EARTH with the nature and purpose of the Anarchist International, formed at the Amsterdam Congress. The new International will continue to wave the flag which Bakunin was prevented from doing by its old namesake.

The main *raison d'être* of the International Bureau at London is to gather Anarchist groups and federations now scattered all over the world and to bring them into harmonious and solidaric relations with each other.

The desire to combine our forces grew out of the lack of concerted action among the comrades of various countries, as well as the comrades of different nationalities. We know so little of each other; we carry on a single-handed, desperate battle with the powers that be,—a battle which would prove much more effective and less trying were we united.

We may remain perfectly indifferent to the sensational gust of the capitalist press that Anarchist organizations are synonymous with blood-curdling conspiracies. But we cannot afford to have the minds of the workers poisoned by these misrepresentations.

The Anarchists, more than any other set of thinkers

have ever emphasized the dangers of sectarianism, yet many of us have failed to apply our ideas to the everyday life, and to enter the broad, wide field of the economic struggle. As Anarchists, we cannot remain mere preachers and prophets; we must be practical builders of the foundation that is to support the future. It is a lamentable fact that so few comrades are actively engaged in the trade union movement, yet is there anyone so eminently equipped to participate in the daily economic struggle between capital and labor than the well-informed Anarchist? He knows that the proletariat furnishes the source of revolt against the present social conditions. It therefore behooves him to direct that source into such channels which will pave the way for a new social arrangement.

I do not contend that the International Bureau will represent the force that is to reconstruct the labor movement; what I do insist upon is that the Bureau can become instrumental in bringing about a more thorough understanding between Anarchists and the organized labor forces.

To achieve this the Bureau needs the individual and collective co-operation of all comrades.

A circular letter just received from the secretary of the Bureau puts several questions to the readers of *MOTHER EARTH*. I recommend that those questions be thoroughly discussed, and whatever conclusions the comrades will arrive at should be sent to the secretary without fail.

In conclusion, just a few more words. Some people, either out of ignorance or for personal reasons, charge that the Congress, in forming the International, was arbitrary and inconsistent with Anarchism. These good people seem to have forgotten that the proposition of an International was submitted to the comrades six months prior to the Congress; that it was discussed and decided upon by many groups and individual comrades, and that several of the delegates were sent with the express purpose to urge the formation of the International. But aside of all this, I wish to state that the International is not to be imposed upon any group or individual.

The Bureau has no statute books, nor is there the slightest danger that it will devise any catechism which every

Anarchist will be compelled to accept. As a medium for creating closer International comradeship, greater unity of action and more lasting results, the Bureau is to be heartily welcomed.

Let every comrade assist, and the Anarchist International will become a tremendous factor.



LETTER TO THE AMERICAN COMRADES

DEAR COMRADES :

It is not only desirable, but absolutely necessary to the success of the International Bureau that we should know the exact number of the members of the groups and federations desiring to affiliate with the International. Also, that we be informed as to the amount of contributions each group is willing to furnish.

We request all groups and federations to communicate to the Bureau their decision to join.

We should also like to impress upon our comrades the great importance of an archive for our movement. To make the latter possible we need copies of all Anarchist publications, pamphlets, manifestos, etc., issued in every country. So far we have received from America: *Mother Earth*, *Die Freiheit*, *Das Freie Wort* and *Die Freie Arbeiter Stimme*.

At the Congress it was suggested that the groups of every country select several secretaries who should be in constant communication with the Bureau. If you desire the latter to be useful and active, it is important to supply it with the material necessary to keep it at work. This can be accomplished in the form of weekly and fortnightly reports of the Anarchist and labor situation of each country. These reports the Bureau will compile for the international Anarchist press, which will enable every comrade to keep thoroughly posted on the growth and progress of our ideas.

It was also proposed at the Congress that the Bureau issue an international bulletin. Will the American comrades answer the following questions:

1. Do you favor such a bulletin?
2. What suggestions can you make in this regard?

3. What financial aid are you ready to give towards its publication?

If sufficient funds are forthcoming, the Bureau will guarantee adequate editorial management.

We hope for speedy replies, that we may soon be in a position to begin the work mapped out at the Amsterdam Congress and which is of such great import to the Anarchist movement—the new International.

Comrades, let us never lose sight of the importance of the organization of groups of local, national and international federations. Let us not deceive ourselves. Systematic and fruitful propaganda, as well as lasting relationship between the comrades, are possible only through such organization.

Fraternally,

October 16, 1907.

THE BUREAU.

A. Schapiro, Secretary,

163 Jubilee Street,

London E., England.

P. S. We send subscription lists to MOTHER EARTH. Our American comrades can procure them from their English organ.

THE SITUATION IN AMERICA

(Conclusion.)

SINCE the execution of comrade Albert Parsons, in 1887, no English oral agitation of any large or national scope had been carried on. Comrade Mowbray, in 1894, and John Turner, during his first visit to the States, as well as Peter Kropotkin, in 1897, did effective propaganda in America; but no very extensive tours were undertaken till the winter of 1897, when comrade Emma Goldman lectured all through the country, going as far west as San Francisco. Her propagandistic success encouraged our comrade to make another effort two years later, which she did in 1899, her tour lasting eight months. Much radical and Anarchist literature was disposed of, and *Free Society* considerably assisted.

In the spring of 1901 comrade Kropotkin, on the occasion of his visit to Canada as a delegate of the British Scientific Society, used the opportunity to lecture in various cities from New York to Chicago, his tour proving of enormous moral and financial success.

The year 1901 was a memorable one in the annals of the United States. On the 6th of September of that year President McKinley was shot by Leon Czolgosz at the Buffalo Exposition, his injuries resulting fatally.

The act of Czolgosz was the explosion of inner rebellion; it was directed against the savage authority of the money power and against the government that aids its mammonistic crimes.

In the eighties the labor movement for an eight-hour workday was forcibly subdued, and five men judicially killed at Chicago. Under the régime of President Cleveland the Federal forces were employed as the executioners of striking workingmen. Capitalists wired for soldiers and their demand was readily complied with at the White House. McKinley's administration proved even more servile. It lost no opportunity of aiding capitalism to mercilessly crush the aspirations of labor. The use of Federal troops during strikes became a daily occurrence.

McKinley personified at once social corruption and political servility. Indeed, he was the ideal President of the uncrowned Kings of the Republic; both in character and appearance a Jesuit, he was eminently fitted to shield the traitors of the country.

Such were the environments that prompted Czolgosz's act. Many felt this; few dared to express it. The amazement that such a thing should happen in America really had something artificial about it. To the close observer there exists but an insignificant difference between the social conditions of this country and those of European monarchies, upon whose horizon revolutionary flashes had been playing for years. Here, no less than there, the governments are the willing gendarmes and sheriffs of the possessing class.

The authoritarian beast used the Buffalo tragedy as the occasion for a national razzia upon the Anarchists. In Chicago the family of Abe Isaak were arrested, together with other comrades directly or indirectly connected with

Free Society, and who were accidentally present at the house of Isaak during the arrest. The American press and the authorities were especially vitriolic against comrade Emma Goldman, charging her with the responsibility for the act of Czolgosz. It was claimed by the newspapers that Czolgosz had expressed himself to the effect that Emma Goldman's lecture at Cleveland, Ohio, inspired him to commit the deed. In justice to Czolgosz it must be stated, however, that the charge was a pure invention. It has since been ascertained that Leon Czolgosz had made absolutely no statements, either before or after his "trial."

Comrade Emma Goldman, being at St. Louis at the time, determined voluntarily to go to Chicago and face the accusations of the newspapers and police. She was promptly arrested and put under twenty thousand dollars bail. Our fearless comrade, although able to give the necessary bond, preferred to remain with the other arrested Anarchists in the Chicago County Jail, to await developments. The authorities of the State of New York, anxious for the extradition of Emma Goldman, spent thirty thousand dollars and employed two hundred detectives to get evidence against her. The greatest possible efforts were made to hold Emma Goldman on the charge of murder, but as absolutely no proof was forthcoming, our comrade finally had to be discharged, a few days after the Isaak family and the other Chicago comrades had been released.

On the 29th of October, 1901, Leon Czolgosz, deserted and forsaken, died in the electric chair at Auburn prison, in the State of New York. Though the brutal authorities left nothing undone to wring a confession from their helpless victim, their efforts completely failed. Czolgosz's last words were, literally, that his act was done for the good of the people.

An echo of the McKinley episode was the arrest of John Most, in New York, for the re-publication of Carl Heinzen's article, "Murder versus Murder," originally written and printed fifty years before. Comrade Most was found guilty of "inciting to riot" and condemned to one year in the penitentiary, the conviction being the third since his sojourn in the United States.

In 1902 took place an important strike of the weavers

of Paterson, New Jersey. Our local Italian comrades used the opportunity to agitate for the General Strike. During the progress of this strike an encounter took place between the workmen and the police, as a result of which warrants were issued for the arrest of Luigi Galleani, William McQueen, and Rudolph Grossman. The latter two were arrested, tried and sentenced to five years imprisonment. Fortunately, however, the police did not succeed in finding Galleani. Both McQueen and Grossman left the country, while out on bail; McQueen subsequently returned to serve his sentence and was recently pardoned before the completion of his term.

Comrade Galleani who had in the meantime settled at Barre, Vermont, began the publication of the *Cronaca Sovversiva*. The paper has since continued its tremendously effective propaganda among the Italian stone-cutters of that region. In fact, it is largely due to the able efforts of Galleani that Anarchism among the Italians of this country has received a sound, intelligent basis, and became not merely theoretical, but an active, practical influence.

In October, 1903, our English comrade John Turner arrived in this country with the object of lecturing on the subjects of trade unionism and Anarchism. At his first meeting in New York, on the 23d of October, he was arrested by the Federal authorities, on the strength of the clause in the Immigration Law which forbids the landing of people who "disbelieve in organized government." This clause, heretofore dead, was revived for the purpose of deporting Turner, who had openly declared himself a disbeliever in organized government. The case attracted national attention, all progressive elements without consideration of party lines—Anarchists, Socialists, Single Taxers, trade unionists, and Individualists—combining in the cause of free speech. An active campaign was carried on, lasting four months and doing tremendous propaganda. Though the Federal Supreme Court finally decided that Turner's deportation was legal and necessary, our agitation was not in vain. The stupidity of the law was never so emphatically manifest as in this instance; for while the case was pending, John Turner, temporarily out on bail, continued his lecture tour, accomplishing effective work.

During this period the Anarchist movement in America had no English organ. As previously mentioned, *Free Society*—published first in San Francisco and then in Chicago—had suspended publication in 1905. The necessity for an English journal made itself strongly felt, and in March 1906 comrade Emma Goldman, with the co-operation of several friends, started a monthly magazine, *MOTHER EARTH*, for the propagation of Anarchist ideas and ideals.

The same year we sustained the loss of comrade John Most, who died at Cincinnati, Ohio, while on a lecture tour. Only shortly before he had celebrated—in the circle of friends and comrades—his sixtieth birthday. Thus suddenly closed the remarkable career of a remarkable man.

With his death the problem faced us as to the disposition of the *Freiheit*, the arena of Most's militant journalistic agitation for more than twenty-five years. Energetic activity was necessary to continue the paper. At last the *Freiheit* Publishing Association was formed, with comrade Max Baginski—well known by his long activity in the revolutionary movement in Germany, and for eight years editor of the *Chicago Arbeiter Zeitung*—as editor; and comrade George Bauer as manager. It is mainly due to the untiring efforts of G. Bauer that we have succeeded in continuing the *Freiheit* in eight pages, carrying on the battle which Most had so suddenly to cease. The *Freiheit* is gradually getting in touch with various trade unions which have, hitherto, been sadly neglected. This has been made possible by the fact that the *Freiheit*, more than any other American paper, is devoted to the propaganda of direct action and the General Strike. That these new weapons of organized labor are finding a responsive chord in the hearts and minds of the workingmen is best proved by the fact that fifteen hundred copies of A. Roller's pamphlet, "General Strike and Direct Action," have recently sold within a very short time.

On the eighteenth of May, 1906, the tombstone was lifted from the living grave of comrade Alexander Berkman, and the State graciously permitted him to reënter the larger prison, called life. During the fourteen years of his imprisonment several attempts had been made to

secure a reduction of his sentence, since the punishment of twenty-two years imposed upon our comrade was excessive, even from the legal standpoint. But the capitalistic Shylock was determined to have his pound of flesh. For fourteen years every device of human brutality was used to break the mental and physical strength of comrade Berkman; but in vain. He emerged from his grave in perfect health and spirit, true and faithful to his ideals.

At the beginning of the publication of *MOTHER EARTH*, the magazine enjoyed the active support of the radicals of the country. Their sympathy, however, was partly alienated as a result of the October issue of 1906, the contents of which were devoted to a consideration of Czolgosz and his act, and of the social and psychological significance of the latter. The police also became very active against the New York Anarchists, the specially created "Anarchist Squad" systematically persecuting us, their efforts finally resulting in the forcible dispersion of a meeting called by some young Anarchists to discuss the act of Czolgosz. A number of comrades, including Emma Goldman, were arrested. Closely following this incident, Emma Goldman was again arrested, together with John Coryell and Alexander Berkman, during a lecture on the "Misconceptions of Anarchism."

The alleged legal justification for this systematic persecution and continual arrests was to be found in the so-called "Criminal Anarchy" Law, passed by the New York legislature soon after McKinley's death, when a national brain-storm swept the country. The law constitutes the American authorities an international police force for the protection of all tyrants. We reproduce it for the information of our readers.

THE "CRIMINAL ANARCHY" LAW.

"Sec. 468-a. Criminal Anarchy Defined:

"Criminal Anarchy is the doctrine that organized government should be overthrown by force or violence, or by assassination of the executive head or of any of the executive officials of government, or by any unlawful means. The advocacy of such doctrine either by word of mouth or writing is a felony.

"Sec. 468-b. Advocacy of Criminal Anarchy:

"(1) By word of mouth or writing advocates, advises

or teaches the duty, necessity or propriety of overthrowing or overturning organized government by force or violence, or by assassination of the executive head or of any of the executive officials of government, or by any unlawful means; or

“(2) Prints, publishes, edits, issues or knowingly circulates, sells, distributes or publicly displays any book, paper, document or written or printed matter in any form, containing or advocating, advising or teaching the doctrine that organized government should be overthrown by force, violence or any unlawful means; or

“(3) Openly, wilfully and deliberately justifies by word of mouth or writing the assassination or unlawful killing or assaulting of any executive or other officer of the United States or any State or of any civilized nation having an organized government because of his official character, or any other crime, with intent to teach, spread or advocate the propriety of the doctrines of criminal anarchy; or

“(4) Organizes or helps to organize or becomes a member of or voluntarily assembles with any society, group or assembly of persons formed to teach or advocate such doctrine: is guilty of a felony and punishable by imprisonment for not more than 10 years, or by a fine of not more than \$5,000, or both.

“Sec. 468-c. Liability of Editors and Others:

“Every editor or proprietor of a book, newspaper or serial, and every manager of a partnership or incorporated association by which a book, newspaper or serial is issued, is chargeable with the publication of any matter contained in such book, newspaper or serial. But in every prosecution therefor the defendant may show in his defense that the matter complained of was published without his knowledge or fault and against his wishes by another who had no authority from him to make the publication and whose act was disavowed by him as soon as known.

“Sec. 468-d. Assemblages of Anarchists:

“Whenever two or more persons assemble for the purpose of advocating or teaching the doctrines of criminal Anarchy, as defined in section 468 of this title, such an assembly is unlawful, and every person voluntarily participating therein by his presence, aid or instigation is

guilty of a felony and punishable by imprisonment for not more than 10 years, or by a fine of not more than \$5,000, or both.

"Sec. 468-e. Permitting premises to be used for assemblages of Anarchists:

"The owner, agent, superintendent, janitor, caretaker or occupant of any place, building or room, who wilfully and knowingly permits therein any assemblage of persons prohibited by section 468 of this title, or who, after notification that the premises are so used permits such use to be continued, is guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable by imprisonment for not more than 2 years, or by a fine of not more than \$2,000 or both.

"Sec. 469. Witness' Privilege:

"No person shall be excused from giving evidence upon an investigation or prosecution for any of the offenses specified in this title, upon the ground that the evidence might tend to convict him of a crime. But such evidence shall not be received against him upon any criminal proceeding."

In spite, however, of all the efforts of the "Anarchist Squad," the police failed to accomplish their object: all the arrested comrades were released.

The year 1906 closed with the arrest and extradition of comrade Luigi Galleani from Barre, Vermont, to face the old charge of "inciting to riot" during the weavers' strike of 1902 in Paterson, New Jersey, as referred to above. Though the authorities had put very heavy bail on Galleani, our Italian comrades—with the aid of others—succeeded in procuring nine thousand dollars cash security to satisfy the demands of the authorities. The trial resulted in a disagreement. Galleani is still out on bail. It is an undoubted sign of the progress made by Anarchist propaganda in America: ten years previously the mere charge against an Anarchist was equivalent to conviction.

Anarchist agitation in the United States is being carried on in almost all the various languages spoken in this country, including Japanese, Armenian, etc. The French and Spanish propaganda is, however, somewhat lagging at the present time: *Germinale*, edited by Michel Dumas, and *El Despertar*, edited by Piedro Esteve, have

not been able to keep up their work. On the other hand, there is considerable activity in our German, Bohemian and Italian groups, and also in the Western groups, which are composed mainly of natives. The most active, persistent and successful workers are our Jewish comrades, whose numbers are continually augmented by the great influx of immigrants who are, as a rule, more or less permeated with the progressive, radical spirit. The paper published by our Jewish comrades, the *Freie Arbeiter Stimme*, is still a weekly, though an attempt had been made in March, 1906, to issue a daily Anarchist paper in Yiddish. Unfortunately, however, the *Abend Zeitung* lasted only about three months. The experiment proved, however, the potentialities of the movement, five thousand dollars having been contributed in a comparatively short time for the project, notwithstanding the fact that the Jewish workers' economic condition is far below that of the natives.

Our Jewish comrades in America are no less devoted and active in behalf of the Russian Revolution. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been sent from America to assist our Russian brothers, owing to the efforts of the Socialist-Revolutionists, the majority of whom are Anarchists. Scores of our Jewish comrades have also returned to Russia to aid by word and deed the heroic struggle against Tsardom. All credit to our Yiddish comrades, the most energetic and loyal workers in America.

Since the act of Czolgosz a new tendency has been manifesting itself among the Jewish element. It has crystalized into the suggestion of forming a party organization with a definite membership, the latter to be fully responsible for the acts of every member; the organization should participate in local and national politics for propaganda purposes; propaganda by deed to be encouraged in cases of tyrannicide, but to be condemned in such cases as that of Czolgosz, Henri and Ravachol,—not on ethical grounds, but as inexpedient and injurious to the propaganda. This new tendency is confined to a very small circle of Jewish Anarchists.

The propaganda in the English language, as we have stated before, is of a rather spasmodic character. True, we have some very able workers in various parts of the

country, as comrades Harry M. Kelly, John R. Coryell, and Tom Bell, in New York; Voltairine de Cleyre, George Brown, and Natasha Notkin, in Philadelphia; Jay Fox, Mrs. Parsons, Frances Barnard, "Jack" and Annie Livshis, in Chicago; and William and Lizzie Holmes in Denver; but the activity on the whole has been rather local in scope. However, in spite of our comparative lack of comrades who are able to work among the natives, our efforts have borne good results. It has been said that the act of Leon Czolgosz has retarded the Anarchist movement in America. But the assumption is entirely unjustified by the facts. Comrade Emma Goldman in her recent extensive tour, during which she has lectured in twenty-six different cities, addressing herself to all conditions and classes of natives, has found the most intense interest in our ideas, testifying to the fact that Anarchism is very much alive in America.

The attitude of even the capitalistic press has considerably changed since 1900. The smoke of the Czolgosz shot has passed away; the storm of blind fury has subsided; things have calmed to the extent of permitting one of our standard magazines to admit that Czolgosz "was an idealist."

Close study and observation of the psychology of the American Anarchists show that those coming from the middle class incline towards passive resistance, on ethical grounds; while the workingmen, such as Harry M. Kelly, William Holmes, Henry Thayer, etc., believe in revolutionary methods. Two American women, Kate Austin and Voltairine de Cleyre, furnish an encouraging and striking example of the potentialities of America, and especially of American womanhood. Kate Austin, now dead, was one of the most fearless rebels America ever produced. Though her entire life was spent on a distant western farm, lacking opportunities and the association of kindred spirits, Kate Austin succeeded in developing into a clear and concise thinker, fearless in her attacks upon the present system.

Voltairine de Cleyre is one of our few native revolutionary Anarchists, a brilliant woman of exceptional literary talent, whose untiring efforts in the cause of Anarchism deserve special mention. Comrade de Cleyre, edu-

cated in a convent, joined the ranks of freethinkers when still in her teens, and developed—by way of Individualism—into one of the staunchest and most uncompromising workers in the cause of Anarchist Communism.

We are hopeful of the future of the American movement.

* * *

Appended is a list of Anarchist publications in America:

MOTHER EARTH (English). Monthly. New York.
LIBERTY (English). Individualist. Monthly. New York.

THE DEMONSTRATOR (English). Weekly. Home, Washington.

FREIHEIT (German). Weekly. New York.
DAS FREIE WORT (German). Monthly. New York.

ARBEITER ZEITUNG (German). Daily. Chicago.
FACKEL (Sunday), VORBOTE (Weekly). Editions of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*.

VOLNE LISTY (Bohemian). Weekly. New York.
QUESTIONE SOCIALE (Italian). Weekly. Paterson, N. J.

CRONACA SOVVERSIVA (Italian). Weekly. Barre, Vermont.

FREIE ARBEITER STIMME (Yiddish). Weekly. New York.

"LA RUCHE"

(The Beehive.)

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE rearing of children—whether in the sense of training or in the sense of free unfoldment—is still causing much dispute. The tendency of the times is to produce uniform and average types. Spontaneity and originality are considered out of date and useless. In fact, the less creative man is, the better his chances in every vocation of life.

The division of labor has never before reached such height, nor has man ever before been so much degraded

to a mere machine. The spirit of an Emerson or a Goethe is rare indeed, and impractical for our daily life. The most lamentable quality of modern man is his great capacity for adjustment. His activities are mechanical; his work, instead of liberating him, is riveting his chains still deeper into his flesh. The iron necessity of eking out a living imposes such occupations which are remunerative, though in no way related to his nature or inclinations. The question is not as to what could give the greatest satisfaction or joy; rather is it what gain, what material results can accrue therefrom.

The same spirit actuates the ideals of our times in the rearing and educating of the child. Most parents see in the school, the college and university the medium of profitable positions. They look upon education as a good investment, eagerly awaiting the time when they and their children will reap the dividends.

The idea that the rearing of the child—whether boy or girl—implies a consideration of the *individual* tendencies, has vanished from the horizon of parents and educators of to-day. No wonder they fail to grasp the importance of free unfoldment and growth.

* * *

An attempt to give the child an opportunity for unhampered development is being made in France by Sebastian Faure. The latter became widely known during the high tide of the Dreyfuss campaign. Together with Emile Zola, Anatole France, and Octave Mirbeau, Sebastian Faure fought the corrupt nationalistic and militaristic cliques which were endeavoring to use the Dreyfuss affair to further their own reactionary aims, mindful of Dr. Johnson's remark, that patriotism is the resource of knaves.

Faure is considered the most formidable foe of the reactionists, because of his remarkable oratorical ability. But Faure's particular forte is his opposition to religion and churchism, with which, as an ex-priest, he is thoroughly familiar. Faure might be compared to Robert Ingersoll, except that the ideas of the former are much broader and higher. He did not stop at free thought; but, as Anarchist and educator he is equally uncompromising in his opposition to economic and social iniquities. Faure is a practical idealist—one that applies his theories

of a happier future to the immediate regeneration of society.

* * *

"La Ruche" is an hour's journey from Paris; it is situated on the outskirts of a village named Rambouillet, a former stronghold of French nobility and now owned by the government, serving as a summer resort of the President.

Two years ago comrade Faure bought the land on which he has built his "Beehive." In that comparatively short time he succeeded to transform the former wild, uncultivated country into a blooming spot, having all the appearances of a prosperous and well-kept farm. A large, square court, enclosed by three buildings, and a broad path leading to the garden and orchards, greet the eye of the visitor. The garden, kept as only a Frenchman knows how, furnishes a large variety of vegetables for the "Hive." Faure is not a faddist; but he believes that fresh vegetables contain more nutrition than meat; the latter is therefore served but once a week at "La Ruche." Nor do they lack fresh vegetables in the winter time, for the large greenhouse is well stocked. Almost anybody would be tempted to turn vegetarian at the sight of the inviting, artistically grouped garden patches. Added to them are an orchard and a flower garden, which further enhance the beauty of "La Ruche."

Sebastian Faure is of the opinion that if the child is subjected to contradictory influences, its development suffers in consequence. Only when the material needs, the hygiene of the home and intellectual environment are harmonious, can the child grow into a healthy, free being.

I had read of "La Ruche" when it was first founded. On my arrival in Paris I wrote comrade Faure that I should very much like to see his venture in operation. I soon received his kind invitation to visit the place, of which I gladly took advantage in the company of a friend.

At the station of Rambouillet we were met by a little woman, the housekeeper and general manager of "La Ruche," who was accompanied by a young girl of about twelve years, very pretty and healthy-looking. After half an hour's ride through the beautiful country, we reached the "Beehive." On the way I was struck with the affec-

tionate relations between my hostess and her little companion, sweet and tender as chums. I soon learned that the same atmosphere prevailed in the entire place.

Comrade Faure, whom I had previously met in 1900, greeted us with simple cordiality, and knowing that we had come to see and to learn, he lost no time in showing us through the place—a rare treat, not easily forgotten.

The cleanliness and beauty of the "Hive" filled us with admiration. Most wonderful of all, however, proved the dormitory and lavatory of children, furnished in the plainest conceivable manner and yet producing a remarkably bright and cheerful effect. The latter was due to the hand-painted wall paper—a labor of love by some of the ablest artists of France. Flowers, plants, birds and animals were grouped in harmonious colors, thus quickening the imagination of the children more effectively than a hundred lessons.

Co-education is still forbidden by the lawmakers of France. It is owing, however, to the great popularity of Faure that the government does not interfere with him, who not only propagates joint education, but also maintains it at "La Ruche." There the boys and girls mingle freely together in class-room, workshop and gymnasium.

The schoolroom lacked the usual awe-inspiring appearance—the children rocking in their chairs, listening to their instructor whom they seemed to regard as one of their own number, telling them an interesting story. Never before had I seen such spontaneous joy as on that September afternoon, when Sebastian Faure led us into the classroom and—with the most serious face—introduced the "American comrades to the comrades of 'La Ruche,'" addressing each little tot as Mlle. Janette or Monsieur Henri. No one could remain in doubt as to the affection the children bore Faure.

Naturally, we were very anxious to hear the views of Faure himself, as to his novel undertaking. Among other things he said:

"I have taken twenty-four children of both sexes, mostly orphans or those whose parents are too poor to pay. They are clothed, housed and educated at my expense. Till their twelfth year they will receive a sound elementary education; between the age of twelve and

fifteen—their studies still continuing—they are to be taught some trade, in keeping with their individual dispositions and abilities. After that they are at liberty to leave 'La Ruche' to begin life in the outside world, with the assurance that they may at any time return to 'The Hive,' where they shall be received with open arms and welcomed as parents do their beloved children. Then, if they wish to work at our place, they may do so under the following conditions: One-third of the product to cover the expenses of his or her maintenance, another third to go towards the general fund set aside for accommodating new children, and the last third to be devoted to the personal use of the child, as he or she may see fit.

"The health of the children who are now in my care is perfect. Pure air, nutritious food, physical exercise in the open, long walks, observation of hygienic rules, the short and interesting method of instruction and, above all, our affectionate understanding and care of the children have produced admirable physical and mental results.

"It would be unjust to claim that the children have accomplished wonders; yet, considering that they belong to the average, having had no previous opportunities, the results are gratifying indeed. The most important thing they have acquired—a rare trait with ordinary school children—is the love of study, the desire to know, to be informed. They have learned a new method of work—one that quickens the memory and stimulates the imagination. We make a particular effort to awaken the child's interest in his surroundings, to make him realize the importance of observation, investigation and reflection, so that when the children reach maturity, they should not be deaf and blind to the things about them. Our children never accept anything in blind faith, without inquiry as to why and wherefore; nor do they feel satisfied until their questions are thoroughly answered. Thus their minds are free from doubts and fear resultant from incomplete or untruthful replies; it is the latter which warp the growth of the child and create a lack of confidence in himself and those about him."

I asked comrade Faure what the relations of the children were among themselves and how they treated each other.

Faure replied: "It is surprising how frank, kind and

affectionate the children are to each other. The harmony between themselves and the adults at 'La Ruche' is highly encouraging. We should feel at fault were the children to fear or honor us merely because we are their elders. We leave nothing undone to gain their confidence and love; that accomplished, understanding will replace duty; confidence, fear; and affection, sternness.

"No one has yet fully realized the wealth of sympathy, kindness and generosity hidden in the soul of the child. The effort of every true educator should be to unlock that treasure—to stimulate the child's impulses and call forth the best and noblest tendencies. What greater reward can there be for one whose life-work is to watch over the growth of the human plant, than to see its nature unfold its petals and to observe it develop into a true individuality. My comrades at 'The Beehive' look for no grander reward, and it is due to them and their efforts, even more than my own, that our human garden promises to bear beautiful fruit."

Referring to the subject of history and the prevailing old methods of instruction, I asked comrade Faure how that subject is being taught at "The Hive."

He replied, simply: "We explain to our children that true history is yet to be written—the story of those who have died unknown in the effort to aid humanity to greater achievement."

The comrades associated with Sebastian Faure are so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the place that everything continues in the same harmonious way, though he, himself, is absent the greater part of the year on lecture tours. The latter serve the double purpose of education and raising funds for "La Ruche," forty thousand francs having been raised during the two years of "The Hive's" existence. Comrade Faure hopes to earn this winter a sufficient sum to liquidate the amount still due on "La Ruche." That done, the venture will become self-supporting, enabling Faure to enlarge his family.

Our visit to "La Ruche" was most interesting and instructive, and we regretted that time did not permit us to prolong our visit.

We were driven to the station by the friend who had met us on our arrival. She proved to be not only a kind

and lovable person, but also a highly intelligent woman with great independence of character. Being too early for our train, we were asked to have a drive through the famous Rambouillet woods, passing the palace where the French President, M. Fallières, was spending the summer.

How forcibly the place contrasted with "La Ruche"! The latter, an attempt at a new life, new human beings, new habits. Rambouillet, representing the decayed pillars of old and tottering institutions. What a contrast!

Sebastian Faure calls his attempt a work of "education and solidarity." May it prosper and serve as a noble example for others to follow. In a world of sham, hypocrisy and misery, is there any grander work than the rearing of new men and women?



"THE BIRDS"—CHILDREN'S NURSERY

SUCH is the name of the first institution to be established for the taking care, nursing and rearing of children of radical mothers—mothers who are compelled to work for a living and to provide for their children. It was easy, exceedingly easy, for Anarchist and Socialist speakers to rant against the slavery of marriage and to advise the young to remain independent, at least from the bondage of matrimony. But when the speakers were taken seriously, and the consequences of such "independence" were to be faced, then the young and inexperienced mother found herself forsaken, especially if she had character enough not to be dominated by the so-called father of the child. Neither did she find much sympathy among the comrades; the spirit of solidarity, which she had heard hailed so often as a particular virtue of her radical co-workers, found no application in her case, although she was willing to pay for the aid to be rendered. Thus she was forced to take refuge in bourgeois institutions, which she was taught to hate and shun like poison.

Tragedies of this kind there have been many, and many of us could not help but feel ashamed of the lack of fraternal feeling and mutual aid among ourselves, and all of us ought to rejoice that comrade Noémie Racovici

and other children's friends have taken the initiative to found a nursery for the children of radical working women. But the initiators are poor themselves, and so ask for the co-operation of all those who believe that much could be done to make life more pleasant and more comfortable right here and now, without waiting for the "day of judgment"—the Social Revolution.

The intention is to make the nursery self-supporting, but a little material help is needed for the beginning, and so a concert and ball has been arranged, the proceeds of which are to be used for the benefit of the projected nursery.

The ball takes place November 22, 8 p. m., at Apollo Hall, Clinton street, and I hope that all those radicals who believe in self-help will encourage the undertaking by their presence.*

A. ISAAK.



TRADE UNIONISM AND ANARCHISM

(A Letter to a Brother Unionist.)

Dear Friend and Brother:

In your letter, just to hand, you ask me if I know what Anarchism has to do with trade unionism. You write that many members of your local union are professed Anarchists; that these men are deeply interested in strengthening the union, that they are active and alert, and are possessed of more than ordinary enthusiasm in furthering the cause of unionism. You seem at a loss to understand this, and ask me if I can give you an explanation of it.

If I were to say that trade unionism and Anarchism are both striving to solve the same problem, it would not be sufficient. You would still want to know how they can be reconciled in their propagandas. So, in order to understand their relation to one another, it is necessary to understand each in its relation to the problem that

* We heartily favor the project of a nursery for the children of radical mothers. We regret, however, that the founders of the nursery have arranged their ball for the same date on which the MOTHER EARTH semi-annual reunion is to take place. It was very thoughtless, to say the least.—Ed.

both are trying to solve. I cannot hope to give you, within the confines of a letter, more than a glimpse at the philosophy of either unionism or Anarchism.

The aim of the union man is to get back in wages as much of the produce of his toil as the strength of his union will enable him to force from the employers. A union man is never satisfied for very long with the amount of wages he receives; he is ever striving to increase his pay and reduce the hours of toil. The union man working eight hours to-day is no more satisfied than his forefathers were, who worked sixteen. In fact, more discontent exists to-day in the ranks of labor than at any period in the history of man.

All this is quite natural. No man is ever quite contented. No sooner is one desire satisfied than another is created, and because of this element in human nature stagnation and decay are impossible, and man will continue to strive for new ideals so long as the human race exists.

Discontent is always an evidence of intelligence, and it is this intelligent discontent that makes men seek for the satisfaction of their wants in various ways. Trade unionism and Anarchism are two of the ways worked out by intellectual discontent for the attainment of their aims.

When a working man's intellect reaches a certain state of development, he begins to ponder these questions: Am I not entitled to a greater share of the produce of my labor than it pleases my employer to give me? Is the difference between him and me so great that he should get so much and I so little, that he becomes a multi-millionaire and I forever remain a pauper, who must bow to his will and obey his every command and be a slave in every respect except in name? Should I not have something to say about the amount of wages I receive and the conditions under which I toil? Why am I and my fellow-workmen at the mercy of a class who can have no sympathy with us and who at the very best can look upon us only in a charitable way as dependants? Why not alter these conditions? Is there no hope of escape from this thralldom, this humiliating and degrading condition that we have inherited from the ignorance and stupidity of the past?

When these thoughts begin crowding themselves upon

the worker, he either organizes a union and becomes a union man, or he conceives a state of society in which mankind can live without employers, or governors of any description, and becomes an Anarchist.

Thus you see the same condition of mind and intelligence produce the unionist and the Anarchist, who are often one and the same person. In striving to better his lot in the present, he is a unionist; in mapping out a condition of freedom and equality for the future, he is an Anarchist.

* * *

The history of trade unionism is a history of martyrdom. The path of progress is strewn with the bones of sturdy, liberty-loving workers, who fought against the tyranny of government and the rich class that maintains it.

The modern trade union has been struggling for two centuries to better the conditions of the men and women who toil. The employers have always viewed the organization of labor with great alarm, and have never failed to use their tool, the government, to suppress the unions. And the government, true to the purpose of its existence—the protection of the rich—has always responded with infamous laws, inflicting the severest punishment upon those who combined to better their condition.

In spite of government the unions flourished. Men were branded with hot irons, had their ears cut off, and were tortured in a variety of ways invented by the minions of law and order, yet they never gave up the fight; by their heroic struggles they have conquered for us the relative liberty in the matter of organizing, that we enjoy to-day.

Such has been the history of unionism in the past, and since the minds of men and the principles and tactics of government change very slowly, labor will have to continue its battle in the same way, striking with the same weapons, and paying with its sweat and blood for every inch of progress towards its emancipation.

The average trade unionist does not look far into the future. He busies himself with getting what he terms "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work." He does not know exactly what a fair day's pay, or a fair day's work is. He knows this: That he gets all the wages he can,

and works as few hours as possible. But the more abstract question he does not worry about. It is left for the Anarchist to do that.

The Anarchist, reasoning from the abstract principles of equality, says that a fair day's pay, to be fair, must be a price equal to the full value of the labor expended. If I make a dozen chairs in a week, a "fair" week's pay will be the price of a dozen chairs. If I get any less, some one is getting part of the product of my labor without my approval or consent, which means that I am being robbed. If I get the price of a chair more than the dozen, someone else is being robbed, which is equally as unjust. And if I should get the price of two, or a hundred dozen, chairs a week without making even one chair, as the men whom we call employers are getting, I would be a great robber and a powerful enemy of unionism and Anarchism.

There can be no other definition of a fair day's pay, because it would not be fair if I were to get one chair more or one less than the number I produced.

This is a very simple proposition; one that any workman or woman can easily understand; and once it is understood, the union will have a deeper and more definite significance.

The question as to what shall be a fair day's work will be easily solved after we have settled the question of pay. If I work thirty-six hours making a dozen chairs, and I consider six hours too long a work-day, I can reduce my hours to five or four per day without consulting anybody; since nobody is getting part of my labor product, nobody will have any interest in making me work longer than I want to.

In fine, the Anarchist wants to develop a free society, in which each man will be at liberty to work as an individual, or to co-operate with his neighbors in voluntary groups without any employers, bosses, or rulers of any kind. In such a manner only can the Rockefellers be eliminated, and labor be freed from the hands of the monopolists.

At present the capitalist who "employs" me keeps at least half of the chairs that I make, consequently he is interested in keeping me in the factory as long as possible. The more chairs I make the more he gets, and the quicker he enriches himself at my expense. This

explains why the employers are so much opposed to the reduction of the hours of labor, or an increase in wages. It also explains why the Anarchist is so ardent and enthusiastic a union man. Always having in mind his idea as to what a fair day's pay and a fair day's labor means, he is urged on to battle for its realization. And you, my friend, cannot fail to be touched by the logic, the justice, and the simplicity of this explanation of the labor question.

The Anarchist believes that the unionist will some day come to his view of what the labor question means; he knows that you and I must soon begin asking ourselves, what is going to be the outcome of this movement we are so deeply interested in. And he knows that as we are reasonable men who have learned by the experience of the past, we are going to be guided by this experience in the future, and will be led as surely as he has been, to see the simple, natural truth of Anarchism; and seeing the truth in all its magnificent beauty and sublime simplicity, we will be inspired to struggle for its realization with an ardor and enthusiasm which only the truth can inspire.

The Anarchist is a thorough believer in his fellow-man. But he is not a utopian. Though he has faith in the goodness of man, he is not blind to his many weaknesses. He does not want to plunge mankind into a condition of life for which its nature is not fitted—a charge often repeated by kindly and well-meaning people who cannot rid themselves of the belief—instilled in them by false early training—that government must exist to restrain the selfishness of man. They forget that a man with the forces of government at his command has the power to indulge his selfishness multiplied a thousand times.

The Anarchist does not deplore the instinct of selfishness. He simply recognizes it, and is guided accordingly. For instance, he knows that as it is selfishness which makes tyrants and oppressors out of good men when they are placed in positions of power and authority over their fellows, it is the same selfish instinct that makes them kind and considerate neighbors when not clothed with such power. The Anarchist is not so foolish as to think that one set of men, because they belong to a differ-

ent party, or hold different opinions in politics or economics, are any better or worse than another set. He knows that all men are made from the same clay, and that, placed in the same position, they will act in the same way. He knows that selfishness—self-preservation—is the strongest force in man, that it cannot be eliminated, and should not if it could; for such a condition would reduce mankind to mere machines. He insists that selfishness must not be perverted by being placed in positions of authority where it can enslave mankind; and that the way to protect ourselves from selfishness is to strip it of all power, except the power each person possesses within himself.

His experience and observation have taught him this. And he has the scientific knowledge to show him that it cannot be otherwise. He can point to our unions and show us that even in these small offices, filled generally by the very best of men, the officials—if not watched closely—are apt to assume authority that was never given to them, and to regard themselves as made from a clay superior to that of the rank and file.

Is it any wonder, then, that the Anarchist is sceptical about trusting men with the power of government? He knows it is scientifically wrong to do it. He asks himself the question: Is it necessary to have a government of man over man in a society of equality, where each worker will get the full value of his dozen chairs? And his heart and mind answer, in unison, *No!*

He sees that government is a fraud; that it does not protect life and property, but that on the contrary it *destroys life* and *protects robbery*. Rich men quarrel and their governments compel the poor man to do the fighting, where hundreds and thousands are slaughtered to settle disputes in which they had no concern, except the foolish interest they take in their kings and presidents. *Is that protecting life?* Rich men steal the earth and make the poor man pay tribute for the privilege of living upon it; and the government enforces the claims of the robbers. *Is that protecting property?*

The Anarchist points out to us that in every strike the government takes the side of the employers. Strikers are clubbed, jailed, bull-penned, shot, deported from their homes, kidnapped and carried off to other States upon trumped-up charges of murder and denounced by the

President as "undesirable citizens"; in every conceivable manner they are harassed and punished by the government for asserting their rights to a living wage. "Is it not strange, my brother," a friend once wrote to me, "that law and order always mean scabbing, that all the powers of government are always arrayed on the side of the scab and the blood-sucking employer? That the law which is supposed to be for the protection of the weak against the aggression of the strong, is in every instance found to be operating against the weak?"

Governments claim to protect us against foreign foes. The Anarchists say that we have no foreign foes except foreign governments. We have no fear of invasion by the workers of England, Germany, or France. It is the governments of those countries that always invade other countries. And with the dissolution of government, all invasion would cease, and war, with all its terrible sacrifice of life, labor and property, will be banished forever from the face of the earth.

The Anarchist is convinced, from his study of humanity, that not until men become angels, will government ever be anything else but a tool in the hands of the strong for the oppression and the exploitation of the weak. Therefore that form of organization which will delegate the least amount of power and authority to the individual is the one best suited to the nature of man,—one that will give each member of society the greatest amount of liberty, and consequently enable him to enjoy the greatest happiness; for happiness consists of the liberty to do that which we want to do.

Anarchism, voluntary association—concludes the Anarchist—is the scientific principle of sociology applied to society and the relations of man to man. Do not compel your neighbor to do that which he does not want to do; surely he will some day be in power—in the majority—and will force you to do his bidding. It is better to let each other alone. In matters of mutual interest you will be drawn together by the magic of self-interest. Where you disagree you will be repelled by the same force. This is science. It is simple. But it has cost the human family ages of suffering to find it out. Our ancestors thought the world was flat, and they constructed a false system of astronomy. They likewise thought man was the crea-

ture of a deity, and responsible for his acts to god and government, who might punish him with hell-fire or the hempen halter; and, naturally, they formed a false system of society. We have discarded the false system of astronomy; it is now up to us to upset the false system of society, and embrace freedom.

The Anarchist sees in the growth of the trade union an evidence of the tendency towards the simple, natural, yet scientific state of society he is working for. Man has been robbed and enslaved first by the private ownership of land, and later his robbery was increased by the private ownership of the houses in which he lived, the factories in which he worked, and the tools he used. So the landlord, the banker, and the capitalist rob him by way of rent, interest, and profit.

The trade unions must soon come to the realization that to free their members from exploitation they must take back the land and the tools, by refusing to pay rent to the landlords, and by refusing to allow the capitalist to buy and sell the product of their toil and control their labor.

"How are they going to do it," you ask. I answer by asking you a question, "How are they reducing the hours of labor and increasing their wages to-day?" Not by legislation, nor by arbitration, but by the powerful weapon of direct action—THE STRIKE.

Politicians and preachers, even our employers, advise us to seek at the ballot-box the redress our wrongs demand; and the misguided friends of labor, the Social Democrats, follow in the same track. Only the Anarchists have warned us against the delusion that an institution like the government—which is organized to protect the interests of the employers—could, by some magic, be transformed into an enemy of its maker and a friend of its victim—*labor*.

