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Mother earth

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MOTHER EARTH

*Daily Magazine Devoted to
Published Every*

DR. GOLDMAN, Publisher, 210 East
13th Street, New York, N. Y.
Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1900
under the Act of Congress

Vol. II

MARCH,

2-11
1907-08



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"Mother Earth" has returned
to its home, 210 East 13th Street. The
readers please take note of the change
and forward all mail, intended for "Mother Earth",
to the above address.

Comrade Alexander Berkman
is in charge of "Mother Earth" during my absence.
All mail to be addressed as above.
All personal mail will be forwarded to me.

EMM



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\$1 A YEAR

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

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

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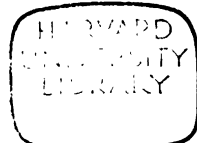
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EMMA GOLDMAN.



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RESPECTABILITY

BY GEORGE E. BOWEN.

I saw society itself create,
Then prop with mocking laws its flimsy state.

Saw custom out of idle habit spring
And o'er the mob its rule of iron swing.

Saw vanities arise—small vapors, first;
That choked life's withering heart with fumes accursed.

Saw lust and greed their common creed enthrone
Above the fanes love's Arcady had known.

Saw wars and pestilence with hate despoil
The precious fruitage of all human toil.

Saw manhood bought and sold within the mart
Of soulless commerce—but the cheapest part.

Yet more I saw in the red lists of greed
To feed the clamor of imperial need:

Brown brothers of the wild to slaughter fed,
That peace might follow where the cannon led.

Brown brothers—shackled, body, mind and soul,
That Christian commerce win its sacred goal.

Brown brothers—noble in their native might,
Made servile to their saving ones of white.

This much society at last attained—
That man's redemption from the brute be gained.

Thus, in the name of commerce came a race
With sword and bible its sure means of grace,

To civilize the earth, once round again,
Where primal systems fixed their laws in vain.

And who most scattered waste and want abroad
Found favor with the mass, himself and God.

But these immaculate, accepted hosts,
Invincible by oft repeated boasts,

Saved for their proudly undisputed fame
The sting and sorrow of a woman's shame.

I saw great masters of the land and sea—
Princes of men, as mighty moderns be,

Seal fast the law that gave their passion rein,
But held their weak companion's tears in vain.

Saw women of their favor—(duly wed)—
Sneer at their consorts of some brothel bed,

Then clutch the lying faith a priest had taught
To brace the pact by lust and lucre wrought.

Saw my astonished eyes, by fashion's sign,
Its creatures curse the miracle divine,—

Denounce with fury, for the social good,
The unrecorded joy of motherhood.

Saw, wantonly, these sisters (safely bought)
Cast out the one no licensed swain had sought,

While, by the cross whose open arms they wore,
Anathema upon her soul they swore.

Thus have men grown out of primeval spawn
To meet the duties of a social dawn.

Thus have they climbed thro ages gone to dust,
To save at last their cheap, ignoble lust.

So now they bluster to their holy task,
Tricked out in many a smug and shameless mask.

Frenzied they rush to reach the templed space
Where grin the idols: Pelf and Power and Place.

Here, at the doorway of all progress made,
Men pause to wipe their feet, their souls afraid.

Think you, some Persian rug outspreads its art?
Laugh lightly! 'Tis a woman's broken heart.

* * *

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

With this issue MOTHER EARTH enters upon her second year's journey, with colors flying.

Last year's path was thorny, but not without fruitful results. The first anniversary was celebrated by more than four hundred friends from New York, Brooklyn and New Jersey, while those who could not attend gave evidence of their interest and appreciation by sending contributions.

We are grateful to our friends, and we promise to use our best efforts towards still further improving the educational and literary standard of MOTHER EARTH.

Those whose subscription has expired at the end of the first year will greatly aid us by sending in their renewals, so that we may know on how many of our old friends we may count.

* * *

The characteristic features of the Thaw case are: poverty, the power of money, venality of woman's love, man's greediness to possess. The central figure in this tragedy is a young woman—an article of sexual luxury, surrounded by prospective buyers. The purchaser regards her in the light of his private property, as he would his horse.

The young girl soon learns to play her part: the poverty-stricken mother looks upon the beauty of her daughter as a future source of revenue; nothing offers such opportunities for "friendships" with rich men as the chorus.

Such men are seducers; yet still more so, the seduced. Woman's virtue, to them, is a tempting morsel; but while they are lavishing their money, they become the victims of subtle deceit. Priding themselves on their victory over innocence, they are conquered by woman's cunning.

Starford Whites and Thaws can purchase bodies, but their combined wealth could not buy a single soul. That is the tragedy of such lives, as well as the comedy. Their victim is at the same time the avenger of her sex-slavery. Is she, the marketable thing, to be faithful? The master satiated, the slave is once more on the market. Serving White, she must still look out for another possible buyer. She meets Thaw—a simpleton, whose intellect would not suffice to make him a successful bootblack; but he is rich. He is a more promising catch than White; the latter, a man of "experience," is not so easily tricked. Thaw would guarantee the continuation of the life of luxury, to which she has become accustomed; he would even marry her, that she may realize her dream of an idle, rich, parasitic life.

Some marriages become prostitution; in this case, prostitution became marriage. The latter legalized the woman's swindle and caused the man's violent folly.

But for the wedding, it would have been simply a case of prostitution, like a thousand other similar cases, characteristic of our good, moral society. Marriage, legalizing and complicating things, made the murder possible.

Because of the marriage—and the man's wealth—the girl became the legal property of Thaw; it was the latter's "duty" to guard the "honor" of the woman, not to speak of his own "honor." As lover, his honor was of no consideration; it became operative with the marriage.

Her marriage forced the woman into greater deceit. She must no longer openly market her charms; tact and diplomacy are necessary to preserve marital decorum. She continues her relations with White; perhaps she even cares for him more than for her husband. The latter sees in her virtuous innocence persecuted; he believes implicitly her wild stories of the Bluebeard White. Finally he feels that morality demands vindication. He kills White and imagines that he has delivered his wife from her hated persecutor; he was "instrumental in the triumph of decency over vice."

The hangman condemns; the free-minded man strives to understand. The question here is not who was right or who was wrong; rather, whether it is not necessary and possible to create a social atmosphere, where woman should cease to be a commodity, and mankind in general be delivered from the curse of money-greed and morality.

* * *

Why should the rich not rejoice and go to church? The latter teaches that "the rich and the poor we must always have with us," thus serving as the pillar of the parasitic existence of the wealthy.

Why should the rich not love the State? The latter, by cunning and violence, guards their stolen wealth against the hungry producers.

The rich should also love the army; the latter secures to them possession of the Philippines and other islands; it tyrannizes over the natives and presses profits from them—for the rich.

But the poor—why should they care for these institutions? Those who continue to do so are the victims of a false education, misleading teachings and mental inertia.

* * *

Karl Marx taught his disciples that economics are the foundation of politics. His modern apostles have, however, reversed his teaching; their motto is, "Let us win political power; then we shall revolutionize the economic conditions." They have endeavored to transplant the center of revolution from the factory to Parliament, from the street to the counting room. Hence the transformation of economic revolutionary Socialism into a political reform-movement. The strength of the latter depends on votes, not on revolutionaries. A parliamentary party must limit its activities to the constitution and laws of the country, thus aiding in upholding existing institutions. It cannot put itself outside of the law, since such a position would stamp all political activity on its part illogical and absurd.

Every government represents the legislative and administrative power of the bourgeoisie; the revolutionary proletariat must oppose it, rather than try to reform it.

Existing institutions can only be strengthened by the use of political power; to believe in their overthrow by such means is utopian. The social revolution begins where the belief in government and the present "order" ceases.

Herein lies the folly of parliamentary Socialists: attempting to smuggle the social revolution under cover of reform, they merely succeeded in turning reformers and politicians.

By such means the German Social-Democracy had achieved great political "success." During many years it was the beacon of all parliamentary Socialists; soon it will serve as a sad example of what a true Labor Party should *not* be.

The January elections in Germany prove that the Socialistic power of political enlistment is exhausted. They have profited little by compromising with the Philistines, the lower middle class and the Clerical Party. They took good care to keep clear from the revolutionary and Anarchist element; indeed, their leaders were ever busy in keeping the party "pure." The energetic and progressive elements of the proletariat found the atmosphere of the party too stifling—they either left or were expelled. It was that very fear of offending popular prejudices that resulted in the Socialistic failure during the last elections.

The Socialists of Germany are between two fires—the revolutionary proletariat and the bourgeoisie. Gradually they must lose the confidence of the former, since their tactics condemn the working man to continue passively to suffer exploitation and oppression. Neither can they gain the confidence of the bourgeoisie, since the latter naturally prefers the safe representation of the tried parties—the Conservative and the Liberal.

Revolutionary Socialists welcome the débacle of the parliamentary card-house. They have long since realized the fatality of political success; the mass, however, must first experience the *reductium ad absurdum*, ere it can find the proper solution.