Nothing seems more absurd and ridiculous than that the employers would advise us—their victims and slaves—as to the way to free ourselves. Yet foolish as it is, we have really thought the time of legislation at hand; and many as have been our disappointments, we are not all convinced yet that the Anarchists are right.

Speaking for myself, I have been stripped of the delusion long ago. Practical experience has torn the veil

from my eyes. I have seen too many failures in the attempt to get better conditions through the medium of the law.

The limits of a letter forbid my mentioning more than one or two. But if you wish to pursue this subject further, you will find a long and sad record of labor laws dead and buried in the courts.

The unions of New York had a law passed making ten hours a legal day's work for bakers. Surely that was not unreasonable when other workers were working as low as four hours a day. Yet the Supreme Court declared the law unconstitutional. Why does not that learned court declare the four-hour day of the Jewish linotype printers unconstitutional? There is a very good reason: it has no jurisdiction. The printers made their own four-hour law, and put it into effect by the force of the strike. The printers are working four hours. The bakers followed the advice of the employers. They appealed to the State. They used the ballot. They went on their knees before the law-makers with the modest request for a ten-hour day. The law was passed. The Supreme Court scratched it off the book. The bakers are working eleven, twelve, and thirteen hours a day.

Another example. The people of the State of Colorado, in the exercise of their sovereign power, declared at the ballot box that a law should be passed making eight hours a legal day's work in and about the mines of the State. The law-makers ignored the will of the people and refused to make the law. Seeing themselves and the majority of their fellow-citizens thus baffled by the politicians, the miners' union fell back upon its old methods of direct action, and refused to work. The miners struck to enforce the will of the people as expressed at the ballot box. What did the "servants" of the people do? Did the Governor of Colorado put every gun at his command—with a man behind it—at the service of the people? No! But he put every soldier of the State at the service of the mine owners. These bloodhounds of the rich fell upon the miners, murdered them, drove them from the State, locked them up in bull pens, and committed every conceivable crime against justice.

This is how the government serves the people. It murders them at the behest of the capitalists. The Anar-

chists say this is inevitable; that despite all hypocritical cant about government by and for the people, government is, as it always has been, the obedient servant of the rich.

Your own observation ought to convince you of the truth of this assertion, without any further efforts on my part. In the face of all the facts of recent history, how there are still workingmen who hope for relief from their miserable condition through the ballot, is quite beyond my comprehension. I am glad to note, however, that the more advanced and thoughtful workers are giving up the ballot, and turning to their unions with renewed energy and hope.

The Japanese Socialists have abandoned political action for direct action and the GENERAL STRIKE. The trade unions of France have declared for the General Strike as the best weapon of the people in their battle for liberty. The General Strike is being advocated in every country to-day. This, again, the Anarchist says is inevitable, because it is an inseparable part of the labor movement and must extend as the unions extend; and so sure as unionism becomes universal, so must the strike become universal. We have seen the labor unions grow year by year, and so have we seen the strike become more extended, and it only requires time and experience to develop the desire for a GENERAL STRIKE.

Conditions will force us, eventually, to abandon the old methods for the General Strike, say the Anarchists; the future of labor lies in the unions. The General Strike will surely be the weapon of the future. It is the evolutionary method. It is the non-invasive method. It forces no man; it avoids him; it lets him alone. It says to the employer: "These workers have labored for you for ages, with misery as their only reward. Your priests and politicians have taught them from the cradle that all the products of their toil belonged to you, except the miserable wage they were impressed they should be grateful for. They were taught that the highest and noblest virtue man can possess is respect for your property-rights in the fruit of their toil, and obedience and submission to the laws made by your agents for the perpetuation of this system of spoils and graft. But these laborers have at last hearkened to the voice of reason.

They have ceased to supplicate the skies. They have turned their eyes towards the earth, and they see that your assumed ownership of the land and of the wealth you did not create, is not only wrong, but it is robbery, and that you are a plain thief, usurper and parasite. They will no longer produce wealth for you, while ragged and hungry themselves; no longer respect your unjust title to the Earth, and themselves go without a home. Henceforth wealth belongs to him who produces it, and the Earth belongs to all. This is the rallying cry of the workers, awakened; and I, THE GENERAL STRIKE, AM THEIR REDEEMER."

Respectfully, your friend and fellow-worker,

✽ ✽ ✽

JAY FOX.

AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND LABOR MOVEMENTS

By DR. T. F. MACDONALD.

THE labor movement in Australasia is extremely complex, and very much confusion of ideas concerning it obtains not only in other countries, but also in Australasia itself.

One reason for this is that a new factor or element, at any rate one not met with in Europe, enters into labor questions in the antipodes, viz., the element of cheap, colored, absolutely servile alien labor, imported almost at will by the employing classes, monopolies and trusts, whenever in the opinion of those dominating classes the workers of Australasia are making too much ground. From the fact that plenty of cheap, "reliable" labor is to be obtained within a few days' sail of Australia, a sombre cloud hangs continually over the labor movement, threatening to pour forth a flood of blacklegging elements which might at any moment swamp not only unionist labor, but the entire working class. Such a calamity really happened in Queensland, where for some thirty years the work in tropical agriculture fell entirely into the hands of alien cheap workers, who were in reality slaves, having neither social privileges extended to them, nor could they in their helpless ignorance form even the simplest institution of self-defence.

In the mines, again, Chinese labor had to be opposed; in the pearl fisheries, the Japanese. In fact, with the presence of Japanese, Chinese, Javanese, Hindoos, Cingalese, and other Eastern peoples, the workers of Australia have had an extremely up-hill battle to fight.

However, the colored labor question must be reserved for future articles; at present it is enough to know that in fighting this, to it, hydra-headed enemy, Australasian labor consolidated its ranks, and grew extremely powerful.

Here, perhaps, it were useful to mention that the general public of Australasia learned for the first time that labor fought not only its own battle, but that of the whole country; and a deep moral sympathy gradually grew towards the workers; which fact to some extent explains the widespread popularity of the Australasian movement, a popularity which gave to Australia for the first time in history a Labor Parliament, headed by a Labor Prime Minister.

Prior to the great historical maritime strike of 1890 in Australasia there had grown up a magnificent movement of trade and labor federations. Australian and New Zealand federations were further united in strong bonds of solidarity. At the call of Australia, New Zealand joined the great strike of 1890, with results well known to those who interest themselves in other than their own national movement. The great strike failed in its main purpose, but the labor movement of Australasia was not, therefore, beaten; it was only checked. However, the blow was such as to divide Australia and New Zealand into separate movements, and from that time to the present they have continued to develop irrespective of each other; thus the Australasian labor movement presents two distinct phases which must be followed separately.

At once it may be said that Australia developed rapidly in the direction of theoretical State Socialism, being influenced by the theories imported by such men as H. H. Champion, at one time rather famous in the English movement.

Theories of Socialism flooded Australia in every State. Nationalization of the land became the chief plank in all labor political movements, which unfortunately became

the vogue, as labor leaders rushed to conclusions far too readily. They wrongly judged that because of the failure of the labor movement during the great strike, politics must provide salvation for the workers weary of exploitation.

Had they analyzed the situation closely at that time, they must have found by reason, what they are now beginning to feel by experience, that the great strike failed from insufficient economic forces, from the now obvious truth that capital is an international enemy of the workers, and can only be fought by international weapons. These can never be political, but must be, and shall be, forged from an international understanding between the labor unions and federations of all nations.

However, Australia took up the political labor movement with marked enthusiasm.

All, apparently, went well; and the hopes of the workers rose as political majorities piled up in every Australian State in favor of labor platforms.

At last came the crowning political success of Australia: in the Commonwealth Parliament they found themselves in power. Surely the workers would now reap the reward of all their hard work at the polls. Measures in keeping with platform pledges would surely soon make their appearance. The land would be nationalized, also the means of production, distribution, and exchange! No! On the contrary, the platform was top-heavy; some planks must go. And the very first to be thrown into the "objective" was, yes, nationalization of land!

The Labor Party in power found, as other political parties before them, that Australian land did not belong to Australians, but to English bondholders! How could it, then, be nationalized, when to expropriate would mean war with England, backed up by Germany, France, Holland, and all the money-lending countries of the world?

Explain it as we may, the historical fact remains that when the Commonwealth Labor Party came before their respective constituencies for the second time, the land nationalization plank had vanished from the labor platform.

The lesson and moral is this: that when political parties find their limits, which they quickly do, ideals are

ignored; and the labor ship must be trimmed to the strongest political wind that blows.

However successful the political side of the Australian movement may be in the Australian national sense, when confronted with international forces, an inevitable corollary to national success, it breaks down completely.

The loss of time engendered by false moves like this is only a trifle of the evil wrought by the Australian political labor movement. Trusting to the shadowy hopes raised by political success, as far as gaining seats in Parliament can be called success, a most fatal movement now appeared among the unions, more especially among those of Queensland. So sure did the workers become of the soundness of political action that they began to neglect their trade unions; and in some cases—Charters Towers, for instance—they abandoned them. In 1905 in Charters Towers, a mining city, out of 3,500 miners only some 300 were organized in societies.

But the penalty followed swift and sure. In that year, for the first time in its political history, a labor man was defeated in the political contest, to the astonishment of all Australia. It had seemed a moral impossibility to wrest a seat from labor in this stronghold of Democracy; but here, not once, but twice in succession, the forces of reaction triumphed. Why? The explanation is not far to seek, and again a moral stares one in the face. With no unions to resist the subtle application of economic pressure on the part of mine owners, workers found themselves sacked or coerced with impunity, and hopelessly beaten in the political struggle as a consequence of direct intimidation.

The moral is: a political movement must ever prove to be an impossibility without support from flourishing economic organizations. It is something to know that State Socialists in Australia are very much alive to this interesting and all-important truth. A little more experience and knowledge will convince them that political action is a positive drag upon labor evolution in any country.

Australia, we have seen, developed more particularly on the theoretical side as a result of the defeat in 1890 New Zealand went in quite the opposite direction.

The solidarity of the workers during the great strike

in its New Zealand aspect, as described by those who participated in it, must have been something sublime. "Unshakable as rock, and deep as the sea, and quivering with emotion," were the words of one who weathered the terrible struggle.

Was the strike a failure in New Zealand? If to shake the country to its foundations, and without returning a single labor man to Parliament to so impress the Government with possibilities and probabilities that it set to work immediately to initiate relief works, a Labor Bureau, humanitarian legislation almost by the square yard, so much so as to earn for themselves the world-wide reputation of being Socialists—if all this means failure, then the strike failed. But no! The proud position New Zealand holds as a pioneer in humanism to-day is due to the glorious solidarity of the workers during the famous strike of some seventeen years ago.

This last fact is not sufficiently appreciated either by the New Zealand workers or by those students of sociology who visit New Zealand to study the so-called Socialistic laws of that country.

New Zealand, then, won all its advanced labor laws without the assistance of a distinct Labor Party in Parliament, but by modification of Liberal platforms induced by the influence of public opinion, which was skillfully judged by the late R. G. Seddon, for thirteen years Premier.

By far the most interesting items in the whole field of Australasian legislation are the Wages Board system of Victoria, and the Arbitration and Conciliation laws of New Zealand.

Wages Boards are thought by Victorian employers to provide the best solution to labor problems. This is in itself a suspicious circumstance. If the employers praise an institution created to settle disputes with their employees, one may be sure there is something advantageous to themselves in the arrangement. So it happens with Wages Boards. Without going into detail, suffice it at present to say that the chronic action of Wages Boards is to destroy trade unions.

The workers, instead of looking to their unions for help in times of trouble, look directly to the Board, and consequently they find no real use for their unions and

begin to abandon them. This phase of union decadence would soon kill the whole movement in Victoria, were it not for the tremendous vigor thrown into it by union enthusiasts who appreciate the dangers and take active measures to guard against them.

Arbitration laws act much in the same way. Thirteen years' experience has convinced the New Zealand workers that arbitration by compulsion has riveted, as it were, the wages and salaries system firmly into their lives. They have found that wages can be maintained by legislation, but that prices and rents are uncontrolled thereby, and thus the actual position of the working family is scarcely benefited by increased wages. Now they cry aloud for the total abolition of the wages and salaries system, which they know cannot be done by Arbitration Courts unless those Courts include a system of profit-sharing in their jurisdiction, which they will never do without severe pressure from the economic field.

To strike in New Zealand is in reality to revolt, and this means a very serious outlook for the next year or two in that country. Dissatisfied as the workers are with the present condition of affairs, knowing that they can get no satisfaction from the Labor Courts, and not being allowed by law to strike, they feel in a trapped condition. Twice or thrice they have kicked over the traces and actually revolted, thoroughly sick of dangling after Court decisions which might be given six months after entirely new conditions had arisen and new demands were necessary. Sure enough, the workers in New Zealand have become immune to Arbitration and Conciliation Boards, and the next step brings them face to face with the general plan of campaign of Anarchist Communism, viz., federation of unions, with international understanding of federations as the basic lines of associations embracing all wage and salaried people, who are common slaves of the one international enemy—capitalism.—London *Freedom*.



EVEN UNTO DESOLATION

By ADELINE CHAMPNEY.

AT the edge of the Desert of Utter Desolation a woman lay upon the sands. She was no longer weeping; her tears were spent, for she had wept long and bitterly since first she found herself on the Mountain of Disillusion. Dry-eyed and wan, she raised herself and looked about her. Behind her lay the thick gray mist, concealing the path by which she had climbed; before her stretched the sea of sands, and far in the distance loomed one peak on which her eyes were fastened. Pale, but clear, it rose against the sky, a colder blue.

The woman flung out her arms passionately. "Oh!" she cried, "I thought I had found you! All those years I thought you were mine!"

She peered across the sands where only a faint trail showed; as far as eye could see, only the sands, the sands; and the cold blue mountain far beyond.

And the woman drooped upon the sands, and lay thinking, thinking, while the shadows gathered round, but still the great mountain gleamed blue in the gloaming. She thought of her long climb, of the steepness; of the gulfs she had bridged, of the ledges where she had slipped and fallen. She thought of the weariness, the almost despair she had known; of temptations to forsake the pathway, of friends who had wandered away. She thought of the faith of her journey, of the courage, the hope, as the mountain drew ever nearer. She thought of her joy when the Valley of Delight had opened before her and she had deemed the journey done!

She crouched upon the sands and her form was shaken with sobs, as she dreamed again of the years of her happiness, the years of her Sweet Illusion. Dreaming, she lived again the venturous hour when, following an unwonted path, she had come out upon this mountain, the Mountain of Disillusion. And she lay flat upon the sands which stretched around and before her.

At last she rose slowly and gathered herself as for an effort. She stood erect and turned her gaze again toward the mountain, and then along the desert which stretched lifeless at her feet. Where her tears had fallen, tiny flowers had sprung up and blossomed; and she

saw them gleaming in the dim light, and gathered them to wear at her breast.

She stepped out along the trail, and her feet sank in the soft sands, and she lifted them wearily. Soon she stopped, irresolute. Again she peered into the gloom, seeing only the sands and the distance. Then she cried out passionately:

"Alone, alone! Always alone! Oh, it is too much! All my life I have struggled, and for what? To go on alone, alone! My youth is past. I shall soon be old. Oh! Life is too short, and Joy is too sweet. It is never worth while, never!"

Passionately she turned away from the mountain, gleaming cold.

"I will go back!" cried the woman, and she plunged into the pathway by which she had come, and the mists closed over her.

Recklessly she leaped and ran, as one pursued. She dared not look back, but ever she felt behind her the towering mountain, that mountain of her dreams for which she had climbed and striven and sacrificed through all her young years.

Breathlessly she came again into the Valley of Delight, and flung herself down on the greensward. Feverishly she drank of the fountains. Restlessly she wandered among the bowers till she came to where her love lay sleeping. She flung herself beside him, and he awoke and welcomed her.

"Where have you been so long, away from me, my own?" he whispered.

"Away from you?" she cried. "No, no! I could not go away from you. Take me to your heart, and love me, love me, that I may forget!"

"What would'st forget, beloved?" he asked, wistfully.

And she who had never lied, on whose lips truth dwelt ever serenely, made answer, "Nothing! What should I have to forget? Nay! Let me only remember how dear is love, and how sweet thou art, my heart's dearest!"

And the woman dwelt again in the Valley of Delight. She feasted and laughed and sang the hours away, and all said, "How happy she is!" But ever she kept her back toward the distant Mountain, and oft, when alone, she felt it behind her, reproaching her, drawing her.

Then she sang but the more loudly, and laughed but the more gaily, and even he who was nearest and dearest knew only that her lips were more eager and her arms more clinging. And he whispered, "How you love me! How am I worthy of such devotion?" And the woman trembled, and would have moaned, but she changed the moan to a murmur of love; and would have sobbed but she drowned the sob in kisses; and would have wept but she looked the closer in her lover's eyes.

And the days passed. But the waters of the fountains were not so clear as of old. The fruits were not so sweet, and there were canker spots upon them, and crawling things within them. And ever she hid these things from her lover, and cried but the louder, "How beautiful is our life here!" Even the flowers wearied her, but she gathered great armfuls of them and wove garlands and wreathed her bower in them. And as they faded she threw them away to gather more and more. Only the flowers at her breast, the pale blue stars, remained sweet and fresh; and when she was quite alone, and still, they stirred in her bosom, and their faint fragrance came to her. Then she began to remember, and she ran to her love, and showered him with caresses. Even the bird-songs troubled her, and she would fain shut her ears to them, but she only cried to her beloved, "Talk to me, sing to me! Tell me again, and again, and again!" And he smiled at her, musing, "How passionate thou art, my sweetest!"

So the woman dwelt in the Valley of Delight, but ever she turned her back to the distant Mountain, and ever she kept closer and closer to the other side of the garden, and ever the fear of what lay beyond bore in upon her. And ever the pale blue stars that shone so pure against her white bosom put forth their gentle and reminding fragrance.

Then there came a night when her fear grew strong upon her, and she seized upon the flowers at her breast and would have flung them away, but their delicate tendrils wound about her fingers, and she could not cast them from her. Wondering, she looked long upon them, and found she loved them. Fair they were in the moonlight, each pale star like a living jewel of blue, a wondrous blue, cold, clear and gleaming. And she buried her face

in them, and a great sobbing came upon her, for she knew their color now. It was the blue, the unchanging blue of the Mountain, the forsaken Mountain.

Then through bitter tears a great resolve kindled in her eyes, and she sprung to her feet, holding the flowers close to her heart.

"I will go! I will go!" she whispered. Then her voice grew stronger. "I *must* go!" she said. "I can no other. Even though it break my heart, even though I go alone, even unto death, yet I must go!"

Resolutely she turned in the direction of the Mountain, and lo, the Desert of Utter Desolation stretched before her, even at her feet, and the sands flowed about them. She set her face toward the Mountain and began to walk, slowly, but gaining strength as she pushed through the shifting sands. Her eyes were wet with tears, but she would not let them blind her. Her heart was heavy, but she would not list to its beating. There was no joy in her soul and no hope, only the urge to go on, and on, and on! Youth and Love were behind her. Age was creeping down upon her. The Mountain of her quest was far and far away. She would never reach it, yet she must go on, and on, and on!

But she fixed her gaze steadfastly on the single peak of wondrous blue, and toiled on, and slowly in her eyes there grew a light that burned and glowed, and she stretched out her arms to the Mountain, so cold, so far, and she cried aloud, and her voice rang with power:

"Oh! The Ideal! The Ideal!" And with strong, even stride she passed on, into the distance, her face ever uplift and filled with the light of her vision.



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| | Balance, July..... | \$372.66 |
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| | | \$391.16 |

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|--|-----------------------------------|----------|
| | Deficit covering five months..... | \$725.00 |
| | | <hr/> |
| | Deficit | \$333.84 |

EMMA GOLDMAN.

NOTE

I regret to inform our comrades that, though I have received many encouraging letters in regard to the proposed weekly paper, but little money came in. Unfortunately, sympathetic letters alone are not sufficient to publish a paper with. Those in favor of the weekly should aid in a more practical manner.

So far I have received:

| | | |
|--|---|--------|
| | Max Cohen, St. Louis Mo..... | \$1.00 |
| | M. R..... | 1.00 |
| | T. Eyges, proceeds from his lecture at San Francisco, Cal..... | 11.00 |
| | D. Bouquet..... | .25 |
| | George J. Maack, Salt Lake City..... | 1.00 |

| | |
|------------------------------------|------|
| J. H. Hamlin, Salt Lake City..... | 1.00 |
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Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y.,
under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. II

DECEMBER, 1907

No. 10

VOICES OF THE WINDS

By WILLIAM MOUNTAIN.

*We are too full of sorrow, and the sun
Smites not rejoicing on our sullen eyes;
We are too fond of seeking, and the sea
Sings no triumphant anthem in our ears;
We are too lost in grubbing, and the woods
No longer lure our profit-sodden feet;
We are a race in bondage, and our gyves,
Though golden, bend us groaning to the grave.*

*The winds have voices, but we do not hear;
They cry to care: "Forget and follow us!
We are the children of the fields and streams,
We are the comrades of the hills and seas;
Our mission is to mock the dying years;
Earth old but ever young, we kiss the stars,
Shake fragrance from the bosom of the rose,
And touch the world with immortality."*

*The winds have voices, but we will not hear;
They call and every road invites us roam
To love's bright home whose dawns bring dreams to pass,
To that fair region whence we wander far,
Remembered faintly in each world-lost soul,
Dim, fading fast, but glorious in the glimpse
Of vivid moments when the heart leaps up
And answers to the voices of the winds.*

*I hear them call, and every sun-kissed sail
 Dipping across the swollen twilight tide
 Draws forth my life on crimson quest. They call!
 The birds can answer with their screaming flight,
 The clouds obey and float into the sun,
 Or trail across the moon like midnight prayers.
 All nature answers but the soul of man,
 Who longs but cannot leave his lazy gods.*

*Awake! away! the voices call to you,
 To wander and become a throbbing part
 Of all sweet things life yields the hungry years;
 To feel earth's pulse in cyclic rhythm beat
 Beneath her sacred dust, each grain a heart,
 The passionate heart of some wild wayfarer
 In quest of peace, he found, if found at all,
 In that last sunless, starless sleep of death;*

*To climb the heights above life's noise and fret,
 With rapt prophetic eye behold the earth,—
 The warm, the welcome, patient earth of man,
 Scarred by his toil, made scarred by his blood;
 To sit at eve and watch the lights leap forth,
 And burn and fade and flicker into gloom,
 In shadowy towns whose sad chimes voice the hush
 Of honied twilight golden in its grief;*

*To clutch life in her naked strength and know
 A deeper sense of vital common things;
 To take the rough and smooth with equal faith,
 Content with little and not proud with much;
 To nurse your heart upon the hill's wild breast,
 Beating in unison with better things,
 Till it become the harbor of the dreams
 And aspirations of time's wisest souls,—*

*The spirits of the mighty dead whose feet
 Have kissed the stony highways of the world,
 Divine outcasts, forgotten or betrayed,
 Careless of life's rewards, who wend their way
 With cosmic disregard and starry faith,—
 Companions brave whose lonely muttered prayers
 Become the battle hymns that nations sing
 When whirlwind-like they shatter thrones and creeds.*

*The forests whisper and the rivers plead:
 "All palaces are prisons to the free,
 Whose hopes o'erleap life's fetters, and whose hearts
 Beat yearning toward that nameless goal where suns
 And seas melt in a golden dream, and love,
 Grown strong with tears and wiser through the years,
 Alone upon the silent verge of night,
 Looks out and sees the vision of the stars."*



OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

We doubt whether it were possible twenty years ago for a high officer of the army to suggest the introduction into this country of the outrageous European system of conscription, or compulsory military service. Under no previous régime, not even under that of the plutocratic President McKinley, would anybody have dared to insult the nation by such a suggestion as was recently made officially to the War Department.

Indeed, you shall know the tree by its fruit. An impartial examination of Roosevelt's administration clearly establishes this all-important fact: the anti-social spirit of imperialism and militarism has found its most determined exponent in the Rough Rider. The last vestiges of American liberty are being summarily annihilated, and if the people do not at once take a determined stand against the encroachments of militarism, they will soon find themselves bound hand and foot.

It has been well said that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. Where are the liberty-loving Americans to raise their voice in a thunderous protest against this no less humiliating than dangerous suggestion of converting the citizen into a professional murderer, whenever the White House clique will deem conscription timely? The first step in that direction has already been made. There is a law on the national statute books, according to which every citizen between eighteen and forty-five years of age can be made a soldier and impressed into service at any time. That is the so-called Dick Military law, passed by Congress and signed by the President in a quiet, sneaking manner. Not one man in a thousand is aware of the existence of this outrageous statute; but the people will

quickly realize its sinister meaning once the law is put into operation. But then it may be too late. The time for a mighty protest is *now*—let the people as one man raise their voice against this systematic, Jesuit-like undermining of the spirit of liberty.

The matter concerns the nation as a whole. But the working class especially must realize the dire peril threatening organized labor from this spectre of imperialism and militarism. We sound the warning note to you, workmen of America: the capitalist class is forging these new chains for labor. Awake and act—or it may soon be too late!

* * *

The experience of past generations echoes and re-echoes this one great lesson of all history: the persistence of the ideal. Prison and scaffold, guillotine and garrotte—how miserably impotent are they all to stifle the human aspirations towards liberty and joy! Persecution but serves to accentuate the ideal, to strengthen its votaries in their devotion and self-sacrifice.

The plutocracy of America is probably beginning to realize this eternal truth. Twenty years ago they successfully strangled, they thought, the voice of Anarchism. But lo! the blood of the martyrs has proven the seed of the Church. Out of the silent graves have grown, hundredfold, the crimson blossoms, and the winds of time have carried the fructifying pollen far and wide—Anarchy lives!

It were too much, however, to expect the police providence of New York to appreciate the lessons of history. Their vision does not transcend the station blotter; their interest is absorbed in the question of graft. But even graft is conditioned by a certain kind of zeal. It is necessary to remind the people, now and then, of the protecting activity of the Department. And it is equally necessary to improve the opportunity of impressing upon the people the liberty which we enjoy in the United States—hence a mass-meeting is prohibited and the majesty of the law once more vindicated by the big stick.

But nothing equals the arbitrariness and brutality of the police like their stupidity. Brute force made it impossible for us to hold the announced mass meeting at Manhattan Lyceum, in commemoration of the men

judicially strangled in 1887. But fortunately the Anarchists and their sympathizers possess more wit than police captains. *The meeting was held*, though in a different place. And although the police decreed, with transcendent wisdom, that *no English should be spoken* in a public meeting in New York, their orders were ignored, while the bluecoats were admonished to listen to the English speeches that they might for once in their lives hear the truth and profit thereby,—if possible for them.

But it is time to call a halt to the dictatorial proceedings of the New York Police Department which even invades our ballrooms and strives with all might to create trouble.* This "arm of the law" is a common disturber of the public peace. We hereby serve notice on Commissioner Bingham to call off his bloodhounds, the uniformed loafers, and we demand him to protect the public peace against the police ruffians.

* * *

This year's convention of the American Federation of Labor had a golden opportunity. It could have gone down in history as an epoch-making factor in the movement of organized labor. For many are the problems, many and serious indeed, that face the workingman and are awaiting intelligent and courageous solution. Unfortunately, however, it cannot be truthfully said that the convention will prove a milestone in the economic emancipation of labor.

We note with satisfaction, however, that the convention defeated the resolution in favor of government ownership of railways. It is to be hoped that the objection to the resolution was based on a thorough understanding of the true mission of government, as the servant of the capitalist class.

The arguments against the resolution were to the effect that if the railways were owned and operated by the government, all the railway workers would be govern-

* Enraged by the perfect, really Anarchist order that prevailed in the ballroom, the police vented their spite by arresting comrade J. Edelson, absolutely without provocation, at 2 A. M. as he was about to leave the hall. A young lady, protesting against the clubbing of Edelson, was also arrested. Both were fined.

ment employees; then any organized attempt on their part to improve the conditions of labor by the strike or similar action would be construed as a seditious movement against the government and would be suppressed, as has been done in various European countries.

These are sound arguments. We trust that back of them is the realization that government and its ally, capitalism, are the eternal enemies of labor. Once this is thoroughly understood by the rank and file, and fearlessly acted upon, an important step will have been taken on the road to complete industrial emancipation.

We sincerely regret that the convention failed to officially honor the solemnity of the day on which it assembled. Had the delegates forgotten that it was the twentieth anniversary of the judicial murder of the martyrs of Chicago? Or perchance did they lack the courage of publicly bearing witness to their solidarity with those victims of capitalism?

In what cause did the Chicago Anarchists die? Were they not the foremost champions of labor? Had they not offered up their precious lives on the altar of the oppressed? Had they not suffered death in the very attempt to better the conditions of American labor?

The martyrs of 1887 forfeited their lives because of their courageous and intelligent devotion to the cause of the workingman. *It was they who inaugurated the eight-hour movement in this country.* They demanded, and taught the workingman to demand, more human conditions for the producers of all wealth. For this they died. Shall labor, then, which now enjoys the fruits of those noble men's lives and deaths, fail to appreciate their devotion and sacrifice? Shall the great central body of organized labor of America play the rôle of a Judas?

Reverently may we honor the memory of our noble dead.

* * *

A recent issue of the *American Industries*, the official organ of the National Manufacturers' Association, makes some very serious charges against Samuel Gompers and other labor officials of national reputation.

Mr. Gompers is charged with getting big private commissions on the great amount of printing given out by the A. F. of L., with being in various partnerships for

the issuing of official labor publications (in this case a facsimile of an alleged receipt, given by him for his share of profits in such a private undertaking, is printed), with being interested in schemes whereby enormous commissions are paid out to advertising agents for the *American Federationist* with the suggestion that out of it he gets thousands of dollars of graft, with selling printing privileges in connection with the souvenirs that were formerly gotten out and putting the money in his pocket, and with being guilty of many other offences, in his private and official capacity.

It has been argued in some quarters that, as the charges emanate from an unscrupulous and malevolent source, they could not be dignified by a denial. But such an argument is entirely fallacious. The allegations against Mr. Gompers are far too serious and the charges too specific to be ignored. As the official representative of an important labor body, Samuel Gompers owes it both to himself and to the American workmen at large to clear himself entirely and absolutely of the charges made against him. The question of his honesty and integrity is at stake—he must *demand* an immediate and searching investigation by impartial persons.

We trust that Mr. Gompers will face the charges squarely, for the sake of the American labor movement.

We fondly hope that the good name of Mr. Gompers will soon be cleared. We offer our services as impartial investigators.

* * *

In a recent communication to the press a certain reverend gentleman takes pains to prove that the occupation of brakeman is more than twice as dangerous as the murderer's.

He supports his claim by figures. During the year 1904, out of 106,734 trainmen employed on the railways of the United States 3,632 were killed. During the same year 8,482 murders and homicides were committed in this country, for which crimes 116 persons were executed. In other words, during the year in question one brakeman in about thirty met his death, and one murderer in about seventy-three. Thus the brakeman's occupation is more than twice as dangerous as the murderer's.

The reverend is quite right. He might have added that not only brakemen, but workmen in scores of other trades and occupations are as brutally and recklessly sacrificed to the Moloch of greed. But what is the clergyman's remedy? He says:

"In view of the above facts, was I not right in urging upon the recent Diocesan Convention that to infuse a modicum of theistic morals into the teaching of the public schools would do no harm?"

Does the reverend idiot mean that by "infusing theistic morals" the brakeman would be saved from the crushing wheels? Or is he concerned only with saving the soul?

At the risk of shocking our sky-pilot we suggest that it would do no harm to infuse a modicum of respect for human life into the gold-dust heart of the capitalist and—a grain of sense into reverend heads.

* * *

Some parsons want to force religious instruction—especially their own particular brand—into the curriculum of our public schools. But why should Jewish or Mohammedan citizens be forced to pay for the Christian instruction of their children? And besides, what connection is there between education and religious instruction? Do they not mutually exclude each other?

The citizens who have the welfare of their children at heart will not permit the public schools to be converted into hot-beds of idolatry and jingoism.

* * *

A rather sensible question was asked by one of the participants at the Presbyterian Brotherhood, recently in session at Cincinnati, O. "How may one be a Christian and at the same time earn a living?" was the query. "I do not see how a man can be a Christian working for concerns which practically force him to steal and lie," argued the questioner.

We welcome most heartily this very unusual Christian display of honesty and common sense. The press dispatches report that "the debate was stopped by the operation of the two-minute rule." We regret that the brethren lacked the courage to go on record on this important question. Evidently they clearly realized the "danger" of such questions. For if a Christian is synonymous with an honest man, then how can a follower

of the Nazarene rob, steal and take advantage of the misfortune or needs of his fellow man?

But it were dangerous for divine and earthly parasitism to allow this question to be discussed. Has it not been said that the camel could as easily pass through the eye of a needle as a rich man land in heaven? An Oriental allegory which in modern speech has crystallized into the truism—property is theft.

* * *

The Pittsburg Railways Company, operating all the street car lines in that city, has served notice on its employees that it will rigidly enforce the rule against the use of cigarettes or liquor while the men are either *off* or *on duty*.

Of course, this is a free country. But even the plantation "nigger" was never such an abject slave in antebellum days as the American workingman is to-day, when his economic masters dare to commit such rape upon the manhood of labor.

* * *

We read in the press that—

"The Queen of Spain has not forgotten the dastardly act of the Anarchists on her wedding day. So when the visit to England was arranged she despatched her beloved baby two days ahead, safely and surreptitiously in the care of nurses and detectives. Then she and the King brought with them another baby, and it was only when Kensington Palace was reached that the devoted mother again clasped her own infant in her arms.

"Had the King and Queen been blown up with the substitute baby, the real one would have had a poor chance of recognition. It is easy to imagine the Carlist onslaught on such a pretender. But a mother's love did not concern itself with this. All she wanted was to safeguard her child.

"As a sidelight on this story it may be mentioned that the baby which accompanied the royal couple was constantly on show in Paris and was extensively photographed there in its nurse's arms when the party stopped there en route for England. Nobody there seemed to think it was a bogus prince."

It would be interesting to know whether the great "mother's love" paused to consider the feelings of that other mother whose baby she wilfully exposed to the danger of being blown up.

It is just such cruel and inhuman indifference to the lives of the "subjects" that may have prompted "the dastardly act of the Anarchists." "Dastardly," indeed,

when one thinks of a Morales, intelligent, brilliant, beautiful, with all the ease possible at his command, yet cheerfully laying down his life to avenge the crimes and brutalities committed by royal parasites upon the people of Spain.

Morales dastardly; and the Queen an "affectionate, loving mother," quite willing to sacrifice—not one, but thousands of innocent babes to save her "prince."

* * *

The idolatry of the golden calf has produced a goodly crop of evils. The spirit of commercialism has created and is fostering many forms of prostitution. But the most despicable prostitute—because the most corrupting and fatal in his wide influence—is the man who sells his pen for filthy lucre—the literary time-server, the deifier of the rich and powerful.

The author of the recently published "Ethics in Action" is making a bold bid as the heavyweight of the literary tenderloin. His pretended moral philosophy is a wild eulogy of Diaz, the Perfidious, the executioner of Mexico, the jailer of liberty, the torturer of helpless innocents. "The character of Porfirio Diaz," says this ethical author, "will serve as an example and a model of the virtues for the youth of the country"!

Well does the world know the character of Perfidious Diaz. Has he not throttled every free expression in Mexico? Has he not faithfully aided the home exploiters to press out the last drop of blood from widows and orphans? Has he not reduced labor to the last extremity, and steadily encouraged peonage, enslaving the country for the benefit of the ring of masters? Has he not thrown men and women by the hundreds into the prisons? Has he not ordered men to be tortured into alleged confessions? Has he not proven himself a Mexican Tsar, the hangman of his country?

There are naive people who believe that the province of literature is to emphasize what is beautiful and noble, to inspire mankind with the ideal, and by truthfully picturing the pettiness and sordidness of our lives to cultivate in us the ambition for better and higher things. In fine, literature means truth, real and possible—can one imagine a more pitiful, degraded sight than the literary prostitute?

CHRISTMAS ADVENTURES OF JESUS

SEVERAL weeks before the Christmas holidays Christ decided to descend on earth in human form, in order to inspect his work of salvation.

The first place he came to was Golgotha. He recognized it, as well as the entire neighborhood of Jerusalem, by the poverty and filth prevailing there. Those places had changed little during the two thousand years of Christianity's reign.

The heathens had disappeared; the Romans were not in evidence. Turks, Christians and Jews had taken their place; the disciples of Mahomed and of the Nazarene were bickering over the exclusive possession of the Holy Sepulcher.

"How anxious they are about me," thought Christ, deeply moved. But, upon closer inspection, he found that the monks and dervishes were quarreling because each side wanted to monopolize the legend of the angels for business purposes.

"Thus I serve these people as an advertisement to attract the gullible; how peculiar the success of my vicarious atonement!"

Then Christ asked to be told about the various religions.

He was shown a bottle containing the blood-drops of Gethsemane—the blood that man's fear had made him shed through the treachery of Judas Iscariot.

"Blood of *my* bleeding?" thought Jesus, gazing wonderingly at the strange-looking contents of the bottle. He soon learned that it was the blood of a sheep—a parallel to Christ, who was led to the block, the victim of calculating greed.

Then he was shown nails, the very ones with which he was crucified.

"How vicious to preserve these horrible things," thought Christ. He was mistaken, however; the nails he saw were of American manufacture, furnished to the foreign markets at lower prices than at home. They were probably a gift to the pious hucksters of Jerusalem by an American priest—no doubt, a disciple of Archbishop Ireland.

Among other things Christ saw the sacred head band-

age—English flannel—and the ointment with which the dead Saviour was anointed—the by-product of a renowned French soap factory.

“Swindle and graft, in my name,” groaned Jesus. Depressed and weary, he went on his way.

A begging priest sent curses after the stranger who would not drop a coin into the box to help the Church.

* * *

Christ journeyed to Europe. On the way he made the acquaintance of a missionary, who enlarged upon the growth of Christian civilization among heathen and savage races.

“At first the Bible is introduced to them,” said the missionary; “after that they are given in charge of Christian merchants, and finally Christian soldiers and cannons are sent to protect the interests of commerce and missionaries.”

Christ marveled at such ingenuity. He pitied his folly in attempting to save these shrewd creatures.

Jesus visited every European country, everywhere hearing the complaint that the military and marine budgets were altogether inadequate to meet Christian demands. Every Christian government, to defend itself against its Christian neighbors, was calling for an increased, well-trained and disciplined army and navy, for the Christian mission of wholesale slaughter.

“Miserable wretches, they have converted my teachings into cannons and torpedoes!”

* * *

At Liverpool Jesus embarked for America. On board he observed that the passengers were rigidly separated into three classes: people of great means, persons with a limited income, and those stricken with the plague of poverty.

The latter were treated and fed like cattle, deprived of light and air, as if in punishment for their affliction.

The Saviour was filled with grief over his Christian children who weigh souls in the scales of dollars.

Arrived at Ellis Island, Jesus was taken before the Commissioner of Immigration and asked whether he had ever committed a crime or been in prison.

“I was condemned and sentenced to death.”

“And were you pardoned?”

"Not so; I died on the cross as decreed by my judges."

The Commissioner wrote on his memorandum the word "Insane." Christ was ordered locked up and carefully guarded.

* * *

While in the observation ward the Nazarene had ample opportunity to study the representatives of various religious sects.

They all flocked to Ellis Island, ostensibly to comfort the sick and console the unfortunates. In reality, however, each sect was eager to profit by the immigrants. Those of the latter who were fortunate enough to pass the inquisition of the free Republic—especially if they had some money—were lured by their Christian advisers to Christian lodgings, where they were fed on many prayers and hymns, but little food. The places were generally as filthy as Jerusalem, and the air as foul and stifling as in the steerage. No wonder the poor victims seized the first opportunity to escape from such Christian care.

The pious sisters and brethren were keen to discover whether the immigrants had means. Those who had none served as material for employment bureaus, who supply their Christian patrons with cheap help.

All this was done in the name of Jesus, the "insane foreigner," who had taken men's sins upon him and who died for them on the cross.

* * *

One of the visiting reverends became interested in the "lunatic." He asked the prisoner if he had money. The Carpenter naively confessed that he had none. "How stupid to come to America!" exclaimed the preacher. "However, I shall try to get you out of this place," he continued. "You look so weak and delicate; else I might get you a job as bartender, driver or street cleaner. As it is, I will find something for you to do in our 'Refuge for Virtuous Young Sailors.' Your soft voice is just what we need to lead in prayer. Besides, you can help in the kitchen and make yourself generally useful."

The reverend called on the Commissioner and explained that the detained foreigner was a harmless crank, and that he would take charge of him.

Jesus was then allowed to land, and directed to the Refuge, but he failed to avail himself of the generously offered hospitality. His soul was filled with disgust at those who preached in his name.

* * *

He tramped the streets of New York, gazing at the rich display of Christmas wares, that were loudly heralded in the newspapers as wonderful bargains.

In a spirit of self-ridicule Christ thought: "My sacrifice was not in vain, after all. At least I serve as the unpaid agent of the department stores, and my name is a splendid advertising medium for Wanamaker, Siegel & Cooper, and other enterprising firms. Who dares say that I am not a success!"

Christ heard the word "panic," and saw everybody terrified at the thought of what it might mean to him—need, hunger and cold. "Another Christian arrangement! There seems to be a superfluity of everything. Why this teeth-clattering fear of want?"

One evening Jesus saw people entering a hall. He followed them. An Anarchist meeting was in progress. The Nazarene listened attentively to the speakers, and for the first time he felt as if a breath of his own spirit permeated the place. Various speakers were discussing the panic and demonstrating the inhumanity of forcing thousands to go hungry and naked, while an abundance of food, clothing and houses was within reach. They explained the criminal injustice of the prevailing system that enriches the few at the cost of the many. Jesus might have heard much more, but suddenly he beheld a uniformed mob rush into the hall with drawn clubs, dealing blows right and left and sparing no one, not even Christ himself.

The humble Nazarene realized that one daring to raise his voice in a Christian government in behalf of justice and humanity is handled even as he had been by the high courts of the Jews and Romans.

And Jesus knew that his work of salvation was bankrupt.



THE CRISIS

Properly speaking, under our present economic system society is always in the midst of a "crisis"; it is diseased to the core. It could not be otherwise.

Production is being carried on with absolute lack of system; it can be likened to that form of idiocy whose victims are wont to absorb everything within reach; hence constipation, nightmares and feverish temperature.

Production is not regulated by demand, but by speculation; the latter creates chaotic conditions and robs production of its real mission, that of supplying mankind with the necessities of life.

This mission could be fulfilled in a society based on Anarchist Communism, the supply being regulated by the social demand.

To-day production serves to create wealth for a small number of industrial and commercial robbers, and to exploit the real producer.

Such is the "normal" condition of the capitalistic system.

Economically viewed, it represents nothing but a chaos of enterprises, depending on the swindle of an artificial credit system.

The specific crisis which the country is now facing has been caused by the insanity of speculation; the latter has forced the disparity between real, solid values—the products of work—and the swindle-value of artificial credit to the breaking point, with the result of bankruptcy.

Credit is the bottomless tank of the Danaids; in it are dumped bank-notes, shares, bonds and greenbacks; these, according to our "solid economists," become "value" through the labor of the millions in factories and fields; or—popularly speaking—the labor of the propertyless wage-slaves must pay for the crimes of finance and the swindling operations of speculators.

Capitalist economy employs the methods of counterfeiters and forgers who circulate false money and draw cash without having made deposits.

Capitalists and governments do the same, on a larger scale. They circulate valueless scraps of paper under

the fraudulent supposition that the stupid producers will exchange solid values for them.

The courts prosecute the petty counterfeiter; but the governmental privilege of counterfeiting is left unmo-
lested; indeed, it is judicially protected.

A crisis discloses this state of affairs and evaporates the "values" of the stock exchange like smoke. Bonds and notes become waste paper. In the financial world everybody clamors for gold, since the specific value of this metal alone covers the fictitious value stamped by speculation upon its circulating mediums.

The privileged counterfeiters run to cover. They suddenly become "honest" and try to quickly exchange their paper rags for gold. Tremblingly they gaze upon the mountains of "credit money," which has over night been transformed into waste basket material.