* * *

The régime of the Tsar is daily becoming more anæmic. It is spilling the blood of the noblest children

of Russia in thick streams, but the precious fluid serves to strengthen the revolution and to make Tsarism weak and lifeless. Lacking internal vitality, the Russian despotism believes to have found a much-needed stimulant in the Duma. The latter is to save the knout; it should bring "order" out of the existing chaos and rehabilitate an ignominious government.

In case of success, European and American financiers would regain their confidence in the autocracy, and more cash would be forthcoming to aid in suppressing the revolution.

* * *

Ideals do not pay. If we happen to possess any remnants of old convictions, we should put them on the shelf with other bric-a-brac, to be occasionally admired in a pensive mood.

Is it not a proof of a "fine soul" to talk of the asinities of one's youthful days? When business is slack, it is rather pleasant to recollect "those wild things." Of course, one must not forget himself so far as to call back to life old ideals and, perchance, become active in their behalf.

Thus philosophise the "wise," the "practical," the matter-of-fact people; they shrug their shoulders, assuring us that life must be taken as it is, not as it should be. But what is *life*? Life spells hypocrisy; the world is peopled with sneaks, renegades and cowards. A few thousand more or less of this calibre—what does it matter?! The competition among them is constantly growing more intense; soon the ex-idealist realizes that he has been doubly cheated: he has bartered the best part of himself for profit, and now he finds himself sadly disappointed in his expectations.



THE RED MONTH

THERE are days in history that should be prohibited by governments; days of an exciting, destructive character, possessing the power of rousing the elemental forces of men into activity; days apparently unrelated to the rest of the year.

Our immigration laws prohibit the landing of persons who disbelieve in organized government, thus barring Anarchists from our joyful shores. Alas, what an ineffectual method of keeping out "obnoxious elements"!

To properly protect the subjects of this country against the spirit of rebellion, it is necessary to banish the historical dates, when organized governments have been forcibly overthrown.

Ye Legislators, to the front! You have a great task to perform. 'Tis of little avail to expel the John Turners, so long as the lessons of revolutionary history—and their pernicious ideas—are accessible to the people.

March is the *red month* in the modern history of Europe. America has not as yet experienced such dangerous events;—too dangerous for power and authority. The war of 1776 was, after all, but a territorial, not a national revolution: the refuse of all countries, thrown into the American pot, could hardly be called a Nation. The Monroe doctrine existed before it was conceived by Monroe. "English lords may continue to rob the Irish peasants and oppress the industrial slaves of Lancashire and Manchester, as they please; on American soil we can exploit labor *ourselves*." Such were the arguments of the newly-baked American patriots, who saw in this country the greatest source of wealth and power.

European revolutions had a different aspect; there the Nations were swept by the fires of social and economic regeneration.

March eighteenth and nineteenth, 1848, are memorable in the history of Prussia. Citizens, students and workmen of Berlin fought the hireling army of the government, on barricades. The throne began to totter. The people carried their fallen dead before the palace and demanded that the king pay his respects to the noble dead. The storm of March had performed a miracle: for once the king obeyed the people.

The Revolution spread through Germany, Austria and France. Unfortunately, however, the revolutionary

triumph was of short duration; within a few months the fatal grip of the reaction stifled every free expression.

To-day, the revolution of 1848 seems quite dilettant. In their grand fight for a noble cause the people had neglected the most important thing; they failed to destroy the very basis of all tyranny—its material existence: they had too much reverence for property. The treasury remained in the hands of the reactionaries; with sufficient means to buy uniformed assassins, the government speedily subdued the people. As usual, Labor proved the greatest victim; it achieved a few shallow political rights, remaining economically enslaved as before.

Twenty-three years later another March storm swept the rotten foundations of Society—the Paris Commune. On the eighteenth of March, 1871, the proletariat of Paris rose in arms against the dictatorship of the abominable wretch Thiers, who had attempted to force a new monarchy upon poor, exhausted France, still bleeding from the wounds made by German bayonets.

Men, women and children rushed into the streets and took possession of arms and ammunition; within a few hours the Commune was proclaimed and the red banner displayed from the Hotel de Ville, the City Hall. What joy! What inspiration! This time it was no mere political uprising; the people demanded not a mere change of government, but social and economic reconstruction. The grand ideals of Socialism, Communism and Anarchism had inspired the people with new hope.

Again it was the stupid respect for property that finally caused the fall of the Commune, resulting in the terrible slaughter of thirty thousand people.