A crisis makes the people pay heavily for their stupid system of economics. Unfortunately, the innocent are made to suffer for the guilty. Possibly a few financial crooks will be arrested. A number of bank presidents will take a vacation in Europe; a few will commit suicide; but what does it all amount to compared to the misery of the real sufferers, the workers. After all, the fortunes some speculators will forfeit have been stolen from others. The wage slaves need fear no such calamity, since they have no wealth to lose. To them the crisis means lessened opportunity to sell their labor. It means hunger and destitution to their wives and little ones.

The lesson of every crisis consists in the unmasking of our fallacious economic system. The earth and all the wealth of nature still remain intact; they beckon to mankind to throw off its yoke and enjoy life without exploitation and robbery.

The crisis has come to awaken the masses from their apathy and indifference,—to revive their rebellious spirit, to stimulate them to independent action, and to help themselves to the good things of life.



ARE THERE NEW FIELDS FOR ANARCHIST ACTIVITY?

I HAVE often wondered why, with millions of people taking part in progressive and labor movements of all kinds, comparatively few accept Anarchism fully as we do. What is better known than the exploitation of labor by capital, the oppression of the individual by the State, to the student the least interested in social matters and to the practical observer of everyday life? Again, if Anarchist propaganda has not yet touched every remote place in all countries, there are numerous localities where it has been carried on for a generation and more, and even there it does not affect more than a certain proportion of the people. As long as I believed in unlimited possibilities of education and agitation, the fact stated was incomprehensible and disappointing to me. Some reasoning and observation led to an explanation satisfactory to me, which I now venture to place before others, eager to hear their opinion with regard to it.

What constitutes, after all, the essence of Anarchism? In all living organisms, to begin with the lowest, we notice three tendencies: that of appropriating and assimilating such surrounding matter which is most conducive to the well-being of the organism; that of extending its own sphere of action by expansion, overcoming obstacles whenever possible; and finally the strictest operation of heredity, surroundings, etc., tending to more and more differentiate organisms as generations pass on. In mankind these three tendencies take the form of the desire for material well-being in the largest sense, the desire for freedom, and the development of individuality, private, personal life replacing more and more the social, gregarious life of earlier times. Anarchism is the goal of this evolution, namely: the greatest amount of freedom and well-being made accessible to each individual in the particular form which will best harmonize with his individuality and enable it to reach the highest possible degree of perfection.

Anarchy, then, would be the state of things where each one reached the greatest happiness he would be capable to feel. It is useless to dream over the economic and

other bases of such a society, as there would necessarily be as many systems or ways of arranging matters as there will be individuals. Not only would this, and this alone, correspond to the practical wants of free men and women, but during the long period of winning over the more recalcitrant part of the population to Anarchism, the earlier Anarchists will not remain stationary and stagnant, but will march forward on their own part. Thus a state of equal development of all and corresponding equal economic, moral, etc., arrangements can never exist in the future—no more than they ever existed in the past or exist now.

These considerations, relating to future times which may yet be distant, lead me to have a closer look at men as they really are at present. They are all different, and, with the exception of those who are victims of the crimes of past and present ages against their natural development, on the way to further differentiation. The craving for well-being and freedom is active in all, but in each person in a different degree and proportion; moreover, surroundings, heredity, age and an infinite number of other causes, intensify these different degrees while some causes tend to attenuate the difference: similar material position, suggestion and persuasion, etc.; it is here where educational propaganda steps in, trying to create common feelings of solidarity, of enthusiasm, of sacrifice,—and fortunately it often succeeds in tearing a man from his isolation and enabling him to extend either his well-being, his freedom or his individuality by combining with others.

Even then, however, the particular proportion and degree in which a man cares for increasing his well-being and his freedom will determine in the end to what extent he accepts the demands of solidarity and sacrifice which his new ideas impress on him. No one can give more than is in him, and while his natural disposition will carry A to the highest degree of self-sacrifice, B will live along quietly, loving on, helping a little to the limited extent of his abilities; it may indeed be possible in exceptional moments, by exceptional means, to rouse B to actions of the A type, but he will soon relapse into his relative apathy, which is not his fault but the result of his disposition. Because these exceptional effects of

suggestion, etc., occur, we are too easily persuaded that education and agitation can to some considerable extent equalize natural differences of disposition. In reality, however, even among those who accept Anarchism, we have any amount of varieties—all are different, in fact, the moment they think and act for themselves.

Moreover, whilst an Anarchist of the golden age of real Anarchy will be the most harmonious and developed person conceivable, an Anarchist in our fighting days is from the beginning forced to cease to care much for his well-being and the cultivation of his individuality, and feels but inclined to manifest his desire for freedom by pulling down the prison walls of authority which crush all of us. This fighting attitude requires a certain mentality which all do not possess who otherwise care for freedom; as they lack very often other opportunities to manifest themselves, considerable influence that might advance the cause of Anarchism is lying waste. To be an Anarchist in our times requires, thus, a more than ordinary love of liberty, and our numbers will increase when these requirements of personal sacrifice once may become smaller.

For at present the desire for well-being weighs much stronger in the scale with the millions of organized workers who try before all to better their material position, and who will tell you that they "cannot afford" to look out for freedom at the same time. That a commercial age should have created this spirit of caring first for material advantages is as inevitable, unfortunately, as that ages of State oppression should have created that modern feeling of indifference against oppression the moment it is disguised by the veil of parliamentary government. I fear even that the wish of the great mass of the workers to have their revenge on society, which so long deprived them of everything, will make them hard masters in their turn, perpetuating class rule and authority just as the bourgeois, after paralyzing feudalism, did not inaugurate liberty but a class rule of their own; these tendencies are likely to overrule the efforts of earnest but not very numerous Socialists to establish their new society. What could Anarchists do against this action of immense masses over whom they have no control, who relegate the desire for freedom to

the background? Evidently, they could only continue their present work, which will then be as useful and necessary to rouse the slumbering forces of freedom and to expose and combat authority as it is now.

Socialists of the older type are in a similar position; after a century of propaganda they find that the overwhelming majority of their own followers cares for little more than some economic improvements which they expect to get without any serious effort of their own, by means of the ballot or by the worn-out routine methods of trade unionism. In some countries, it is true, large masses are ready, at a moment's notice, to begin General Strikes—France, Italy, Spain, to some extent Holland, Austria and French-speaking Switzerland are foremost in this respect; but that decisive step which theoretically seems so logical, so natural, the step from the General Strike to Revolution has never yet been taken,—not even in Russia in October, 1905, when the failure to make this step brought about all the disasters which befell revolutionary Russia since that date. Why was this step never taken? Simply because the great majority do not want to go farther, and the few who would are powerless.

It is commonly said that all progress is due to minorities. Of course it is; new ideas, new experiences, are the result of a complex of favorable circumstances that at first exist only in one or a few places. But the right of minorities is to be rejected on the same ground as the right of majorities; a minority has no more right to coerce a majority than vice versa. We all reject the tyranny of reactionary minorities; progressive minorities are in the same position: they must not become tyrannical. Anarchists before all must recognize this; for authoritarian measures may be imposed by the energy of despotic minorities; but how can freedom be imposed upon people who do not care for it sufficiently to get it themselves, to take it?

Look at science and ignorance—a parallel to Anarchism and the masses. Science does not argue with ignorance; it marches forward and sets an example by its results, and the less deep shades of ignorance by and by try to follow up. Free thought and religion is another parallel—some are able to free themselves from

the shackles of religious idiocy, large masses remain unable to do so. In both cases a *modus vivendi* is found by a sort of *mutual toleration*: compare the infamous brutality of ignorant bigotry against science and free thought in past centuries to the *relative* indifference that exists to-day in these matters. I know very well that it is only an armed peace and that reaction is lurking there, every instant waiting for her opportunity; but still the position is different from that of past ages—science and free thought have conquered general recognition, whilst they were outlawed but a short time ago.

What brought about these persecutions and this relative change? Ignorance and bigotry wanted to perpetuate their rule, and they believed that science and free thought were going to fight them directly; therefore they carried on a war of absolute extermination against them. Of course, free thought should like to destroy religion radically, absolutely, just as Anarchism should like to uproot the idea of authority definitely, and once for all. But this could only be achieved materially by the destruction of ninety-nine per cent. of mankind, and such a struggle—if it were possible—would destroy the sense of freedom in the remaining minority. It was seen by and by that science and free thought were as unable to destroy ignorance and religion as the latter, with all power at their disposal, could arrest the progress of science and crush free thought. Hence this state of a *relative* cessation of hostilities of to-day, with continuous propaganda and small warfare going on on both sides, by which those who are really *capable* and *desirous* of clearing the cobwebs of ignorance and bigotry out of their minds, have a chance to find their way to science and free thought. This is all that progress could obtain on this field—will it really be different with regard to Anarchism?

The destruction of the capitalist system is but one step on the road to Anarchism. Energetic minorities carry great weight in the moment of immediate action; suppose, then, that Anarchists did their best, that the system is overthrown and that the prestige of Anarchism has grown enormously by its prominent part in that victory; suppose, further, that in many places people lay aside all their prejudices and try to live in an Anarchist way;

will not all these arrangements for which, evidently, no rules would be laid down by any leading people, result very soon in new differentiation as people are differently developed in various ways? Take the question of organization; some Anarchists are ready to accept various degrees of organization, provided only they freely consent to it; others are not. A series of groups and communities would thus exist in which freedom was realized in a different degree, according to the various interpretations given to it by various people, etc. This is quite the right thing; experience will bring further results, and by and by freedom will be more fully understood and more perfectly realized; meanwhile all these organisms would *co-exist* side by side of each other in peaceful emulation, though many institutions may not at all satisfy the more advanced, who, in their turn, will not yet be fully appreciated by the less advanced.

I selected this as the most fortunate eventuality. It may happen, however, that capitalism is defeated under conditions which bring the organized State Socialist masses, that is, their leaders, into power, and whilst direct economic exploitation would be abolished, freedom would not exist and a new governing class would gradually grow up, a new set of parasites whom labor would have to feed. Anarchists would hardly be more welcome to these people than they are to-day to official and labor politicians. They would have to strike to overthrow that new society, too: whether this will be more easy than the first struggle—as people may be more educated, having no economic cares, or more difficult, as people, satisfied economically, would not care to move any farther—I cannot decide; I suppose both will be the case, and progress toward reducing and abolishing the power of the new States, communes, etc., will be made first locally. Thus here also differentiation will take place and Anarchism can but hope to be realized to some degree, first, in the most advanced parts, under most favorable conditions.

If these are the likely results of an effective and definite overthrow of capitalism, the problem arises for me: *In what way can Anarchists already now conform their methods of action to these probable developments*—namely, to the fact, in my opinion inevitable, that their ideas will

not be fully realized at the beginning of a new society, that they will have to live, as to-day, side by side with persons who are, in various degrees, adversaries of their ideas, or as yet very imperfect interpreters thereof?

The right step to take would be, in my opinion, to get used to the idea of *co-existing* with not Anarchist institutions—in other words, to *mutual toleration*. We do this already practically every day, with the exception of those whom indignation drives to direct acts of revolt. It is infinitely far from my thought to mean by this submission to law and authority. On the contrary, I mean that Anarchists should boldly ignore all laws interfering with their personal freedom and conquer the full recognition of their right to do so by those who, themselves, are in favor of these laws and might have them in operation among those who believe in them.

This will sound quite utopian and impractical to many, but sooner or later, either with regard to the present or some Socialistically modified system, Anarchists will have to take up such an attitude which, side by side with economic independence secured in various ways of co-operation, will bring about the first direct realization of Anarchism, however imperfect it may be. Possibly, if this happens after a social revolution they may, by means of expropriation, get hold of sufficient land, instruments of production, etc., to have a safe economic basis; possibly also, they will have to construct this basis by the slow process of co-operation, and a beginning might be made even now when most Anarchists are scattered in various branches of capitalist production. For just as Anarchist members of trade unions become, as such, solidaric with large masses of workers and share in the united power which for themselves alone they do not possess; in the same way this systematic objection to existing laws would create links of solidarity between them and numerous people of all classes who object to, at any rate, a portion of the existing laws; just as trade unionists on the average are not Socialists, but object only to certain features of the capitalist system and yet, leavened by Socialists and Anarchists, they are expected some day to overthrow this system. In the same way, all those who do not like laws—and who has ever met with people not personally

interested who *did* like laws for themselves?—all these discontented masses about whom nobody cares to-day, might form enormous anti-law or anti-State associations, inspired by Anarchists, and striving, finally, to overthrow all laws as the economic associations of workers will finally reject and overthrow all capitalism. Direct action, strike and boycott would be means in this anti-law, anti-political struggle, as they are in the economic struggle.

Nor is this something new, unheard of. Whenever a law had really become intolerable to large masses of people, they have always adopted some method of systematically violating or ignoring it. The history of the old Abolitionists, of the Irish movement, etc., is full of examples, and it is the same in private life. In fact, if statistics were available as to the large extent in which laws and regulations are habitually ignored and remain a dead letter, I think the absurdity of law-making would be palpable to almost all, which shows that society cannot live and evolve under law, but only by brushing aside—at every moment, as useless obstacles—regulations and laws. When, in England, people may be exempted from the vaccination laws if they declare to have a “conscientious objection” against vaccination, is this really not a step in the right direction, and if the adherents of other causes had made similar efforts to have laws which they are not strong enough to abolish—and which suit the convenience of others who think different—to have such laws at any rate made *not applicable to them*, they might have achieved similar results, and that is what I urge upon them all to do with the greatest possible energy and on the broadest lines. Such methods were discussed with regard to taxation by the late Auberon Herbert, who propagated the idea of voluntarism: that those who cared for the objects to be paid from taxation should pay taxes, and others not. In other fields the rights of minorities not to be wiped out by majorities, but to have a voice in proportion to their numbers, begin to be recognized by the various schemes of proportional representation, etc. Economic movements of little advanced character once preceded the trade union movements, which to-day culminate in the large European organizations, accepting the revolution-

ary General Strike, etc., to destroy capitalism altogether. In a similar way these scattered efforts for exemption from law on the ground of a "conscientious objection," the opposition to compulsory taxation, the representation of minorities, etc., are yet extremely weak and inefficient movements, the first signs only of anti-State revolt, but they may be followed—if taken in hand by Anarchists and all who sympathize with them in this particular object—by larger movements more directly pointed against State-power and when, at the time of the economic revolution brought about by large masses of anti-capitalist workingmen, equally large masses will act as determined anti-Statists. This will be an efficient and the best possible means of building up and developing the new social organism on anti-governmental lines, approaching as near as possible to Anarchism and some day realizing it entirely. The undeveloped character of such movements at the present day must not deter us; on the contrary, it must rouse us to greater efforts to make up for time lost.

Our adversaries, the Social Democrats or State Socialists, have not neglected the political side to their movement. By their electoral organizations they are in contact with millions of people who do not fully share their ideas about Socialism, but look up to them as their future leaders, and are ready to accept a new system of government headed by Socialist leaders—something as deadly opposed to Anarchism as present governments are. If these millions were counter-balanced by other millions of anti-Statists of various degrees—or, better still, if the good sense of anti-Statist ideas would attract the greater part of these millions and other millions not yet aroused, then and then alone a coming change might bring us nearer to Anarchism than anybody now can imagine.

It might be said: Is not this anti-Statist propaganda carried on already by the revolutionary trade unionists such as those of the French confederation? It is, and so much the better, but only with regard to labor matters and anti-militarism; moreover, as the unions to be strong *must* comprehend workers of *all* shades of opinion, Anarchist propaganda, however desirable, cannot become general in them. But anti-State movements, such

as I am thinking of, would clearly and directly lead to this propaganda whilst they would be neutral as to economic theories, just as the anti-capitalist trade union movements are neutral as to political theories. Whilst these anti-government movements, awakening the latent desire for real freedom, would counteract the creation of a Socialist State, they would also counteract the possibility of a new labor rule which might arise from a victory of exclusive revolutionary trade unionism. In one word, it would be the effective weapon for Anarchism to obtain full elbow-room in the next coming society and, to a degree otherwise impossible, already in present society, if only efficient efforts are made.

It seems such a pity to me that the splendid idea of Anarchism should to such an extent lay barren to-day. The real reason is, I believe, that this idea was too early—at its very beginning—coupled with economic hypotheses, which for many soon became economic theories or doctrines. The obvious desire to prove the practicability of Anarchism—practical experience being impossible under existing conditions—led to the construction of economic utopias, and this tremendously narrowed the scope of Anarchist propaganda. The latter holds out the hope of greatest possible freedom with one hand, and with the other seems to take that freedom away by tying you down to an economic system—individualist, collectivist or communist. I say nothing against any of these systems; I ignore their working under real freedom, as everybody does, and whether I am sentimentally inclined toward this or that system is of no importance whatsoever; I may also be able or may try to heap arguments in favor of my particular theory—what does it matter? Anarchism would be of small value if, to be realized, it were required that somebody should beforehand discover, out of the infinite field of economic possibilities, just *the one* which would be the only right one!

But, unfortunately, sectarian division predominates and if a newcomer wishes to learn Anarchism pure and simple, he has practically no place where to go—no group, no paper, no book—everywhere he is at once considered only as a possible convert to some particular economic doctrine. Might one not reject capitalism and work hard at its destruction, without professing to know

anything about future economics save that capitalism be excluded, and without preferring this or that new system, whilst they are all as yet untried? I know very well that the adherents of each system believe that *all* other systems will lead back to capitalism, and are, *therefore*, from the beginning, harmful and misleading; I believe this, too, personally, with regard to some; but I believe also in the recuperative power of freedom which will make up all this small loss, and if it is to stay at all, will not be overthrown by the failure of some economic experiments.

Everyone will act according to his inclinations, and in most Anarchists altruistic tendencies are so strong that they feel most inclined to help the workers in their economic struggle; hence revolutionary syndicalism. Others do not feel inclined to bring the sacrifice of direct Anarchist propaganda which syndicalist work requires. Some of these will also feel unable to listen to my suggestions, as they prefer direct Anarchist propaganda and action in any case. Those, however, who wish to emerge from the relative isolation of exclusively Anarchist propaganda and yet dislike to merge into syndicalism—it is to these I suggest to look out for fields of anti-law, anti-State action and propaganda as I have described them. Think how we looked on trade unionism fifteen years ago, and to what extent it has been possible to spread the idea of the General Strike and the coming economic revolution,—at any rate, among large numbers of trade unionists in several countries, France, etc. If the feeble and scattered Federalists, autonomists, and other anti-State and anti-law movements of to-day were similarly strengthened by the co-operation of Anarchists, and new movements created, in a few years' time the political strike and the coming abolition of State power would equally come to the front—why not make efforts in this direction?

It is useless to expect that all should ever reach an equal development. We need, therefore, not be angry at those who remain behind and might leave them alone, provided they leave us alone. Progressive movements cannot at the same time proceed and be burdened with the masses who lag behind. Therefore, some day—perhaps soon, perhaps only after centuries of undecided

struggles, just as ages ago centuries were wasted on undecided religious wars—it will be more generally recognized that various political and economic systems can exist side by side, just as to-day free thinkers live side by side with believers in hundreds of shades of religion. To make this possible each section must possess economic and political independence; whilst economic independence will be won for Anarchists either by the overthrow of capitalism and expropriation or by slow co-operation, political independence will be won either by the abolition of the State after a revolution, or by living outside of the State, side by side with it, as co-operation lives side by side with capitalism. The former means (expropriation, etc.) do not depend upon Anarchists alone; therefore they have no prospects to see their ideas fully realized in this way. The latter method (co-operation and political existence outside of the State) can be realized by Anarchists and their sympathizers alone, and as it could only strengthen the power of Anarchism, I do not see that it could do any harm to what some will call the more revolutionary method. Very seldom two bona fide methods exclude each other; usually they support each other, though this is not always seen—so strange is the fetish of unity, unification, etc., one of the many forms of authority.

We see every day more clearly how odious, insidious and infamous State power is; and, to be sure, large numbers of people see it as well whom our propaganda does not reach because it is so closely connected with economic doctrines which are nothing but hypotheses; this makes the friendliest inquirer sceptical. If, by the methods described—anti-Statist work on the broadest lines—we come into contact with all the latent enemies of the State and strive to win independence from the State (as long as people in general are not advanced enough to abolish it)—I feel we should do something which to-day is too much left undone: the work of political emancipation, the essential corollary of economic emancipation.

M. N.

London, Nov. 5, 1907.

A LETTER TO MOTHER EARTH

THE reporter on the "Situation in America" to the recent Amsterdam Congress has made a laudable effort to give the comrades abroad a glimpse of a "new tendency, which has been manifesting itself among the Jewish element" here. Unfortunately, that description (published in MOTHER EARTH for November) is (of necessity, I suppose) too brief to be enlightening, and it is not quite accurate besides.

Acting on the liberal principle of "hear the other side," I hope you will not refuse to publish the proposed Resolutions (a copy of which is herewith enclosed) which I presented for discussion at the Anarchist Conference here, and which contain a clear, though concise exposition of that "new"—but to my mind very important—tendency of Anarchism.

The suggestions and arguments were as follows:

(1) That the Anarchist Congress adopt a resolution declaring in explicit and unmistakable terms its abhorrence of the practice of assassination for the purpose of protest—the so-called "propaganda by deed."

Since Anarchist work and thought has been rightly or wrongly identified all over the world with political assassination and bomb-throwing, it is of paramount importance to take a firm stand against these truly reprehensible acts—unique in the history of mankind—as a method of spreading humanitarian ideas. These acts must be clearly distinguished from acts of tyrannicide, *in specific cases*, and from acts of resistance to oppression generally, which nowadays may need to be encouraged rather than discouraged; also from acts purporting to *avenge* crying wrongs, which are unavoidable and essentially unrelated to the teachings of Anarchism, revolutionary or otherwise.

(2) That the Anarchist Congress endeavor to perfect a plan of party organization, *sectional, national and international*, on the basis of a *declared membership* and *party responsibility*.

For this purpose it is of prime importance to issue a new declaration of clearly defined Anarchist principles, as

well as of the aims, remote and immediate, of Anarchist work—which should be *binding* on every one who chooses voluntarily to declare himself a member of the organization, and for whose political acts the party is morally responsible to the public.

Federalist principles and autonomous home-rule should be the basis of the general organization of the party, allowing free scope to each local group to do its local work, except in matters of general importance, when it should be expected to follow the decision of the party—to which every group gives its voluntary allegiance and from which it may at any time secede at will. And

(3) That the Anarchist Congress declare for pacific methods of propaganda generally (emphasizing the broad distinction between the Anarchist movement proper and the trade union or syndicalist movements with which Anarchists are in very strong sympathy), and specifically—*for the participation in the political life of the people*. Not, indeed, with any view of ultimately seizing the political power and decreeing the Anarchist society, but by taking advantage of the political issues of the day, or by creating new issues, solely to spread decentralizing principles of government and to counteract the manifest tendencies of State Socialism.

Since our work is primarily educational in character, and since the great social transformation contemplated by Anarchism can never be realized except through the process of evolution, it is clear that our office is that of the educator and not of the chastiser, that of the teacher, not of the hangman. The tyrant may be conspired against and removed; the despotic brood may be eradicated by the bomb of the patriot, but you cannot remove “the tyranny of the majority” by firearms. Our method of work must, therefore, be the evolutionary method—superceding the old forms of life by the introduction of new ones—which is itself a process of incessant struggle between the forces of liberation and the forces of oppression. But the arena where the Anarchist battle may be fought and won is too extensive to be confined within the narrow limits of trade unionism; it must needs embrace the wide field of the social and political life of the people at large.

DR. J. A. MARYSON.

REPLY

Since Dr. Maryson wanted the Amsterdam Congress to act on his resolutions, it seems strange that he failed to submit them to the Congress, instead of sending them to MOTHER EARTH four months later.

Needless to say, our magazine will always maintain "the liberal principle of 'hear the other side.'" But as the majority of delegates to the Amsterdam Congress do not read English, it will do Dr. Maryson but poor service to have his resolutions in MOTHER EARTH.

True, the Doctor's resolutions were discussed at a small meeting (not at a representative conference) shortly before I left for Europe. But even there few of the comrades could see the logic of the resolutions or agree with Maryson's proposals.

It was suggested that I take them to the Congress. But as I was—and still am—absolutely opposed to them, I could not consistently represent the Doctor's views. Knowing that a five-cent stamp could carry Dr. Maryson's paper to the Congress, I did not wish to take it along.

* * *

I hold that the Doctor's position is illogical and contradictory.

"The Anarchist Congress is to adopt a resolution declaring in explicit and unmistakable terms its abhorrence of the practice of assassination for the purpose of protest—the so-called propaganda by deed."

Well and good. But Doctor Maryson wants such acts "clearly distinguished from acts of tyrannicide, *in specific cases*, and from acts of resistance to oppression generally." That is, he wanted the Congress to exercise the power of decision as to what constitutes "tyrannicide, acts of resistance to oppression or acts purporting to avenge crying wrongs." The former, Dr. Maryson himself thinks, "nowadays may need to be encouraged rather than discouraged."

The doctor may be able to reconcile such inconsistency with his conception of Anarchism, but to expect it from an Anarchist Congress is, to say the least, very naïve.

I do not think that I mistake the conception of freedom or the judgment of the Amsterdam delegates when

I venture to say that not one of them would have assumed the right to decide when "the practice of assassination" is "for the purpose of protest," or when it is "tyrannicide," or "an act of resistance to oppression generally."

My contention is supported by the fact that the Congress *unanimously* accepted the suggestion of the American delegates that "the Congress declare itself in favor of the right of rebellion on the part of the *individual*, as well as on that of the masses; that all terrorist acts be considered from a psychological standpoint, being the result of the impression made on the individual by the terrible pressure of our social injustice."*

The second resolution of the Doctor was acted upon by the Congress, though the latter did not have the benefit of Mr. Maryson's suggestions. The International, based upon sectional, national and international relations, was formed. But the delegates were probably too Anarchistic to make their declarations "binding" for those willing to join the organization.

The third point was also touched upon, but hardly to the satisfaction of Doctor Maryson. The Congress has indeed discussed "specific methods," such as the participation of Anarchists in the syndicalist and anti-militarist agitation. As to "participation in the political life of the people," I am glad to say that herein, too, the delegates were too Anarchistic and too well aware of the corrupting influence of politics to advise such participation. Of course, Dr. Maryson does not want Anarchists to participate in politics "with any view of ultimately seizing the political power and decreeing the Anarchist society." Nor did the Social Democrats aim at that when they originally urged participation in politics. They, too, looked upon it as a means "of taking advantage of the political issues," etc. Where they have landed every one knows who is at all acquainted with the Social Democratic movement. Or does Dr. Maryson want us to believe that he, as Prime Minister à la MM. Millerand, Clemenceau and Briand, would act differently?

A political party, to be successful, must become *centralized*. Yet the Doctor would have us participate in

*See Amsterdam Report, in October M. E.

politics "for the purpose of spreading *decentralising* principles of government."

Indeed, we cannot "remove the tyranny of the majority by fire-arms." Nor by anything else, dear Doctor, if we are to become a political party.

"Our methods of work must be the evolutionary method, superceding the old forms of life by the introduction of new ones." Exactly. But what are those new forms of life? Surely not participation in politics, which means the continuation of government, hence the *conserving of old forms*. Do not the new forms of life rather consist in the attempt to practically apply the ideas of Anarchism right now,—that we should not, for instance, try to enrich ourselves at the expense of others; nor seek the protection of government and hold government positions; nor to enlighten our children in the public schools, cater to public opinion, tyrannize over and dictate to others, and bow to the existing standards of morality. It seems to me that *these* are the *new* forms of life, and that they will take the place of the old not by preaching or voting, but by living them.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE NECESSITY FOR TERRORISM IN RUSSIA

By KELLOGG DURLAND.

TERRORISM, in Russia, is a phase of warfare essential to the side of the people because of the peculiar circumstances under which the revolution is being conducted. The terrorist bears the same relation to the general movement that the skirmisher or the sharpshooter bears to a regular army.

It is not true that the Russian people "set an example" of murder and assassination. The arch murderers and wholesale assassins of Russia are to be found in the clique surrounding Nicholas II. and lesser minions in the police and military service throughout the country.

I know of no more cruel or absurd judgment than that so often passed in America condemning terroristic activity. Such censure is invariably based on profound and deplorable ignorance. Terrorism does not precipitate "rivers of blood." It dams these rivers, which have already been started by the officials of the government.

As well condemn the dynamiting of a building, or a block of buildings, to save a city threatened by fire, as to condemn the removal of one official to save the lives of hundreds.

Take Luchenovsky—a cruel, heartless, murderous official. Luchenovsky was responsible for the flogging of peasants, the burning of homes, and the grossest abuses of modern times. He allowed his Cossacks to take the young girls and women of the village for their sport. Sometimes the excessive bestialities of these men resulted in the death of the victims. Luchenovsky's whole administration was one of horror. One day a young girl of one and twenty—Marie Spiridonova by name—shot and killed Luchenovsky. Marie is now in the Akatui prison in Central Siberia, but Luchenovsky's successor is an enlightened, humane man, who, however much he upholds autocracy, at least is not a tyrannical, monstrous blood spiller.

Last year, in the city of Tiflis, there was a convention of women teachers, met to discuss educational methods, and to lay out a plan for an improved curriculum. A regiment of Cossacks suddenly appeared, and the Colonel ordered the break-up of the meeting, saying to his Cossacks, "These women are yours." The Government made no effort to punish or even rebuke this officer. Is it not a right thing to do to remove such a man? To make it impossible for him to repeat such an outrage to humanity? You who hold any woman dear—you answer.

One night I was in the city of Koutais, in the Caucasus. General Alikhanoff—"Bloody" Alikhanoff—was quartered in the town with his army of "pacification." My interpreter awoke me from a sound sleep to come and speak to a man who waited for me below. Hurriedly dressing, I went down stairs and met a young man of considerable intelligence who was in a tremendous state of nerve strain. Twelve soldiers had broken into his house just before midnight. They took turn about in pinioning him in a corner, while each one of the twelve successively raped his wife before his eyes. You American people who discountenance terrorism—what would you advise this man to do under the circumstances?

In June, 1906, I was in Bialystok. A pogrom had just been started. I saw women who were repeatedly raped

before the eyes of their husbands and their fathers. I saw a child, four years old, deliberately shot in the arm by a soldier. I saw a girl of twelve shot in the stomach. I saw a hospital that was deliberately fired upon by soldiers merely to create a panic among the patients. The local schoolmaster was killed by three gendarmes driving nails into his skull. The whole reason for the massacre was to terrify the population into submitting meekly to various governmental impositions. The massacre is a recognized weapon of the Russian government often used to shape political ends. By what standards of the eternal verities is it wrong to combat this kind of slaughter by removing the official or officials responsible?

In July I was in Warsaw. A man named Victor Green was chief of the Secret Police at the time. Green was ordering the arrests of hundreds of men and women, many of whom had never been implicated in anything. Green had tortures applied to these people to wring from them confessions—often of things they knew nothing about. He would have the hair pulled from their heads in small bunches, their teeth jerked out; he ordered men and women to be suspended by their wrists and beaten front and back in such a way that they became sick to their stomachs. These people were often absolutely innocent. The tortures ceased only when they admitted things they had not done (affording excuse for imprisonment or exile), or when they named some other person, who as frequently was equally innocent. A few months after my stay in Warsaw some one killed Victor Green. I don't know whether it was some one who had himself suffered, or whether it was a near one of some one whom he had injured. I do know this, that whether my ethical standards are right or wrong, I approved absolutely and entirely of the assassination of this man, because it ended—at least for a time—an era of torture in Warsaw prisons. What else, pray, is to be done to such a man?

“Hangman” Pavlov in the Baltic Provinces was picked off because of the long list of people—including many young boys and girls—whom he had hanged. Pavlov was guilty of many and terrible murders. His death shortened the death roll in his district.

General Min commanded the troops in Moscow.

After Moscow was entirely quiet, Min ordered the firing upon unarmed, defenceless people. Dubossoff, then Governor General of Moscow, had about 1,400 boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 18 dragged from the schools to Cossack barracks, then stripped of all their clothing and flogged. The boys received twelve strokes, and the girls four each. This mixture of sensuality and brutality seemed to tickle certain Moscow reactionaries greatly. If you don't kill men who do these things they will continue their tortures and their murders. To assassinate an Alikhanoff, a Pavlov, a Min, a Dubossoff, a Sergius, a von Plevhe is, to my mind, precisely like killing a rattlesnake that has crawled into a nursery, or stamping out a pest, or blowing up a building to stop the further spread of the flames.

Terrorism in Russia is not, save in rare instances, a blind or fanatical movement. It is an intellectual movement. The terrorists are always educated men and women, frequently university students or graduates. A terroristic victim is chosen carefully. His death is planned with great regard to the protection of the lives of people who may be near. The terrorist almost always pays greater heed to this than the Government ever does. The Government orders its soldiers to shoot and a swath of indiscriminate victims fall. Not so with the terrorists. The slayer of Grand Duke Sergius allowed five opportunities for getting his victim to go by, because the Grand Duchess Elizabeth was by his side, and her death was not desired.

Zinaida Konoplannikova, who shot General Min at Peterhof in August, sacrificed her own life to save the lives of some children. On a certain morning when the General left his home he was approached by Zinaida, who was accompanied by one comrade. She held a velvet work-bag in one hand. In the bag was a bomb; in her pocket was a Browning. Zinaida meant to do well her work. As she was on the point of passing the General and dropping the bomb, two children ran towards her and flung themselves at her skirts. She carefully raised the bag above their heads, and, turning to her comrade, said: "I cannot—the children." That same afternoon Zinaida waited for General Min near the railroad station. Again she carried the velvet work-bag, and in her

pocket the Browning. The station was almost deserted. She determined to use the bomb and attempt escape. The bomb would make sure her victim and occasion enough commotion to perhaps enable her to escape. But when the General appeared, he was accompanied by his wife and daughter. Like a flash she weighed the choice—the bomb would kill the General and the two women, but perhaps cover her escape. The revolver meant the General's death and her own. No other. There was no hesitancy. Her hand reached for the Browning, and General Min fell. As soldiers rushed upon her, she motioned them back, shouting, "Careful! Careful! This is a bomb!" The soldiers hesitated. Zinaida gently put down the bomb, and gave herself up. In the dead of night, September 10, 1906, in the grim and sinister courtyard of the famous Schlüsselburg fortress, Zinaida was hanged.

How many times have these "terrorists" shown similar care for the lives of the innocent. At least two or three lives were sacrificed during a Nationalist incident by the insistent daring of the "protecting party" in keeping the crowd of passersby back from the zone of fire.

The capture of Sobolow, known as "The Bear," a man whom I knew intimately, on the Nevsky Prospect in St. Petersburg, was beautifully characteristic. The Bear was five and twenty. He was more than six feet tall, deep-chested, light hair, small light beard, and deep blue eyes. The Bear was a leader in the Moscow insurrection of December, 1905. A spy, who had successfully played the rôle of a revolutionist, had arrested a number of the Moscow leaders. Sobolow had quit Moscow immediately after the insurrection and worked only in other places. Sobolow was the soul and spirit of a certain group of the Moscow and Petersburg Fighting Organization. During the year he had dressed differently than when he lived in Moscow. There he was a workman, wearing a blouse and a cap. In Petersburg he dressed as a fop, a coxcomb, an exquisite of the court. I knew him well, and was by no means unaffected by his gracious personality, his winning smile, his deep intensity. Ten months had passed since the Moscow affair. So many things had happened during those ten months that Sobolow had ceased to think of any danger from that

old affair. One bright afternoon, as he was hurrying along the Nevsky, a beggar, clad in utter rags, stuck a dirty hand in front of him and whined a pitiful plea—"A kopeck, sir, for Christ's sake!" Sobolow drew out his purse and handed the creature a coin. As he did so, the "beggar," who was scrutinizing the young man's features, emitted a shrill whistle, and Sobolow was pounced upon by spies. The "beggar" was the old Moscow provocateur. A day or two later Sobolow met the death of a soldier of the revolution. . . .

So much for the necessity for terrorism, for the methods of the terrorists, and the personnel of the terrorist ranks as gathered from these splendid examples.

One thing more. Terrorism in Russia is justified not alone on the basis of these specific individual examples. There is a broader foundation still. The Russian government is at war with its own people. Four-fifths of the Empire is under martial law. The army is maintained on a war basis. Therefore, as one of the phases of war—horrible, if you like, deplorable, perhaps—but as one of the aspects of war, terrorism must be viewed precisely as the shot of a scout is viewed, or a sharpshooter, and so long as this war continues, especially the nearer it approaches guerilla warfare, terrorism is not merely justified—it is a practical necessity.



FERMÍN SALVOCHEA

By LE TRIMARDEUR.

THE international Anarchist movement—especially the revolutionary element of Spain—has lost one of its foremost representatives in Fermín Salvochea, who recently died at Cadiz.

Our deceased comrade belonged to the type of rebels of Elisée Reclus and Louise Michel, whose magnificent personalities shine like bright stars on the revolutionary firmament.

Born in the seventies, of a rich bourgeois family, and endowed by nature with great talents, comrade Salvochea had all the chances for a successful career. His love of freedom and deep sympathy with suffering humanity, however, turned his attention to revolutionary

ideas and finally carried him into the Anarchist movement.

Cadiz, the city of his birth and death, has more than once played a historic rôle in the life of the Spanish people and their struggles for freedom.

It was at Cadiz, in 1812, that the then revolutionary Cortes proclaimed the famous constitution which legalized the uprising against the Napoleonic army. Again, it was Cadiz, whence Riégo, in 1820, marched to Madrid with his small army, forcing the tiger-king, Ferdinand VII, the protector of the Inquisition, to submit to constitutional government. Later, in 1868, Prim, Serrano and Topette organized a tremendous revolutionary movement at Cadiz that cost Isabel II. her throne, and established a federalist republic, the latter finally developing into Anarchist communes.

Cadiz and the entire province of Andalusia were ever in the past the centres of Anarchist activity; it was there also that Bakunin has sown the most fruitful seed.

In many of the heroic struggles of the past Fermín Salvochea took an active part. As mayor of Cadiz he headed the advance guard in the revolutionary campaign which ended disastrously at Cartagena, owing to the bombs used by the fiends of "order."

At that period Salvochea was still a follower of the radical Republicans. Pi y Margall, whose able translation of Proudhon's works acquainted the Spanish people with the ideas of Anarchism. Salvochea, however, was not one to be contented with mere reforms. He soon embraced Anarchism, becoming one of its most important exponents in Spain.

Needless to say, he speedily came in conflict with the authorities; incessant persecution and repeated imprisonment of our noble comrade were the result. More than once he was forced to escape from the "civilized" Spanish government to seek refuge in "barbaric" Morocco, where he always found welcome hospitality.

Rich in ideas and beauty of character, and therefore poor in worldly goods, Salvochea died after having devoted forty years to the struggle for humanity. Even the bourgeois world, which he absolutely renounced, was compelled to pay a high tribute to the wonderful personality of Fermín Salvochea.

SAMUEL MAINWARING

By H. KELLY.

IN the death of "Sam" Mainwaring the English Anarchist movement has lost one of its most picturesque and devoted comrades. An old and tried worker in the Socialist League, he evolved from a revolutionary Socialist into an Anarchist Communist when the League split and disappeared, swallowed up by the Anarchist and Social Democratic parties. The friend and co-worker of William Morris, Mainwaring was not afraid of the logic of his position; while Morris accepted the philosophy of Anarchist Communism, but could not overcome his prejudice to the name, Mainwaring recognized the fitness of the name for his ideas and declared himself. A Welshman by birth, he possessed all the love of liberty characteristic of the inhabitants of that little country. He spent some years in America, but the greater part of his life was passed in London where he was for many years a familiar figure at Anarchist and revolutionary meetings. An engineer by trade, he was a skilled workman and had he been less of a man and more of a philistine he could have risen in time to the ranks of the bourgeoisie. Tom Mann once told the writer that he conceived a great deal of his admiration for "Sam" when the latter was his foreman: he was such a lovable man. As members of the "Freedom Group," with the Kropotkins, Marsh, Tcherkesov, A. Davies, Tchaykovsky, Cantwell, Marmol, Kull, Netlaw, Wess, Kahn, and others, "Sam" and his wife were regular attendants at the meetings of the "Freedom Discussion Society," held at Tom Mann's, five to eight years ago. With white heads and careworn faces they were a beautiful sight as in the evening of their lives they trudged back and forth to meetings where theories were discussed and ideas advocated to remold society and make life more beautiful. Soldier of freedom and friend of a great poet,—"Sam's" death was sublime. He fell dead while addressing a meeting of the unemployed, on Parliament Hill, at London, on the twenty-ninth of September, at the age of sixty-six. A lover of freedom, a man of intelligence and noble heart, his death is our great loss. Lost to us and the cause he loved, his memory will

long remain with us and in moments of depression at the slow progress of revolutionary ideas may we summon in imagination his white head, and eyes, glowing with the divine fire, to cheer us on our lonely way.



ARE THE I. W. W. STILL REVOLUTIONARY?

(Correspondence.)

IN the October MOTHER EARTH I note an article by comrade Emma Goldman on "The Situation in America," in which she is discussing the various phases of the labor movement in this country. Speaking of the Industrial Workers of the World, comrade Goldman acknowledges the fact that the organization of that body was "an attempt to put the labor movement of America upon a more rational, progressive and revolutionary basis." But she believes that "it is to be regretted that the new organization is not preserving its single-heartedness and concentrating all its energies in the struggle with capital. The efficiency and usefulness of the I. W. W.," comrade Goldman continues, "have been considerably impaired by internal strife, jealousy and legal litigation among themselves, as well as by the unenviable—and partly justified—reputation they have acquired as strike-breakers, taking the places of striking members of the American Federation of Labor. Petty political machinations on the part of one of the wings of the Socialist movement have further served to discredit the new organization."

I beg to differ with comrade Goldman on this question. The fact that there is internal strife in a labor organization does not necessarily mean that the organization is "not preserving its single-heartedness and concentrating all its energies in the struggle with capital." It means simply that there are some elements within that organization which are trying to disrupt it; elements that are found everywhere where workmen combine for mutual aid and assistance. In every movement of this kind we find revolutionists and reactionists, and when these two forces clash, there must be a split.

The same thing has taken place within the I. W. W. This time it was the head of the organization who, by

his extravagance in handling the funds of the I. W. W. and his reactionary tactics, pretty nearly succeeded in disrupting that body. It was due to the efforts of a few men who realized the situation, that the organization was saved from destruction. They made a desperate attempt, and they succeeded. They deposed the "leader." Then followed the hiring of sluggers by Sherman, and finally the resort to capitalistic courts.

Some might claim that the action of the convention of 1906 was illegal, and that it was prompted by De Leon and his followers. To such criticism I would reply that in a crisis there is no question of "legality." It is the time for deeds. The decision of the convention was a most revolutionary action; it was the speediest and most effective way of ridding the organization from a parasite. (I am forced to use this strong expression to characterize a man who would bring in a bill charging twenty dollars a day for "incidental expenses.")

De Leon had nothing to do with the deposing of Sherman, directly or indirectly. Nor were all the men, who voted to dismiss Sherman, members of the S. L. P. But credit should be given De Leon and the *Daily People*—of which he is the editor—for their gallant fight after Sherman seized the office and the books. The Trautman faction—the rabble, as Sherman used to call them—were left without a single address of the unions. It was through the medium of the columns of the *Daily People* that the outside world learned the true facts in the case. At a time when every Socialist Party paper slandered the I. W. W. and called them a scab organization, the *Daily People* stood alone in the field, defending the revolutionists against the reactionists.

As to the other charge against the I. W. W., to the effect that they have acquired a reputation as strike-breakers in taking the places of striking members of the American Federation of Labor, that is also not correct. I'll cite an instance where the I. W. W. men walked out on strike simply to help an A. F. L. local to gain the same conditions that the I. W. W. men were getting. That was in the railroad strike between Beatty and Los Negras, Aug. 7th, 1907. The I. W. W. men were getting \$4.50 per day, while the Brotherhood men were getting only \$2.80. So the latter, after enlisting the aid of the

I. W. W., called a strike and gained the same scale paid to the I. W. W. men. On the other side, I will cite an instance where the A. F. L. have been scabbing on the members of the I. W. W. This was the case with the tanners and slaters of Youngstown, Ohio, in June, 1906, where members of the American Association of the Amalgamated Sheet and Metal Workers had taken the places of I. W. W. men who were striking. I will further cite an instance where members of the I. W. W., true to the interests of their fellow workers, went out on strike in sympathy with an A. F. L. union, and where another local of the A. F. L. refused to join the fight; technically they were scabbing. This was the case in Cleveland, Ohio, in May, 1906. The building laborers' local, affiliated with the A. F. L., went on strike for an eight-hour day and a wage increase from \$1.75 to \$2.00. As soon as the Bricklayers' Local Union No. 232, I. W. W., learned of the fact, they called out all I. W. W. men employed on jobs where members of the A. F. L. were on strike. They requested the Bricklayers' Local Union No. 5, affiliated with the A. F. L., to do the same. The latter promised, but failed to keep their promise. The employers offered the I. W. W. an increase of 10 cents and a contract for two years, if they would agree to withdraw from the fight. They were met with a flat refusal.

I could cite many more instances of this kind, but as space does not permit it, I will leave a more detailed account for another occasion.

Enough to say for the present that the organization of the I. W. W. has met in its infancy with many obstacles from the so-called Socialist press, and even from a part of the more radical publications. It is not justified, for instance, to call the organization an appendage of the S. L. P.* The fact that De Leon is active there does not mean that the I. W. W. are a fraction of the S. L. P. You might as well say that because of an Anarchist being active in the I. W. W., the latter are necessarily an Anarchist organization. The I. W. W. are not as revolutionary as some Anarchists think they

* See "Observations and Comments," MOTHER EARTH, October, 1907, p. 299.

should be—but we Anarchists have not done much in that direction. The place to agitate for direct action and the General Strike is in the unions, not on the floor of a convention. We are not to capture conventions. Let us bring our ideas home to the people for action.

In conclusion I wish to say that it were advisable to investigate this movement before reaching final conclusions; and if we do so we shall find that, though the I. W. W. organization is not imbued with Anarchist views, it is, nevertheless, revolutionary.

JEAN SPIELMAN.

A PROTEST

As an Anarchist Communist, and a member of the Industrial Workers of the World, I remonstrate against the unfair treatment which I received by the editor of *The Industrial Bulletin*, the official organ of the I. W. W. I sent an Anarchist article against participation in legislative politics as such politics corrupt, waste and delay the labor movement. I wrote in favor of revolutionary propaganda, direct action, etc. Well, the editor, Mr. Edwards, put in a garbled version of my article and then he came out with a captious and misquoting editorial against the views of myself and Anarchist Communists in general. I wrote a second time to him, and against his editorial and against the pro-legislative views of a Socialist Labor party reactionary member of the I. W. W. I sent a stamp and directions to return my article if not printed. I have waited for about two months and the article was neither printed nor returned. Such treatment is curious, and to be expected of mere reformers and conventionalists. Official journals of bureaucratic bodies often give evidence of such intolerant, false and unprogressive methods, and it behooves every Anarchist worker to quit aiding the Socialist press by subscriptions, etc., and to help instead the only reliable revolutionary press and propaganda, that of Anarchist Communism. The duplicity, tyranny and reaction of Social Democrats and their doctrines can not be too much exposed. Social Democracy is only a bastard mixture of capitalistic tyranny and Anarchist freedom. We proletarians will not be satisfied with a mere middle class reform, for we

want a proletarian revolution. I know full well that almost all Social Democrats that I have met are contemptibly servile conventionalists, despite all their hypocritical claims of being revolutionists. Their respect, or neutrality, to law, authority, custom, officialdom, the marriage ceremony, theology, money checks, etc., brands them as mere reactionists. For awhile yet I will remain a member of the I. W. W., which attitude on my part is in accordance with the resolution of the International Anarchist Congress, which lately sat at Amsterdam, Holland, that Anarchists should remain with reactionary labor unions, but shall teach Anarchist syndicalist doctrine as they have done for several decades. Also I am influenced to stay with the I. W. W. for the reason that the late national convention of that organization didn't strengthen its legislative plank. I noticed that the aforesaid editor, Edwards, didn't put in the I. W. W. *Bulletin* the argument of comrade Caminita, editor of the Italian Anarchist organ of Paterson, N. J., against parliamentarism. The arguments of reactionaries like DeLeon, along with several more of his ilk, and only the mild argument of Axelson against them, show once more the unreliability and unfairness of an official organ to give the other side. Fellow proletarians, if you hate tyranny, servility and superstition, be what true revolutionists of the present age can only be, Anarchist rebels, and the future will bless you for not being benighted, hypocritical passivists.

T. P. LEHAN, in *The Demonstrator*.



NEWSPAPERS

By VICTOR ROBINSON.

THOSE old-idead archetypal folks, facetiously known as "new thoughts," are gloriously gifted with gab, but have not been highly endowed with the bump of bashfulness. Whenever their feeble intellects seize an antique notion, which they ignorantly imagine to be nascent, they blab it forth—boldly, bawlingly, braggingly. All their shibboleths are sleazy, but here is the one which they most frequently sling at rationalists: "Whatever is, is right. God can take care of his world. Don't criticize. Cease knocking. Everything is the way

it should be—if doubting man only knew it! We live in a beautiful world. Have faith in the Lord and all will be well. O, infidelic man and woman, do you really think that the Almighty would permit a single mistake to exist for a single instant in his universe? Halleluiah! Rejoice! Be glad you're alive, and give thanks for all your manifold blessings. Sing a paean of joy. Shout for glory! Stop finding fault. Love everything. Get in tune with the infinite symphony. All is truth in God's world. There is no error. All is in its place. There is divinity in everything—recognize it! Don't be too analytical. Science leads many away from religion. Logic is a snare. Avoid reflection. This is a bright, beautiful, lovely, shining world. Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!"

This is not my gospel. On the contrary, there are many things and there are many men that I would like to see either improved or abolished. At present the subject is newspapers.

As far as newspaperdom is concerned, we are living in the Dark Age of Journalism. The newspaper is a seeker of sensationalism and a yelper of yellowism. For seriousness it has no use, and all that is noble and worthy it touches only to smirch. The newspaper is a prostitute, selling her soul to the public, willing to pander to its lowest perversions, and ready to commit any abominations as long as the shekels come rolling in.

When a notorious crook wins a horse race, the papers announce the fact in page after page, while hundreds of illustrations ornament the tale, but when a comprehensive thinker finishes a system of philosophy, upon which he has worked a lifetime, they are as silent as the voiceless wives of the Cicadae.

When two college teams play a game of football, the papers devote columns to the affair, presenting photographs of the left tackle in motion, and a snap-shot of the captain in the act of punting, while the wonders of the whirling wedge are not forgotten, but when two thoughtful scientists enter the intellectual arena and discuss important problems, the yellow throats of the dailies are hushed.

When filthy politicians like Quay and Hanna died, the journals were full of them, but when a philosopher like

Spencer, a writer like Zola, a dramatist like Ibsen passed away, a puny paragraph related the event. Brief obituary notices announced the recent deaths of two such splendid social reformers as Ernest Crosby and Hugh Pentecost.

The chemist in his laboratory, the astronomer in the observatory, the zoologist in the jungle, the geologist on the mountain-side, the physician in his clinic, the artist in his studio, the editor in his sanctum, the professor at his chair, the teacher at his desk, the poet in his den—these are of little use to the newsmongers, but let a clergyman elope with one of his pretty parishioners, or a Senator be found in the boudoir of his wife's rival, or an actress divorce her twenty-seventh husband, or a chorus girl win the heart of a multi-millionaire, or a respectable Congressman forsake his family for a dimple, or a love-crazed youth shoot his scornful sweetheart, or a slick gentleman marry all the women of his acquaintance, or a rich heiress run away with her daddy's chauffeur, or a deserted pregnant woman commit suicide, or an octogenarian wed a lass of sweet sixteen, or a gallant protector choke his darling by the windpipe, and the hearsters are in their glory and the linotypers work overtime.

Almost every day our Yellow Yodelers puff such empty-headed degenerates as Beveridge and Depew, but they seldom, or never, refer to the few living illustrious Americans who redeem our country from shame and who are of more value to the world than all the platitudinous politicians who haunt the lobbies of Congress. There is rarely any mention of our best philosophic writer, Paul Carus; of our profoundest biologist, Jacques Loeb; of our foremost physician, Abraham Jacobi; of our greatest astronomer, Simon Newcomb; of our wonderful Jewish poet, Morris Rosenfeld; of our talented negro sociologist, DuBois; of our devoted Boswellian biographer, Horace Traubel; of our eminent anatomist, Burt G. Wilder; of our peerless ophthalmologist, George M. Gould; of our venerable liberal, Charles B. Waite; of our leading historian, Hubert Howe Bancroft; of our excellent psychologist, Joseph Jastrow; of our superb scholar, Moncure Conway; etc.

But when it comes to fatuous fops, mewing ministers, respectable robbers and sputtering snollygosters, we are

informed of their private lives, of the poodles they pet, of the yachts they sail, of the volatile views that emerge from their encephalons, of the dinners they give, of the guests they invite, and of the gowns with which their female companions decorate themselves.

The newspaper is a compendium of crime. It aches for accidents—like an ambitious undertaker longs for stiffs. Has A. murdered B. for his money? Come, boys, get your six-inch type ready! Print it on the first page, in red ink, for all the world to see! It's great news! Has Col. Jack Astor's automobile crippled a little child? Hurrah—two columns at least! Has the President's mild-mannered bulldog chased a government clerk over the White House grounds? Extra! Extra! Just out! Extra! Extra! Has Swinburne written a new poem, all aglow with the burning genius of his youth? Faugh—that's not interesting. When he gets married or divorced, let us know and we will write him up.

The newspaper falsifies for pelf and lies for lucre. It is a gigantic garbage-can where dirt is daily dumped. Perhaps the newspaper claims that the public is her master, and that her only duty is to fulfill his desires.

O Harlot, wilt thou never leave thine impure bed and seek a cleaner profession?



THE FLOWER-MAKER

By SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

HEAPS of violets lay all about the room. Common violets of coarse muslin, crudely cut and dyed. She had to make them by the thousand, receiving only a mere pittance for the bunch.

She was an expert hand at flower making, and although she had hardly ever seen flowers in natural bloom, she could fashion daisies, carnations, waterlilies and poppies to perfection. She had a knack for giving the right twist to grasses and fragile plants like the mistletoe and Scotch heather, and even to roses and orchids that look as though a breath would blow them away, her hands were able to lend style and character. But now was the slack season. The delicate little tool for crimping, the "guffer" for making the dents in imitation of natural flower petals, and

the creaser for making those almost invisible cross lines that lend finish to the petals, lay idle. Stiff muslin that could not be fringed and scalloped and artistically crumpled had taken the place of more pliable material.

She lived on the top story of a huge tenement house with cemented stairs and eight families on every tier. The room was as small and uninviting as all such apartments are, yet a vague air of refinement emanated from its frugal furnishing. Out of the windows, over the chimneys and housetops one could see a bit of the sky. Everything was neat and clean, and the white curtain in the sunlight lent the room a certain homelike appearance.

There she had sat all morning on a hot July day fitting in the little threadlike stamens and petals into the blossoms, and attaching them to the wired stems. Now she was resting from her work. She had moved the chair back from the table and looked with her large dark eyes at the man who was sitting at the edge of the table. He was an agent for some cheap perfume. He had knocked at her door, pushed in his way without a special invitation, and offered his ware. He was young, fairly well dressed, and what a girl of her class would call handsome, and as she was alone—her invalid mother having taken a trip to relatives—she had allowed herself to drift into a conversation. She was tired, and desirous of some short interruption.

Although he was an arrogant uncouth fellow, incapable of any tenderness of sentiment, she did not notice his vulgarity; on the contrary, unfamiliar with the flatteries of men, the attentions he bestowed upon her gave her a new and pleasant sensation. He spilt his bottle of sample perfume all over her, expressed his regret that the flowers she made had no odor, and that she herself was, after all, the most beautiful flower he could imagine. He praised her work, calling her an artist in her line, and expressed pity that she had to work so hard.

He was right in that. She had not only to attend to her flower making, but to the washing, cooking, clothes making and general house work. It was really too much for a young girl. She had endured so much; she needed sympathy, a little pleasure, to forget. There had never been anybody in her life who had taken an interest in her. She had just done her work, and when night came, over-

come with fatigue, she had fallen asleep. She had no time to have a fellow. She had never sat on a man's knee, and been fondled as all the other girl's in the street. So when this man feigned a liking for her, she believed him and poured forth the yearning of her soul in naïve frankness.

He was now sitting next to her. A cat could be seen walking lazily along the edge of the roof opposite. A breeze from the river played in the curtains. Timidly she touched his knee with hers. He looked at her with a curious look and placed his arm around her waist, never spanned before save by a girl, and kissed her. She could not resist. A lethargy had come over her. His force bewildered and blinded her. To her his voice had a sonorous roll, and his eye a rare magnetism. She did not know that it was merely her inexperience of that great natural force which sleeps in every woman like the fire of an extinct volcano.

The blood merged through her cheeks, her eyes glistened, and her body involuntarily advanced toward his. She felt the crude caresses of his hand. She feebly repulsed him for a moment, but when he became more vehement, she lost all consciousness and gave herself as frankly as only a woman can, whose passion is awakened for the first time.

* * *

One dark afternoon several months later, she lay motionless on her little couch, her hands crossed upon her breast, and her hair tossed back over the pillows, like a drowned maiden that the sea of love after hours of storm had thrown, like driftwood, on a lonesome flower shore. Her breath was hardly perceptible, only her eyes—darker and deeper than ever before—were wide open, and on the lashes glistened a tear.

There she lay among her violets, having experienced a love that was artificial as they, those flowers that would still adorn so many women going through the same experience as she had done.

* * *

Many years afterwards I met her in one of the reception halls "along the line," and she told me the incident (although in other words) while we were eating a miserable repast in the subterranean dining-room of the estab-

ishment. She felt like indulging in old reminiscences. Although the beauty she might have once possessed had faded, there was still something in the glance of her eye which aroused my sympathy and assured me that she possessed something of a truly womanly nature.

Poor Stella, your bark of life did not glide, foam garlanded, on clear blue waters towards a land of happiness and love and dreams. Why regret it! We here on earth live all in eternal captivity, and long just for such moments of oblivion.

To some they come oftener, to others they seem to be barred forever. Who knows if those few hours, even though you yourself lent all the glamor to them, were not worth the vast stretches of nocturnal monotony in your life. You told me about riding through dark nights, with the seawind in your faces, you and he so near. Would you exchange those madcap excursions into the Nirvana of the senses for a life of accidental purity? No, you wouldn't, Stella. Let's have another bottle! I paid the Madam. Take this for yourself, dear. No, I can't stay to-night. So long!



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

FRANCE.

The radical and Socialist régime of M. Clemenceau continues its persecution of the leaders of the anti-militarist and syndicalist movements. Many people have recently been arrested and are now awaiting trial at Paris, Lyon, Brest, Cherbourg, Lorient, and other places. The fury of the government is directed especially against revolutionary publications, *La Guerre Sociale* having been indicted three times within two months.

Comrade Le Gall was arrested at Breste for alleged incitement to "theft and robbery." The real purpose, of course, is to deprive the syndicalist movement of one of its most active workers.

A widespread campaign has been started in behalf of comrade Mahta, editor of *Libertaire*, who is being detained in prison during the last three months for counterfeiting. As a matter of fact, Matha is the victim of a police conspiracy. Some time ago a

little tool-box was left by a supposed workingman in the office of *Libertaire*, on the pretext that the man was without work or lodging. Shortly after the office was searched by detectives who "discovered" that the box contained an outfit for counterfeiting. Thereupon Matha was thrown into prison.

During the month of August, A. Armand, the editor of *L'Ère Nouvelle*, a literary magazine devoted to the discussion of Thoreau, Tolstoi and Ernest Crosby, was also imprisoned on the charge of counterfeiting.

Two workingmen, Lacombe and Filiâtre, were condemned *in contumaciam* to two years' imprisonment for the practice of *sabotage*. They had been dismissed from work without cause, their employers refusing to pay them off. Thereupon the workingmen returned to the shop and destroyed the unfinished products. They refused to appear before the court; instead, they sent a letter to the State Attorney explaining and defending their right of *sabotage*.

Governments have yet to learn that rebellious zeal and ardor cannot be suppressed by imprisonment. The latest proof of it was given by comrade Duclos on his release from the prison of Mont-de-Marsau, by immediately resuming his former revolutionary activity.

The fermentation now going on in the labor and anti-militarist movements shows how rapidly the ideas of Anarchism are gaining ground in France.

ITALY.

The workers of this country have again shown a beautiful example of energy and solidarity, at the same time proving the practicability of direct action.

Striking gas-workers at Milan were attacked by mounted soldiers, who killed two men and wounded many others. Thereupon the General Strike was declared, as a protest against governmental brutality. The workingmen did not wait for orders from "leaders" and strike committees; they quit work on their own initiative, inaugurating at once the General Strike, which spread over Turin, Parma, Ferrara, Bologna, Coma, and other cities, causing great panic in government circles. To soothe the strikers, several soldiers were placed under arrest. The bourgeois press clamored for rigid measures against labor, especially

against the railway men, who—though government employees—“dared” to join the strike.

It must be borne in mind that the recent law against which the railway workers made a noble, though unsuccessful, fight, provides for the dismissal of any man who remains away from work during twenty hours and also makes him liable to other punishment. Still, 4,000 men in Milan alone joined the strike and altogether 7,000 railway employees defied the law.

Our “brave” parliamentary Socialists and professional trade unionists realized the danger of such defiance and straightway set to work to counteract the tide. The men declared themselves ready and willing for energetic action, but Socialistic machinations, aided by conservative trade unionism, prevailed. With seven to two votes the executive committee declared that the time “was not ripe” for a revolutionary move, such as the General Strike would have inevitably led to.

The railway employees then issued a manifesto, declaring that they had been betrayed by the Socialists and the trade union executive; they have also stated that they are considering the advisability of seceding from the Confédération (old unions).

The courts of Milan recently sentenced comrade Corridoni to six years’ imprisonment for circulating anti-militarist literature. It is the first time that such a brutal sentence has been imposed for an “offence” of this sort. The cruelty of the government will not fail to bring forth revolutionary fruit.

PORTUGAL.

A bomb which exploded at the home of the Anarchist Rabadal, at Lisbon, while he was engaged in an experiment, resulted in a *razzia* upon our comrades, one hundred of whom have been arrested and thrown into prison.

Our contemporary *La Vita* was condemned to a fine of 50,000 Reis because it expressed sympathy with Morales, after his attempt on the life of the king. Owing to this exorbitant fine, the paper had to suspend.

GERMANY.

The conviction and sentence of Dr. Liebknecht to eighteen months’ incarceration in a fortress has been followed by the condemnation of Paar, editor of *Der Freie*

Arbeiter. Our comrade has been sentenced to one year prison for "ridiculing" the army and "threatening the existing order."

Comrade Fritz Müller has been released from prison after an incarceration of eleven months. As editor of *Der Revolutionär* he was charged with the crime of disturbing poor Willie's peace of mind.

Comrade Zumpe was recently condemned in Berlin to six months for an article written by him for *Der Revolutionär*.

SWITZERLAND.

Two women Anarchists, Gelsomino and Noir, have been expelled from this country for their active participation in the General Strike. Noir was a native, but on the pretext of her being the wife of a Frenchman she was escorted to the frontier.

Comrades Amiquet and Navarrez, active in the syndicalist movement of Roman Switzerland, have been arrested for "incendiary" speeches. Extensive preparations are under way to form a monster demonstration of protest against the arrest and expulsion of the four above-named comrades.

AUSTRIA.

The stupidity of the bureaucracy has recently been glaringly demonstrated in the strike of the railway men: the latter so faithfully observed every one of the multitudinous rules and regulations of the service that transportation was completely paralyzed. The government then was forced to accede to the strikers' demands.

An anti-militarist conference at Prague was dispersed by the police. The initiators of the conference have been arrested.

HUNGARY.

Regardless of all police persecution Anarchism is fast spreading here. An Anarchist weekly, but six months in existence, has already reached a circulation of 3,000. The authorities have confiscated several numbers of the paper, but in spite of all obstacles our contemporary bravely continues its gallant fight.

SERVIA.

Comrade Krsta Zizwaritsh, editor of the weekly *Rad-nitshka Borba* (The Battle of Labor) has been sentenced

in Belgrad to fourteen months' prison for "insulting" the army.

HOLLAND.

The eighteen months' imprisonment of Jan Garter, the young man who refused military service, has expired.

Garter has paid the penalty of his courage and conviction, but he has proved that he is stronger than those who tried to force him into the occupation of wholesale slaughter.

The federation of the cigar and tobacco workers has issued a call to all workingmen employed in the tobacco industry to reorganize their old unions along syndicalist lines. They explain their action by the intolerable régime of Social Democratic politicians who have hitherto controlled their international body. It is also suggested that the new organization issue a call for a Congress to take place next summer.

RUSSIA.

European dailies have recently published statistics showing the terrible totals of the Tsar's victims. According to them, 2,381 persons were executed without trial or hearing; 3,891 were condemned to hard labor, 605 receiving life sentences and the rest a total of 29,523 years. All these horrors took place during the very years when Russia boasted a constitution and parliament.

But revolutionary activity in the land of the "Little Father" is still unabated. No wonder *The Union of the Russian People*, a rank reactionary sheet, laments the fact that such true defenders of the Tsar's régime as *The Union*, *The Russian Flag*, *Russia*, *The Bell* and *Novoye Vremya*, sell badly, and have not a fair chance as compared with the radical papers.

DENMARK.

The trial of thirteen anti-militarists took place at Copenhagen November 1st. Their "crime" consisted in distributing among soldiers the anti-militarist publication *Nyl* (the News). Of course, they were found guilty and condemned to prison.

After the State Attorney had finished his plea for conviction, one of the defendants, Fritzner, addressed the court as follows: "I have no intention of pleading for clemency; nor do I recognize your 'justice.' I stand

before a court of might, which to me is synonymous with the highest injustice. I do not speak to impress the Court, but to propagate our ideas, as I know that what I say here will be carried to the people at large."

Comrade Sophus Rasmussen, editor of *Skorpionen*, who had suffered much persecution at the hands of the police, was recently exiled to Sweden, owing to the expected visit to Denmark of the Tsar's mother.

As the presence of Rasmussen was vital to the continuation of his publication, our comrade returned home after a few days' absence. Unfortunately, the police got wind of his presence. His arrest was ordered, but Rasmussen resisted, killing one police officer and then committing suicide. Another noble victim added to the long list of governmental cruelty and persecution.

ARGENTINE.

Our contemporary, *La Protesta*, is still in the field in spite of all governmental attempts at suppression, and our movement is growing in spite of all persecution.

One of the most, if not the most, magnificent of strikes has recently terminated. The railway traffic of the whole republic was almost paralyzed, and it was a strike of pure solidarity on the part of all the railways but one.

The Argentine Great Western, which runs about eighty leagues from Mendoza in the Andes to the City of San Luis, refused to accede to the demands of the engine drivers. So they struck, and as the government and the other railway companies helped that one every way they could, the engine drivers of all the others also struck work, thus bringing the manager of the Great Western to his senses. Prices went up in the city of Buenos Ayres enormously. Meat and bread were already very scarce when the men's committee agreed to accept arbitration on a very favorable basis. There is a very extensive web of rails in this country (19 railways).

MEXICO.

The régime of Dictator Diaz is daily growing more outrageous. Recently the government adopted a new method of throttling labor organizations and making strikes impossible. The government declared that labor leaders and agitators advocating strikes will be deported to the island of Las Ores Marias, the Mexican Devil's Island.

A CORRECTION

Owing to a perhaps natural misunderstanding, it was stated in the American report to the Amsterdam Congress that I am a worker in the cause of Anarchist Communism. The report should have said Anarchism, simply, as I am not now, and never have been at any time, a Communist. I was for several years an individualist, but becoming convinced that a number of the fundamental propositions of individualistic economy would result in the destruction of equal liberty, I relinquished those beliefs. In doing so, however, I did not accept the proposed economy of Communism, which in some respects would entail the same result, destruction of equal freedom; always, of course, in my opinion, which I very willingly admit should not be weighed by others as of equal value with the opinions of those who make economy a thorough study, but which must, nevertheless, remain supreme with me. I am an Anarchist, simply, without economic label attached.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.



ANNOUNCING MY LECTURE TOUR

Before starting on my next Western lecture tour, I will visit the States of Massachusetts and Connecticut, lecturing at

Brockton, Mass., December 8, 2 P. M.;
 Lawrence, Mass., December 9, 8 P. M.;
 Haverhill, Mass., December 10, 8 P. M.;
 Lowell, Mass., December 11, 8 P. M., at Odd Fellows' Hall, 84 Middlesex Street;
 Wooster, Mass., December 12, 8 P. M.;
 Boston, Mass., December 13, 8 P. M.;
 New Britain, Conn., December 15, 2 P. M., at Turner Hall, Arch Street;
 Hartford, Conn., December 15, 8 P. M.;
 Waterbury, Conn., December 16, 8 P. M.

Beginning January 5, 1908, I will tour the State of New York, opening with two lectures at Utica, January 5th, 2 P. M. and 8 P. M., at Turner Hall; Syracuse, January 6th and 7th; Rochester, January 8th to 12th (inclusive); Albany, January 13th and 14th.

I am also booked to lecture at Philadelphia, January 24th and 25th; Baltimore, January 26th; Washington, D. C., January 27th.

On February 13th, I shall begin my Western tour via Montreal, London (Ontario), Toronto and Cleveland, where dates have already been arranged for. I hope to hear soon from other cities along the line.

My subjects are as follows:

1. The Crisis: Its cause and remedy.
2. The Relation of Anarchism to Trade Unionism.
3. Direct Action as the logical Tactics of Anarchism.
4. Syndicalism—a New Phase of the Labor Struggle.
5. Woman under Anarchism.

I expect to add two or more subjects later on.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

P. S.—All my mail is to be addressed, as heretofore, to 210 E. 13th street, New York.



MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

| | |
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* * *

NOTES

The paper read at the Amsterdam Congress on the "Situation in America," and the report of the proceedings at the Congress itself, are excellent propaganda material. We therefore offer the September, October and November issues of MOTHER EARTH—which contain the reports referred to—for the nominal sum of 10 cents per set of three numbers. We urge our readers to send in their orders at once.

* * *

We take occasion to call the attention of all those interested in radical literature that we have made arrangements to take subscriptions to MOTHER EARTH and "Eugenics" at the yearly price of \$1.75 for both magazines. As the regular subscription price of "Eugenics" is now \$1.50, we advise all sympathizers to take advantage of this offer.

LECTURES.

"The Revolutionary Spirit in the Modern Drama" will be the subject of comrade Emma Goldman's lecture before the Harlem Liberal Alliance, Friday, December 20th, 8 P. M., at Fraternity Hall, 100 W. 116th Street, corner Lenox.

On Wednesday, December 25th, 8 P. M., comrade Emma Goldman will lecture in German on "Direct Action as the Logical Tactics of Anarchism," at American Star Hall, Pitkin Avenue and Christopher Street, Brooklyn.

Comrade Alexander Berkman will lecture before the Group Weckruf, Friday, January 17, 1908, 8 P. M., at 83 Forsyth Street. Subject: "Anarchist Methods, True and False."

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Every Sunday, 11 A. M., at Lyric Hall, 6th Ave. & 42nd St. John R. Coryell, lecturer.

Manhattan Liberal Club

Every Friday, 8 P. M., at Mott Hall, 64 Madison Ave., opp. Madison Square Garden.

Liberal Art Society

Every Friday, 8.30 P. M., at Terrace Lyceum, 206 East Broadway.

Brooklyn Philosophical Association

Every Sunday, 3 P. M., at Long Island Business College, 143 S. 8th Street.

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Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y.,
under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. II

JANUARY, 1908

No. 11

THE CALF PATH

By SAM W. FOSS.

*One day, through the primeval wood,
 A Calf walked home, as good calves should;
 But made a trail all bent askew,
 A crooked trail, as all calves do.
 Since then two hundred years have fled,
 And, I infer, the Calf is dead.
 But still he left behind his trail,
 And thereby hangs my mortal tale.
 The trail was taken up next day
 By a lone Dog that passed that way.
 And then a wise bell-weather Sheep
 Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
 And drew the flock behind him, too,
 As good bell-weathers always do.
 And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
 Through those old woods a path was made,
 And many men wound in and out,
 And dodged and turned and bent about,
 And uttered words of righteous wrath,
 Because 'twas such a crooked path;
 But still they followed—do not laugh—
 The first migrations of that Calf,
 And through the winding woodway stalked,
 Because he wobbled as he walked.
 This forest path became a lane,
 That bent and turned and turned again.*

*This crooked Lane became a Road,
Where many a poor horse, with his load,
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.*

*And thus a century and a half
They trod the footprints of that Calf.
The years passed on in swiftest fleet,
The Road became a village Street,
And this, before the men were 'ware,
A City's crowded thoroughfare,
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned Metropolis.*

*And Men two centuries and a half
Trode in the footsteps of that Calf.
Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed the zigzag Calf about.*

*And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand Men were led
By one Calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day:
For thus such reverence is lent
To well established Precedent.*

*A moral lesson this must teach,
Were I ordained and called to preach.
For Men are prone to go it Blind
Along the Calf-paths of the Mind,
And work away from sun to sun,
And do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and in and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.
But how the wise old wood-gods laugh,
Who saw that first primeval Calf!
And many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.*



OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

From pulpit and press, from millions of Christian hearts come the glad tidings, "Peace on earth, good will to all men!"

Can the human mind conceive of a more terrible taunt, a more horrible lie than this old Christian phrase?!

"Peace on earth!" cries the President, ordering the decks of his warships cleared for action.

"Peace on earth!" echo the Jingoese, demanding an increased army and navy.

"Good will to all men," unctuously proclaim the servants of the lowly Nazarene, while praying their governments to send soldiers to help "convert" the "heathen."

"Peace and good will," says the judge, as he pronounces the sentence of death.

"Thy will be done!" murmurs the steward of the Lord's bounty, as he raises the price of oil, coal and other necessaries of life.

"Good will to all men," greets you the landlord, ordering your eviction.

"Peace!" cries the employer, as he snatches the bread from the poor man's table.

"God is Love and His Law is Liberty," echo the guns trained upon starving strikers.

"Peace and good will!" jubilantly announce the newspapers, dwelling upon the numerous murders, robberies, rapes and evictions of the preceding day.

"Peace on earth, good will to all men!" proclaims the Christian world, while thousands are dying of starvation, the cities crowded with the unemployed, the park benches lined with the homeless, the prisons overfilled, and "free" men, women and children are miserably perishing of hunger, cold and neglect.

Peace on earth!

* * *

The poor Nazarene could not have possibly foreseen the practical effects of his Sermon on the Mount: the capitalists have ever since been trying to feed the multitudes on three loaves of bread—with disastrous results. But how much longer is society going to permit them to carry on this terrible experiment? They have indeed wrought a great miracle: they have charmed mankind

into the belief that life must mean poverty and misery for those that toil, and luxury for the idlers. "The poor ye have always with ye." What horrible consequences this highly immoral injunction has had, what a vale of tears and sorrow it has made of a beautiful world! If "poor" and "idler" were synonymous, one might perhaps bow to the inevitable, if such it be. At least, one could understand and explain it. But are the poor really idlers, and are the idlers poor?

See yonder grand palaces, gems of beauty, art and luxury. They are filled with sunshine, joy and all the things with which the labor of the world blesses its creators. Therein dwell the men that mine coal out of the dark bowels of the earth, to supply mankind with light and warmth. And the men of the field and factory dwell there, who give us our food and all necessaries of life. And other men and women live in these palaces, all enjoying the riches they have helped to produce. There live the masons, bricklayers, carpenters and iron workers who have built these palaces; and the tailor and shoemaker live there, too; also the sailor who takes us safely across the seas; and the telegrapher, motorman and engineer, who literally bring the world together; and all those live there, in comfort, joy and peace, who bless humanity with its riches, wealth and splendor.

But look at yonder hovels, dark, miserable, joyless. See those starvelings, dillapitated and homeless men, women and children, with the misery-hunted look on their faces,—these are our Rockefellers, Morgans and Belmonts; the social idlers who will not labor and who add nothing to the producing power of the world. These idlers are justly punished: they do not sow, neither shall they reap.

The world is just and beautiful.

* * *

Even at its best, the fate of the workingman is a miserable eking out of a mere existence. The "iron law of wages"—a euphonious term for the conspiracy of employer, storekeeper and landlord—has ordained that the producer shall receive just enough pay to—keep on producing. And if by some happy chance—usually by systematic stomach-robbery—the workingman has succeeded in laying aside a few dollars for a rainy day,

when that rainy day comes, the poor man finds that his banker has "lived beyond his income," and that the "bank has closed its doors" for that or some other equally good reason.

Even in time of so-called prosperity the lot of the workman is not to be envied. But during an industrial crisis, such as the present, for instance, the condition of the masses becomes unbearable. The number of unemployed is growing appallingly. In New York alone there are now a hundred thousand men out of work—and that means dire poverty, lack of the necessaries of life, cold firesides, starving women and children.

What shall be done? It is not a "mere Anarchist theory" that confronts us. We are facing hard, cruel facts. Where are our sage political economists? What solution can our learned professors suggest to relieve the terrible distress? What explanation can the apologists and defenders of our insane economic system offer? The crops have been unusually good. Why, then, do human beings starve in the midst of plenty? The warehouses and stores are chocked with clothing. Is it *therefore* that people must go about half-naked? There are plenty of houses and many vacant lots where homes could be built. Why, then, are thousands shelterless?

The fool sayeth in his heart, "There is no work." But life is sustained by the *products* of work, not by work in itself. And if those products and the opportunity to create them were not monopolized by the social idlers, we would have neither crises nor hard times.

Let hypocrites and their dupes talk about "inevitable dull times," "stringency of money," "lack of work" and similar rot. Their object is to befog the minds of the people and to stifle the cries of the hungry with lying phrases.

But you, workingmen of America, do not allow yourselves to be deceived. You do not want charity; nor will any makeshifts do. "Bad times" will recur again and again; delay will but intensify your agonies. Do not depend upon others for a solution of these problems. *You are the greatest sufferer, the eternal victim. You are to be your own savior.* The remedy lies in your own hands. You are the true owners of the wealth you yourselves have produced. It is yours by right of creation.

You need but demand back what has been stolen from you. Let your motto be: The land and the fulness thereof to the producer!

* * *

Little straws on the current of life show whither we are drifting.

Recently we read in the press dispatches that

"Charles Smith laughed at a Newark, N. J., policeman in a derisive manner Thursday night. For doing so he was fined \$20 by Judge Herr in that city yesterday morning. The court said that mocking a policeman meant mockery of the established social system. Such action was immoral, he said, and therefore a fine with an alternative of sixty days in the penitentiary was imposed."

Paradoxical as it may sound, the judge was right; the more's the pity. He said that "mocking a policeman meant mockery of the established social system." Quite true. The policeman is the visible representative of that combination of brute force, arbitrariness and graft, known as the established social system.

The established social system! What a mockery in the very words. A system in which everything is "established" except justice and humanity; everything "systematized" into murder, chicanery and artificiality; everything "socialized" along the most anti-social lines.

Wars, pestilence, poverty; tyranny and oppression; cowardice and knavery—these are the triumphs of the established social system, whose chief exponent is the policeman with the big stick.

* * *

The Federal government has again been overcome by a spasm of "morality." A recent number of the *Eugenics* has been found—by some ignorant bureau clerk, no doubt—to contain "immoral and obscene" matter, in punishment of which the magazine may be deprived of its right to be carried in the mails as second-class matter.

The Federal government has long regarded our brave little contemporary, the *Eugenics* (formerly known as *Lucifer*), as a dangerous exposé of prudishness, sham and hypocrisy in the relations of the sexes. Hence the persecution. But the pioneers of truth and liberty have ever had to suffer for their devotion to the cause. The gallows and prison have never yet conquered the aspira-

tions of the human soul. The Federal government is waging a losing battle.

* * *

A sentence of two years in prison at hard labor and a fine of two thousand dollars was imposed by Judge William M. Lanning, in the United States District Court, upon Bernarr Macfadden, editor of the *Physical Culture Magazine*, for violation of the postal laws of the United States by sending "objectionable literature" through the mails.

The charge is based upon the contents of the serial story which began in the October, 1906, issue of the magazine; the story was entitled, "Growing to Manhood in Civilized (?) Society," and was designed to arouse the public conscience to the frightful immorality of accepted moral standards.

There is no crime which governments punish with greater severity than the espousal of an unpopular cause, looking toward the enlightenment of benighted humanity.

The case of Bernarr Macfadden has been carried to the Supreme Court of the United States. Foreseeing, however, probable defeat, the friends of Macfadden are now circulating a petition for his "pardon." Those wishing to sign it, are requested to communicate with Bernarr Macfadden, Flatiron Building, New York City.

* * *

The capitalists of Nevada—aided by the ever servile State and Federal authorities—have tried all means at hand to provoke a condition of affairs at the Goldfield mines which might serve as a pretext for the wholesale slaughter of the strikers. Having failed in their purpose, in spite of the regulars which the White House Tsar so obligingly sent to aid the exploiters, the cabal of law and capital is now planning to obtain a Federal injunction, ostensibly to prevent picketing, but in reality to bring about the dissolution of the Goldfield Miners' Union.

C. E. Mahoney, vice-president of the Western Federation of Miners, is reported to have expressed himself as follows:

"An injunction of this kind, if issued, will mean that there is nothing left for the miners to do but to go and jump in the

sea. Any judge and set of men who fancy that the Goldfield miners will tamely submit to this procedure are greatly mistaken. I would favor ignoring any such order from any court in existence. Injunctions have come to be a mere joke to the American people, and this one would be the biggest joke of all. We shall fight it with every weapon at our disposal. There would be nothing else for us to do."

Quite right. There is nothing for labor to do, but to *fight for its emancipation from the thralldom of State and capital*. Only those who are willing to fight for liberty deserve it. Only those have it who conquer it.

* * *

Lieb' Vaterland, magst ruhig sein—Chancellor Day has spoken. Without any previous notice the learned gentleman of Syracuse University overwhelmed an unsuspecting public with the discovery that "the rich make it possible for the laboring man to earn a livelihood."

'Tis more than a discovery, Chancellor. 'Tis an invention; and by no means recent; in fact, a hoary old lie. Suppose, Chancellor, that you and the rich were to emigrate to Hades. Would then the bakers of your city quit making bread? Why, I trow they'd even bake cake to celebrate the event.

But we understand you, Ananias. Your fling at labor, Anarchy and Emma Goldman, and your glorification of the rich—we understand them all, old prostitute: 'tis the funkey's bid for the Oil King's New Year's tip.

* * *

Two noble veterans of the Russian Revolution have fallen into the clutches of the bloody Bear—Nicholas Tchaykovsky and Katherine Breshkovskaya.

They are dangerous, undesirable citizens. Dangerous to all tyranny and oppression; undesirable because they love liberty, aye, with an enthusiasm and zeal which know no limit. They have devoted their lives to the cause of the people; they have sacrificed wealth, position, even their own liberty to aid Russia achieve freedom. Long, weary years they have passed in prison and exile, only to prove that the fires of liberty cannot be extinguished even by the snows of Siberia. Again these brave martyrs returned to Russia, ever responsive to the call of humanity. They feared neither prison, nor probable sentence of death. Russia needed them, and they came.

Would the world had more of this spirit, more of these

noble, self-sacrificing idealists. Though misunderstood, persecuted and condemned, *the future is theirs*. That is their highest reward.

* * *

Our friend and comrade John R. Coryell, well known to all readers of MOTHER EARTH by his able contributions to our magazine, is the editor of a new monthly, *The Wide Way*.

We heartily greet the young champion of a newer and better life, and hope that the names of those may be legion who will walk with "Our John" in the Wide Way.

✻ ✻ ✻

THE NEW GOSPEL

AS of yore, church bells and organs are again announcing the glad tidings of the birth of the Son of God, who had come on earth to redeem mankind.

Yet, while the legend of redemption is being repeated, thousands of hungry and shelterless beings are tramping the cities and towns in search of work.

They cannot but question the truth of those tidings that have brought them naught but misery and despair, and that have closed all opportunities for the many, yet lavishly bestowing upon the few.

The story proclaimed from church and steeple during two thousand years has served bigoted priests to weave a net of lies wherewith they have caught human souls, while human bodies were allowed to perish.

But the time has come when large numbers of people are beginning to realize that the Nazarene, whom they are called upon to worship as the Son of God, himself was slain by the powers of wealth and authority, even as those are made to die who dare to cry out against the thieves and Pharisees of modern times.

Christ thundered against the rich and took his place with the poor. It was to the oppressed and degraded slaves he carried the gospel of hope, of justice, of liberation. No wonder "the poor heareth him gladly."

He died the champion of a new social conception, and many of his disciples, since canonized, had continued to wage war against wealth and property.

Said St. Basilus: "Every rich man is a thief."

And St. Hyeronimus: "Superfluity is ever the fruit of theft."

St. Clemens: "Justice demands that everything should belong to all equally. Property is the child of injustice."

Such was the gospel of the new dawn that was to illumine the dark horizon of the disinherited of two thousand years ago.

To-day the same gospel is being prostituted to the lust of capitalism. True, the lie of "Peace on earth" is still proclaimed. But ever greater is the robbery, the exploitation carried on in the name of that lie.

Shall that lie live forever, poisoning the lives of millions? Shall it continue to keep them in subjection, slavery and helpless despair?

The sky of the old year looks black and sinister; seemingly not a ray of hope for all the weary, cold and miserable victims of a hard and mercenary world. Yet, perchance, like Heinrich's bell in Hauptmann's masterpiece, a different chime may announce the new year.

. "But 'tis a chime

Such as no minster in the world has seen.

Loud and majestic is its mighty voice.

Even as the thunder of a storm it sounds.

.

All the church bells on earth it shall strike dumb.

All shall be hushed, as through the sky it rings

The glad new gospel of the new-born light!"

Yes, a new gospel that finds an echo in the hearts of the oppressed of the world. The gospel of human brotherhood, of the joy of life, of the right of rebellion. This gospel speaks not of a redeemer, but of the redeemed—redeemed, indeed, through their own conscious strength and power.

*"Then all who drooped, with sudden power inflamed,
Shall bear their treasure homeward to their huts,
There to unfurl, at last, the silken banners,
Waiting—so long, so long—to be upraised,
And, pilgrims of the Sun, draw near the feast!"*

HOW TO END PANICS

An Address to Poor People.

WE are having a panic; and all that you know of the how and the wherefore of it, is that you are laid off, there is no work, your savings are dwindling very fast, you do not know how you are going to pay your rent a month from now, or two or three months at most, nor how you are to get food for yourself and those depending on you. These things you *know*, with a desperate and unsparing certainty, that does not quit you, day or night, and makes you haggard, restless and futile in all you undertake. As for the rest, it is all a muddle; how it came about, why it came about, who is to blame or what is to blame, of this you have a mass of indistinct and contradictory impressions gotten from your newspaper, your corner saloon or grocery, your boss or your shopmates, none of whom have any clearer conceptions than yourself, and every one a different conception. One thing seems conclusive: neither you, nor any one of these, has any more power over the condition than over a thunderstorm; the social wheels are coming to a stop, and no one is able to keep them turning. And yet—*society is made for men, not men for society*; society is, or should be, an arrangement for the mutual benefit of all its constituents; it is, or it should be, sufficiently plastic to be remoulded by the needs of its members. As it is, however, so far from being served by the social organization, the security, well-being, health, even the bare existence of its members, are destroyed wholesale, so that Society-as-it-is may continue to exist; so that bonds, banks, interest, rent, profit, and taxes may continue their course undisturbed. Beside these august institutions, hoary with time and respectability, human flesh and blood are weighed as nothing, and men die in their hunger and despair that property may be preserved inviolate. So curious is the human mind, developed under the pressure of Society-as-it-is, that it is thought better to sacrifice the living maker to the inanimate thing he has made. Rather than take the food which was made to be eaten, humanity dies of hunger gazing at it; rather than warm itself with the coal which was dug to

be burned, a human being freezes to death in the secluded corner of a coal yard; rather than clothe itself with the garments which were made to be worn, a rag-concealed body shivers into final stiffness, while the unworn garments hang upon metal "dummies." Under this half-matured idea of what society is for, the real object of food-production is lost sight of; instead of being made to be eaten, it is made to sell; and the dealer in it will rather throw it into the sea, let it rot in the market-house, or burn it, than part with it without selling it. Coal is not dug to warm, but to sell; clothing is not made to protect, but to sell; houses are built, not to shelter, but to sell; and money is coined not to represent values in exchange, but to sell. To sell, *to sell*, TO SELL FOR GAIN! That is the principle animating all our social transactions. Whereby it comes about that humanity serves the Social Organization, not the social organization Humanity. Whereby it likewise comes about that in our best times, our highest ambition is to do bad work and get it received as good, and our masters' highest ambition is to get bad products on the market at the price of good ones. Big and little, all are seeking to get something for nothing; and the real purpose of producing at all, which should be to build up and preserve good bodies and good brains by the use of good, honest, wholesome products, is entirely forgotten. Whereby, also, it comes about that in our evil times, like now, we find ourselves helplessly staring at this great vague black ghost, the Panic, not knowing what to do to help ourselves, though there is plenty in the land, though the will to live is as strong as ever, and the brain is here, and the muscle is here, and all manner of material is here.