But the Red Month was not in vain. It has taught us important lessons. No government, whatever reform-mask it may affect, can ever banish the spirit of rebellion from the hearts of the exploited and oppressed millions. The hand of the sacred month of March has written this unforgettable lesson, in letters of blood, upon the minds of those who think.

And we have learned, further, that if the coming revolution is to be successful, the revolutionaries must emancipate themselves from their old traditions, their reverence for stolen property, their moral notions.

May the lessons of the past guide us in the coming storms of March.

HUGH O. PENTECOST

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

EIGHTEEN or nineteen years ago, away out in a sleepy little Michigan town, there fell into my hands a tiny bit of a paper "no bigger than a man's hand"; there were only four sheets of it, but every word was vibrant with life and power. It was written by Hugh O. Pentecost and T. B. McCready, and at this hour I feel my eyes opening wide again as they did that morning with the light and the movement in the swinging lines. They were Single-Taxers then, but with an alarming freedom in their handling of it that must have made the orthodox Georgeites tremble for what was likely to come next; and for what did come next. From week to week the little paper grew in thought, and grew in size, and grew in force. McCready wrote comments on life as it passed, and Pentecost delivered speeches which were printed; and it was often hard to tell who said the best things and said them best. One great quality they had in common: *their thoughts were naked and not ashamed*. They were moving towards a rising sun, and if from week to week the light broke farther, wider, higher, and things came out with a different face than they had appeared in the semi-twilight of a month before, neither McCready nor Pentecost shrank from owning it; and men who were thinking along with them felt not the respect of a pupil for a teacher, but the free comradeship of fellow-seekers. There was such a world of good humor in it, such a frankness, such a fearlessness in reversing themselves! and such fire in it all!

Only,—even those of us who were already Anarchists, and who saw things coming our way, naturally with satisfaction, could not but feel startled at times, and a little dubious, too, at the unwonted speed the Twentieth Century was making. Willy-nilly, the question would intrude: "Can the man who so easily, so rapidly changes his mind, have had time to ground himself well? Will not he who so readily deserts his old position desert the new as readily?"—It was at the time this question was obtruding itself most insistently upon me, in spite of the genuine delight I felt in reading Pentecost's speeches,

that my first opportunity to hear him came. I remember so well the remarks he made concerning those self-same lightning changes, which, apparently, others must have questioned him about. "People say that I change my mind too rapidly. Why, it is perfectly delightful to find out you have mind enough to change!" Still we kept on shaking our heads over our own good fortune (for Pentecost had now become unequivocally opposed to all law, and while he never called himself an Anarchist in the paper, he even went as far as that in a private letter which I have seen, wherein he said: "Any one who advances logically along the lines that I have done, must land in Anarchy, and that is where I have landed.") I recall that in discussing Mr. Pentecost with Dr. Gertrude Kelly, not long after this, she expressed her opinion that he was an "immoral character," in that being himself in a developing state of mind, not certain of himself, he nevertheless undertook to teach others; that he pronounced himself before knowing what he was talking about, and upset other people's minds without giving them clear ideas. Remembering all this now, I cannot help thinking that Dr. Kelly was right, and yet I am unspeakably glad that Pentecost and McCready spoke when they did and as they did. The Twentieth Century was the most interesting type of the "free platform" we have seen in this country within my knowledge; it blew like a breath out of the world of the making of things, it bubbled with life, and was indifferent to consistency. It had grown from the tiny paperlet to a sixteen-page journal, and never lost its principal character of eager questioning.

Then there came a heavy blow: McCready, sunny McCready, of the laughing words; funny McCready, with his gay tilt-riding at the ponderous Knights of the Present Order; tender McCready, with the brimming sympathies; loving McCready was dead, and half the light of the "Twentieth Century" went out.

Nay, more than half. For already there was creeping into the editorials of Pentecost a lassitude, a heaviness, that told of the dying fire. The contributors gave as before, and there were many good ones. But the peculiar glory of the paper, its brilliant editor was somehow a little spiritless. Words went around. The man had sac-