They raised a cry that gold was not here; how and why it got away, those who know all about it have taken good care to muddle well. But supposing it had gone away: is gold the thing any of us stand eminently in need of? Suppose that all the gold in the world were transmuted into dust by some philosopher's stone (its use as money has transmuted flesh into dust often enough); should we be reasonable creatures, then, to sit down and die in the midst of the wheat and the corn? Do we clothe ourselves, warm ourselves, feed ourselves, with gold? Then why do we all stop doing these things

because gold should have vanished? How much gold do any of you ever see anyway? Most of you see it occasionally in the shape of a five-dollar piece in your pay envelope, which you are generally anxious to change for paper so that you will not accidentally hand it out as a new cent. As gold you have no earthly use for it, while as money you prefer the paper which you proceed to exchange for things you need—bread, butter, meat, potatoes, milk, cotton, linen, and wool. Why, then, is it not possible to go on producing and exchanging these things, without reference to what the owners of gold are doing with their little usable commodity? Why? Because in your sublime stupidity and belief in those who rule and exploit you, you think what the gold owners want you to think; i. e., that you cannot trade coats for sugar, nor rye for shoes, unless you are able to trade the paper representative of the rye or the coats for this starvation metal that you do not want and cannot use; and because, in pursuance of your delusion, you are willing to uphold the great pyramid of gain which has its base on you and its apex in J. P. Morgan. For years you went on creating values for your employers far in excess of what you received; they pocketed the difference. For the same years your employers went on amassing these values, which they must now turn over in great part to the Napoleons of Finance, who have seized the opportune moment to squeeze them.

By the continuous operation of the process of giving more than you get, it finally arrives that the gatherers of gain have gotten products into their possession and are not able to part with them, because the givers of gain have nothing more to give. Meanwhile the gain-gatherers inaugurate a fiercer looting of each other. The owners of gold, the king commodity, proceed to concentrate it in their own chosen places, and the cry goes abroad that "the people are hoarding." "The people," save the mark! How much have you hoarded, you who read this? How many do you know who have anything to hoard? And for those industrious and saving souls who may have succeeded in putting away two or three hundred dollars in the bank, in the course of five years' work (the withdrawal of which by the "hoarders" is sometimes said to have caused this panic), what will

have become of their "hoards" at the end of two or three months out of work?

One Leslie M. Shaw, former Secretary of the Treasury, is reported as saying that one of the potent causes of the panic is, that "the American people have been living extravagantly, the practice being well-nigh universal," while at the conclusion of the same speech he regrets that the people, having lost confidence, have withdrawn their money and are selfishly hoarding it. O wondrous operation! You spend your money and you get a panic, or you put it in your stocking and you get a panic! "Be damned if you do, and be damned if you don't."

You have been extravagant, you people who live, a family of you, in three rooms up the back stairs of a tenement, for which you pay \$3.50 a week rent. You have eaten too much and drunken too much and worn too many good clothes—have you? The weekly expense per individual counts up to five or six dollars. That is extravagant! You should learn to live on three dollars a week, and put the other two or three in the bank, so that the gentlemen of finance may have wherewith to buy more bonds—after they have created a demand for them! Or, providentially, in emergency, to loan to your boss to pay your wages with! Until it dawns on the latter that as you can live on less, he may as well cut your wages and put the money to his own account; whereby we shall the sooner circle round again to the condition where production will stop because you have nothing left wherewith to buy back your products; and the owners of gold will once more proceed to fleece the owners of other commodities, because of the ruinous idea that there is a special virtue in gold redemption. That will be the result of economizing on food and clothes, so far as staving off panics is concerned; you may wonder somewhat what sort of an effect it is going to have on your bone and muscle, too.

And now you are hoarding! Having wasted your substance in riotous living, you are putting it in your stockings besides; and *that* causes the panic. Because if you don't furnish money to the banks, how shall they do business?

Verily, American people, you are very wonderful beings! You eat your cake and you have it, too; and you haven't got it because you have it. Thus Mr. Shaw and his wisdom.

But you, poor people, you know it is all a bitter and infamous lie. Facing the cruel winter weather, with neither hoard behind you nor hope before you, and knowing well that so far from having been extravagant you have been pitifully penurious, counting the nickels and the dimes with hateful parsimony, *you* know that whatever has caused the panic, it was not your "extravagance" nor your "hoarding." *You* know that what you have been extravagant in has been the eyesight you have wasted in dimly lighted or glaringly lighted shops, the muscle you have exhausted in the long overtime stretches, the blood that has gone impure, filled with the poison of the factory air. These you have wasted ruinously, but nothing else. You have not "purchased city property on the mortgage plan," nor "coal and iron mines," nor "timbered land"; you have not "purchased high-grade stocks and bonds with borrowed money," nor "invested in railway enterprises"; your credit isn't good for that. Such dealings are all the legitimate and inevitable working of the present social organization, which you serve, but which does not serve you; which is callous to your present misery, which will permit you to die in the midst of the wealth you have helped to create.

All panics are caused ultimately by this system under which one man is forced to work for another, and gives up the whole of his product for a part; whence it must inevitably result that masses of wealth accumulate in the hands of some. The longer the process goes on, the less the mass will have, and the more the accumulators.

The specific period for precipitating a panic is deliberately determined, of malice aforethought, by those accumulators who possess the privileged commodities, gold and silver, particularly gold. The privilege which these commodities have is, that these alone may be used, or represented, as money. This privilege they obtain and maintain through GOVERNMENT, which is the tool whereby the superstitious belief of the people in the necessity of gold and silver as a means to exchange

other products is made to serve the interest of those who own gold and silver.

Whenever the great dealers in money perceive that the wheels of production are beginning to clog (in this case the special cause of the clogging was probably the cold spring and the continuance of high prices in food stuffs long after nature had made amends by bountiful crops); when they observe that enforced stoppage of mills and factories is imminent, they begin to lay their plans for "gathering in the sheaves." They call in the gold, they hoard, they ruin banks, business men, manufacturers, in order that they may pick up values cheap, and mortgage future production in the same old way by getting their tool, the Government, to go in debt to them in the people's name, and pay them interest out of the people's pocket. Thus we, who were not alive in the time of the civil war, were bound to a debt ere we were born, and have gone on paying for dead men's quarrels year after year; and so our unborn descendants are mortgaged now to pay for our stupidities.

Mr. Cortelyou and Mr. Roosevelt have settled the difficulty in the time-honored way, by putting us in debt; and Mr. Morgan has released his gold till—the next time.

Men and women who work (when you are allowed to), whose purpose in life would of preference be to make good, honest, useful products, which shall go to build up life, and in return for which you desire to enjoy the like services of others, *there never can be any solution to the panic problem until you cease to produce for any employer's profit, and organize production for use only.* When you once understand that that is the real object of production, and set about organizing your efforts to that end, you will find yourself face to face with the Landlord, who prevents you from using the earth, the Lendlord who insists that you use his money to effect your exchanges, and the Machinery Lord, who insists that you shall not use his machines unless you turn over your finished product to him, after he has apportioned you a small part of their value. All three have behind them, as the basis of their claims, the Law, and to uphold the Law the policeman's club and revolver, and, if necessary, the whole military force. Were it not for these, you

would undoubtedly set to work in fields, mines, quarries, claybeds, etc., to produce the materials of food and shelter for yourselves; work over raw products in the factories with the aid of the machines, which without you to operate them must rust and spoil, into stuffs for making life convenient, comfortable, and beautiful; and exchange these with or without money, but certainly without a specially restricted money representing only one form of wealth. Until you do this, there is no hope of relief from your condition of dependence, which with each recurring crisis must certainly become worse and worse.

Yet it is equally sure that if you do resolve upon a general taking over of the sources of wealth; if some fine day you wish to walk into the mines and factories and set the wheels going for the purpose of producing goods for your own use, instead of for your employer, nothing is surer than that you will be met by the powers of government, and forbidden at the point of the bayonet to do so. If then you shall still believe that Government is a necessary and a righteous thing, you will quietly retire with Christian submission and face your deepening, irremediable misery, with the meek virtues of a slave. But if you see, as you should, that government is in that hour what it is now and always has been, in all its forms, an organization of armed force for the purpose of perpetuating slavery and maintaining slave-holders in their possessions, then you will assert your right to be free men:—to work the earth; to make use of the great machinery which social effort has created and which by social effort alone can be operated; to exchange the results of your work in any manner convenient to yourselves, whether directly or by means of notes issued by the producing group, representing the hours of labor expended thereon, or in any way you may find fair. Short of this, you cannot be free people. If you so declare yourselves in the face of governmental force, you may win your freedom as slaves have won their freedom until now.

Whether the winning shall come dear or cheap, will depend on how thoroughly the whole mass of the working people shall realize their condition and be penetrated with the desire for freedom. If the army, the militia, and

the police, composed in the main also of the poor, shall have been awakened to their own miserable situation, and have become sensible of the despicable "service" that they do as the watchdogs of Landlords, Bankers, and Employers, then when the day of the declaration of social freedom dawns, great numbers will go over to you and help you to maintain the Declaration of Independence; it is even possible that the disintegration of governmental force may be such as to give you a bloodless victory. But peaceful or otherwise, that victory must be won before there can be plenty, security, and liberty for man.

Individually you can do nothing to better and assure your circumstances so long as the present system continues, unless you do it by joining in the robbery of those who cannot do so. But acting in concert, animated by like spirit and full understanding, you may move directly and solidly towards it. Realizing that neither increase in wages nor decrease in hours of work are sufficient to make you free men, you will alter the present purposes of your unions. You will make them the nuclei for the producing groups of the future, their federative bodies the bureaus of exchange; their business will be to ascertain the kind and amount of needs, to supply those needs, to store, handle and distribute the goods. Meanwhile they are the rallying points in the existing struggle which will know no halt till freedom be conquered.

Fix your eyes on that, and move directly toward that. Never listen to any siren song about winning the powers of government first; government will make of your representative what it has made of every one else in its service, its hireling, its time-server. Delegate no powers to any one; take the earth and its wealth directly, yourselves, as soon as you are strong in will and unity.



TRUE "POLITICAL IMBECILITY"

By W. C. OWEN.

GEORGE Bernard Shaw is the author of an article, entitled "A Nation of Villagers," in the December issue of *Everybody's*. Partly because this article is being widely noticed, but mainly because it seems to me to contain so much of good and so much that is extremely ill, I think it should be analyzed in some journal where the analysis is likely to be read by those who are in earnest. Such an analysis should show us where we stand in this swirl of words that is called, for want of a better term, "The Social Question." Of course, most of us do not stand; we wobble feebly.

These are the points in Mr. Shaw's attack on the "political imbecility" of the United States with which, probably, most of us will agree:

(a) That America has never grasped, nor indeed wished to grasp, her basic affirmation of principles, the Declaration of Independence, by virtue of which she professes to guarantee to all within her borders equal opportunities to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

(b) That the Constitution, like all constitutions and schemes on paper, amounts to nothing.

(c) That, "although in no country in the world are private affairs more prudishly meddled with by State law, lynch law, and municipal by-law (Prohibition, blue laws, post office censorship, Anarchist criminal laws, Comstockism and the entire brood of suppression), America sacrifices her women to her profligacy and her children to her greed more impudently than any European tyranny does."

All which, strongly as it is put, can be demonstrated as a scientific fact by the statistics of child labor; the statistics of the percentage of labor's product absorbed by the employer; the comparative statistics of rent, which absorbs from both employer and employed; and, as the natural consequences of these, the statistics showing the continuous increase of deeds of violence, prostitution, insanity, and preventable accidents, traceable directly to the growing disregard of human life.

(c) That law is represented partly by lynching, partly by Pinkertons, and largely "by municipal employees

(police), armed with bludgeons and pistols, who will not allow the State laws and by-laws to be broken, if they can help it, unless they are bought off."

(d) That it is village ("hayseed") legislation to attempt to put the trusts in the stocks, because they occupy the impregnable position of conducting industries that are absolutely necessary to our existence, which industries we, being at present without capital and under the trifling disadvantage of finding all the natural resources of the country monopolized, cannot possibly ourselves conduct.

(e) That the attempt to keep out Anarchists and other "undesirables" by asking them if they are "undesirable," is a pretty good illustration of "political imbecility" run to its final seed.

(f) That the hope of the Socialists that capitalism will break down for want of markets, and that Socialism will step in and build on the ruins, is a very mad hope indeed, because capitalism is not in the smallest danger of any such break-down, and suffers much less from temporary crises than it did a century ago, when this discredited prophecy began to be bandied about.

(g) That Socialism is only possible where individualism is developed to the point at which the individual can see beyond himself, and works to perfect his city and his nation instead of to furnish his own house better than his neighbor's.

Under these subheads I believe that I have fairly summarized the gist of Mr. Shaw's criticism of conditions in this country, and a pretty picture it is for the self-respecting American patriot who has been swallowing guilelessly the repeated assurances that he belongs, not merely to the most prosperous, but also to the cleverest nation in the world. And the more that picture can be held up to him, the more clearly will he be forced to see, despite himself, that his vaunted political principles are given the lie direct by facts, and that his political power, when examined, is less than the flimsy shadow of an empty shell.

No country in the world is so prolific of laws for the suppression of vice, real and fancied, as is this, and in no other country in the world is vice, in all its most greivous forms—murder, suicide, etc.—so threateningly on

the increase. No country in the world is so loud in its protestations of equality, and in none does the mailed hand of special privilege press with more remorseless weight. Or, to take a still broader view, if man is to be considered a rational being, whose affairs should be administered by an appeal to reason, in no country in the world is the voice of reason more remorselessly drowned by bigoted advocacy of force as a remedy than here, in these United States, in this twentieth century.

At this point, however, we part company with Mr. Shaw, who is not a believer in man as a rational being, able to and intended to manage his own affairs by that mutual agreement which implies an appeal to reason. On the contrary, he believes in managing people's affairs for them, which by no process of logic can be brought finally to anything else than an appeal to force. Naturally, therefore, we find him in this same article loud in his praises of

(h) Theodore Roosevelt, winner of the Nobel peace prize (!), Rough Rider, boomer of big armies and navies, Imperialist par excellence, centralizationist of the centralizationists, universal meddler, with governing fingers that itch unceasingly to thrust themselves into everybody's pie.

(i) Expounder of the doctrine that "Socialism is only possible as the consummation of successful capitalism, which, with all its horrors, will be adored by history as the pathfinder of Socialism"—as if a Weyerhauser were paving the way for that Individualism on which, as Shaw himself says, Socialism must be based, by gathering into his claws 32,000,000 acres of timber land, or a Standard Oil Company were aiding industrial emancipation by cornering the oil product of a continent! Such a view, which regards these monopolists as the future saviors of society, can be held logically by those alone who believe in the cataclysmic, or pile on the agony till revolt breaks out, theory—a theory that cannot be held by those who, like Mr. Shaw, believe in the ameliorating influence of and work for:—

(j) Municipal Socialism, including City Councils, with their interminable ordinances for the suppression of vice, the regulation of industry and the protection of the pauper by means of model homes, which he invariably

admires only from the outside. As to all of which I refer Mr. Shaw to Charles Edward Russell's conclusions on the actual good accomplished by the London county council, published also in *Everybody's*; or to Jack London's experiences, as chronicled in his "Children of the Abyss." For,

(k) What is to be seriously thought of a writer, who, writing with apparent seriousness on what is surely the most serious of subjects, and writing from what is probably the greatest aggregation of poverty that the world has ever seen—London—suggests as a remedy, "that the American cities should be managed from Europe by committees of capable Europeans, trained in municipal affairs in London, Berlin, Paris, etc." To which I may add, in passing, that the latest French government report shows an increase of lunacy in the ten years from 1897 to 1907 of 57 per cent.—an appalling and conclusive evidence of an internal corruption that the shin plasters of Municipal Socialism are entirely powerless to touch.

There is an aged gentleman in Russia—one Tolstoy—who has remarked that the rich will do everything in the world for the poor, except the one thing needful, viz.: get off their backs. He swims deep and, doubtless, creates less stir than the little fishes that vigorously flap their tails upon the surface. But he gets more solid food, and if we are ever to settle this food question of ours, we, too, must dive down deep, below the glitter of make-believe, to the actual sources of life.

Get rid, not of the individual Weyerhausers and Rockefellerers, but of the barbarous institutions that grind out these monopolists; grasp, as Bernard Shaw truly says we have failed to grasp as yet, the principle of the Declaration of Independence, and create a popular heart-hunger for that elementary principle of justice which will accord to all equal opportunities. No other program is necessary. It spells Liberty, the mother of order, the order that arises spontaneously when free individuals freely manage their own affairs without interference by outside meddlers.

If Mr. Shaw, who loves to dramatize Roman history, had pointed his finger at America and said: "You are corrupt, and the proof of it is Tacitus' immortal saying,

'The more corrupt the State, the more the laws multiply'—we might have applauded him, indeed. Anyhow, I, for one, cordially indorse the phrase, "political imbecility."

WORKINGMEN

By JOHN FRANKLYN PHILLIPS.

Ever since I became interested in the radical movement I have heard the virtues of the proletariat extolled and their praises sung by every one who had abandoned the belief in the divine right of kings.

The workingmen! Ah, yes! they are going to free us, and give us liberty and justice. They are going to use their prerogative at the ballot box and vote in the emancipators of wage slavery. Yes, indeed, the workingmen!

This is what we are told they are going to do; but as a matter of fact, what do they do? I'll tell you: allow themselves to be slowly murdered by capitalism with its modern minotaur called government; worship uncrowned despots and support parasites; live in conditions so vile and degrading that nothing but death can blot out their depravity.

No, comrades, to be a workingman is not enough. It is not the proletariat, the producers, the people, the populace, the police, nor the politicians that stand for freedom. But we, the Lovers of Freedom, must woo her ourselves. We, the Socialists, Communists, Anarchists; we, the ungodly atheists, the unmoralists, the internationalists; we, the radicals who love earth and life and stand for physical, mental, individual and social evolution; we, the Children of the Future, who soar onward and upward to intellectual heights from which the rabble would precipitate itself to destruction; we, the revolutionists who march and fight, laugh and love under the emblem of unlimited possibility—the red, red banner.



THEY WHO MARRY DO ILL

By VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

(A lecture presenting the negative side of the question, whose positive was argued under the heading "They Who Marry Do Well," by Dr. Henrietta P. Westbrook; both lectures delivered before the Radical Liberal League, Philadelphia, April 28, 1907.)

LET me make myself understood on two points, now, so that when discussion arises later, words may not be wasted in considering things not in question:

First—How shall we measure doing well or doing ill;

Second—What I mean by marriage.

So much as I have been able to put together the pieces of the universe in my small head, there is no absolute right or wrong; there is only a relativity, depending upon the continuously though very slowly altering condition of a social race in respect to the rest of the world. Right and wrong are social conceptions: mind, I do not say *human* conceptions. The names "right" and "wrong," truly, are of human invention only; but the conception "right" and "wrong," dimly or clearly, has been wrought out with more or less effectiveness by all intelligent social beings. And the definition of Right, as sealed and approved by the successful conduct of social beings, is: That mode of behavior which best serves the growing need of that society.

As to what that need is, certainly it has been in the past, and for the most part is now indicated by the unconscious response of the structure (social or individual) to the pressure of its environment. Up till a few years since I believed with Huxley, Von Hartman, and my teacher, Lum, that it was wholly so determined; that consciousness might discern, and obey or oppose, but had no voice in deciding the course of social development: if it decided to oppose, it did so to its own ruin, not to the modification of the unconsciously determined ideal.

Of late years I have been approaching the conclusion

that consciousness has a continuously increasing part in the decision of social problems; that while it is still a minor voice, and must be for a long time to come, it is, nevertheless, the dawning power which threatens to overthrow old processes and old laws, and supplant them by other powers and other ideals. I know no more fascinating speculation than this, of the rôle of consciousness in present and future evolution. However, it is not our present speculation. I speak of it only because in determining what constitutes well-being at present, I shall maintain that the old ideal has been considerably modified by conscious reaction against the superfluities produced by unconscious striving towards a certain end.

The question now becomes: What is the growing ideal of human society, unconsciously indicated and consciously discerned and illuminated?

By all the readings of progress, this indication appears to be the *free individual*; a society whose economic, political, social, and sexual organization shall secure and constantly increase the scope of being to its several units; whose solidarity and continuity depend upon the free attraction of its component parts, and in no wise upon compulsory forms.

Unless we are agreed that this is the discernible goal of our present social striving, there is no hope that we shall agree in the rest of the argument. For it would be vastly easy to prove that if the maintenance of the old divisions of society into classes, each with specialized services to perform—the priesthood, the military, the wage earner, the capitalist, the domestic servant, the breeder, etc.—is in accord with the growing force of society, then marriage is the thing, and they who marry do well.

But this is the point at which I stand, and from which I shall measure well and ill-doing; viz.: that the aim of social striving now is the free individual, implying all the conditions necessary to that freedom.

Now the second thing: What shall we understand as marriage?

Some fifteen or eighteen years ago, when I had not been out of a convent long enough to forget its teachings, nor lived and experienced enough to work out my own definitions, I considered that marriage was "a sacra-

ment of the Church," or it was "a civil ceremony performed by the State," by which a man and a woman were united for life, or until the divorce court separated them. With all the energy of a neophyte freethinker, I attacked religious marriage as a piece of unwarranted interference on the part of the priest with the affairs of individuals, condemned the "until-death-do-us-part" promise as one of the immoralities which made a person a slave through all his future to his present feelings, and urged the miserable vulgarity of both the religious and civil ceremony, by which the intimate personal relations of two individuals are made topic of comment and jest by the public.

By all this I still hold. Nothing is more disgustingly vulgar to me than the so-called sacrament of marriage; outraging all delicacy with the trumpeting of private matters in the general ear. Need I recall, as an example, the unprinted and unprintable floating literature concerning the marriage of Alice Roosevelt, when the so-called "American princess" was targeted by every lewd jester in the country, because, forsooth, the whole world had to be informed of her forthcoming union with Mr. Longworth! But it is neither a religious nor a civil ceremony that I refer to now, when I say that "those who marry do ill." The ceremony is only a form, a ghost, a meatless shell. By marriage I mean the real thing, the permanent relation of a man and a woman, sexual and economical, whereby the present home and family life is maintained. It is of no importance to me whether this is a polygamous, polyandric, or monogamous marriage, nor whether it was blessed by a priest, permitted by a magistrate, contracted publicly or privately, or not contracted at all. It is the permanent dependent relationship which, I affirm, is detrimental to the growth of individual character, and to which I am unequivocally opposed. Now my opponents know where to find me.

In the old days to which I have alluded, I contended, warmly and sincerely, for the exclusive union of one man and one woman as long as they were held together by love, and for the dissolution of the arrangement upon desire of either. We talked in those days most enthusiastically about the bond of love, and it only. Nowadays I would say that I prefer to see a marriage based purely on

business considerations, than a marriage based on love. That is not because I am in the least concerned for the success of the marriage, but because I am concerned with the success of love. And I believe that the easiest, surest and most applicable method of killing love is marriage—marriage as I have defined it. I believe that the only way to preserve love in anything like the ecstatic condition which renders it worthy of a distinctive name—otherwise it is either lust or simply friendship—is to maintain the distances. Never allow love to be vulgarized by the common indecencies of continuous close communion. Better be in familiar contempt of your enemy than of the one you love.

I presume that some who are unacquainted with my opposition to legal and social forms, are ready to exclaim: "Do you want to do away with the relation of the sexes altogether, and cover the earth with monks and nuns?" By no means. While I am not over and above anxious about the repopulation of the earth, and should not shed any tears if I knew that the last man had already been born, I am not advocating sexual total abstinence. If the advocates of marriage had merely to prove a case against complete sexual continence, their task would be easy. The statistics of insanity, and in general of all manner of aberrations, would alone constitute a big item in the charge. No: I do not believe that the highest human being is the unsexed one, or the one who extirpates his passions by violence, whether religious or scientific violence. I would have people regard all their normal instincts in a normal way, neither gluttonizing nor starving them, neither exalting them beyond their true service nor denouncing them as servitors of evil, both of which mankind are wont to do in considering the sexual passion. In short, I would have men and women so arrange their lives that they shall always, at all times, be free beings in this regard as in all others. The limit of abstinence or indulgence can be fixed by the individual alone, what is normal for one being excess for another, and what is excess at one period of life being normal at another. And as to the effects of such normal gratification of normal appetite upon population, I would have them consciously controlled, as they can be, are to some extent now, and will be more and more through the progress of

knowledge. The birth-rate of France and of native Americans gives evidence of such conscious control.

"But," say the advocates of marriage, "what is there in marriage to interfere with the free development of the individual? What does the free development of the individual mean, if not the expression of manhood and womanhood? And what is more essential to either than parentage and the rearing of young? And is not the fact that the latter requires a period of from fifteen to twenty years, the essential need which determines the permanent home?" It is the scientific advocate of marriage that talks this way. The religious man bases his talk on the will of God, or some other such metaphysical matter. I do not concern myself with him; I concern myself only with those who contend that as Man is the latest link in evolution, the same racial necessities which determine the social and sexual relations of allied races will be found shaping and determining these relations in Man; and that, as we find among the higher animals that the period of rearing the young to the point of caring for themselves usually determines the period of conjugality, it must be concluded that the greater attainments of Man, which have so greatly lengthened the educational period of youth, must likewise have fixed the permanent family relation as the ideal condition for humanity. This is but the conscious extension of what unconscious, or perhaps semi-conscious adaptation, had already determined in the higher animals, and in savage races to an extent. If people are reasonable, sensible, self-controlled (as to other people they will keep themselves in trouble anyway, no matter how things are arranged), does not the marriage state secure this great fundamental purpose of the primal social function, which is at the same time an imperative demand of individual development, better than any other arrangement? With all its failures, is it not the best that has been tried, or with our present light has been conceived?

In endeavoring to prove the opposite of this contention, I shall not go to the failures to prove my point. It is not my purpose to show that a vast number of marriages do not succeed; the divorce court records do that. But as one swallow doesn't make a summer, nor a flock of swallows either, so divorces do not prove that marriage in itself is a bad thing, only that a goodly number of indi-

viduals make mistakes. This is, indeed, an unanswerable argument against the indissolubility of marriage, but none against marriage itself. I will go to the successful marriages—the marriages in which whatever the friction, man and wife have spent a great deal of agreeable time together; in which the family has been provided for by honest work decently paid (as the wage-system goes), of the father, and preserved within the home by the saving labor and attention of the mother; the children given a reasonable education and started in life on their own account, and the old folks left to finish up life together, each resting secure in the knowledge that he has a tried friend until death severs the bond. This, I conceive, is the best form that marriage can present, and I opine it is oftener dreamed of than realized. But sometimes it is realized. Yet from the viewpoint that the object of life should be the development of individuality, such have lived less successfully than many who may not have lived so happily.

And to the first great point—the point that physical parentage is one of the fundamental necessities of self-expression: here, I think, is where the factor of consciousness is in process of overturning the methods of life. Life, working unconsciously, blindly sought to preserve itself by generation, by manifold generation. The mind is simply staggered at the productivity of a single stalk of wheat, or of a fish, or of a queen bee, or of a man. One is smitten by the appalling waste of generative effort; numbed with helpless pity for the little things, the infinitude of little lives, that must come forth and suffer and die of starvation, of exposure, as a prey to other creatures, and all to no end but that out of the multitude a few may survive and continue the type! Man, at war with Nature and not yet master of the situation, obeyed the same instinct, and by prolific parentage maintained his war. To the Hebrew patriarch as to the American pioneer, a large family meant strength, the wealth of brawn and sinew to continue the conquest of forest and field. It was the only resource against annihilation. Therefore, the instinct towards physical creation was one of the most imperative determinants of action.

Now the law of all instinct is, that it survives long after the necessity which created it has ceased to exist, and

acts mischievously. The usual method of reckoning with such a survival is that since such and such a thing exists, it is an essential part of the structure, not obliged to account for itself and bound to be gratified. I am perfectly certain, however, that the more conscious consciousness becomes, or in other words, the more we become aware of the conditions of life and our relations therein, their new demands and the best way of fulfilling them, the more speedily will instincts no longer demanded be dissolved from the structure.

How stands the war upon Nature now? Why, so,—that short of a planetary catastrophe, we are certain of the conquest. And what is perfecting the conquest? Consciousness! The alert brain! The dominant will! Invention, discovery, mastery of hidden forces. We are no longer compelled to use the blind method of limitless propagation to equip the race with hunters and trappers and fishers and sheep-keepers and soil-tillers and breeders. Therefore, the original necessity which gave rise to the instinct of prolific parentage is gone; the instinct itself is bound to die, and is dying, but will die the faster as men grasp more and more the whole situation. In proportion as the parenthood of the brain becomes more and more prolific, as ideas spread, multiply, and conquer, the necessity for great physical production declines. This is my first contention. Hence the development of individuality does no longer *necessarily* imply numerous children, nor indeed, *necessarily* any children at all. That is not to say that no one will want children, nor to prophesy race suicide. It is simply to say that there will be fewer born, with better chances of surviving, developing, and achieving. Indeed, with all its clash of tendencies, the consciousness of our present society is having this driven home to it.

Supposing that the majority will still desire, or let me go further and say *do* still desire, this limited parentage, the question now becomes: Is this the overshadowing need in the development of the individual, or are there other needs equally imperative? If there are other needs equally imperative, must not these be taken equally into account in deciding the best manner of conducting one's life? If there are not other needs equally imperative, is it not still an open question whether the married state

is the best means of securing it? In answering these questions, I think it will again be safe to separate into a majority and a minority. There will be a minority to whom the rearing of children will be the great dominant necessity of their being, and a majority to whom this will be one of their necessities. Now what are the other necessities? The other physical and mental appetites! The desire for food and raiment and housing after the individual's own taste; the desire for sexual association, not for reproduction; the artistic desires; the desire to know, with its thousand ramifications, which may carry the soul from the depths of the concrete to the heights of the abstract; the desire to do, that is, to imprint one's will upon the social structure, whether as a mechanical contriver, a force harnesser, a social rebuilder, a combiner, a dream translator—whatever may be the particular mode of the personal organization.

The necessity for food, shelter, and raiment, it should at all times lie within the individual's power to furnish for himself. But the method of home-keeping is such that after the relation has been maintained for a few years, the interdependence of one on the other has become so great that each is somewhat helpless when circumstance destroys the combination, the man less so, and the woman wretchedly so. She has done one thing in a secluded sphere, and while she may have learned to do that thing well (which is not certain, the method of training is not at all satisfactory), it is not a thing which has equipped her with the confidence necessary to go about making an independent living. She is timid above all, incompetent to deal with the conditions of struggle. The world of production has swept past her; she knows nothing of it. On the other hand, what sort of an occupation is it for her to take domestic service under some other woman's rule? The conditions and pay of domestic service are such that every independent spirit would prefer to slave in a factory, where at least the slavery ends with the working hours. As for men, only a few days since a staunch free unionist told me, apparently without shame, that were it not for his wife he would be a tramp and a drunkard, simply because he is unable to keep a home; and in his eyes the chief merit of the arrangement is that his stomach is properly cared for. This is

a degree of a helplessness which I should have thought he would have shrunk from admitting, but is nevertheless probably true. Now this is one of the greatest objections to the married condition, as it is to any other condition which produces like results. In choosing one's economic position in society, one should always bear in mind that it should be such as should leave the individual uncrippled—an all-around person, with both productive and preservative capacities, a being pivoted within.

Concerning the sexual appetite, irrespective of reproduction, the advocates of marriage claim, and with some reason, that it tends to preserve normal appetite and satisfaction, and is both a physical and moral safeguard against excesses, with their attendant results, disease. That it does not do so entirely, we have ample and painful proof continuously before our eyes. As to what it may accomplish, it is almost impossible to find out the truth; for religious asceticism has so built the feeling of shame into the human mind, on the subject of sex, that the first instinct, when it is brought under discussion, seems to be to lie about it. This is especially the case with women. The majority of women usually wish to create the impression that they are devoid of sexual desires, and think they have paid the highest compliment to themselves when they say, "Personally, I am very cold; I have never experienced such attraction." Sometimes this is true; but oftener it is a lie—a lie born of centuries of the pernicious teaching of the Church. A roundly developed person will understand that she pays no honor to herself by denying herself fulness of being, whether to herself or of herself; though, without doubt, where such a deficiency really exists, it may give room for an extra growth of some other qualities, perhaps of higher value. In general, however, notwithstanding women's lies, there is no such deficiency. In general, young, healthy beings of both sexes desire such relations. What then? Is marriage the best answer to the need? Suppose they marry, say at twenty years, or thereabout, which will be admitted as the time when sexual appetite is usually most active: the consequence is (I am just now leaving children out of account) that the two are thrown too much and too constantly in contact, and speedily exhaust the delight of each other's presence. Then irrita-

tions begin. The familiarities of life in common breed contempt. What was once a rare joy becomes a matter of course, and loses all its delicacy. Very often it becomes a physical torture to one (usually the woman), while it still retains some pleasure to the other, for the reason that bodies, like souls, do most seldom, almost never, parallel each other's development. And this lack of parallelism is the greatest argument to be produced against marriage. No matter how perfectly adapted to each other two people may be at any given time, it is not the slightest evidence that they will continue to be so. And no period of life is more deceptive as to what future development may be than the age I have just been speaking of, the age when physical desires and attractions being strongest, they obscure or hold in abeyance the other elements of being.

The terrible tragedies of sexual antipathy, mostly for shame's sake, will never be revealed. But they have filled the earth with murder. And even in those homes where harmony has been maintained, and all is apparently peaceful, it is mainly so through the resignation and self-suppession of either the man or the woman. One has consented to be largely effaced, for the preservation of the family and social respect.

But awful as these things are, these physical degradations, they are not so terrible as the ruined souls. When the period of physical predominance is past, and soul-tendencies begin more and more strongly to assert themselves, how dreadful is the recognition that one is bound by the duties of common parentage and the necessities of home-keeping to remain in the constant company of one from whom one finds oneself going farther away in thought every day.—“Not a day,” exclaim the advocates of “free unions.” I find such exclamation worse folly than the talk of “holy matrimony” believers. The bonds are there, the bonds of life in common, the love of the home built by joint labor, the habit of association and dependence; they are very real chains, binding both, and not to be thrown off lightly. Not in a day nor a month, but only after long hesitation, struggle, and grievous, grievous pain, can the wrench of separation come. Oftener it does not come at all.

A chapter from the lives of two men recently deceased

will illustrate my meaning. Ernest Crosby, wedded, and I presume happily, to a lady of conservative thought and feeling, himself then conservative, came into his soul's own at the age of thirty-eight, while occupying the position of Judge of the International Court at Cairo. From then on, the whole radical world knows Ernest Crosby's work. Yet what a position was his, compelled by honor to continue the functions of a social life which he disliked! To quote the words of his friend, Leonard Abbott, "a prisoner in his palatial home, waited on by servants and lackeys. Yet to the end he remained enslaved by his possessions." Had Crosby not been bound, had not union and family relations with one who holds very different views of life in faith and honor held him, should we not have had a different life-sum? Like his great teacher, Tolstoi, likewise made absurd, his life contradicted by his works, because of his union with a woman who has not developed along parallel lines.

The second case, Hugh O. Pentecost. From the year 1887 on, whatever were his special tendencies, Pentecost was in the main a sympathizer with the struggle of labor, an opposer of oppression, persecution and prosecution in all forms. Yet through the influence of his family relations, because he felt in honor bound to provide greater material comfort and a better standing in society than the position of a radical speaker could give, he consented at one time to be the puppet of those he had most strenuously condemned, to become a district attorney, a prosecutor. And worse than that, to paint himself as a misled baby for having done the best act of his life, to protest against the execution of the Chicago Anarchists. That this influence was brought to bear upon him, I know from his own lips; a repetition, in a small way, of the treason of Benedict Arnold, who for his Tory wife's sake laid everlasting infamy upon himself. I do not say there was no self-excusing in this, no Eve-did-tempt-me taint, but surely it had its influence. I speak of these two men because these instances are well known; but everyone knows of such instances among more obscure persons, and often where the woman is the one whose higher nature is degraded by the bond between herself and her husband.

And this is one side of the story. What of the other side? What of the conservative one who finds himself

bound to one who outrages every principle of his or hers? People will not, and cannot, think and feel the same at the same moments, throughout any considerable period of life; and therefore, their moments of union should be rare and of no binding nature.

I return to the subject of children. Since this also is a normal desire, can it not be gratified without the sacrifice of individual freedom required by marriage? I see no reason why it cannot. I believe that children may be as well brought up in an individual home, or in a communal home, as in a dual home; and that impressions of life will be far pleasanter if received in an atmosphere of freedom and independent strength than in an atmosphere of secret repression and discontent. I have no very satisfactory solutions to offer to the various questions presented by the child-problem; but neither have the advocates of marriage. Certain to me it is, that no one of the demands of life should ever be answered in a manner to preclude future free development. I have seen no great success from the old method of raising children under the indissoluble marriage yoke of the parents. (Our conservative parents no doubt consider their radical children great failures, though it probably does not occur to them that their system is in any way at fault.) Neither have I observed a gain in the child of the free union. Neither have I observed that the individually raised child is any more likely to be a success or a failure. Up to the present, no one has given a scientific answer to the child-problem. Those papers which make a specialty of it, such as *Lucifer*, are full of guesses and theories and suggested experiments; but no infallible principles for the guidance of intentional or actual parents have as yet been worked out. Therefore, I see no reason why the rest of life should be sacrificed to an uncertainty.

That love and respect may last, I would have unions rare and impermanent. That life may grow, I would have men and women remain separate personalities. Have no common possessions with your lover more than you might freely have with one not your lover. Because I believe that marriage stales love, brings respect into contempt, outrages all the privacies and limits the growth of both parties, I believe that "they who marry do ill."

TOO LITTLE JOY

By LILLIAN BROWNE-THAYER.

"Since man came into existence he hath had too little joy."—Nietzsche.

HOW the moments of unalloyed joy stand out in our lives! We recount them, as a nun her beads, with ecstatic rapture:—that solitary walk on the sea-beach in the early dawn, when we felt free—free as the sea bird is free—and glad of life, with a wild elemental gladness; that day on the mountain summit when the fierce winds blew and the perilous precipice lured us to its sheer ridge, where we stood silent and long gazing unafraid into the face of eternity; that night at the opera when Gadski carried us off on the wings of melody, and we were oblivious to all save the concord of sweet sounds; that golden day when we sat together in the sunlight and for the first time knew the terrible glory and the sweet, sweet flower of passionate love, when our lips clung in tender passionate kisses and our hearts made music with their fierce and fluttering pulsings.

How short is the span of a human life, and how few and fleeting its joys! Oh, wise are we if we heed old Omar's counsel, and drink deep while we may from the golden chalice of joy.

"Too little joy" is the cry that rises from all humanity's lips. Man longs for joy. He reaches out and eagerly grasps in his feverish desire this and that semblance, and empty bubbles burst in his nerveless fingers—the bubble of wealth, the bubble of fame, the bubble of social approbation. O the poor rich men with their cold empty hearts! The foolish egoist hungry for applause! And the little human creatures crawling and craving social recognition, daring nothing, offending nobody with an original thought or a live personal act, defying no social lies, ever complacent, ever proper and respectable. Living corpses, what do these creatures know of *life*, of *joy*?

And those at the bottom. Who says they do not thirst for joy? Theirs is not the insistent, maddening hunger that demands immediate satisfaction, but that dull quiet gnawing that for years has fed on husks, that fatal thirst

that drinks the bitter dregs of life and knows no hope of better things.

Man seems possessed of the idea that there is not enough joy to go around. He greedily seeks to hoard up for himself a future store of joy and, though it cost his brother's life, he busily hoards and hoards. And, all the while he is depriving his fellows of possible enjoyments, he finds no joy for himself. His cherished hoard proves a useless rubbish heap.

Man has not yet learned that joy is a more elusive and subtle mystery than the science of mathematics, that joy comes unsought to the sincere and loving soul, that joy is a flower that bursts into life where the soil is rich and ready for planting, that joy is a gift of the gods bestowed with lavish hand upon those who can live simple, natural lives.

In the myths and legends of the early peoples we catch an echo of a time long gone—a time of joy upon the earth. In that birthday of the nations men loved and enjoyed. *They rejoiced in each other's joy!* Civilization has brutalized men, has turned love into lust, joy into greed, and has made of life a hollow mockery. Fear and distrust have taken their places in men's hearts, where once love and confidence dwelt. So distorted has man's vision become, so perverted his emotions, that, instead of love feasts and rejoicings, the joy-filled soul is met with indifference, jealousy, criticism, and condemnation from his fellows. He is regarded with suspicion and distrust. His joy is pulled to pieces, torn to shreds by his companions. They will not trust its genuineness.

But a soul arises great enough to share our joy. At once (such is the undying hope in the human breast) our faith in human greatness rekindles into life. We dream again of a time of joy upon the earth.



THE BASIS OF TRADE UNIONISM

By EMILE POUGET.

Member of the French General Confederation of Labor.

DEFINITION OF TRADE UNIONISM.

OF late the term "Trade Unionism" has a more far-reaching meaning than it used to have. The term continues to qualify "members of a trade union organization." Besides this nebulous and colorless definition, which, by stretching a point, might be a label for "Yellow" as well as for "Red" trade unions, the term has acquired a new and very precise meaning.

The term "Trade Unionism" has become a comprehensive term: the impulsive power of conscious workers towards progress. The workers who invoke this epithet have thrown aside unsound and deceptive notions, and are convinced that improvements, be they partial or extreme, can only result from popular force and will. On the ruins of their former sheeplike hopes and superstitious beliefs in miracles to be expected from State Providence as well as from Divine Providence, they have elaborated a healthy, truly human doctrine whose basis is explained and proved by social phenomena.

The Trade Unionist is evidently a partisan of grouping workers by means of trade unions, only he does not conceive a trade union as an agent for narrowing his horizon to such a point that his sphere of action is restricted to daily debates and wrangles with his employers; and although at present he strives to get minor grievances redressed, he never puts aside the evils arising from the exploitation of the workers. Neither does he conceive the trade union to be, as some politicians do, an "elementary school of Socialism," where men are recruited and trained to be aggressive fighters in a cause they consider efficacious—the conquest of governmental power.

For the Trade Unionist, the trade union is a perfect combination answering to all needs, to all aspirations, and therefore sufficient for all purposes. It is an association conceived by "reformers" affording opportunity for daily conflict with employers, for improvements, and for settling minor claims.

But it is not only this; it is a combination capable of bringing about the expropriation of capital and the reorganization of society, which some Socialists, who are deceived by their confidence in the "State," believe will be brought about by the seizure of political power.

Therefore, for the Trade Unionist the trade union is not a transient association, only suited to the needs of the hour, and whose usefulness could not be conceived apart from its present surroundings. For him the trade union is an initial and essential combination; it should arise spontaneously, independently of all preconceived theories, and develop in any surroundings.