rificed too much; he had been a wealthy preacher of a wealthy church. He had forsaken wealth to follow his ideals of truth, and though the crowd that followed him had grown larger and larger, it was not the crowd that could give him the material things he had once enjoyed. And then we heard that Mr. Pentecost was studying law; and then that he had given up the "Twentieth Century." And then we heard little more of him till the black thing fell. And when it fell I was glad that McCready was dead and would never know. The daily papers told us first, but of course we did not believe them. We waited till we saw it all in the "Twentieth Century" itself, and then we had to know that Hugh O. Pentecost, the man who had so effectually demonstrated the iniquity of laws, had mocked at law-worship, done his best to destroy it, had sought and all but received an Assistant District Attorneyship. All but. It was his own ghost that saved him; for the daily papers of the opposition had dragged out the files of the "Twentieth Century," hunted through them for the most Anarchistic of his speeches, reprinted and spread them broadcast—unmindful that they were doing the Anarchists good service thereby, so that they won their point—and asked the voters: Is this the man for a District Attorneyship? So great was the pressure brought upon the chief who had promised him the position, that he was compelled to retract his promise to Pentecost, after the election, and when the latter came prepared to take the oath of office he was met by a definite refusal. Thereupon appeared Mr. Pentecost's recantation of heresy. In all my life I have never read a document so utterly devoid of human dignity, so utterly currish. There is a piece of detestable slang which is the sole expression fit for it: "The Baby Act." Not only did Mr. Pentecost renounce his former beliefs in liberty, but he took refuge in the pitiable explanation that he, a cloud-land dreamer, had been misled by his innocence into the defense of Parsons, Spies, etc., who, now he had been convinced, had been properly enough hanged. Poor, delicate lamb deceived by ravenous wolves! That was the tenor of the story. Had it been all true, a man would have bitten out his tongue rather than have told such truth. All this is many years ago, and gentler

spirits than mine have overlooked and almost forgotten it, in the redemption of his after years. But when the sum of his life is cast up, Justice says, let it not be forgotten that he had within him the Benedict Arnold, and had the times been such as are in Russia now, he would have sold the lives of men as then he sold his conscience for a mess of pottage.

"After Death the Resurrection." That recantation was the putrefaction of a dead soul. There came a quickening. For a few years he was silent; then one day we heard that Pentecost was speaking—again back on the side of liberalism! I confess I heard it with rage. "Let him have the decency to keep still," I said. "If he is really sincere, let him *be* a radical, long enough to prove his sincerity, without talking." Others said I was too harsh, and I think they were right. But I could not forget that sentence about the Chicago men.

For all the years since 1892 I had not seen him. I avoided him as sedulously as I could whenever requests for speeches would have brought us in contact. To all descriptions of his splendid addresses I sneered back: "What is he now?" At length it fell out, about a year ago, that we were both to address a Moyer and Haywood protest meeting in Philadelphia. In such a cause I did not think I had a right to refuse to speak; so I swallowed my dislike, but remarked to the chairman, Geo. Brown, "Don't you steer me up against Pentecost. I don't want to have to speak to him." Geo. Brown is nothing if not mischief-loving. He wanted to see the fur fly. Incidentally he wanted to tell Pentecost that he himself was still a little sore over that recantation, but, while fond of seeing other people rage, he dislikes to say disagreeable things. So he did just what I told him not to do. I am glad now that he did. There was nothing for it but to say what I felt. I remember the hurt look, hurt and surprised, on Pentecost's face when Brown said, "Here is a lady who has a grudge against you." I plunged in; his mouth and eyes saddened, inexpressibly. "The District Attorneyship? Yes, it was all wrong, all wrong. But wasn't that a long time ago?" I admitted it was; but was that an excuse? No, it was no excuse; there could be no

excuse. He knew that; he didn't offer any; his mind had been in a condition of moral slump, and influences had been used on him; but he knew that didn't justify him. "Of course, if I had got it, I would have accepted and gone on with it—" I interrupted him: "It was your luck, Mr. Pentecost, that you didn't get it."—"It was. No one realized that better than I. No one was happier than I that I didn't get it.—It was through the efforts of Mrs. Pentecost that the offer had been obtained."—"And what you said of your having been deceived into the defense of Parsons and the rest?"—He didn't remember having worded the matter quite so pitifully as I said; but what he meant was that he had been misinformed; he had thought these men had never preached force or counseled it, while later information had led him to believe there had been a conspiracy, as the State contended. However, for any evidence that went before the court, the men were never proven guilty, and that he stood by, as he had stood in the old days of '86, when, to the best of his belief, he was the first public man who had spoken in their defense. He seemed to take great satisfaction in that memory, and repeated it on the platform later on. As for the rest, he had done his best. He had kept silent for a while; and now for ten years he had worked in New York, and he thought those who knew his work would bear witness to his sincerity. What more could he say?

And what more could he say? When a man has done wrong, and owned it, and done his best to retrieve himself, he has done all. My bitterness melted, and we shook hands then.

His speech was, as always, strong, graceful, effective. But it was the trained lawyer speaking; not the old inspired prophet of liberty. The menace in his final sentence showed that if he had once deprecated forcible resistance as preached by the Chicago men, he had shifted that ground, too; for he said that if the powers of Idaho refused fair trial to these men, annihilated all attempts at peaceable justice, then—"LET THEM TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES."

Before he went he said to me: "I am glad we have had this talk. I would not want you to feel unkind towards me, for you have not a better friend than I am." I give the sentence, because it shows his personal mag-

nanimity and gentleness. I had not been mild, and a smaller man would not have felt particularly friendly just then.

His time was short and he left before the meeting was over, refusing to accept his expense money, saying: "Keep that as my contribution." I never met him again.

Of his recent conversion to socialism I have little to say. It did not surprise me. I had recognized before that his mind was of the unstable order which has to be changing. Had he gone into Unitarianism, or Catholicism, that also would not have surprised me. He would not have remained a socialist any more than he remained an anarchist, or a single taxer, because he could not remain anything. But, in the party or out of it, he would always have been a splendid force; and in the summing up of his life, the balance must go to the credit side. For the effective and concentrated efforts of his best years were for progress, humanism, liberty.

Would that he had died sooner, or not so soon.

ANNOUNCEMENT MY LECTURE TOUR

By the time this issue reaches our subscribers I shall be in Detroit, having lectured in Cleveland, Columbus, Toledo and Toronto.

I shall remain in Detroit March 16th and 17th. Address: 167 Hale St.

In Chicago, March 18th to 28th. Address: 1245 Milwaukee Ave.

In Cincinnati, March 29th, 30th and 31st. Address: General Delivery.

From Cincinnati I shall go to Minneapolis, Winnipeg, St. Louis and the West. All those wishing to arrange lectures along my route will please communicate with me at once.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE NEWER ETHICS

BY HELENE STOECKER, Ph.D.

"The noble one wishes to create something new, and a new virtue.

"The good one willeth that old things should be preserved."

Nietzsche (Zarathustra).

IF one believes in the eternal growth and continual development of life and sees in struggle the father of all things, then one must also realize that the duty of humanity lies in seeking newer and higher forms of society. The oft-repeated reproach that because one does not pretend to have reached the last goal of human development, one must consequently deny that a newer code of ethics could even be created, cannot be taken seriously. Then, with Zarathustra, one remembers that the greatest danger for the future development of mankind comes through the "good and just," those who speak and feel in their heart: "We *know* already what is good and just, we have it; alas, for those who still seek for it!" The "good and just" have since time immemorial crucified those who wrote "new words on new scrolls." Our work does not lie with those who are in contented possession of all virtue and wisdom, but rather with those who seek new and higher goals for humanity.

Nothing is more mistaken than to imagine that because one seeks newer ethics, one would consequently abolish all standards of morality. We cannot be without standards. There only remains the question of establishing their relative values. Life, as it comes with the value of our human consciousness, has grown to have the highest of all values. Everything, therefore, which tends to strengthen and broaden life must be considered as a higher form of social development. On the other hand, everything which depreciates its value must be considered harmful and immoral.

Consequently, customs which may have been considered "good" under a now obsolete form of society, would not be so if measured by the standards of a later development. No one can deny this who believes in the growth of life.

When we study Nietzsche's attempt to establish a newer standard of ethics, we are struck by the fact that his viewpoint continues and develops the ethics of Christianity. His teachings have added a deeper psychological meaning, made necessary by the growth of life during the two centuries which lie between. It is quite logical that Nietzsche should emphasize certain sides of his philosophy, thus making a seeming contrast to Christian teachings. We must remember that every seeker after truth, in order to gain a hearing, lays stress on those points in which his teachings differ from the old. The biblical quotation, "Ye have heard that which has been said unto your fathers, but verily I say unto you—" is still the best form of introduction for all expression of spiritual expansion.

Granted that Nietzsche's philosophy is identical with certain underlying principles of Christianity, it is his views of sex life which show an important advance over those of the older school.

To him the greatest of all new commandments is to plant the love of life in all creatures—to give life the character of the eternal—to live in such a way as to make it worth while to live forever.

The strongest expression of the love of life—sexuality—can therefore, under the newer ethics, no longer be considered as "sin."

So it is Nietzsche who, with his philosophy of the love of life, teaches the beauty and purity of love, which for hundreds of years has been branded as vicious by the unhealthy imagination of the church.