In fact, what more reasonable than for the exploited of the same trade to come together, to agree to unite in defence of common advantages that are to be gained immediately?

On the other hand, supposing society to have been annihilated and a Communist or any other society to have blossomed forth on its ruins, it is evident that in these circumstances, in these new surroundings, the need of associations, bringing men employed in identical or similar work and duties in contact with one another, will be most urgent.

Thus the trade union, the corporate body, appears to be the organic cell of all society. At present, for the Trade Unionist the trade union is an organism of conflict and claim of worker against employer. In the future it will be the base on which normal society will be built, when freed from exploitation and oppression.

THE WORKING CLASS BATTLES OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

The conception of the forerunners of Trade Unionism is not the result of a hypothetical system sprung from some brain and not justified by practical tests; on the contrary, it proceeds from the examination of historical events and of their clear interpretation. We may say that it is the result of a whole century of conflict between the working classes and the middle classes.

During the whole of the nineteenth century the proletariat strove to separate its movement from that of the purely political action of middle class parties. This was indeed a great effort, for the middle class wanting to govern without hindrance, the assent or indifference of

the proletariat was necessary, and politicians exerted themselves, not only to fight and massacre proletarians when they rose against their exploiters, but also to make them tractable by a sham education, designed to turn them from the examination of economic questions, and to cause their energy to drift towards the deceptive hope of democracy.

We cannot make it too clear that the autonomous working class movement has been, and is still, obstructed by all the forces of obscurantism and reaction, and also by the democratic forces that are, but under new and hypocritical disguises, the continuation of old societies in which a handful of parasites are maintained in plenty by the forced labor of plebeians.

The middle classes, through the State, whose function, independently of its form, consists in protecting capitalist privileges, have applied themselves to stifling and deviating working class aspirations. Thus, during attempts at emancipation proletarians have been compelled to realize that the governments they were subjected to were all alike, no matter by what name they were labelled. They passed from one rule to another without deriving any result from change of scenery, mentioned by history as of great importance. All governments treated them with animosity and ill-will. When they obtained from their rulers a mitigation of their wretched fate, they owed it, not to feelings of justice or pity, but to the wholesome fear they were able to inspire. To government initiative they are indebted for Draconian legislation, arbitrary measures, and savage reprisals.

Antagonism between the State and the working classes predominates the whole of the nineteenth century. We see it most plainly when we observe that governments, by way of throwing their enemies a bone to gnaw, have readily conceded political rights to the people, while they have shown themselves intractable as far as regards economic liberties. In the latter case they have only given way to popular pressure.

This difference of behavior on the part of the rulers is easily explained. Recognition of political rights to the people does the governments no harm, as these baubles do not imperil the principle of authority and do not undermine the proletarian base of society.

It is another story when economic liberties are in question. These are of real advantage to the people, and can only be acquired at the expense of the privileged. It is therefore evident that the State, the upholder of capitalism, refuses to the last to grant a particle of economic improvement.

The demonstration of this permanent conflict of the working class with the State would lead us into writing a martyrology of the proletariat. To prove the truth and constancy of this antagonism a few historical landmarks will suffice.

Less than two years after the taking of the Bastille (June, 1791) the bourgeoisie, by its mouthpiece, the Constituent Assembly, despoiled the working classes of their right to form associations,* a right they had just obtained by revolutionary means.

The workers believed the Revolution to be the dawn of economic freedom. They thought that burning the gates of Paris where town-dues were collected (June 12, 1789) would destroy all barriers. Let us add that, two days after the burning of the gates of Paris, the Bastille was taken by assault, not because it was a political prison, but because it was a danger to rebellious Paris, as was the Mont Valérien in 1871.

Workers taken in by the enthusiastic strains of pamphleteers thought themselves freed from the trammels of the ancient régime, and began to come to an understanding with one another and to group themselves in order to resist exploitation. They formulated precise claims. The bourgeoisie soon proved to them that the Revolution was only *political* and not *economic*. It elaborated repressive laws, and as the workers lacked knowledge and experience, as their agitation was confused and still incoherent, it was not hard for the government to check this movement.

We should be mistaken in supposing that the "Chapelier" law was expedient, and that those who voted for it ignored its effect on social life. To make us swallow this fanciful interpretation, we are told that Revolutionists of that period raised no protest against it. Their silence only shows that they ignored the social aspect of

* La loi Chapelier, passed on June 17, 1791.

the Revolution they took part in, and that they were only pure *Democrats*. Moreover there is nothing astonishing in their great want of foresight, as even to-day we see men pretending to be Socialists who are also merely simple *Democrats*.

As a proof that the Parliamentarians of 1791 knew what they were about, some months later, in September, 1791, the Constituent Assembly strengthened the "Chapelier" law prohibiting combinations among industrial workers, by enacting another law that made associations of agricultural laborers illegal.

The Constituent was not the only Assembly that manifested its hatred of the working classes. All Assemblies that followed strove to tighten the bonds enslaving the worker to his employer. More than this, seeing that passing laws trying to make it impossible for workmen to discuss and defend their interests was insufficient, bourgeois Assemblies contrived to aggravate the wretched position of proletarians by putting them under absolute police control.

The convention did not prove more sympathetic to the working classes. In the month of Nivose of the year II it legislated "against coalition of workmen, employed in different trades, who, by writing or by emissaries, incite to the cessation of work." This behavior of the convention, the revolutionarism of which meets with so much praise, clearly proves that political opinions have nothing to do with economic interests. A still better proof is, that in spite of changes in governmental forms, starting from the Democracy of the convention, the Autocracy of Napoleon I., the Monarchy of Charles X., to the Constitutionalism of Louis Philippe, never were the severity of the laws against workmen mitigated.

Under the Consulate, in the year XI (= 1803), a new link to the slaves' chain was forged—the *Certificate Book*, which made the working men a class of specially registered individuals. Then, with their vile and crafty legal procedure, and their lawyers who elaborated the code we still suffer from, rulers tied down and gagged the proletariat so well that Louis XVIII. and Charles X., heirs to this baggage, did not need to increase it.

Nevertheless, in spite of severe legislative prohibitions, the workers came to an understanding, grouped them-

selves under mild forms, such as "mutualities," and constituted embryo trade unions for organizing resistance. The combinations grew to such an extent that strikes multiplied, and the Liberal government of Louis Philippe inflicted greater penalties against associations (1834). But the impetus had been given! This recrudescence of legal severity did not stay the movement of the workers. In spite of the law, the *Sociétés de Résistance* multiplied, and were followed by a period of growing agitation and numerous strikes.

The Revolution of 1848 was the result of this movement. A proof of the economic scope of this Revolution is that economic questions took precedence of all others. Unfortunately, the corporate groups needed experience. The urban workers ignored the peasants, and *vice versa*. Thus in 1848 the peasants did not stir, not understanding the working class movement; likewise in 1852 the town workers understood nothing of the peasants' attempt at an insurrection. In spite of these failures, and there were many others, all improvements obtained were due to working class energy. It was the will of the workers that was expressed in the Luxembourg Commission and was legally registered by the Provisional government.

In the first hours of the Revolution the frightened middle classes showed themselves conciliatory, and to save capitalism were disposed to sacrifice a few trifling privileges. They were, however, soon reassured, by the inoculation of the people with political virus—universal suffrage—as much as by inconstancy on the part of the corporate organizations, and their ferocity became as great as had been their fear. The massacres of June, 1848, were for the middle classes a first instalment of satisfaction. Soon after, in 1849, the representatives of the people, proving themselves simply the representatives of the middle classes, legislated against associations. They were prohibited, and their members subjected to penalties decreed in the law of 1810.

As the reaction of Louis Philippe failed to check the working class movement, so did the Republican and Napoleonic governments fail. Without troubling themselves about the form of government, or with the prohibition to combine, the corporate groups continued

to develop in numbers and in strength, so much so that by their pressure on public authorities they wrung from the government legal sanction for the ameliorations and liberties they had forcibly acquired, thanks to their revolutionary vigor.

It was by what we now call *direct action* that the right of combination was wrung from Caesarism in 1864. The workers of all associations grouped themselves, combined and went on strike without taking the least heed of the law. Beyond all others, the printers distinguished themselves by their revolutionary character, and in Paris (1862) one of their strikes was the determining event that brought about the recognition of the right to combine. The government, blind like all others, thought to kill the agitation by striking a great blow. Wholesale arrests took place. All the members of the strike committee were imprisoned, as well as the most active among the strikers.

This arbitrary abuse of power, far from terrorizing, overexcited public opinion, and such a current of indignation resulted therefrom that the government was compelled to capitulate and to recognize the workers' right to combination. This was due only to *pressure from without*. It would be difficult to ascribe this success to Socialist Deputies, for the excellent reason that there were none in Parliament.

The conquest of the right to combine so stimulated trade union organization, it grew so rapidly irresistible, that the State was compelled to put a good face on a bad matter. In 1863 trade union liberty was recognized by an Imperial circular, which said: "As to the organization of working class associations, the administration must leave to those interested in them full liberty."

Meanwhile the International Association of Workers, definitively constituted in 1864, after several earlier fruitless attempts, shed its rays on western Europe and opened up new horizons to the working class, horizons that were to be obscured by the great crisis of 1871.

Let us now stop so as not to be lured on too far by this retrospective summary, and let us draw logical conclusions from it.

From the landmarks of history that we have men-

tioned it follows that at the dawn of the present régime, in 1791, the government, as defender of the privileges of the middle classes, denied and refused all economic rights to working men, and ground them down till they were like particles of dust, having no cohesion one with another, so that they were at the mercy of exploitation.

Later on the workers emerged from chaos, in which the middle class would like to keep them. They grouped themselves on economic ground apart from any politics. The government, whatever name it is labelled with, tries to arrest the proletarian movement, and, not succeeding, makes up its mind to sanction the improvements or liberties obtained by the workers. The most salient point in all these agitations and these social shocks is that exploited and exploiters, governors and governed, have interests, not only *distinct*, but opposed; and that there is between them a *class war* in the true sense of the term.

In the short summary given we see the drift of the trade union movement, untrammelled by parliamentary contamination, and the wisdom of working men's associations on solid economic ground, which is the base of all true progress.—*Freedom*, London.



OPTIMISM

By M. A. P.

The luxuriant mountain stood, pinnaced by the sky. A pine tree, harassed by wind and storm, like all other pine trees, bitterly addressed its mother-mountain:

"I'm an unfortunate pine tree. Year after year the snows and the rains beat down upon me, my bark is weather-seamed, my branches gnarled and strained—I'm not good to look at, like the hemlocks by my side. Oh, how unhappy and helpless I am! What is the use of it all!"

But the fertile mountain smiled:

"The use?" it said; "being here, breathing this free air. These other trees have like vicissitudes. You can make yourself as great as they. The snow melts in the Spring, your bark can grow beautiful and your needles strong and green and plentiful. Oh, do you not see!—you have *life*, and *yourself*, and this mountain on which you grow!"

THE REWARD OF AN APOSTATE

I HAVE sinned: and I am rewarded according to my sin, which was great. There is no forgiveness for me; let no man think there is forgiveness for sin; the gods cannot forgive.

This was my sin, and this is my punishment, that I forsook my god to follow a stranger—only a while, a very brief, brief while—and when I would have returned there was no more returning. I cannot worship any more,—that is my punishment; I cannot worship any more.

Oh, that my god will none of me? that is an old sorrow! My god was Beauty, and I am all unbeautiful, and ever was. There is no grace in these harsh limbs of mine, nor was at any time. I, to whom the glory of a lit eye was as the shining of stars in a deep well, have only dull and faded eyes, and always had; the chiseled lip and chin wherever runs the radiance of life in bubbling gleams, the cup of living wine was never mine to taste or kiss. I am earth-colored, and for my own ugliness sit in the shadow, that the sunlight may not see me, nor the beloved of my god. But, once, in my hidden corner, behind the curtain of shadows, I blinked at the glory of the world, and had such joy of it as only the ugly know, sitting silent and worshiping, forgetting themselves and forgotten. Here in my brain it glowed, the shimmering of the dying sun upon the shore, the long gold line between the sand and sea, where the sliding foam caught fire and burned to death. Here in my brain it shone, the white moon on the wrinkling river, running away, a dancing ghost line in the illimitable night. Here in my brain rose the mountain curves, the great still world of stone, summit upon summit sweeping skyward, lonely and conquering. Here in my brain, my little brain, behind this tiny ugly wall of bone stretched over with its dirty yellow skin, glittered the far high blue desert with its sand of stars, as I have watched it, nights and nights, alone, hid in the shadows of the prairie grass. Here rolled and swelled the seas of corn, and blossoming fields of nodding bloom; and flower-flies on their hovering wings went flickering up and down. And the quick spring of lithe-limbed things

went scattering dew across the sun; and singing streams went shining down the rocks, spreading bright veils upon the crags.

Here in my brain, my silent unrevealing brain, were the eyes I loved, the lips I dared not kiss, the sculptured heads and tendriled hair. They were here always in my wonder-house, my house of Beauty, the temple of my god. I shut the door on common life and worshiped here. And no bright, living, flying thing, in whose body Beauty dwells as guest, can guess the ecstatic joy of a brown, silent creature, a toad-thing, squatting on the shadowed ground, self-blotted, motionless, thrilling with the presence of All-Beauty, though it has no part therein.

But the gods are many. And once a strange god came to me. Sharp upon the shadowy ground he stood, and beckoned me with knotted fingers. There was no beauty in his lean figure and sunken cheeks; but up and down the muscles ran like snakes beneath his skin, and his dark eyes had somber fires in them. And as I looked at him, I felt the leap of prisoned forces in myself, in the earth, in the air, in the sun; all throbbled with the pulse of the wild god's heart. Beauty vanished from my wonder-house; and where his images had been I heard the clang and roar of machinery, the forging of links that stretched to the sun, chains for the tides, chains for the winds; and curious lights went shining through thick walls as through air, and down through the shell of the world itself, to the great furnaces within. Into those seething depths, the god's eyes peered, smiling and triumphing; then with an up-glance at the sky and a waste-glance at me, he strode off.

This is my great sin, for which there is no pardon: I followed him, the rude god Energy; followed him, and in that abandoned moment swore to be quit of Beauty, which had given me nothing, and to be worshiper of him to whom I was akin, ugly but sinuous, resolute, daring, defiant, maker and breaker of things, remoulder of the world. I followed him, I would have run abreast with him, I loved him, not with that still ecstasy of flooding joy wherewith my own god filled me of old, but with impetuous, eager fires, that burned and beat through all the blood-threads of me. "I love you, love me back," I cried, and would have flung myself upon

his neck. Then he turned on me with a ruthless blow, and fled away over the world, leaving me crippled, stricken, powerless, a fierce pain driving through my veins—gouts of pain!—And I crept back into my old cavern, stumbling, blind and deaf, only for the haunting vision of my shame and the rushing sound of fevered blood.

The pain is gone. I see again; I care no more for the taunt and blow of that fierce god who was never mine. But in my wonder-house it is all still and bare; no image lingers on the blank mirrors any more. No singing bell floats in the echoless dome. Forms rise and pass; but neither mountain curve nor sand nor sea, nor shivering river, nor the faces of the flowers, nor flowering faces of my god's beloved, touch aught within me now. Not one poor thrill of vague delight for me, who felt the glory of the stars within my finger-tips. It slips past me like water. Brown without and clay within! No wonder now behind the ugly wall; an empty temple! I cannot worship, I cannot love, I cannot care. All my life-service is unweighed against that faithless hour of my forswearing.

It is just; it is the Law; I am forsworn, and the gods have given me the Reward of An Apostate.



BOOKS RECEIVED

HAVE WE A RIGHT TO BE LAZY? John A. Morris, Los Angeles, Cal.

MEAT SUBSTITUTES. Isabel Goodhue. Magazine of Mysteries, New York.

JOHANN SCHMIDT. Du Bosque. Benj. R. Tucker, New York.

MYSTIFICATION PATRIOTIQUE ET SOLIDARITE PROLETARIENNE. Frédéric Stackelberg, Paris.

THE SCARLET SHADOW. A story of the great Colorado conspiracy. Walter Hart. The Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE AMSTERDAM ANARCHIST CONGRESS. International Bureau, London.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

FRANCE.

Monsieur Clemenceau, the protector of the French bourgeoisie, is evidently trying hard to rival other governments for brutality towards all radical elements. The condemnation of the publisher and the editors of *La Guerre Sociale* to unusually severe punishment is the latest heroic act of the "humanitarian" Clemenceau. Gustave Hervé, the publisher of the paper, has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment and a fine of 7,500 francs for his active participation in the anti-militarist propaganda; the editors Almereyda and Merle were condemned to five years and 7,500 francs each. Hervé is a member of the Executive Board of the Socialist Party.

Fortunately, however, the government occasionally fails to find in the judge a pliant tool, ready to convict by governmental order, Anarchists and anti-militarists. Thus the powers that be have suffered a fiasco in their attempt to convict comrades Matha, editor of *Libertaire*, Dombay and Barrier, on the charge of "counterfeiting." The authorities sought revenge, however, in sending to prison comrades Cibot and Jourdain for five years on the same charge.

The recent anti-militarist trials resulted in the conviction of Gabrielle Petit to six months' imprisonment, after our brave comrade had suffered three months' "preliminary detention." Comrades Lorulet, Broutchoux and Cachet were also convicted for distributing an anti-militarist pamphlet. Lorulet, the author of the leaflet, received fifteen, the other comrades three months each.

The trials of the anti-militarists of Grenoble, Lyon and Lorient resulted in the acquittal of all the defendants.

Premier Clemenceau has issued a circular letter to all prefects, ordering them to compile a "black list" of the most active anti-militarists, with regular reports as to their actions. The premier has gone a step further yet and curtailed the privileges heretofore enjoyed by the political prisoners. Thus the "humanitarian" Clemenceau is gradually becoming the spiritual brother of the autocratic Tsar.

A French comrade writes that the Paris Municipal Council has decided that a street in that city shall be called after Elisée Reclus, but regrets that the Council's point of view has been simply to commemorate a literary and scientific man, not the advanced revolutionary seer and thinker that Socialists and Anarchists alike loved and revered. Also that a statue is to be erected to his memory, Clemenceau being favorable to the project. Dr. P. Reclus protests against it. "To live in our hearts and memories, Elisée Reclus does not need to be misrepresented in an ugly monument, wearing a frock coat and seated in an armchair!" "You will be given a statue," said someone to Elisée towards the close of his life. "Well, I hope for a comrade to pull it down and plant a fruit tree in its place," was the characteristic retort of the modest, great-hearted old man. In the same way, our comrade points out, the gentler virtues of Louise Michel were the ones extolled by the Radicals of Paris at her death. It was for her kind heart and lavish, unselfish generosity of soul that she was to be praised and remembered, not because, being a mere woman, she fought like a man for her beloved comrades and Commune, and was ready to do and dare for oppressed humanity all her life. Louise was a revolutionist, Reclus was a revolutionist—such things are not to be spoken of or kept before the minds of the French proletariat, so the city fathers opine. But the proletariat are not quite such fools as—municipal officials. Yet it is a strange fact that even some Anarchists seem inclined to dim the fighting side of "la bonne Louise's" nature. It is said that a statuette, designed to grow later into an imposing memorial to her, has been moulded. It represents Louise seated in a chair with a child in her arms and a cat affectionately brushing the folds of her skirt. We once said to a comrade grown old in the cause of humanity: "But is Louise's love for children and cats the only attribute to be commemorated? She should have a liberty cap on her head, a sword across her knees." "Not at all," was the amazing answer, "Louise was all heart—the part she played in the Commune was merely accidental." We can see the flash in Louise's blue eyes, had she heard those words! Granted that circumstances—poverty, persecution, and latterly failing years—precluded her taking the active position in the struggle for

the liberty of the individual that she otherwise would have done, yet if ever a woman was a born fighter as well as humanitarian, that woman was Louise Michel. The writer remembers her exclaiming, at a time when it seemed probable a revolutionary movement was to break out in Paris: "If it is revolution and they keep me from going to my people, I will kill myself!" Her blue eyes flamed.

ITALY.

The expected secession of the revolutionary trade unions from the Socialist-led Confederation—as forecast in our last issue—has become an accomplished fact. The immediate cause of the secession was the treacherous attitude of the Socialist politicians in regard to the recent great railroad strike. The majority of the trade unions have joined the new syndicalist organization, whose members now total two hundred thousand. The headquarters of the Confederation are at Bologna, where the official organ, the *Internazionale*, is published.

Naples is witnessing a gigantic rent strike. Two thousand families have already been ordered dispossessed by the courts, but the strikers are determined to resist being thrown on the street. As usual, the government has rushed to the aid of the landlords by putting the military at their disposal.

GERMANY.

The authorities are strenuously endeavoring to divert popular attention from the recently exposed immorality in "high" places. Anarchists and anti-militarists are being arrested wholesale and their publications confiscated. Comrades Oerter, Oestreich, Kielmeyer, Werner Daya and Goschke have been indicted for high treason, inciting to riot and ridiculing the Kaiser's army.

The case against Dr. Friedeberg, charged with high treason, has been dropped by the prosecution for lack of evidence.

In all the larger cities of the Empire domiciliary arrests are taking place, the police ransacking the houses and confiscating "suspicious" literature. During the search of the editorial rooms of the Berlin *Revolutionär* the police unwittingly left behind their memorandum book, containing names, addresses and pedigrees of "un-

desirable" persons. The *Revolutionär* has published some very interesting data from the police list, from which it appears that the name of comrade Emma Goldman, with description, was also on the "black list."

A number of "foreign" comrades have been deported, as unfit for the atmosphere of moral Germany.

The literary world has sustained a severe loss in the death of Dr. Arthur Mülberger, the well-known translator of Proudhon and the author of a brilliant work on the latter's life.

AUSTRIA.

A new organization, embracing various trades, has been formed in Bohemia and has issued a declaration of principles along syndicalist lines. A branch of the railway employees has joined the syndicalist organization.

The new labor body is the result of the dissatisfaction of the Czech workingmen with the Social Democratic politicians, who are eternally interfering with the affairs of labor unions.

ENGLAND.

A revival of Anarchist activity is taking place in the United Kingdom. New groups have been formed in Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Cardiff and Swansea. The newly organized Anarchist Federation is aiding the new groups with literature and lecturers, as well as financially.

* * *

Gerald Massey, the old Chartist poet, died at the age of seventy-nine. Massey is said to have been the original of George Eliot's "Felix Holt, the Radical." While there are exploited people, the poems of the man who could write,

"For our fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,
Our mothers with Death's kiss are white;
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,
And our daughters his slaves by night,"

should not be allowed to die.

* * *

It were not surprising if our judicial bartenders were to consider their English colleague Judge Willis a degenerate.

“Judge Willis, Southwark County Court, London, confessed himself a Socialist, as he rebuked a defendant who referred to the plaintiff as the ‘friend of a Socialist and an Anarchist.’ ‘Don’t speak in that way,’ said the Judge, severely. ‘I am a Socialist. Socialism may mean all that is good, and it does not affect me if a man is an Anarchist, though I am not that. All these things depend upon definition. I believe that my Socialism, which arises out of Individualism, leads to the highest moral actions, and some of the very best men have been described as ‘Anarchists’ without justification.”

The veteran author, Morrison Davidson, makes the following comment in *Reynold's Newspaper* (London):

“Bravo, Judge Willis! The truth will come out of honest men, even though they be Judges. To-day you are a Socialist, with a benevolent word for the reprobated Anarchist. To-morrow, who can tell, you may find yourself sitting down to mess in full communion with ‘some of the very best of men,’ quite accurately ‘described as Anarchists.’ Verily, the motions of the Age-Spirit are as incalculable as those of the winds of heaven which blow whither they list. Collectivism, Socialism, Communism, Anarchism, Terrorism—‘all these things,’ says the learned Judge, ‘DEPEND UPON DEFINITION’—and he never spoke nor could speak with greater reason.”

RUSSIA.

The revolutionary movement has sustained one of its severest blows in the reported arrest of Nicholas Tchaykovsky and Katherine Breshkovskaya. The two patriarchs of Free Russia, whose zeal and devotion no amount of persecution or disappointment could dampen, are now said to be imprisoned in the St. Peter and St. Paul fortress. A movement has been started in the United States in behalf of these victims of the murderous autocracy.

* * *

The hope of liberating the country through parliamentary action, as dreamed by the Socialists, appears to be receding farther and farther. The Socialist members of the second Duma have been condemned to long years of imprisonment, while a majority of the first Duma are now facing trial for the Viborg manifesto. The government is continuing its policy of reaction and persecution with draconic severity. According to the latest reports the trade organizations are being suppressed by the Tsar.

It were fallacious to conclude, however, that the white terror has disposed of the revolutionary activity. By

no means. The more brutal the policy of the government, the more determined is growing the political and economic terror.

The Glasgow *Herald* publishes the following letter by the representative of an English firm in Russia:

"Things at present are really so bad that I am afraid I will have to give in my resignation. Every manager in the properties is under sentence of death from these dogs of Anarchists. They are killing the managers off one by one, quite systematically. Three were killed last fortnight; another had to clear out immediately. Everybody who possibly can is clearing out, as it has become so serious that when once one gets a letter from the Anarchists it means certain death to stay on. One poor chap, a Swede, got a warning letter, and because he overstayed the time allowed to clear out by a couple of days he was shot dead just as he was leaving the place for good. Some others have been shot without getting a chance to clear out. My hair is gradually turning gray, as this sort of living is more than human nature can stand. One is afraid not only to go out, but to keep at home."

Another lickspittle writes:

"Every day the columns of the newspapers are full of long lists of robberies, murders and attempts of all kinds. Even after two years of continuous Anarchy (?) to which one has become quite accustomed, one is appalled at the criminal statistics of the present day. Murders are constantly increasing, the victims being chiefly rural authorities, bailiffs, and guards, as well as rich inhabitants, but indeed a mutual destruction is going on without regard to social positions."

Persons arriving in St. Petersburg from Siberia bring terrible tales of the misery of the peasant immigrants there. All the Trans-Siberian stations are invaded by hordes of these pilgrims—men, women, and children—ragged, pale, and extenuated, begging for money or bread. Every coin thrown them, however small, is practically struggled for. The stations serving as halting-places are a horrible spectacle. All the out-buildings are packed, and many pass days and nights outside in the mud. They consider themselves fortunate if they have daily bread.

* * *

A new valiant fighter for Anarchism is in the field—a 42-page magazine, *Anarchist*, whose special object is the clarification of the ideas and practice of Anarchism. We advise all our readers who can read Russian to subscribe to the new magazine. Address: L. Bertoni, 6 Rue des Savoises, Genève, Switzerland.

ANARCHIST INTERNATIONAL

*Correspondence Bureau, Circular No. 2.
163 Jubilee St., London, Eng., Dec. 12, 1907.*

Dear Comrades:—Taking into consideration that most of the comrades were of the opinion that a Bulletin was absolutely necessary, and that it should be published as soon as the necessary sum for starting it would be found, the Bureau having received from an Anarchist group a sum sufficient for that purpose, decided to publish the first number by the beginning of January, 1908. The Bureau thinks that the Bulletin—which we will call “Bulletin of the Anarchist International”—should mainly contain the reports of the Anarchist and labor movements of all the countries; then articles on questions of the day, chiefly on the Anarchist organization as well as on revolutionary syndicalism. The Bulletin will also contain reports of the Bureau, so far as, according to those concerned, their publication will cause no inconvenience; additions to the archives, etc., etc.

Thinking that such a Bulletin will fill a gap that is felt in the whole Anarchist movement, the Bureau puts to you the following questions: 1st. To let us know, *as early as possible*, what sum of money you could send monthly to cover the paper's expenses? It would be desirable that all adhering organizations should be able, each one sending its monthly “subsidy,” to assure the existence of the Bulletin. 2d. To send us, *regularly*, and as shortly as possible, reports on the movement of your country or town, so that the Bulletin should always be in a position to print all reports and in this way fulfill its duty—that of keeping all comrades in full knowledge of the Anarchist and labor movements in all countries.

As the Bulletin has to appear in January, will you send us your first report on what is going on in your parts by December 22nd?

Remember, comrades! If you wish the Bulletin to exist and to do good work, we want your *regular* contribution towards the expense, and your *regular* reports on the movement. The Bulletin will appear, at first, monthly, in at least 8 pages (11 inches by 9), and in the French language, as the most generally known.

The Bureau would like you to answer this letter as soon as possible and at the same time give us your opinion as to how the Bulletin should be conducted. The Bureau will try to make use of everything that would render the Bulletin better. The comrades should also send us the number of copies of the Bulletin they desire, so as to be able to settle the number to be printed, and the names and addresses of all the Anarchist and revolutionary papers of their country, so that the Bulletin might reach the greatest possible number of newspapers.

To the work then, comrades, and let us make the Bulletin a real bond of union between the Anarchists of all countries.

Reports for the Bulletin can be written in French, English, German, Russian, Yiddish, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian and Esperanto.

The Bureau will publish in the Bulletin a full account of the Amsterdam Congress.

Fraternally yours, for the Bureau,

A. SCHAPIRO.

✱ ✱ ✱

EDITORIAL NOTE

From a private letter we quote: "As to the Bureau, it has work above its shoulders. Letters pour in from all parts of the world. We just received the adhesion of the Japanese groups (from Japan!) with a donation towards the expenses of the Bureau. Spain is marvellous! Fifteen towns are now members of the A. I. (including *Tierra y Libertad*; four groups in Paris and some in the provinces; Germany, Belgium, Hungary (two Budapest groups), Bohemia, Switzerland, etc., etc."

We congratulate the Bureau upon its activity and the publication of the Bulletin, suggesting, however, that the later appear at least in two languages, one of them to be English.

MOTHER EARTH will then gladly co-operate, both in regard to sending reports and financial assistance.

TO THE ANARCHISTS OF AMERICA

The activity and experience of the past have clearly demonstrated to us the necessity of united and systematic effort for the purpose of greater propagandistic effect.

This, we are firmly convinced, could be best accomplished by a federation of individual Anarchists and groups along autonomic lines.

Several Anarchist groups and a number of individuals of New York City have, therefore, combined into an organization, to be known as the Anarchist Federation.

The members of the Federation have thus far, after thorough discussion, agreed upon the following points as a basis for the Federation's activity:

1. Participation in the every-day social life of the people.
2. Self-educational clubs and lecture bureau.
3. Participation in the labor movement with the specific propaganda of Direct Action and the General Strike.
4. An Anarchist Home, i. e. hall, club, and library.
5. Defence Bureau for imprisoned comrades, and for other political prisoners, if possible.*
6. School for Children.
7. Declaration of Principles.

(After a greater number of groups and individuals have joined the Federation, the latter will call a Convention to work out a Declaration of Principles.)

8. Joining of the American Federation to the International.

As the name Anarchist Federation indicates, each member of the Federation—whether individual or group—preserves his full autonomy, free to act in all matters according to his own best judgment. The Federation, on its part, reserves the right to declare itself either for or against any action of its members.

We trust that the various groups and comrades at large will see their way clear to joining forces with the Federation. We hope that after a thorough discussion within the groups themselves, our comrades will find no objec-

*) The Federation considers the defence of comrades a duty, irrespective of the Federation's attitude toward the particular cause of arrest.

tions to acting with the Federation along the points stated. Comrades, there are probably various questions of principle and tactics upon which different opinions prevail. But on the other hand there are certain issues upon which all can join, and it is these we lay before you for your discussion and final action.

The burning questions of the day offer us a wide field of action. Let us not remain standing passively aside. Let us rather immediately enter the arena.

The Federation has already initiated its activity by organizing monster mass meetings of the unemployed. Its immediate program further contains the organization of a series of lectures to popularize Anarchism. Also the immediate publication, in English and Jewish, of a pamphlet on the Crisis, to be spread in hundreds of thousands all over the country.

We call the attention of groups and comrades to the necessity of immediate action with regard to the proposed pamphlet, which is already written and set. The question of joining the Federation the groups can decide only after some discussion. That will necessarily require time. But the question of the pamphlet must be decided upon at once, and we call upon all comrades and groups to notify us without unnecessary delay as to the number of pamphlets they desire, and to what extent they can contribute to help defray the expenses of publication.

Fraternally,

ANARCHIST FEDERATION OF NEW YORK.

All communications to the Federation are to be addressed to the Secretary, J. O. Behr, 552 Fox St., New York. Money to be sent to the Treasurer, Alexander Berkman, Box 47 D, New York.

* * *

ANENT MY LECTURE TOUR

The announcement in *MOTHER EARTH* and *Freie Arbeiter Stimme* of my proposed tour is bringing numerous invitations from all parts of the country, proving the lively interest and activity of our comrades.

From the 5th till the 18th of January I shall lecture in Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Albany, Gloversville, and Schenectady.

After that at :

Philadelphia, Pa., January 24th and 25th, at Pennsylvania Hall;

Washington, D. C., January 26th (afternoon);

Baltimore, Md., January 26th (evening);

Pittsburg, Pa., January 27th.

February 13th I shall start on my western tour. Dates have been engaged by the following cities: Montreal, London, Toronto (Canada), Cleveland, Toledo, Columbus, Cincinnati, Springfield, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, and Chicago.

I urge those western groups and comrades from whom I have not yet heard, to make haste if they wish me to reserve dates for them.

I have already stated that my tour is intended to aid MOTHER EARTH, as the magazine largely depends on it. I hope the comrades will bear that in mind.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

Previously acknowledged.....\$167.80

Proceeds from E. G. meetings:

Brockton, Mass..... 15.00

Lawrence, Mass..... 14.00

Haverhill, Mass..... 12.00

Lowell, Mass..... 3.00

Worcester, Mass..... 12.00

Boston, Mass..... 16.00

Paterson, N. J..... 18.00

Bronsville, N. Y..... 38.00

Harlem Liberal Alliance, N.Y..... 10.00

Collected by Lillian Kisluk, Atlantic City, N. J.:

Lillian Kisluk..... 1.00

M. Kisluk..... 1.00

Abe Ostroff..... 1.00

Fannie Bailing..... 1.00

G. H..... 1.00

M. Haskin..... 1.00

Wm. Kofbis..... 1.00

S. Goldman..... 1.00

R. Neitzge, Chicago..... 1.00

P. Walter, San Francisco..... .50

Total\$315.30

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----------|
| Deficit, as per November account..... | \$333.84 |
| Deficit, December M. E..... | 100.00 |
| E. G. tour expenses..... | 10.00 |

| | |
|---------------------------------|----------|
| Total deficit and expenses..... | \$443.84 |
| Total receipts..... | 315.30 |

Deficit\$128.54

What energy and zeal can accomplish has been shown during my tour in the textile districts, where a few devoted comrades had arranged all my meetings. The latter were successful in every way, in spite of the industrial depression. I found a very intense interest in our ideas all through New England. May our comrades keep up the good fight.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

WEEKLY PAPER FUND

| | |
|--|---------|
| Previously acknowledged..... | \$23.25 |
| R. L. Feldman, Baltimore, Md..... | 1.00 |
| Geo. Pflaum, Baltimore, Md..... | .50 |
| Progressive Ladies' Tailors, N. Y., per Otto Pick.. | 8.00 |
| T. Takahashi, N. Y..... | 1.00 |
| Louis Dickstein, N. Y..... | .50 |
| Dr. L. M. Robins, Brooklyn..... | 2.00 |
| D. Levinson, New London, Conn..... | 3.00 |
| J. Soyez, Cincinnati, Ohio..... | 2.00 |
| Mr. Fingold, Dorchester, Mass..... | .50 |
| M. Heiman, Paterson, N. J..... | 1.00 |
| A. Niedermeier, Trenton, N. J..... | 1.00 |
| Group Worker's Friend, Syracuse, N. Y., per M. Slive | 10.00 |

Total\$53.75

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EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 210 East Thirteenth Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y.,
under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. II

FEBRUARY, 1908

No. 12

TO OUR READERS.

This issue completes the second year of the magazine. We urgently request our subscribers to send in their renewal at once, as—according to the latest ruling of the Post Office Department—we cannot carry any unpaid subscribers.



We wish to inform our friends that we have but a very limited number of copies of the first volume of MOTHER EARTH. In fact, there are but twelve sets on hand, handsomely bound, at \$2.00 per volume. Those wishing to secure a copy will please order at once.



OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

Washington, D. C., is the bulwark of our liberties. A public meeting, which comrade Emma Goldman was announced to address, was recently interdicted by the police. The manner in which it was done was outrageous and cowardly in the extreme. At first Major Sylvester, Chief of the Washington police, flatly refused to allow Emma Goldman to lecture in Washington. When his attention was called to the fact that he had absolutely no right to deprive anyone of free speech, he hypocritically consented to permit the lecture; later, however, he informed the arrangement committee that the meeting could not take place, on the alleged ground that the proprietor of the hall had not complied with certain fire regulations. The license of the hall was declared cancelled, but a "temporary license" was issued to the manager, permitting him to allow "such entertainments and meetings which are not objectionable to the district authorities,"—a police trick, which made our meeting impossible.

The big stick policy is evidently supreme in Washington. But do the authorities really believe that they can stop our propaganda by such cowardly methods?

* * *

The Federal Supreme Court is determined to teach labor a much-needed lesson as to the value of alleged labor legislation.

Three important decisions, far-reaching in their effects, have recently been handed down by the Supreme Court. The Employers' Liability act has been declared unconstitutional. A similar blow was delivered to the Erdman act by declaring that a corporation may discharge an employee without naming any ground other than that the employee was a member of a labor organization. The latest decision is with regard to boycotts; it declares that hereafter any union which undertakes a boycott renders every one of its members personally liable for threefold damages to the firm or individual boycotted.

Will these lessons suffice to enlighten labor on the subject of "improving conditions by legislation"? Will they continue wasting their hard-earned money by lobbying and political wire-pulling? These decisions of the

court are to be welcomed as proof that the laws are solely for the protection of the exploiters. When the workers learn this lesson they will realize that politics are a snare and a delusion, and that labor's battles are to be fought exclusively on the economic field. Intelligent direct action and the General Strike are the true emancipators of labor.

* * *

The President has surprised the country by informing it, in his last message to Congress, that "the movement in which we are engaged is fundamentally an ethical one." We learn further that the purpose of this "movement" is "to secure National honesty in business and in politics." This purpose of securing honesty is to be achieved by—legislation.

Roosevelt makes a strong effort to draw the line of demarcation between "predatory" wealth and honest business. But it would require a greater genius than the President to find any real difference between them. There may be legitimate and illegitimate business; but whether approved by the law or not, all forms of profit-making are based on exploitation, and no "movement" whose purpose it is to uphold and perpetuate profit-making can be an ethical one. Profit-making, whether industrial, commercial, or rental, is not a whit more "ethical" than any other form of theft. True, the law permits and defends certain forms of robbery. But since when is law synonymous with ethics?

The President is fighting windmills. There can no more be "honest business" than "clean politics." The one is based on theft; the other on corruption and violence. If the "movement" of the President were really for the purpose of "securing National honesty in business and politics," his object could be accomplished only by abolishing the bulwarks of business and politics, i. e., government, which legalizes exploitation.

The real purpose of the Roosevelt "movement" becomes apparent, however, when the President reaches the subject of injunctions. "I should consider it most unwise to abolish the use of the process of injunction. It is necessary in order that the courts may maintain their own dignity and in order that they may in effective manner check disorder and violence."

The "dignity of the courts" consists in their faithful service of capitalism. In the latter's vocabulary disorder and violence mean the attempt on the part of the disinterested to regain some part of their stolen product. Such attempts, Roosevelt thinks, must be checked in an effective manner. And there is no better way of accomplishing it than by the process of injunction.

The hypocrisy of the President is disgusting, considering his show of alleged sympathy with the aspirations of labor. Conceding the latter's right to organize for the protection of its interests, Roosevelt in the same breath champions the process of injunction, the basest weapon yet designed by capitalism to nullify the very purpose of trade unions.

The intelligent workingman who carefully reads the President's sentiments with regard to labor and injunctions cannot fail to realize that Roosevelt is a loyal champion of capitalism, and as such, a foe to the best interests of labor.

* * *

To what extent our false civilization, based on the Christian morality of meekness, has succeeded in eradicating man's natural spirit of independence and self-assertion, is best proved by the present crisis.

All over the land thousands of workmen are unemployed. What little savings they may have had, have been swallowed by the banks or have been used up in the first few weeks of the crisis. Now the wolf is at the door, and the rigors of winter are still further adding to the widespread privation and misery. Women and little children are suffering for the very necessities of life, and the men are hopeless and despondent.

In vain are their efforts to find work; in vain even to beg charity. All resources are apparently exhausted. In vague, dumb hope the destitute masses look up to the political parties—not a ray of encouragement, not a sign of sympathy there with all this undeserved suffering of the creators of our wealth. Despairing, some turn to the mayors and city fathers for help; they beg, they entreat: "We need bread; our wives are starving; our babes are crying for food; we ask only for work. See, our arms are strong, our hands are willing; only give us work that we may live."

But the cries of the hungry fall on deaf ears. The mayors, the politicians know no crisis; the times are never hard for them. And wherever the unemployed turn they are told to wait, to be patient, or to vote next November the "right" ticket—but nowhere any help, nowhere any aid.

"Ask and it shall be given you." Nazarene, thou wert a false phopet. Rather shouldst have taught, "Take and you shall have." The meek and lowly shall inherit nothing but starvation; only the self-reliant and independent shall have the kingdom of heaven, which is on earth.

* * *

On the occasion of the recent Haywood meeting at Grand Central Palace, some members of the Socialist arrangement committee attempted to prevent our comrades from distributing the leaflet "To the Unemployed and Homeless," issued by the Anarchist Federation. When persuasion and threats proved futile, the Socialists called the police, insisting especially on the arrest of a young lady who was very active in distributing the leaflets. The police did not appear anxious to make arrests, but the Socialists insisted till finally the hand of the law forced some of our comrades to leave the hall.

This is not a solitary example. Such incidents have been but too frequent. The question arises: If the Socialists are so intolerant *now* towards those of different views, what would happen to undesirable citizens if the Socialists were in power?

* * *

The country will be relieved to know that the courts are at last through washing the dirty linen of the Thaw family. A jury of his peers has found Harry Thaw innocent, on the ground of paranoia. All the evidence in the case was to the effect that Harry Thaw is a criminal idiot. But if Harry Thaw is an idiot, and the gentlemen of the jury are his peers, then . . .

The Thaw family spent a fortune to prove that their "young hopeful" is a degenerate, whose proper place is in the insane asylum. Naturally, the man who would "defend" the "honor" of an Evelyn must be insane. But if Harry Thaw were a poor man's son, he would now be in the electric chair.

We do not believe in punishment: 'tis but barbaric

revenge, never beneficial, but always reacting to the injury of both, the punisher and punished. Nor are we naïve enough to believe that Harry Thaw will be kept in the insane asylum. By the help of his millions he will speedily be declared sane. That Thaw is an insane degenerate is true; but his particular form of insanity is not paranoia, but dementia parasitica, the disease afflicting the whole class of social drones, whose worthy representative is Harry K. Thaw. The taxpayers of New York have paid thousands of dollars to learn that Harry Thaw is insane. The information were well worth the price if the people would have the good sense to send all those suffering, like Harry Thaw, from social parasitism, to join him at Matteawan—and to keep them there.

* * *

At no time in all Roman history was the contrast between patrician and plebeian so accentuated as is the case in modern society.

While the groans of misery and hunger rise from every city and hamlet, our plutocrats celebrate in the most consciously-provoking manner Lucullan feasts.

It were difficult to conceive a more heartlessly brutal spectacle than the recent Vanderbilt wedding. What wonder the toilers are starving: the wealth they have accumulated is being used to purchase "noble" husbands for the daughters of our millionaires. The latter fully realize, however, that it is dangerous to tempt the disinherited by the show of their stolen millions: detectives are engaged to guard the wedding gifts representing a million dollars of human tears and blood. The inhumanity of the spectacle was surpassed only by its vulgarity: the "sacred" ceremony was repeatedly rehearsed, as is customary with trained-dog performances in a circus.

Every feeling of humanity is outraged at such depravity and brutality; every decent heart burns with indignation at such spectacles, and hopes that the lightning may strike.