Nietzsche liked to think of himself as the last follower of the god Dionysos, because it seemed to him that even to-day the teachings of the Grecian mysteries are the best foundation for religion and ethics. Eternal life and the eternal return of life, the triumph of life over death and change, life as the collective continuation through procreation, through the mystery of generation, were to him the essence of these teachings. To Nietzsche, as to the Greeks, sex was symbolic of all the inner and deeper meaning of ancient piety, and everything pertaining to the procreative act, pregnancy and birth, awakened only the highest and purest emotions. This is, indeed, a con-

trast to the teachings of the Christian church went to surround the source of life with ignominy and shame.

Those who, like Nietzsche, realize the effect which this ecclesiastic view of life, dominant for hundreds of years, has had on human development, must also understand how necessary has become the emancipation from it. So much has come under the ban of the church as "impure," that those influenced by its teachings cannot know that there is no necessary contrast between chastity and sensuality. True unions, real love has nothing in common with either. When Nietzsche feels that the preaching of chastity is "an excitement of the abnormal," he does not mean that unrestrained sex energy is a sign of the morally free-minded. Quite the contrary!

As a fundamental thinker and psychologist, he believes that asceticism was meant only for those for whom it is necessary to destroy their sexual impulses; only for those, however, whose impulses are abnormal. In *Zarathustra* Nietzsche defends three things which until now have been held in contempt: self-love, love of power and voluptuousness. He shows how a difference in the point of view modifies everything; how that which is considered "bad" by the unhealthy mind contributes to the joy of life—with the normal and healthy; how that which is the best of all can be perverted into vice—by the deformed and weak-minded. But to those who feel the joy of life, who believe in it,—the very strength of their passions keeps them pure, their very passions become virtues.

"Voluptuousness—for the rabble the slow fire on which they are burnt; but for free hearts—innocent and free—the earthly bliss of Eden, the overflowing thankfulness of all the future towards the present. Voluptuousness—a sweet poison unto the withered only, but the great invigoration of the heart and the reverently spared wine of wines for those who have the will of a lion."

Nietzsche considered the creation of life as the highest and most sacred of all mysteries, often expressing his deepest thoughts in allegories symbolic of procreation, pregnancy and of the relation of mother and child. It was his most earnest demand to put sex-life on the highest possible plane; every expression of contumely, contempt and impurity was to him a crime against life itself, a sin against the holiest spirit of it.

As he lifted physical love above contempt and ignominy, so did Nietzsche also appreciate its spiritual side, in its deepest meaning. He has exposed the fallacy that unselfishness is the equivalent of love, proving, on the contrary, that it is the personality rich in power, having an intuitive sense of its own well-being, which is capable of the greatest sacrifice and the greatest love. The "poor" cannot give freely. The proof of a great love is not abnegation; but rather an ideal so lofty that there is no question of the personal equation. The love of the sexes must not consist of the mere desire for possession. Two beings that love each other must strive towards a common ideal, *above* their own self. Unfortunately, there are but few who know such love.

Nietzsche has probed, with characteristic psychological perception—itself a mark of genius—into the varied meanings of "love," investing the crude simplicity of the word with all the innumerable shades of meaning which it actually possesses in the living world.

Nietzsche was one of the first to satisfy our moral feelings upon the sex question, in relation to children. He realized the danger of letting the latter grow up in entire ignorance of the most vital subject, and of allowing women to marry without the least preparation for, or realization of the meaning of, the most important questions of life. He believes that because of this women are handicapped and should therefore be treated with the greatest gentleness.

Nietzsche's idea of great love corresponds to the feminine; he believes that it is the length, not the strength, of higher emotions which makes the noblest beings.

Nietzsche agrees with those who realize that the misery of prostitution is greatly aggravated by the ill repute in which it is held. This must be laid to the door of the "good," whose indiscriminate judgments are responsible for the exterior and interior misery of mankind. Moreover, the "good," like the Pharisees, regard the misery they have thus created as proof of the correctness of their opinions! But are not most of the so-called crimes merely inability or unwillingness to cater to the hypocrisy of the "good"?

With great penetration and ingenuity Nietzsche examined the reasons for condemning women who give them-

selves before marriage; he shows that to be "moral" in the conventional sense means merely to fear public sentiment. The girl who enters sex relations without permission of the law or clergy is not considered merely unwise; she is branded as "immoral." She did not follow the custom; she disobeyed it. The kernel of reproach strikes at *disobedience to custom*. But what is the character of the disobedience thus condemned and reproached? They call the girl "impure"—but the reproach is not in reference to what she does; because the correctly married woman also does it, without being called impure. It is, then, the unconventionality of the act, the defiance of accepted standards, the lack of fear as to social judgment, that are reproached and condemned. It is, therefore, fear which holds the community together.