* * *

It is in the nature of the powers that be to grow more arrogant in proportion as they wax fat on the toil and suffering of the masses. The latter exist but to minister to the wants of their lords and masters. Popular rights and liberties are the mere playthings of the royal will. Parliaments are to be dissolved, constitutions abrogated

when they prove an obstacle to imperial whims; the "common rabble" are to be fed to cannons when they dare to lift their heads; prisons and scaffolds for the disturbers of the autocrat's peace.

But the clouds begin to gather and the rumblings of approaching storm are heard. Yet the mighty continue feasting, and ever wilder grow the bacchanalian orgies of despotic oppression. And all the time the clouds grow blacker and the thunders of popular discontent are swelling. "Shoot the canaille," cry the masters; "order must be preserved at all costs," and the timid cry for bread is drowned by the soldier's rifle.

But patience ceases to be a virtue, and suddenly the clouds burst. "King Carlos has been assassinated!"

Glad tidings! Go, circle the earth and make all tyrants tremble. The fate of Carlos will trace for them "events that cast their shadows before." Nemesis still lives! There is hope for a people that can fight its way to liberty.

* * *

President Roosevelt considered it necessary to send the following cable to the new King of Portugal:

"I hasten to express to you and to your bereaved Queen mother my heartfelt condolence by reason of the tragic death of your royal father and brother. The American people feel a peculiar bond of sympathy with the royal family and the people of Portugal in their great affliction, and they have been inexpressibly shocked and grieved at the dreadful tragedy. THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Shades of Jefferson! Since when do "the American people feel a peculiar bond of sympathy" with royal families? Has Roosevelt consulted the people and learned that "they have been inexpressibly shocked and grieved at the dreadful tragedy"?

The impudence of the President is unheard of. Every self-respecting American, who prizes the revolutionary traditions of his country, must blush with shame at this instance of presidential toadying to royalty. Has Roosevelt ever sent condolences to the families of murdered American strikers? Surely the loss of a producer is a greater calamity than the death of a royal parasite.

* * *

The Senate passed, without debate, a resolution offered by Senator Cullom, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, "sincerely deploring the death by

unlawful and inhuman violence" of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal.

The honorable gentlemen of the Senate deplore the King's death "by unlawful violence." Of course, it is a different thing when starving workmen are shot down by capitalist hirelings. That's "lawful violence." One must be careful to distinguish the two kinds. As Shakespeare said with regard to our Senators, "they are all honorable men."

But while the Senators of "the freest country on earth" were shedding copious tears over the grave of the Portuguese Butcher, the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies refused to vote a motion condoling with the royal family of Portugal in the death of King Carlos, and the majority in the Chamber voted for a substitute, as follows:

"The views of the Hungarian Parliament on freedom are such that the House could not dedicate a posthumous resolution to a King who had abolished constitutional government and instituted a dictatorship."

* * *

The Polish question in Prussia is daily becoming more acute. In the attempt to Teutonize its subjects, the Prussian government has carried its systematic persecution of the Poles to the extreme. The policy of Prussianizing has included the martyrdom of Polish children in German schools, the prohibition of the use of the Polish tongue in public meetings, and the practical deprivation of the Poles of all their civil rights. Unfortunately—to the shame of the once proud race, be it said—the Prussian Poles remained passive, "good and peaceable" subjects. Encouraged by this pusillanimity and cowardly submissiveness of the Poles, the Prussian government is now planning their compulsory dispossession, which means the practical rooting out of the Poles from the soil which has been their native country for hundreds of generations.

The contemplated governmental outrage has at last awakened the Poles to an active realization of their peril. Henryk Sienkiewicz, the well-known author, has issued an appeal, calling the attention of the world to the tyranny of the Prussian government, and urging upon the conscience of civilized humanity to voice its protest

against the terrible oppression of the Prussian Poles.

In reply to the appeal of Henryk Sienkiewicz, Count Tolstoy writes in part as follows:

"I am acquainted with the matter to which you refer, which has not surprised me, or even excited my indignation. It has merely confirmed my conviction of this absolute truth—paradoxical as it may appear to people hypnotized by the *idée fixe* of the State—that the time for oppressive governments is past, and that in our epoch it is only men completely devoid of all moral sense who can be rulers, emperors, kings, generals, or influential members of Parliament. Those men only occupy their positions in consequence of their moral decadence. In reality people who are engaged in despoiling the laboring masses in the form of taxation, in preparing and effecting massacres, in condemning men to death, and in constantly lying to themselves and to others, can have no morality. The pagan world had one virtuous emperor, Marcus Aurelius. In our Christian world, however, even the sovereigns of past centuries—all the French Louis and Napoleons, all our Catherine II.'s and Nicholas I.'s, all the German and English Fredericks, Henrys, and Elizabeths—whatever their flatterers may say, can excite no feeling but disgust. The sovereigns now living, instigators of violence and massacres of all kinds, are so far below the moral standard of the majority that they cannot even inspire disgust. They are but unfortunates, who deserve to be pitied. We should neither allow our indignation to rise against these creatures, who are void of the most sacred feeling of humanity, nor should we combat them. What we must fight against is the terrible and superannuated institution, the machinery of government, which is the principal source of all human distress."

Tolstoy is right in his claim that government, as an institution, is the source of all human distress, all misery, and oppression. The Polish question will be solved only with the solution of the social question, with the abolition of all government and authority. But such questions are not solved by "pitying the unfortunates, the rulers and emperors." You do not pity the wild tiger clutching your throat in a struggle of life and death. Oppression must be resisted. Only they deserve liberty who are willing to fight for it.

* * *

We call the attention of our readers to the just published new edition of Peter Kropotkin's work on "Modern Science and Anarchism." It is a book well worth careful study. The scientific basis of the philosophy of Anarchism is explained by comrade Kropotkin in a masterly, yet popular, manner. We recommend the work to every intelligent reader as the best exposition of scientific Anarchism extant.

MANIFESTO TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

In the Matter of the Extradition of the Mexican Revolutionists

It is now over four months since the intrigues of the dictator of Mexico have dragged us into prison, in violation of the constitution of this country, as well as the constitution of Mexico, corrupted American officials, as he did with those of our own country, covered with mire the civilization of this nation, as he has bargained and prostituted the culture of the land of our fathers. And for four months we have asked ourselves bewildered questions behind the iron bars of our prison, if we are in fact in the free fatherland of Washington, in the "classic land of liberty," in the great republic of brotherhood and love of which were dreaming the fair men and women landing from the good ship "Mayflower," or if by some magic we have been transported to the sombre reign of Nicholas II., or to the dark abodes of equatorial Africa.

It is over four months—on the 23rd of August of this year—that three of the signers of this manifesto, Ricardo Flores Magon, Antonio I. Villarreal, and Librado Rivera, members of the organizing board of the Liberal Party of Mexico, sat in our rooms tending to our correspondence when six individuals armed with guns, not wearing on their breasts the insignia of police officials, invaded our abiding place in this city, placed their guns to our heads and asked our surrender. After we surrendered and our hands were tied, we were beaten in such manner that one of us fell, losing his consciousness. There was no order of court in existence for this arrest, and since, by the sworn testimony of Captain Furlong, their detective, it appears that the money of which Porfirio Diaz robs the people of Mexico was the means that gave to said individuals the impulse to trample the Constitution of the United States under their feet by arresting us without warrant, by taking possession of our papers without our consent and without search warrant or any other authorization for so doing. Policemen of this city whom the people sustain for its safety and defense, but who at opportunity are the first to violate the law, are the first to mockingly discard civilization, and are allowed to commit crimes at the instigation of a foreign despot.

Five successive charges have been filed against us up to this day; five unfounded, absurd, senseless "charges" or rather pretexts to hold us imprisoned for an indefinite time, and by such cowardly and savage methods prevent the execution of our honorable, humane, and just aim in life, namely, to aid the Mexican people towards freedom and well being.

Four of these charges have been rejected, but the fifth, charging us with conspiracy to organize, in the Territory of Arizona, a military expedition to overthrow the despotism of Porfirio Diaz, is insisted upon with a suspicious tenacity of purpose—in spite of the demonstrated facts that the principal witnesses against us committed perjury, that the submitted documentary evidence consisted of gross forgeries, made with stupidity and lack of talent

for the job—that has more and more convinced us that in the place of our assumed conspiracy for law breaking purposes, there exists as a matter of fact a powerful, monstrous conspiracy to keep us in prison and in the end to surrender us to the bloody vengeance of the black beast, who for over thirty years has kept the unfortunate country of Mexico in a state of continuous mourning.

The proceedings of United States Commissioner Van Dyke and United States District Attorney Lawler in our matters were of decided and typical Mexican character. We were placed under bail of five thousand dollars each, to keep freedom out of our reach, though in other similar cases five hundred dollars had been considered sufficient. They admitted an unfounded charge which later was completely annihilated. This capricious charge served to give time to prepare false evidence. Sworn witnesses who were convicted of gross perjury and falsehoods under oath were allowed to go away undisturbed to enjoy the gain of their false oaths, which the law is supposed to punish severely. The documentary evidence submitted, declared by intelligent experts to be gross forgeries and a structure of shameful lies, criminal falsifications and perjury by Vasquez, was considered sufficient by Lawler and Van Dyke to hold us for extradition to Arizona. For them and their like such evidence is ample proof of the fact that we conspired to place on foot a military expedition in that territory to overthrow the despotism of Porfirio Diaz.

Lazaro Gutierrez de Lara was arrested on the twenty-seventh of September of this year and has been held in this prison ever since. The charges made against him were also mere pretexts in order to deprive him of his liberty, in this way making it impossible for him to do his share in the work of redemption of the Mexican people. The despotic government of Mexico has found an easy way to keep its political enemies imprisoned by misusing the extradition treaties with this government, treaties dealing with criminals. According to these treaties the American government must for a term of forty days hold in prison any person that might be called for by the Mexican government with a cause pending against them for such crimes as are specified in said treaties. And if after expiration of that term no proofs are presented against the parties under arrest, they have to be set free. Abusing the terms and provisions of these treaties the dictator, Porfirio Diaz, demands the arrest of his political enemies by using slander, and he can hold them in prison for indefinite time, for after forty days are over a new calumny is formulated for another forty days' detention, and so on to his heart's desire.

This happens in the case of Gutierrez de Lara, and the same has happened every time when the Nero on the throne of Mexico needed the imprisonment of political opponents. The signers of this manifesto have been held in prison upon petition of the Mexican government, and many other political refugees have met with the same fate, without in any one of the cases the charges having been proved upon which arrests were obtained, but to substantiate which said despot has never troubled his mind. Van

Dyke and Lawler on their part have taken great pains to keep Gutierrez de Lara imprisoned and thus assist the dictator of Mexico in his campaign of persecution and revenge.

In this nation, for whose liberty and honor the big men and women of 1776 shed their blood upon the battlefields of New England, by their humble, dutiful, noble sacrifice of limb and life, laying the cornerstone of a future of well being and civilization, there are men who deliberately scoff the aspirations of those martyrs and pervert into an abode of money mongers the places where upright, clean officials are supposed to render justice.

What we have told is but a detail of a vast conspiracy concocted in the darkness of an impure diplomacy with the sole object to exterminate with one stroke our aim and purpose of life: to give to the Mexican people bread, liberty, and education, the necessary elements that can uplift humanity, dignified to march erect and firm towards a more glorious future.

Since the year 1900 we have been engaged in Mexico in a formal struggle against the despotism, using the press. Our papers have been ferociously persecuted and we have passed long periods of time behind prison bars, and several times we have found ourselves at the point of being shot for the crime of writing the truth. Long periods of time we have not seen the sunlight, shut up in disease-infected cells, from which people issue to the hospitals or the cemetery. One can easily count the few that have remained alive after having been confined for some time in the cells destined for fighters in the political field. Many times the dagger has been thrust in the backs of our men. But in spite of all this, we did struggle in Mexico, until on June 9th of the year 1903 the government by one stroke of the pen declared that the police should impede the publication of our papers. In 1904 we emigrated to this country in order to continue from here our purpose of life, to shake the people from their slumber, that they may throw off the despotism weighing on their backs, and we have remained at our post ever since. We have not sold out to the despot, and for this reason he bears for us deathly hatred. We serve in the cause of the humble and lowly, and for this reason we have remained poor in earthly riches.

In San Antonio, Texas, we took up again the publication of *Regeneracion* in the year 1904, one of the many newspapers that had been edited by us in Mexico. After a few weeks of publication of our paper a ruffian paid by Diaz threatened us with violence.

Not finding proper protection in San Antonio, we moved in February of the year 1905 to St. Louis, Mo., where we continued to publish our paper, *Regeneracion*. Angered by the persistence with which we continued our work for freedom in spite of all obstacles placed in our way, Porfirio Diaz used diplomatic channels, and through his ambassadors he influenced the United States government officials to assist him in our persecution. The first effect of the combined action of the United States postoffice officials and Diaz was the withdrawal of second-class privileges from the paper *Regeneracion*. We had complied with all the provisions of the postal laws in order to avoid withdrawal of

these privileges. And yet the general administrator of the postal department of Washington at that time, Mr. Cortelyou, with neither justification nor shame, declared that *Regeneracion* could not enjoy second-class privileges because over fifty per cent. of the copies were destined for circulation in Mexico. This was the first signal of the formidable conspiracy hatched against us by Mexican officials, of which the unwarranted action by Van Dyke and Lawler to the degree of holding us without any justification whatever is nothing but a detail.

In September of the year 1905 the organizing board (junta) of the Liberal Party of Mexico was constituted, and in the following month we were persecuted by means of a Mexican official sent by Diaz to proceed against us upon the basis of several articles published in *Regeneracion*. The men under whose names the paper was published, were imprisoned, the money of the Mexican people, side-tracked for evil purpose by the tyrant, was spent upon attorneys for prosecution and upon those human bloodhounds known to all the world under the names of Pinkertons or other denominations. They seized everything in our offices and ended with a villainous action. The seized correspondence was illegally and criminally placed at the disposal of the Mexican government. We were placed at liberty under bonds and, realizing that at an opportune time new charges would be placed against us of a similar character and purpose as the ones just disposed of, we paid the bail and went to Canada. To Canada we were followed by the pack of Pinkertons who spied our movements.

After the Liberal Party had been sufficiently organized, in spite of all obstacles, and after the organizing board had issued on July first of the year 1906 the program of the Liberal Party, after we had become fully convinced by a wide experience that the overthrow of despotism by the peaceful methods of ballot, open platform, press, clubs, was an impossibility, and being further of the conviction that an environment of liberty and justice has to be created as an indispensable factor for the upward evolution of the people, and that in absence of organization the great masses of the laboring people would remain eternally slaves, we came to the decision to end by a revolution a state and condition of things that is offensive to civilization and to the most rudimentary humanitarian principles.

We began to lay stress upon the revolutionary work. But the treachery of spies, placed in our camps, shattered the first serious attempts of rebellion of the oppressed people in September of last year. Many leaders fell into the hands of Diaz, and the penitentiaries were filled with revolutionists. The vice-president of the organizing board, Juan Sarabia, languishes at this hour in the somber prison of the island of San Juan de Ulua, condemned to seven years of imprisonment for having been a co-worker in our cause, and any day the news may reach us that he has been shot or poisoned within the prison walls.

During ~~this~~ present year over a thousand citizens have been imprisoned under suspicion of having connections with us. As many more have been done away with, have disappeared, as-

sassinated under the cover of darkness. Honorable women have been thrown into prison, subjected to the brutalities of vile soldiers and more vile wardens, for being considered to be connected with us. The workingmen and women have been forbidden to read the papers which defend their rights, and in many factories toilers have suffered corporal punishment for the crime of receiving visits of their dear ones outside. Any person found reading any kind of a paper that does not flatter the domestic Nero is immediately bound over for imprisonment. The private mail is cynically opened at the post-offices. Persons under suspicion of disaffection with the government are martyred to force from their lips the betrayal of revolutionists. Even little children, nine to twelve years old, have been dragged to prison, accused of rebellion.

This side of the border the persecution has been kept up with no less tenacity. On October 19 of last year Antonio I. Villarreal, Lauro Aguirre and Ramon Cano were arrested in El Paso, Texas. They were accused of intending to place on foot in that city an army to overthrow the dictator Diaz. This was a mere pretext to keep the defendants behind bars. At the same time the Mexican government asked for their extradition for supposed robberies and assassinations committed in Mexico. As in all other cases of the same character the Mexican government never bothered its mind with even mere attempts to furnish evidence for its vile accusations. Lauro Aguirre and Ramon Cano came free under five thousand dollars bail. Villarreal was not included in this privilege, because United States government officials had promised Diaz to extradite him upon the basis of the fact that he was not yet three years in this country, and that he was to be considered as an undesirable immigrant. To permit this infamy Minister Bonaparte gave telegraphic orders to the United States commissioner of El Paso, Texas, to stop the farcial procedure for violation of neutrality laws and to turn over Villarreal to the immigration officials for trial and deportation to Mexico. Thanks to the fact that he was able to escape the watchfulness of the immigration officials he is still alive, though imprisoned.

Several weeks before this incident happened there were arrested in Douglas and The Mowry, Territory of Arizona, Tomas D. Espinosa, Gabriel Rubio, Ildefonso R. Martinez, Bruno Trevino, Lazaro Puente, Carlos Humbert, Abraham Salcido, Leonardo Villarreal, and other citizens, under the pretext that they intended to place on foot an armed force in said territory to overthrow the despotism of Porfirio Diaz. It is exactly the same charge which was laid as basis in the local proceedings against Ricardo Flores Magon, Antonio I. Villarreal and Librado Rivera. And also in this case without substantiating by the slightest bit of evidence the proceedings for violation of neutrality laws, United States government officials ordered the extradition of Lazaro Puente, Abraham Salcido, Bruno Trevino, Carlos Humbert, Leonardo Villarreal, and Gabriel Rubio to the authorities of Mexico as undesirable immigrants, an argument fetched by the never-scrupulous officials to surrender political refugees to the vengeance of the hyenas of Mexico. In virtue of this ukase the

citizens referred to are incarcerated in the prison fortress of the island of San Juan de Ulua, State of Vera Cruz, which they will probably never leave alive.

During the last months of 1906 the citizens Crescencio Villarreal Marquez, Demetrio Castro, Trinidad Garcia, and other persons, were arrested in Del Rio, Texas, upon request of Porfirio Diaz, made to the governor of the State of Texas. A ridiculous charge of assassination and robbery, supposed to have been committed in the state of Coahuila, Mexico, served as pretext for the incarceration of those honorable citizens. The government of Texas looked through the infamy of the government of Diaz and was on the point of placing in liberty the vilely calumniated men, when Diaz, in fear of not being able to kill his political enemies, appealed to the United States government officials, who, trampling under their feet the sovereignty of the State of Texas in a way worthy of a Diaz, made the same demand of extradition upon the basis of the special treaty with Mexico which the State of Texas had been acting upon.

From this it can be seen that the United States government officials are disposed and ever ready to do anything that might serve the interests of Mexico. In the end the United States commissioner in San Antonio, Texas, set the citizens of Del Rio, Texas, free.

At about the same time, in November, 1906, two men were arrested in St. Louis, Mo., and hurriedly and secretly transferred to Ironton, Mo.,—Librado Rivera and Aaron Lopez Manzano, the first a member of the organizing board, the latter a comrade in our work. The secret transfer to Ironton, Mo., was made for the purpose of attempting kidnapping and extradition to Mexico. But the press lifted up its voice to denounce the vile manipulations of Diaz and the United States government officials, and from this exposure the appearance had to be given that they had been arrested upon basis of some charges. Porfirio Diaz again abused the privileges granted in the treaties for extradition of criminals and he formed a slanderous charge against Rivera. But the United States commissioner of St. Louis, Mo., considered it a crime and an indelible dishonor to accept money from the government of Mexico for the purpose of persecuting political refugees, and he set Rivera free, and shortly after this also Aaron Lopez Manzano, in spite of the intrigues of Diaz.

Manuel Sarabia, member of the organizing board, was kidnapped this year in Douglas, Arizona, passed into Mexico, and turned over to the authorities of that country. Sarabia had been arrested without order of court on the thirtieth of June, and on the same night American police officials dragged him from the prison of Douglas, placed him in an automobile, brought him over the line, and handed him over to the minions of Porfirio Diaz. Sarabia would have perished, had not the citizens of Douglas protested as one man and demanded that the victim of that outrage be returned to the United States. In this dirty business was implicated the Mexican consul, Antonio Maza, as intellectual author of the deed who spent money from Diaz to have such a grave offense committed in this country. A prosecution of the kidnapers fol-

lowed, among the defendants figuring said Maza, but the money of Diaz, and the pressure brought to bear from government officials to save the guilty parties, were sufficient to produce a verdict that the kidnappers were not guilty. The name of the American people had again been made the plaything of the rugged hyena of Mexico, of prostituted diplomacy, and bold bad faith.

As the readers will see from all this, there exists a far and wide conspiracy concocted in the shadows of a tortuous diplomacy, to secure for Mexico the continued existence of an African despotism, by surrendering to the chiefs who oppress that unfortunate country all those who do not bend their backs and who dare to uplift their voices for the salvation of fourteen millions of human beings.

We have not committed a single crime, as was amply and completely proved before United States Commissioner Van Dyke. But in as far as it is necessary for Porfirio Diaz that we be assassinated, so that he may tranquilly rob and kill the folks of Mexico, the verdict was rendered that we are to be extradited to Arizona, whence we will be passed on to Mexico, as has happened to many others in the past, and there certain death will meet us, and with our lives we shall pay for the *crime of having loved mankind*.

That is our crime! We are revolutionists, and we are proud in this consciousness.

What do we want? The program of the Liberal Party issued on the first of July of the year 1906 is the sum and substance of our aims and aspirations, in order to enable the Mexican people to work out its upward evolution. We want bread for all, education for all, liberty for all. We consider it absurd that a few should possess the earth, and the many not have a place to lay down their heads for rest. We want, then, that the land be accessible to all, just the same as the air, the light, the warm sun rays are there for all creatures on earth. We consider it absurd that those who neither toil nor produce should enjoy all at the expense of those who till and toil and have a life of misery, of privation, of exhausted fatigue as long as they have any strength to give, and a life of shame and humiliation, and abject degradation, when weakened by age and long years of hard labor they are thrown aside and cast adrift by the bosses, like old and diseased cattle left to provide for themselves as best they can.

We think that political liberty is a beautiful lie so long as it has not for its basis economic liberty, and towards the conquest of that liberty our steps are directed. We are of the opinion that the social problem looming up on the horizon of humanity as a formidable great unknown, must be solved by the workingmen themselves, and it is for this reason and purpose that with all our forces, and with all our love we demand that the proletariat of Mexico organize and by so doing enable itself to take part in the tremendous struggle that alone will liberate the proletariat of this world, the struggle which some day—may be in the near future—will place all the goods of this earth within reach and power of all human beings.

We are revolutionists, but not of the type that has become

sadly classical for unfortunate Latin America. We stand and live and work for high ideals and noble ends, and it is for this reason that the magnates of the political and money powers in the United States and of both republics are interested in our extermination. The mere fact of our existence is a menace to those who live from the sweat of the people; and for this reason we are doomed to die.

In order to arrest and detain four humble revolutionists, streams of gold had to be spent, the combined diplomacy of two countries had to be hitched up, and the ambassador of Mexico, accredited in Washington, had to make a special trip to this city to play football with the principles of liberty laid down in the constitutions of two republics, to outrage the dignity of the American people, and to permit venal officials to drag their dirty feet over the face of modern civilization.

To you, men and women of this country, so proud of the good name of your institutions, we call and appeal to help us break down the criminal conspiracy which has been formed to retain us indefinitely in prison, and finally to surrender us to the beastly vengeance of the despots of Mexico. To permit that those who are called into office to look out for and watch over the interests of the people be the first to bring dishonor is a crime against civilization, which a civilized people must not allow to pass in remaining inactive in the face of the iniquities committed by the tyrants. In this sad struggle your honor is involved. Remember that figuratively only the other day this free country of America was the harbor of refuge for all the oppressed of the world, that upon this soil precious seeds have been dropped by those valorous spirits, by those noble minds, who suffered in the lands beyond the seas, far from the frontiers of this cherished land, directed their looks and their steps to these shores as to a land of promise embellished by an environment of liberty and justice.

Workers of the world! Our cause is your cause. The cause of the proletariat does know no frontiers. The interests of the working people are the same in all lands under all climates, and all latitudes of our globe. Help us! Display your irresistible forces to down the formidable conspiracy of the tyrant and of the capitalists of two countries, a conspiracy planned and plotted and conceived to hold back the evolution of a people that is desirous to break its chains. Remember that only by unity of action and solidarity of effort the workers will emancipate themselves. Do not permit that an entire race be sacrificed to the interests of those who suck the life blood of the toilers of all nations.

Press of America, and of all other lands: The newspapers are the bridle and reins which hold back the abuses of those in power, and by their might they constitute a state within the state. Wherever there is an abuse in evidence it is up to the press to enter the arena and to denounce the wrong. If the press fails to do so, its high mission is prostituted, and crime connived at and sanctioned in shameful silence. Denounce in the face of the world the conspiracy of which we are victims. Speak out loud in protest. It is an outrage to civilization to persecute its

servants like wild beasts. The press cannot, must not, consent that in this century justice be violated in open daylight, the rights of man outraged, and civilization sacrificed, because thus it pleases the mongrel interests of a mere handful of bandits.

We have spoken the truth. Death may be near us, at the hands of our tyrants, and a lie shall not stain our lips to the last, our lips that always have moved to say the truth. For truth we have lived; for truth we shall know how to die when our destiny is accomplished.

Given at the county jail of Los Angeles, California, in the United States of America, on December twenty-seventh, of the year 1907.

RICARDO FLORES MAGON,
ANTONIO I. VILLARREAL,
LIBRADO RIVERA,
LAZARO GUTIERREZ DE LARA.

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THE RIGHTFUL SANCTIONS OF MARRIAGE

By LAWRENCE ROCHESTER.

NEITHER pope, priest, or parson can sanctify, nor legislature, judge, or magistrate rightfully sanction that which Nature has made discordant, abhorrent, and repugnant.

A discordant household is no fit place for the begetting or rearing of children.

Gestation and infancy demand a peaceful, loving, and harmonious environment.

A man and a woman living together, bound by no tie but a legal contract, are nothing more or less than legalized prostitutes of the basest sort.

The only tie which sanctifies the sexual relation is some degree, at least, of love, trust, and confidence. When these have gone there is no marriage; the continuance of such relation is then a repulsive and abhorrent prostitution; and any law which would compel the continuance of such relations is an unmitigated and damnable despotism.

Any law which prevents mutually devoted couples from coming together, is a degrading tyranny, which is the fruitful cause of the gross immoralities at which the community stands aghast at the present time.

The ignorance of ecclesiastics, their bigotry and intolerance endorsed and applauded by fanatical Holy

Willies and Holy Nancys of Churchianity, have caused more murders and misery in the world than all other causes combined, and made civil governments, which should be free and just, potent engines to oppress the people.

To expect the young and inexperienced to decide at a given moment, with certain and infallible judgment, as to the character of their consorts and compel them to live together in a life-time bond of marriage against which Nature rebels, is a most damnable folly; and such a bond is an outrageous despotism, and hypocrisy of the basest sort.

A tie designed for Angels and Saints is not fitted for either brutes or imperfect men. Laws and governments are both cruel and inoperative when not in accord with the characters of the citizens or subjects which they undertake to regulate.

Men and women can not be made good, wise, moral, or righteous by law, but they can be tortured and made miserable by unwise, imprudent, and despotic laws, which cause to be brought into the world lunatics, imbeciles, and paupers.



ANARCHISM

A PLEA FOR THE IMPERSONAL.

By H. KELLY.

THE student of Anarchism must often ask himself why, in this most Anarchistic of all countries, the Anarchist movement has made, and is making, such slow progress. That Anarchism concerns itself with the individual, and that America is the most individualistic of all civilized countries, is hardly debatable; and yet the Anarchist movement, which in itself represents the definite, concrete expression of the Anarchist philosophy, is almost where it was twenty years ago. The Mutualist wing, which found its ablest exponent in Dyer D. Lum is extinct; the Individualist wing has lost so much ground that it can hardly be called a movement; and the Communist wing, the only one of the three that shows any signs of growth, has—as a movement—made but little progress. To those who may be disposed to question the above statements, I will say right now that

First,—As to the Mutualist section, during twelve years' active work as an Anarchist propagandist I have seen or heard no signs of it.

Second,—If a theory which, after thirty years' active work by such an able man as Benj. R. Tucker, can show nothing better than one small publication, *Liberty*, that appears but once in two months, and probably one or two public speakers who lecture once or twice a year, can be called a movement, then our statement may not be believed. Further, it is well known that even *Liberty* would not exist, were it not that its editor and publisher—a man of means—foots the deficit. In short, Mr. Tucker is the "movement."

Third,—The Communist wing has a number of papers in different languages and carries on a more or less energetic oral propaganda throughout the country in Yiddish, English, Italian, German, Bohemian, and Spanish; but if compared with the growth of Anarchist ideas, sentiments, and methods at large, the development of the movement has been slow indeed. I am not concerned in this paper with the very important fact that Anarchist ideas and even methods have been very much clarified and systematized since the Pittsburg convention, in 1884; it is important and encouraging, but why has the numerical increase been so small?

Many and diverse reasons will no doubt be given, if the facts are accepted, as I believe they will be. Chief among those reasons will be the desire for ease and comfort, lack of moral courage, the spirit of compromise, environment, and so forth. All of these can be and will be given with considerable justification, but in so doing, do we not admit the unfitness of Anarchist ideas to the modern man? It seems so to us; but believing in those ideas, we seek farther afield.

Men may be moral cowards, desire ease and comfort more than liberty of thought and expression, have the spirit of compromise deeply rooted in them and be unable to rise superior to their surroundings; but, after all, they have the privilege of rejecting any theory which, in their opinion, puts too great a restraint upon their desire to live and be happy.

At the risk of appearing heretical, I venture to say that the brake upon the wheel of development of Anar-

chism is the adulation of the individual. The mass of people in this or any other country are not self-conscious egoists, but I am bold to say that egotistic principles rule this country, and they also make themselves felt in the Anarchist movement. It is a truism that society is an aggregation of units, and that it requires free units to make a free society—a fact which Socialists overlook: our meaning is quite different. Take the average man, aristocrat, bourgeois, or worker, and advance the following theory: Here is a proposition which, if applied to life, will do away with the necessity of exploitation and its evils. You, Mr. Aristocrat or Mr. Bourgeois, will be able to do healthy, useful work and do away with the anxiety of the present. The earth is as fertile as it was, and with modern scientific methods you will have more than sufficient, and be respected and loved by that large portion of your fellow-men who now hate and despise you. And you, Mr. Workingman, “you have a world to win and nothing to lose but your chains.”—Or you appeal to them on the basis of personal freedom, self-expression, and so forth. This is putting it upon a purely personal basis; let us see how it works. The three classes appealed to soon find that it is more than probable that these ideas will not be realized in their time and generation; at least there is the possibility; so the reward for their labors, if any, is a spiritual one, and the loss a material one. They were appealed to on a material basis, material even in the sense that working for the realization of an ideal is spiritual; it has to do with the future; the right to express yourself in sex and other personal matters is material, because it deals with the present. It is as with the successful politician, before and after election. Perhaps he had ideals before he got the office, but after his arrival his ideals assume a personal bias. John Burns was an idealist and revolutionist before he was elected to Parliament; he was convinced that *society* must be reconstructed; but after he was elected he said that “the day of the agitator has passed, the day of the legislator has arrived.” What need of a revolution! Have *I* not been elected? The revolution is here—for me. The capitalist who wanted Anarchism because it promised him comforts, without the anxiety of business, strikes, etc., finds himself slipping down in the social scale, as he

devotes his time to propagating beautiful, but unpopular theories; and that not being what he expected, he quits. The workingman who attached himself because he wanted more comforts, finds that the best way to obtain them is by adapting himself to things as they are, instead of trying to reconstruct society; and he thus withdraws.

We are all egoists in the sense that the mainspring of our actions is the desire to obtain happiness and avoid pain. There are higher and lower forms of happiness, as there are higher and lower forms of art, and it is as true now as it was in Aristotle's time that the man who places his talents, genius, time, and energy at the service of humanity represents a higher type than he who simply strives for himself or his immediate family. Self-interest is the most potent of propelling forces with many of our actions, but that very self-interest is what deters most people from declaring themselves the enemies of the existing social order and its conventional lies. He who proclaims himself a reformer or revolutionist because he wishes to better his economic condition, or desires freedom in his personal relations, rests his faith on uncertain ground, and a slight change in either is enough to turn the scale and make a defender instead of an enemy of present conditions. Concern yourself with yourself, and your desire to change social conditions soon crystalizes into a desire to change *your* condition, and your career as a social reformer has seen its finish. Some might urge that what I say is an admission that Anarchism is not coming in our time. To such let me reply that I neither affirm nor deny; prophecy is not in my line; but I do insist that, to speed Anarchism or make it possible, it must become more humanitarian and less personal. I am convinced that Anarchism, like every other social or political theory, must have an economic basis; it must become more a mass movement and less an individual one. This is not to question, much less deny, the desire for personal liberty or self-expression, or that Communism, Collectivism, or Mutualism must be *the* system. Anarchism does not concern itself with any special theory of economics, but an economic base there must be, unless it is to become an abstraction. Personal liberty and self-expression will always appeal with greater

force to certain individuals than the why's and wherefore's of obtaining a living; it may well be that they are the pioneers of humanity in its march to higher things. We feel of them and akin to them, but mankind, as a whole, is much more concerned with its own present than with the future of coming generations, and comfort is a more potent factor in determining our lives than theories of liberty.

The sex question is probably more in evidence in the American Anarchist movement than in the European. In fact, the Individualist section—if we except *Liberty*—has almost merged itself into the movement for sex reform; certainly most of those we know make that question their touchstone. This is not because the Europeans desire freedom in matters of sex or sex discussion less than we do, but because their Anarchism is less introspective than ours. They concern themselves more with the mass movement than we do; they fight the capitalist; we fight Comstock. Instead of participating in the trade unions, organizing the unemployed, or indulging in soap-box oratory, we rent comfortable halls and charge ten cents' admission. Added to that are, in many cases, ten cents carfare, and Anarchism has become a luxury. Instead of inspiring the workers with revolutionary ideas we teach them speculative theories of liberty, with the result that our Mrs. Granis's and "Little Tim" Sullivans' are increasing the number of oppressive laws on the statute books. "The right to be born well" is surely worth fighting for, more especially because it means fighting for the unborn; but in the midst of inequality of opportunity it must apply largely to those whose progenitors are economically well situated; in other words, the exploiting classes; and being such, they do not immediately concern us. It may be and probably will be said that in fighting for sex freedom we fight for the present and future generations; all that is quite true, yet it does not gainsay our point that there is not enough idealism in the desire for self expression to maintain a strong, healthy movement.

The Socialists and Single Taxers do precisely the same thing in the economic field as the Anarchists do in matters pertaining to personal freedom. Priding them-

selves on their practicability and common sense—whatever the latter may mean—they appeal to man's self-interest, with results that would be amusing if they were not pathetic. The Single Taxers, as a party, have distinctly lost ground during the past ten years; yet our dear old Bolton Hall, most charming and idealistic of men, repeats the same old cry in his "Three Acres and Liberty," while the Socialists are at this moment distributing a leaflet to the unemployed, asking them to vote for Socialism and get a job, though it must be apparent to even the most superficial mind that voting for Socialism is a very roundabout way of getting a "job," and working for the single tax is not likely to improve the individual's position for a long time to come. The Anarchist movement in America alone furnishes plenty of examples of those who came here from Europe revolutionists, idealists—and poor men. Accumulating a little money, they invested it in tenement houses or other forms of "business," and as the "business" absorbed them more and more, they gradually shed their radical ideas, becoming doctrinaires or plain philistines. Some sought to harmonize the idealist and practical by becoming Marxian Socialists, for according to latter day interpretations of the materialistic conception of history they can be class-conscious Socialists and tenement house proprietors at the same time. With these people Anarchism was a personal thing. They were the centre of gravity; they rebelled against conditions because the latter restricted *their* actions and *their* liberty. Liberty with them had to do with material things, and finding not only no immediate chance of improving their economic condition in the struggle for freedom, but every possibility of jeopardizing what position they did have, they promptly withdrew.

There is still a third class of propagandists; but as they are but few in America, I shall deal briefly with them. I refer to those whom, for lack of a better description, I shall call "Tolstoyans." They hold largely to the theory of non-resistance, (some more strongly than others) and believe that by getting back to the land and engaging in useful, productive labor they set an example for others to follow. This almost invariably leads to sophistry, for they are unable to live except by

adapting themselves to the methods of those around them, selling their produce at the highest price obtainable, or by assistance from those "who live in the system," as the saying is. I have in mind a colony of people holding these ideas, located at Perleigh, Essex, England. They lived, some twenty or more of them, in a large barn and, true to their humanitarian instincts, gave shelter to a tramp one night; unfortunately, the tramp had the small-pox, and so the entire colony became afflicted. As a matter of self-protection the villagers were forced to quarantine them, furnish them with doctors, nurses, etc., and before they were over the trouble this small village of poor people were saddled with a debt of nearly three hundred pounds sterling. Hairs might be split over this very interesting question: Had the colonists a right to express themselves and get the small-pox, and by so doing force other people to pay for that self-expression or get the small-pox themselves? I am concerned here with but one phase of the question, as with all those who seek to live their own lives. That they had a right to live their own lives goes without question; but that it is humanitarian or idealistic, I deny. To live one's life in one's own way is a fascinating thing; propaganda by example is often more effective than the written or spoken word; but if there are any who believe that to bury oneself on a farm or in a colony is to spread libertarian or humanitarian ideas, a study of such ventures will soon undeceive them. Liberty to do that which one feels himself or herself best fitted for is essential to all progress, but let us not deceive ourselves into the belief that, because we desire a particular form of life, it is necessarily the best one to live. It is not sufficient to do what you want; rather want to do the best thing. In short, if interest in freedom centres around our personality, that interest disappears in proportion as our liberty and well being are increased. Philosophic speculations as to freedom do not make for vitality in a movement; activity is wanted, and the one place for activity is among the people. Mock and insult the masses because of their seeming supineness in allowing themselves to be exploited; but remember it is death to one's enthusiasm and an end to activity to separate from them.

We feel the "call of the wild" as keenly as those who think humanity will be saved, or at least appreciably helped, if they sell butter and eggs instead of paper napkins; but we are under no illusions about it. We shall probably succumb in the end; but we at least have made a fight, and we go, knowing that we go not to further an ideal, but to live our own life,—something we have not done these many years. If the Anarchist movement in America is to again have vitality it must return to first principles: To make of Anarchism a humanitarian theory, rather than a desire for self-expression. The latter must indeed not be lost sight of, but the former must be the keynote. To urge upon our readers and hearers that if it be glorious to struggle for freedom and self-expression for oneself, it were still more glorious to struggle for freedom and self-expression for others. To urge upon the young to interest themselves in a movement to save the millions of children slaving out their childish lives in factory, mill, and mine, to save those thousands upon thousands of unfortunate men and women who are killed or maimed every year by preventable accidents; to restore to happy homes the millions of tramps and hundreds of thousands of prostitutes; these and many other things. If we appeal to a man upon this basis and win him, he will stay with us—not for a day or an hour—but till the end.

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THE TRUMPET

By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE brown fog grew quite red down by the river; the obscurity of it had something instant and menacing, as of something too big and too close to be seen. It was as if the sky had thrust its own huge face into mine. As I groped through this strangling darkness, I distinctly heard from somewhere in the innumerable cells or caverns of that darkness the distinct noise of a trumpet. What it was and whence it came I cannot tell. It may have been some young bugler of the Horse Guards blowing his bugle for fun; it may have been some young angel endeavoring to have a trump

of doom and a small day of judgment on his own account. It may have been an Imperialist somewhere in his own top bedroom blowing his country's trumpet or his own. I only know that it was the sound of a trumpet, and I should know it again in the thick of a crashing orchestra of all the instruments upon earth.

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And as I listened for some repetition of the sound there came back into my mind, I cannot tell why, a fragment which I read last week from a report of Mr. H. G. Wells' speech at the City Temple. Mr. H. G. Wells was endeavoring to soothe the audience or congregation on the subject of Socialism. He assured them that Socialism would not be a sudden revolution, the success of which would be announced "with trumpets from Tower Hill." It would be a slow and scientific process, which would gradually adapt itself to us or us to itself.

This, at least, was the substance of his view. It is a view commonly taken by modern thinkers discussing modern tendencies, and it is a view which I for one can never manage either to understand or to endure. Why is it comforting to be told that a thing will come slowly, and alarming to be told that it will come quickly? To my simple mind it would always seem that it all depended what the thing was. It is not against the thing that it is swift, or in its favor that it is slow. On the one hand, energy is all the finer if it is sudden energy. On the other hand, paralysis is not any nicer because it is creeping paralysis.

If Socialism is the best human solution of our hideous modern problem, if Socialism can really make men comfortable without making them comfortable slaves, if it really is a human answer to an inhuman riddle, if it really will lift off all our consciences the unbearable burden and waking nightmare of human poverty, if it will do this without interfering with any necessary human freedom or essential human dignity, then in God's name fight for it, and blow from Tower Hill every trumpet you can find. I shall not blame you if you blow trumpets from the Tower, yes, and fire guns from the Tower for such a fulfilment as that. You have blown trumpets and fired guns for much meaner things.

But if, on the other hand, Socialism has some spiritual quality of slavery, if it is against the instinct of the freedom and ownership of man, if it goes against something ancient in the human heart, then it is no sort of comfort to be told that it will come slowly and without any special shock. If it is slavery, it is no comfort to be told that we shall be slowly enslaved. If it is fundamentally non-human, it is no comfort to be told that we shall be slowly dehumanized. If it is absolutely necessary that my favorite brother should be turned into a chimpanzee, I certainly think that I should prefer him to be turned into a chimpanzee at once, by a magician or a witch out of a fairy tale touching him with a wand. Even that would be more tolerable than sitting down with him to dinner night after night, and seeing every night that he looked a shade more like a chimpanzee than he had looked the night before.

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If Socialism is a rescue, let it come quick; that is the essence of a rescue. If it is a disease, there is nothing pleasant about the idea that it comes slowly, like the worst diseases. In Mr. H. Belloc's Book of Rhymes, just published (it is called "Cautionary Verses for Children," and is intended partly to please children, but more especially to displease politicians)—in this work, I say, there occurs the excellent description of how Jim left his nurse in a crowd and was in consequence eaten by a lion.

Bang!

With open jaws a lion sprang.

This strikes the note of dogma and revolution, and there is nothing necessarily evil about it. The lion may be the noble lion of mediæval legend, who spared the weak, especially the virgin and the dead. But having once discovered that the lion was of the cruel and devouring sort, it is no pleasure to us to learn in the simple words of Mr. Belloc that he

Began to eat

The boy, beginning with his feet.

Then the poet, unconsciously alluding surely to the

theory of humanity transformed by a slow and scientific process, goes on to say pathetically:

Now just imagine how it feels
When first your toes, and then your heels,
And then by gradual degrees
Your shins and ankles, calves and knees
Are slowly eaten bit by bit.
No wonder Jim detested it!

And no wonder, I should say, humanity has always detested it and will continue to do so. A bad revolution is a much worse evolution. A good evolution would be a much better revolution. Humanity loves the trumpet: the fierce and final note. It cannot understand that sort of semi-Fabian intellect which can take the huge responsibility of scheming for a thing and yet cannot take the responsibility of fighting for it.

Mr. H. G. Wells endeavors to win over the mass of men sitting in the City Temple by saying that he does not mean to blow trumpets of revolution from the Tower. I beg to assure him with tears in my eyes, and with the pathos of a perpetual and perpetually renewed admiration, that he will never win over any real mass of men anywhere until he is prepared to blow trumpets from the Tower. I can only go onward through the fog which seems in parts the color of mud and in parts of blood, but I strain my ears to hear the trumpet. And I have not heard it again.—London *Daily News*.



MARRIAGE OR FREE UNION; WHICH?

By JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

PERHAPS it would have been more definite if I had put marriage ceremony in place of the word marriage, since it is precisely that which is in question; but, after all, an explanation of marriage is essential to this discussion, since the major part of the civilized world assumes the ceremony as inevitable to the state of marriage. Indeed it is not stating it too broadly to say that the civilized world understands marriage to mean a monogamous relation which can be entered into only by means of a ceremony, at least of a legal character, and preferable of a sacramental one.

I may say that I shall try to keep my own bias in the background as much as possible, though I do not hope for as much success as if it were a matter on which I felt less strongly. Nevertheless I realize that this is a subject which as much as any other demands dispassionate discussion. It is not enough to prove that a marriage ceremony is a foolish and ineffective device, because we have before us the question involving a comparison between it and another device, called a free union.

Please believe that I am not pretending to say the last word on this subject, nor even a very wise one; but I have listened to many discussions of it between radicals, and I am now taking advantage of my position here to present the subject in my own way, rather in the hope that I shall create more discussion than that I shall come near to a settlement of it.

As we all understand very well, the marriage ceremony is only a means by which the State and Church assert their right to interfere with the liberty of the individual in the exercise of one of the most, if not the most, important of those acts to which he is impelled by very reason of being in existence. The one does it on the ground of a duty owed to an imagined being in a mythical sphere; the other interferes on the ground of a duty owed by the individual to a ruling power.

The Church from time to time gives different explanations, varying them to suit the degree of intelligence of the individual addressed. In a general way the excuse of the Church for its different explanations is that God is so considerate that he reveals only so much of the truth as man at any given time is capable of comprehending. The State, on the other hand, is reasonably consistent in contending that it has the right of interference because of its interest in the children which may result from the marriage.

It must be said for the State, however, that it grows more and more lax all the time; and it is altogether likely that if it were not for the matter of the inheritance of property, the State would let all marriage laws fall into abeyance and disuse. But when it comes to that pass, there will probably be no State to make laws or enforce those now in existence.

As matters stand now, however, it must be admitted that the Church has no power to enforce a marriage ceremony between a man and a woman who wish to enter upon either temporary or permanent sex relations, whether with a view to having children or not. The State may have the power in some sections to punish men and women for disregarding the marriage ceremony, but there are few if any States in which, so far as the law is concerned, men and women may not dispense with any ceremony whatever.

Of course there are certain disabilities visited upon the innocent children who are born out of wedlock, but even they may be avoided by the parents with a little care. As yet this has not become a very important question because they are mostly idealists who dispense with priestly or State sanction to their marriages; and idealists are usually such unpractical persons that they accumulate very little to leave to their children.

I speak of marriages without priestly or State sanction advisedly and for the reason that the sociologist usually, if not always in this connection, is concerned only with those unions which are fruitful. Westermarck, in common with other authorities, considers all unions between the sexes as marriages when children result. This is important, since in the study of the family no thought is taken of those unions between men and women which are

not fruitful of children, no matter whether a ceremony has been performed or not.

The justice of such a distinction seems to me apparent and beyond the need of demonstration. Moreover, it is a distinction which we must bear in mind in the consideration of our specific question of marriage ceremony or free union; because, by making it a factor in the discussion, we may differentiate between two distinct phases of the subject of free union. That is to say between the mere association of a man and a woman for convenience or pleasure or improvement, or what not, and with the incident of the child deliberately eliminated, and that same association for whatever other reason but with the child in view besides.

Before going further with that branch of the subject, however, it seems highly desirable to consider briefly some of the forms and effects of marriage, as found in vogue in various parts of the world, since doing so will assist us in understanding better the specific subject before us.

Without trying to be exhaustive I will say that marriage may be said to manifest itself in four distinct forms, with unimportant variations of some of them. Monogamy, polyandry, polygamy, group. Some of these forms are what may be called natural; that is, they have resulted from conditions of life and are not the product of laws made in the interests of any institution such as State or Church. Polyandry, polygamy and group marriages are of this sort, even though laws may be enacted in connection with them to fix them. Monogamy, on the other hand, is not a natural form and, so far as I know, has never actually been practised excepting where, for physical reasons, no other form was possible, as when a man and a woman were isolated on a desert island. I do not mean that individuals have not practiced monogamy, but that no community has ever been known to practice it. This, let me say parenthetically, is not intended to convey the impression that monogamy may not be the form of marriage best suited to the progress of the human animal. I mean to express no opinion as to that, now.

It is not necessary, I take it, for me to do more than state the fact that in communities practicing polyandry,

polygamy or promiscuity, there will almost always be found cases of monogamous union. On the other hand, in those communities professing monogamy there is a profusion of evidence of the practice of all other forms of marriage. Not only is this shown by the laws which have been enacted in all so-called monogamous communities against the practice of the other forms of marriage, but it is a matter of common knowledge and betrays itself constantly. If I may put the case in a phrase, monogamy is a theory, and the other forms of marriage, practice.

In a sense, even the State and Church recognize this, and provide for it with as little sacrifice of the principle underlying their contention of the correctness of monogamy as is possible. True monogamy would demand but one husband or wife in life; and in some parts of the world they are logical enough to kill the wife when the husband dies. I do not recall any logic so pitiless to the surviving husband. In what we call civilized communities, where polygamy or polyandry are illegal and punishable, the death of husband or wife carries permission to the survivor to marry again. The Church sanctions this form of polygamy or polyandry. The State sanctions this form and creates another which it calls divorce, by which a man or a woman may, under given conditions, have several wives or husbands all living. Also the State, recognizing by various statutes the existence of prostitutes, practically concedes promiscuity to men, though without providing any such thing for respectable females.

In polygamy and polyandry the ceremony of marriage is of less importance than in monogamy. Sometimes, indeed, there is no ceremony at all; sometimes it consists in the payment of a price for a bride to her parents, while in some cases all that is given is a stunning blow on the head, to the bride. In monogamy the ceremony is the most important factor, whether priest or magistrate perform it. As I have had occasion to say before, the ceremony of marriage derives its paramount importance from the fact that by it the Church or the State is enabled to keep close to the individual and to control him in the exercise of his most important function. And it may be that the reason why the more astute of priests and

rulers favor monogamy is because it puts an unnatural restraint upon the individual and compels him to the commission of what the Church calls sins, and the State crimes. And it must be borne in mind that if it were not for the creation of sins by the Church, and of crimes by the State, the individual would soon arrive at the recognition of the great truth that he had no need for either institution.

Now, the sex function, being as it is imperious in impulse and the most attractive of all functions in its exercise, is the ideal one for Church and State to meddle with; hence the compulsory monogamy of priest and ruler, since experience has shown that it is impossible in practice. Students have discovered that one of the great cravings of human nature is variety. Sameness seems to pall on whatever sense is afflicted by it, whether it be that of taste or smell, or any other. It seems to be the same in sexual relationship; and I think it was Sir John Lubbock who pointed out that the stronger the legal bond in monogamous marriage, the greater the tendency to secret polygamy. In polygamy there is opportunity for legal variety, but even so there is a tendency to what is called unfaithfulness.

It is for this reason that the so-called and much discussed trial marriage does not seem to be a solution of the difficulty which confronts the believer in legal marriage. While the trial is on, both parties to the arrangement are free and, for that reason, in a frame of mind to be contented; but the instant the legal bond is tied fast, human nature asserts itself and a craving for variety for its own sake is set up. It would seem as if perfect freedom of divorce were a better device than trial marriage; for then marriage would be nothing more than an agreement to remain together as long as the parties to the agreement wished. Of course the factor of the economic situation would then enter in and govern the condition of that one of the married pair who was the economic slave. This is shown clearly in the case of the Japanese in the days before their enlightenment by us. A woman economically dependent feared to be divorced; a woman economically free did not concern herself about it, while the less efficient man who was her husband dreaded it. So with the entire freedom from ceremony in marriage or

divorce the economic situation made for happiness or unhappiness with the Japanese.

Time marriage, or union for a stated period, is another of the devices that has been tried either as a convenience or, less often, as a solution of the problem of marriage; for it must be recognized that it is conceded by conservatives, as it is insisted on by radicals, that marriage is a problem of serious import for humanity. That is why we hear so much of the unhappy home, of divorce and of free union. The difficulty in time marriage as in trial marriage, however, is that usually the factor of the child does not have to be considered; for it is almost inevitable that under the circumstances neither man nor woman would desire to have offspring, which would at once complicate the situation. And yet, it is this very problem of the child which is at the bottom of the marriage problem. If there are to be no children, then practically nobody cares whether a man and woman who live together are legally married or not. Indeed, I think I may go so far as to say that it is even expected of a man who is rich enough to do so that he will legally marry a woman to bear children for him to hand down his wealth to, while he sets up another establishment of the illegal sort, where he may enjoy himself free from the harrowing cares of a family, and especially where he may get away from the nuisance of his slave's company.

I suppose the Thaw case was not needed to make some parts of my statement clear; yet to anyone who has read the details of that case a most illuminating light will appear on this subject of sex relations, marriage and illegal association. As I see it, all of the men and women involved have shown, not the revolt of healthy natures against unnatural restrictions, but rather have held up to us the horror of that diseased condition which follows on a pretended agreement with Church and State, while responding in actuality to morbid sexual desires induced by over-indulgence in every sort of stimulant to passional expression.

I hope it will be seen how all that I have said leads naturally to the discussion of our particular problem of marriage ceremony or free union. It is certain, at any rate, that what I have said, and indeed much more, is properly antecedent to a consideration of the subject.

We know what the marriage ceremony is: either a sacramental or a legal affair which binds a man and a woman for life, mostly. And that is what makes it so hard to bear, so hideous in aspect, so terrible in its results. A man may be a monster in a refined way of expression, degrading his wife by cutting phrase and sneer, ignoring her when she would be recognized, insisting on attention when she would rather be in retirement, invading her wished-for privacy, refusing her in every way the rational expression of herself until in the end she either succumbs and becomes a dumbly suffering slave, as a good wife should be, or breaks the fetters of convention, while still admitting their righteousness; and descends by that path to the gutter of self-condemnation.

On his wife, she being slave in very fact, a man may even put physical suffering, forcing her to the acceptance of what she loathes till it sometimes seems to her that death were joy in comparison. A man may insult his wife with impunity, for it is no other man's business what he does or says to her. He may starve her. He may take her children from her. He may say what she shall or shall not do. Yes, there are some laws to protect her a little bit, but she knows what will happen if she appeals to them; she will be looked at askance by her fellow slaves; she will know that she is being talked about. And her world is so narrow, so confined, that the least step aside from the path of custom brings her up in fear against the walls of her prison; for life is a prison to the wife, and the husband to whom the key was given, threw it away when he had locked the door.

Does it seem an extravagant picture? Yes, to the wife who has subdued herself to her conditions, but not to the woman who is free. Free! ah, yes! that is it. Freedom is the only thing the wife lacks; such a small matter as freedom! And what is this freedom? In what does it consist? Perhaps in the answer to this question lies the solvent of our difficulty. I will not even attempt to answer it now, however.

It may justly be said that the performance of the marriage ceremony over a man and a woman does not always result as terribly as I have pictured. It is even true that very many men and women adjust themselves to each other so well that the friction between them is

very slight, almost unappreciable. Of necessity, men and women being desirous of happiness, will obtain it if possible; and if they have been fairly well educated, or if they have reasonably good natures, they will strive painfully and successfully to overcome the difficulties of the situation so that they may at least be not unhappy. The man will restrain himself when a sharp word leaps to his lips, even though the woman have an unfortunate way of always hitting upon the very expression that irritates him. And the woman will repent her petulance when she sees it has caused pain. And so the two good souls will go on through life, each yielding a little here and there, each modifying this and that characteristic until at last peace comes to them and they can look at each other with soft eyes. They have become so close that the same odors, the same objects, the same words will suggest the same thoughts to both; so that they feel as one person. They no longer need to talk to each other to communicate ideas. They hardly have any ideas that are not in common. Yes, it has been noticed over and over again that man and wife after years together even come to look alike. Why not? It is not strange. They have done the same things together, they have thought the same things together, they have had nothing apart from each other. Odors, sights and sounds suggest the same ideas to them alike.

And that consummation is the beautiful flower blooming on the stem of a perfect and complete monogamous marriage. Do you like it? Is it something to rejoice in? Two individuals lost and an example left! Do you know that to me this beautiful picture of a perfect wedded life is worse than the other of the woman driven to desperation by a brutal tyrant. To me the struggle for liberty is always noble and inspiring, even when unconsciousness of the nature of the struggle is the unhappy fate of the poor wretch; while contentment in the most idyllic slavery is shocking and painful to contemplate. There is hope for the cause of freedom so long as the slave is driven to revolt, no matter what his own view of slavery and freedom may be. He will find himself on the right side some time, and very anger will put him in agreement with the foes of slavery. Reflection on freedom may follow, and then life will begin. It is better to be unhappy

in freedom than contented in slavery. Let us hope that more men will be brutal tyrants as husbands. A kind master is a foe to freedom.

But is it really the marriage ceremony that is the cause of all this trouble and misery? True, the marriage ceremony is a device of the priest and the ruler, intended to keep men and women in dependence. But also there is a divine commandment against lying. Most of us believe it is a divine commandment and that God will punish the liar with hell fire. Nevertheless men and women of approved piety, yes, even priests, lie every day and often. There is a divine commandment against stealing and, like the sacrament of marriage, it is reinforced by the laws of man, yet men steal every day and are applauded for doing it successfully; applauded, if imitation be applause. We read every day of oil men and railroad men and sugar men and others who have lied and stolen and are in places of power because of it. And have we not the assurance of President Roosevelt that all men but himself are liars? Why is it that these men, so notoriously wicked, are not put in prison or ostracized? Is it not because our attitude toward the things they have done is not one of condemnation?

On the other hand, why is it that I wear a hat when I go about the city? I dislike a hat, and I don't wear one when I am in the country. Is it not because the attitude of the people of the city is one of condemnation toward a man who does not wear a hat? That it is silly of me to care and silly of them to have that attitude is nothing. I do care because I am happier when I am not attracting too much attention. I admit it is weak of me, but it is true that I care. I argue with myself that the people are very foolish to feel as they do, but since they do, I will humor them in this, in order that I may save my energies for something more important to me. So I conform to prejudice in many things, in order that I may hold out the more successfully in the matters that seem to me of importance. I do not believe in the use of force and I think law foolish; but when a policeman tells me to go with him, I go, and when I am arraigned in court I make use of the law to get myself free.

Perhaps it is not the marriage ceremony that does the mischief, but rather the attitude of the man and the

woman toward it. If they believe it essential to purity—it and all the slavery it involves—then it seems to me it is their attitude rather than the ceremony that is at fault so far as they are concerned. It is true that as a symbol of authority and of slavery in one of its worst forms, the marriage ceremony is objectionable to me; but is it not equally true that if all men and women believed it as foolish and as objectionable as I do, it would cease to have any compelling force? What if I and the woman both agree that the ceremony is to us no more than an outworn rite, perfectly hollow and meaningless? What if we say to each other that for greater freedom from some real evil we will go through the silly form, mutually agreed to accord each other entire freedom notwithstanding? What if it is clear to me and the woman that we can better work against the continuance of the institution from within it than if handicapped by the accusation from others that we hate it because we are outcasts?

I do not say that these considerations are of sufficient force to justify submission to the ceremony if I am of the opinion that as a matter of principle I should not submit. But is there a great principle involved? And what is the principle? Do you object to the marriage ceremony because it is a recognition of the slavery of woman? Then I would answer that one free woman in wedlock is a noble and a splendid object lesson; and that the evidence is most valuable that no institution can stand against one's own consciousness of freedom. The ceremony has nothing to do with my freedom or the woman's. We alone can say, each for himself, that we will be free.

If the ceremony necessarily operated to enslave, it would not be possible to treat it as a matter of little importance. But the ceremony does not so operate. If I and the woman are already enslaved, the ceremony represents our idea. If we are free, the ceremony is no more than if we had stood in the East wind. As I see it, the marriage ceremony is foolish and useless to accomplish the purpose for which it was devised; you cannot characterize it too harshly to suit me. And yet, I contend that the essential thing is freedom. If the ceremony mean slavery for you, then it is you who are at fault. If you can wed as you would put on the hat you despise, retain-

ing your liberty unimpaired, then the ceremony is only a foolish rite to be rid of, but not to make a bugaboo of.

All of this must have the seeming of a plea for the ceremony. No, it is only a preface to what I have to say on the subject of the free union. What is a free union? Is it an association of a man and a woman who despise the legal or sacramental form of marriage, and who therefore come together in perfect freedom? A free union! Can one be free in a union? I can conceive of two free persons associating together, but the word and the clear meaning of union trouble me as much as the old marriage idea. Still, if the man and the woman are free in the union, then it does not matter what word is used. But I still insist that freedom is the thing, I don't care whether it is a union or a marriage.

Does the woman take your name, and do you go together to occupy the same house, the same room, maybe? And you say you are free? You pretend to believe she is free? Perhaps you are very good to her and give her money so that she need not work. Perhaps she takes care of your house for you in return for what you do for her. Perhaps she loves you so much that she wants to know why you did not get home at the usual time after your work. Perhaps she does you the honor to be jealous of you. Perhaps the only difference between you and Mr. and Mrs. Conservative is that they were so narrow that they had a priest make them man and wife, while you were so broad that you enslaved yourselves.

Would you of the free union frankly practice polygamy? Or do you believe in monogamy? And if you do believe in monogamy, do you believe in it for yourself alone, or for her also? It is important to know these things, for it may very well be that the free union is only a euphemism for slavery. Anyhow it must be clear that if two believers in slavery enter into a free union, they will not thereby become free.

Again, it is well to know whether or not this free union was entered into with the intention of having children. If not, and there happen to be no children, then you have no standing in this court. This is not saying that there is any obligation resting on you to bring children into the world, but at least you are incurring none of the risk

which the parents of illegitimate children run, and it is not for you to point to yourselves.

Is it not a fact well enough known to all who have had the opportunity to observe, that there are persons united in holy wedlock who are yet free, while there are those joined in a free union who are unfree? It would seem to me that the free union and the conventional marriage are the same thing under slightly different aspects. In the nature of things it is inevitable that when a man and a woman come together under circumstances that involve a loss of individuality for one or both, they cannot be free no matter what their theories may be on entering into this union.

It is very difficult to be free; mainly because it is difficult for us to conceive freedom. There are those who fancy they win freedom by exchanging a king for a republic; whereas it is merely going from one sort of slavery to another. And the republic may even be worse than the kingdom. These are only names for different sorts of government. You are free only when you are free. Saying you are free does not make you so. To cry "down with the king, but long live the republic," only shows that you have put off the day of your freedom a little longer, because you are now deceiving yourself. I sometimes think the Russians are far nearer to freedom than we, for many of them have the true conception of it.

All of this applies to the marriage and the free union, as I understand the case. The state which is entered into is the same in both instances. It is a union. I can understand free motherhood, but not free union.

I am not saying that I would not have a man and a woman enter into a free and beautiful companionship, but I am prepared to say that I do not think the paternity of a child is anybody's business—that is, anybody's but the mother's. And I do think it is entirely her business. It seems to me that we are all victims of a morbid and utterly unhealthy sexuality. It is the sex relations of other persons that we are concerned about. When a man and a woman are married or enter into a free union, what is it that first and instantly enters our minds? Is it not the one thing that is so absolutely not our business that there has never been made one good excuse for our concerning ourselves with it?

As I have said, I do not think it matters much whether one enters into a conventional marriage or an unconventional one under the name of free union, so that one preserve his freedom; but I am willig to go on record as saying that any calling of public attention to sex union is either a concession to prurient curiosity or the slavish following of a custom. I know a young woman who is a mother without being a wife. No one knows who the father of the child is. She says it is no one's affair. She lives alone with her child, having given her body into the keeping of neither husband nor lover, prepared to maintain full control of herself and to say when, if ever, she will become a mother again. That young woman I honor and applaud.

So my conclusion is that it is difficult, if not impossible, to be free in either marriage or free union, and that, therefore, I think there should be found a better way than either; for to me freedom is the paramount consideration. That is to say I want to be myself, and just as passionately I want the woman I love to be herself. One can be himself only in freedom.

And as the last word, now, I want to say and to ask you to believe that I mean all that is implied in the words: a woman can be a mother in freedom; she cannot be a wife in freedom.



OUR PROPAGANDA

My tour through the State of New York was as successful as could be expected at the present time of industrial misery, when thousands of people are out of work.

The meetings at Utica, a Catholic city and one of the most backward in the State, were very poorly attended; still, some good was accomplished, inasmuch as the newspapers brought good reports. Especially was this true with regard to my paper on "What Anarchism Really Stands For." The Utica *Daily Press* published an almost stenographic report of the greater part of the lecture.

At Syracuse the meetings were well attended, in spite of a terrific snowstorm. As the comrades were anxious to hear an oral report of the Amsterdam Congress, a group meeting was decided upon after my second lecture, and all Anarchists and their sympathizers were invited to attend. About thirty people gathered at a comrade's house. While I was making my report, a knock was heard at the door and three brutish-looking men entered. They proved to be two detectives and a reporter, who came to break up the "secret" session of the Anarchists. They were informed that they had no legal right (not to speak of decency, which has never been characteristic of detectives) to enter a private residence so late at night, and that they would have to leave at once. After threatening to arrest me and freely using coarse language, they backed out. This is another example of our glorious freedom, where every detective assumes the right to invade and annoy people in their own homes.

The comrades all expressed themselves in favor of the International, contributing to the latter five dollars and eighty cents.

Rochester, my "native" city, turned out very good audiences, especially to the lectures on "The Revolutionary Spirit in the Modern Drama" and "Woman Under Anarchism." It is not so very long ago that an Anarchist could not be found in Rochester with a searchlight. Now a large group of young people is doing active work, and many Anarchists, though not affiliated with the group, are spreading our ideas in an effective manner.

At Albany, the centre of political corruption and graft, two good meetings and a social were held. At the latter five dollars were collected for the International.

Schenectady gave the largest American audience and a very enthusiastic one at that. I spoke on "Syndicalism—a New Phase in the Labor Movement," which was listened to with great interest and appreciation. The success of the Schenectady meeting was entirely due to the efforts of one man, comrade Schneider, who worked persistently and faithfully, in spite of many discouragements and obstacles. An obscure little body, The Workers' Circle of Schenectady, felt called upon to notify the press and the city fathers that "it had nothing to do with the Emma Goldman meetings." No wonder that wage slavery continues to exist, when the workers are such lickspittles.

After the meeting the Social Educational Club was organized, which will continue the work of Anarchist propaganda.

That the comrades of the State of New York mean to continue the work systematically is best proved by their decision to arrange a series of meetings for our friend John R. Coryell, who is to lecture in Syracuse February 23rd; in Rochester on the 24th and 25th; in Buffalo on the 26th, and in Schenectady on the 27th.

* * *

I was booked to speak in Philadelphia January 24th and 25th. But a severe cold prevented my going. Comrade Alexander Berkman went in my stead and addressed a large audience.

Though still indisposed, I went to Baltimore January 26th, where I spoke before the largest audience I have had in the East for some time. More than a thousand persons packed the hall, while hundreds had to be turned away. The audience as well as the comrades were very kind and forbearing with me, as my throat was bad and my speech still worse.

Monday, January 26th, I lectured in Pittsburg, the city where thousands of working people are yearly sacrificed to the Moloch of capitalism, the worst grinding mill being the Westinghouse. In this city it was also a solitary comrade, H. Kraemer, who arranged my meet-

ing single handed and at his own expense, and it was very successful indeed.

I shall start my tramp westward via Canada, my schedule being as follows:

Montreal, February 14th and 15th, at San Joseph's Hall, 182 Catherine St. (Lecture in German.)

Montreal, February 16th, at the Labor Temple, 123 San Dominic St. (English lecture.)

Toronto, February 17th, at 214 Adelaide St. (English.)

Toronto, February 18th, at the same hall. (German.)

London, February 19th and 20th, at Cullis Hall, 259 Wellington St. (Both lectures in English.)

Cleveland, February 21st and 22nd, at 5217 Woodland Ave. (German lectures.)

Cleveland, February 23rd, at Pythian Temple, cor. Prospect Ave. and Huron Rd. (English lecture.)

Toledo, February 24th, 25th and 26th.

St. Louis, February 28th, 29th and March 1st.

Springfield, March 2nd and 3rd.

Chicago, March 5th till 19th.

Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Ulm and Winnipeg will keep me engaged till the 6th of April. After that I shall go to Omaha, Denver and the Coast.

Much as I dislike to repeat that I expect the proceeds of my lectures to be devoted to MOTHER EARTH, I must do so to avoid misunderstanding, since one has already occurred with a certain group. I tour for MOTHER EARTH exclusively. If some important matter should arise which will require financial aid, I expect the comrades to consult with me; otherwise I desire the proceeds to go to MOTHER EARTH, which cannot exist without it.

EMMA GOLDMAN.



THE ANARCHIST FEDERATION OF NEW YORK

MONTHLY REPORT.

COMRADES:

The mass meeting for the unemployed, organized by the Federation, has proven very successful. A series of such meetings are now in preparation, with the object of carrying on a systematic and effective propaganda.

The Federation has issued 25,000 leaflets, explaining in a popular manner the causes of the crisis and the remedy. The leaflets have been sent for free distribution all over the country. We are daily receiving requests for more of our leaflets, and we are preparing to meet the supply. But we should like to call the attention of comrades and groups that the work of the Federation requires considerable funds. All those interested in the spread of revolutionary Anarchism will greatly aid our work by giving us both their moral and financial support.

Besides the leaflets we are also publishing an educational pamphlet, in Jewish and English, on the subject of the crisis. The pamphlets will be ready by the time this report reaches our comrades. Those wishing a consignment of the pamphlets are requested to notify us at once. We shall be able to supply the pamphlets at \$2 per hundred. The English pamphlet will contain 8 pages, while the Jewish will consist of 16.

The Federation has decided to issue Subscription Lists, in order to raise a fund for systematic propaganda on a large scale. Those wishing to assist in our work and desiring Lists, should notify the treasurer.

Besides a number of individual comrades, the following groups have joined the Federation: Mother Earth, Progressive Library, Weckruf, Licht für Frauen, Freier Entwicklungs-Verein, Group Freiheit, Anarchistisches Lese-Zimmer, all of New York. Further have joined: Group Arbeiter Freund, Montreal; Group Freiheit, Paterson, and comrades of Atlantic City.

The Federation, realizing the importance of Anarchist propaganda and enthusiastic in the cause, is entering upon the good work with courage, energy, and hope.

Fraternally,

The Anarchist Federation of New York.

P. S.—All communications to the Federation are to be addressed to the Secretary, J. O. Behr, 552 Fox St., New York. Money to be sent to the Treasurer, Alexander Berkman, 210 E. 13th St., New York.

✻ ✻ ✻

CHICAGO FEDERATION REPORT

The International Federation of Chicago was organized January 22nd, 1908. Twenty-five comrades, representing three groups, were present. Comrade Theodore Appel was selected to act as Secretary of the Federation. It was decided to issue a call to all Anarchists, through the medium of the Anarchist press of the country.

All questions of import have been postponed till the next meeting, which is to take place February 5th, in the Edelstadt Club Rooms, Union and West Twelfth Streets.

THEODORE APPEL.

✻ ✻ ✻

LECTURES.

Comrade Alexander Berkman will lecture Wednesday, February 12th, 8 P. M., at American Star Hall, Pitkin Avenue and Christopher Street, Brooklyn. Subject: "What do the Anarchists want?"



**CONCERNING C. L. JAMES'S VINDICATION
OF ANARCHISM**

COMRADES :

Over a year ago we appealed to you concerning the publication of a book by C. L. James, in our opinion a very valuable one for the movement. We asked you for contributions towards its publication. In response to our appeal we received \$19, which have remained in Miss Notkin's hands awaiting further disposal. Directly after the publication of our appeal, the wretched attack of the State upon our New York comrades diverted all efforts to the fighting of that battle, and we felt that it would be both useless and unjustifiable to ask the comrades to do more at that time. A succession of untoward circumstances caused us to postpone the renewal of the appeal till now. Even now we realize that the slack time is not an opportune one for again urging the matter upon you; but we feel that unless some effort is made to go on with the work, the money already sent should be returned to the senders. Therefore we once more ask that all who are interested in seeing this work appear, shall communicate with Miss N. Notkin, 2630 E. Lehigh Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., without delay.

In our opinion, the "Vindication" fills a decided need in the literature of Anarchism, and it will be a great pity if lack of means (which is another way of saying lack of interest and appreciation) shall compel us to give up the plan. We should be glad if the various groups would take up the matter, and write to Miss Notkin at once.

For the Philadelphia comrades,

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE,
GEORGE BROWN,
NATASHA NOTKIN.



MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

RECEIPTS.

| | |
|--|----------|
| Juan U. Cepero, New York..... | \$ 25 |
| Proceeds from E. G. lectures at: | |
| Group Weckruf, New York..... | 10.00 |
| Albany, New York..... | 19.00 |
| Schenectady, New York..... | 15.58 |
| Rochester, New York..... | 30.00 |
| Syracuse, New York..... | 8.00 |
| Baltimore, Md..... | 58.00 |
| Pittsburg, Pa..... | 36.00 |
| A. B. lecture at Philadelphia, Pa..... | 10.00 |
| A. B. lecture at Paterson, N. J..... | 4.30 |
| Contribution by Winnipeg Group, Winnipeg, Can. | 15.00 |
| Henry Kopczinski, Milwaukee, Wis..... | 1.00 |
| Leo Kopczinski, Milwaukee, Wis..... | 1.00 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$208.13 |

EXPENDITURES.

| | |
|---|----------|
| Deficit, as per January account..... | \$128.54 |
| E. G. expenses, N. Y. State tour..... | 20.00 |
| E. G. expenses, trip to Baltimore and Pittsburg | 27.00 |
| Deficit, January M. E..... | 112.26 |
| Publishing "Modern Science and Anarchism"... | 155.00 |
| | <hr/> |
| | \$442.80 |
| | <hr/> |
| Deficit | \$234.67 |



THE RIDE INTO THE DESERT

By SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

THE trail led straight into the desert. On either side, save some dark clumps of green wood and sage brush and a few lonely hills studded with scrub cedars, there was naught but the level monotony of the plain, a naked tractless waste, a silent shoreless sea of sand.

It was a clear moonlight night. The moon, resembling a big silver wafer high in the heavens, seemed to have drowned the light of the stars and crept with a vague grey shimmer over the surface of the earth. Over it the dome of night rose like the huge cover over a dish, welling in the mystic world of the desert—calm and vast as the realm of death—from the rest of life.

On the vague and desolate path a lonesome horseman, followed by two pack mules with tinkling bells, made his way. He was wrapped in a huge cloak, a broad felt hat shaded his fallow face. His eyes gazed straight ahead, and an expression of grim determination trembled in the lines of his mouth.

His task was a proud and solitary one. He was riding away from civilization—into the desert, to escape the torturing memories of his past. He was tired of the life of large cities, sad and empty as the burning course over the trackless plain and shadowless land that lay before him. Such is life, sere and parched as the desert's floor. Those who are happy do not realize their happiness. Man, earth-soiled and toil-worn, is blind until misfortune teaches him to see. He had learnt to see that life is unjust to all and full of lies. The whole globe of ours is but a colossal lie revolving around itself. Loyalty, enthusiasm, honesty, benevolence, friendship were lies, and what is called love is the biggest of them all. Why had he not been able to continue to believe in all those lies, and to remain blind like the rest. He surely had a right to be blind for he had believed in everything man can believe.

Thus he had come to leave all he had known, to search for some calm of life in the vast stretches of the dead landscape. In the wilderness, among the lonely

sunhot hills, among wild beasts and savage tribes he hoped to find some allay and appeasement for all that he had lost.

How terribly lonesome it was out here. No call of a bird, no insect chirp, no sound of nature save the occasional rustle of dead weeds under the hoofs of his horse. He would not have been astonished if he had found the path strewn with huge skulls and whitening bones of buffalos, or of some one, lonesome like himself, who had perished on this seat of desolation. He heard a low murmuring noise. Hastily he cocked his rifle with a sharp click, while a sudden fear lit at his heart. There was nothing to disturb him. A few minutes later he had reached a thin sheet of rapid turbid water, only a few feet wide and scarcely two feet deep. Although his water flasks were well filled, he dismounted for a cooling draught. He formed the rim of his hat into a cup and dipped it into the stream, but the water was so charged with sand that it grated on his teeth in drinking.

Slowly he pursued his ride. One solitary white cloud drifted along the sapphire wall of the sky, a strange companion on his nocturnal ride. Where was she drifting too! On what shore would she be stranded! Was her journey aimless like his. Alas, to be as unconcerned, as roving free, heeding neither time nor space, as that fair white pilgrim of the sky!

Suddenly an unlooked-for sight greeted his eyes. In the distance, like some mirage fantasy, lay a settlement, white buildings surrounded by aisles of trees. Were they spectres like the rising dust whirls that occasionally rose in the haze of the desert? For hours he had seen no human abode; he had grown used to the scenes of loneliness without any apparent breath of actuality, but now he recalled a remark made to him at the inn he had left early in the morning, that he would pass the last rancho late in the evening.

The house, a weird whitewashed structure, looked like the ghostlike ruin of some human habitation that sheltered naught but flattering shadows and pale robed phantoms. The solitary horseman intended to gallop past it. He did not care to be reminded of any sign of civilization. Yet as he approached the house,

he suddenly drew the reins and halted. The lighted windows were wide open. In the garden some tall flowers of vague tarnished tints rose motionless into the grayness of the night. All nature seemed lifeless save the foliage of a row of trees which quivered in the moonlight. With hands resting on his rifle, as if lost in some gleaming memory, he stared at the lighted window and at the trees, and he imagined to see the leaves like a rippling stream flow from their branches and to hear the vague murmur of their wavelike motion.

At that moment the sound of a piano was heard from the house, and a woman's voice started a song, vain melancholy sounds and words that were carried in broken fragments to the ghostlike listener outside:

“What holds us fast to this weary life
—As sorrows come and go
Like winds of death that o'er deserts blow
To this bitter strife, so sad and grey
Like a sunless day
In the fall of the year.
When leaves are falling and life is sere.

The song ceased. The man wrapped in his cloak breathed deep. With one hand on the back of his saddle he lifted himself in the stirrups, as if he were waiting for more.

Then the music began anew. The woman's voice seemed to float, surge and billow o'er the boundless waste and to fill with melodies of ebbing joys the vastness of space. How it gripped at his heart. All the feelings that he deemed long buried and forgotten welled up to the surface of his mind, shifting hither and thither in strange agitation not unlike the spinning swirls of dust that rise from the sand of the desert. He shivered and shrunk together, as in fear of those memories which no man from the large cities can resist. He raised one arm and buried his face in it.

He knew he could not go any farther. He was not born for the hermit life among the sunhot hills under domes of turquoise blue. He lifted his tear-dimmed face into the moonlight night—suddenly turned his

horse, pressed his spurs into its flanks and galloped back, like a madman pursued by the furies of desolation, back the road whence he came, back to civilization.

* * *

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

FRANCE.

The government recently suffered two severe defeats. The attempt to convict the *Voix du Peuple*, official organ of the Confédération Générale du Travail, has completely failed. Comrade Grandjouan, who was indicted for inciting class hatred by his illustrations, was acquitted. On a similar charge comrade Libertad, editor of *L'Anarchie* was also found not guilty.

The Shylock government, however, had to have its pound of flesh. The law got into its clutches Vinaud, responsible editor of *Voix du Peuple*, condemning him to fifteen days' imprisonment and one thousand francs' fine.

* * *

The syndicalists have added a new weekly to their already considerable number of publications; the new organ is *L'Action Directe*, Paris, 122 Quai Jemmapes. Well-known literary men are among the contributors of the new paper.

AUSTRIA.

Seventeen dock laborers were discharged at the port of Triest on the accusation of being Anarchist agitators. A General Strike was the result, the ship companies being finally forced to yield by reinstating the discharged comrades.

* * *

Andriani, editor of the Triest Anarchist publication *Germinal*, and the printer of the paper have been arrested in connection with the General Strike.

A new Anarchist fortnightly, *Wohlstand für Alle*, has recently been issued in Vienna. The address is: XII Fockeystrasse, 27. That the new fighter is doing well is best proven by the fact that it has already come in conflict with the authorities, who confiscated several issues.

GERMANY.

The régime of the German Kaiser has added another victim to its already long list. Comrade Carl Kielmeyer, editor of *Der Freie Arbeiter*, has been sent to prison for a year, on the following charges: Insulting the non-commissioned officers, ridiculing the government, and inciting the military to insubordination.

* * *

A Russian revolutionist has been arrested in München, while attempting to exchange bank notes which had been expropriated by the revolutionists in Tiflis.

In connection with this affair two other Russian revolutionists were arrested in Paris, at the request of Batyushka.

PORTUGAL.

The comrades who were thrown into prison after the explosion in Rue de Santo Antonio have all been liberated, for lack of evidence, except the three wounded ones. But after the second explosion in Rue du Carriâs the freed Anarchists were again arrested.

SPAIN.

A revolutionary syndicalist organization has been formed in Barcelona, consisting of fifty-four labor unions of that city. The new body plans to spread its branches all over the country, to embrace every workingman in the kingdom. The official organ of the Spanish syndicalists is *Solidaridad Obrera*.

ROUMANIA.

The Liberal Ministry is daily growing more severe in its persecution of the young labor movement. The Expulsion Law, a most dangerous weapon, is being exercised freely. Not only aliens, but natives entitled to political rights, are being expelled. The most striking

example of governmental arbitrariness is shown in the cases of comrades Dr. G. Rakovsky, Atanasoff, Moseu, and G. Covaei. All four are Roumanian subjects, the latter the son of an officer who died in the War of Liberation, in 1877. Already one thousand men have been expelled and many more are added daily.

Of course, the majority of these victims are Jews; the latter are considered aliens by the government, though they are natives, paying taxes and serving in the army. Without the slightest excuse Jews can be expelled within twenty-four hours.

It will interest our readers to know that the outrageous Expulsion Law had been enacted at the request of the Russian government. After the execution of Alexander II., in 1881, the Roumanian government took precautions to get rid of the Russian revolutionists who had escaped to Roumania and from there smuggled revolutionary literature into Russia. The Liberal Ministry, with Ivan Bratianu at its head, succeeded in 1881 to enact this shameful and inhuman Expulsion Law. The early Socialists fought against the law with all their power. But now we are witnessing the tragi-comic spectacle of the one-time Socialists clamoring for the strict enforcement of the Expulsion Law. The present Liberal Ministry and the House count among their most important members the leaders of the early Socialist movement.

INDIA.

While the trade unions of America and Canada were protesting against the immigration of Indian workingmen, the native railroad employees of this country were carrying on a great battle for the improvement of their condition, and have now brought their strike to an end by gaining important concessions from the railroad companies.

* * *

The new act for the "prevention of seditious meetings" in India is, perhaps, the most drastic ever imposed by a government on any people. It is questionable whether any written law in Russia can compare with the Indian Sedition Act that is now enforced with the approval of John Morley, British "liberal," scholar, and "humanita-

rian." The act provides that no meeting can be held to discuss questions of peculiar interests to the people of India and prohibits circulation of printed matter bearing on these questions. A meeting of more than twenty persons is considered a public meeting. Permissions for meetings must be secured from the superintendent of police. Police officers are sent to such meetings to report proceedings, and meetings may be dispersed on the order of the police commissioner. Any person concerned in the promotion of meetings where notice is not given or permission obtained, is subject to imprisonment or fine, or both. Any meeting which has been prohibited is deemed an unlawful assembly and subject to proceedings under the criminal code, and arrests may be made without warrant at any time. All of these provisions apply to meetings which in the judgment of the authorities are "likely" to create disturbance. The sweet will of police officials will determine that.

The brutality and despotism of the authorities are serving to awaken the people from their apathy and rouse them to rebellion.

TURKEY.

After two and a half years' incarceration the Belgian Anarchist Joris has been set free. Joris had been condemned to death on the charge of conspiracy against the life of the Sultan, on the occasion of the bomb explosion at Constantinople, in May, 1905. Thanks to a vigorous campaign on the part of the Belgian Anarchists, which eventually spread all over Europe, Joris was rescued from the clutches of the Turkish government. He is now in Belgium.

CHILE.

The butchery of the strikers in the saltpeter regions has disclosed a terrible state of affairs prevalent there.

No less than two hundred and fifty workmen were killed by rapid-fire guns. The victims, who were half-breeds, were kept in abject slavery and subjected to the most inhuman treatment and hardships. This, together with the murderous conditions of the mines, drove the workmen to strike for better pay and treatment.

The government, however, which derives its main revenue from the exorbitant tariff on saltpeter, turned a deaf ear to the strikers' demands. Instead, it ordered the soldiers to drive the men back to work, which resulted in the bloody bath of two hundred and fifty victims.

* * *

In the Social Democratic daily, *La Vanguardia*, of Buenos Ayres, Argentine, we read a gratifying correspondence from Chile, telling of the tremendous inroads of the anti-militaristic idea into the minds of the people. The anti-militarist propaganda, started here by workmen in 1901 and timidly taken up by a few weekly papers, has gradually grown into a strong movement. Among many others, a young Chilean nobleman, Gustavo Ross Santa Maria, has recently refused to do service, fighting his case through all legal and constitutional instances. Though condemned by all the courts, the judges did not dare to enforce the sentence. Labor uses this fact for splendid propaganda for equal laws for rich and poor. Last year 30 per cent., and this year 97 per cent. of the conscripts refused to show up. The government is at its wits' end.

* * *

The Comrades of Concepcion have founded an institution which promises to transfer the pedagogic ideas of Ferrer in Spain, and Molinari in Italy, upon the soil of Chile. Under the name "Ciencia y Vida" they have established the nucleus of a people's university, embracing a sociological library and Sunday lectures on economy and sociology. Papers, reviews and books are solicited, to be addressed as follows: Pedro Lontt, Casilla 285, Concepcion, Chile.

* * *

A splendidly conducted railroad strike, extending over the whole country and crippling traffic and commerce, has brought victory to the men, the government arbitrating, after failing to overawe labor by a display of soldiery. The government cannot trust its own soldiers, in the face of the tremendous effects of anti-militaristic propaganda, which—according to official admission—necessitates the disarmament of the warships, since

enough recruits have not come to the front at the last conscription to man them.

ARGENTINE.

The government is executing against foreign Anarchists the special law enacted since the last strike. Roberto d'Angio and Mariano Frocat, editors of the daily revolutionary labor paper *La Protesta*, have been expelled from the country together with six other comrades. The latter were very active syndicalists, who also inaugurated the rent strikes, which have extended all over the country.

BRAZIL.

Our correspondent from Sao Paulo reports a strong eight-hour-day movement and splendid direct action victories of many trades in Sao Paulo, Campinas, Santos, Ribeirao-Preto. Sao Roque, Iparanguinha, and Pilar. These successes have been obtained in the face of employers' associations, aided by government and the brutal police, and in spite of persecution and arrests. With the eight-hour-day many other improvements have been gained by some of the trades, as, for instance, the abolishment of piece work, regular pay day, and—in some instances—higher wages.

BOLIVIA.

The government has tried to kill in its incipiency the movement towards organization of awakening labor. The latter has been effectively aided by the efforts of the weekly *La Aurora Social*, which is the organ of the Federacion de Trabajadores. The editors, Federico Martinez, a citizen of Argentine, and Mateo Skarnie, a native of Austria, have been arrested and deported to Chile. But individuals do not matter in the onward march of awakening labor.



MOTHER EARTH

BOOKS RECEIVED

ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY. Leonard D. Abbott. The Ariel Press, Westwood, Mass.

ON MORAL SENTIMENTALIZING. Theodore Schroeder. Pacific Medical Journal.

LOVE AND PASSION. John Russell Coryell. The Corwill Publishing Co., 24 E. 21st Street, New York.

THE RENT STRIKE. John Russell Coryell. The Corwill Publishing Co., New York.

LA CASERMA . . . SCUOLA DELLA NAZIONE. Leda Rafanelli, Paterson, N. J.

EL PROBLEMA DE POBLACION. Sebastián Faure. Salud y Fuerza, Barcelona.

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- Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal. New Edition, 1907. By Peter Kropotkin..... 5c.**
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- Memoirs of a Revolutionist. By Peter Kropotkin. Reduced to..... \$1.00**
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