Naturally, Nietzsche finds much to criticize in the present form of the marriage relation. To him the highest goal of humanity is the uplifting and ennobling of the race, and that the present institution of marriage can never accomplish.

But he has recognized the value of faith in the superhuman passions of mankind. The institution of marriage clings stubbornly to the belief that love, altho a passion, is, as such, capable of life-long duration; and that such love is the rule, not the exception. In spite of the fact that experience proves this claim a mere pious fraud, conventional marriage invests love with the tenacity of the noblest sentiment. All institutions which foster a belief in the durability of passion and acknowledge the responsibility of this durability—though in itself foreign to the nature of passion—lift it on a higher plane. Of course, Nietzsche realizes that this supposed transformation of the essential nature of passion has brought with it much that is false and hypocritical, but he believes, nevertheless, that even at such a price the superhuman meaning, uplifting mankind, is to be highly valued.

As a scholar and follower of Plato, Nietzsche wishes to benefit posterity through marriage. To have progeny is the best education, for it makes one responsible, whole, and capable of self-denial. In more than one sense—especially in the spiritual sense—parents are brought up by their children. Nietzsche, therefore, considers the greatest commandment of human love to be not "Thou

shalt not kill," but rather the injunction to the degenerate, "Thou shalt not beget." The first seems naive to him in comparison to the latter; for there are cases where it is a crime against society to beget children, as with all those afflicted with chronic diseases, or with neurasthenics of the third degree. There are few social responsibilities as fundamental as this, and as society must care for the issue of these unfortunates, it is wiser to prevent than to cure. In general, the state wishes quantity, not quality, and is not over-particular as to the kind of children born. Therefore, in the interests of the race, marriage must be taken more seriously.

Nothing seemed to Nietzsche more despicable or more detrimental to the interests of the race than marriage for money or position. That children of such origin are apt to be worthless is easily realized.

With the greatest possible earnestness Nietzsche wrote of these social wrongs, emphasizing especially that social responsibility is the truest sign of morality and social fitness. To him, the realization that responsibility is an extraordinary privilege, marks the sovereign individual.

Not to bow slavishly to custom, but each to find out for himself that which is his personal duty, and take the entire responsibility for his acts—this newer and uplifting code of ethics is far removed from the gloomy dogmas of the "good and just." Each one to choose his way: "This is mine—where is yours? There is no royal road to virtue."

This much is revealed by the most superficial study of the newer ethics, showing us how to live and teach its far-reaching purpose. It strikes at the root of the old and confused notions, which identify "morality" with the fear of conventional standards, "virtue" with "abstaining from sexual intercourse."

In place of the old, negative morality, ever preaching prohibition, the newer ethics, with earnest, joyful and fruitful purpose proclaims personal responsibility, the uplifting of life, the ennobling of the race.

In *Zarathustra* Nietzsche has concentrated, in poetical form, the outlines of a new and ennobling code of morality. Studying the manner of treatment of the problems it contains, one wonders whether the Christian Bible or

any other religio-ethical literature can compare with his truthness of touch and breadth of understanding.

The strength of his language and the religious earnestness of his purpose are embodied in the following quotation:

"Thou art young and wishest to marry and have a child. But I ask thee, art thou a man who darest wish for a child? Art thou the victorious one, the self-subduer, the master of thy senses and thy virtues? Thus I ask thee.

"I would that thy child were born of thy victory and thy freedom. Thus thou shalt build beyond thyself. But first thou must be built thyself—square in body and soul. Thou shalt not only propagate thyself, but propagate thyself upwards! To this may the garden of marriage help thee!

"Marriage,—thus I call the will of two beings to create another who shall be more than they who created it. Marriage I call reverence unto each other, as unto those who will such a will.

"You shall some day love beyond yourselves; but first *learn* to love! And therefore ye have had to drink the bitter cup of your love. Bitterness is in the cup even of the best love: thus it bringeth longing for the Superman! Speak, brother, is that thy will unto marriage? Holy I call such a will and such a marriage."



AMERICANISM

By VICTOR ROBINSON.

I step upon the platform of protest to record my de-
testation of the American custom of decorating its swell-
ing breast with undeserved medals.

"Glorious country"—but your women walk with bleed-
ing feet upon life's thorny highway.

"Wonderful nation"—and your workers are crushed
by the iron law of wages.

"Another name for opportunity"—and I ask what op-
portunity have the dead-souled child slaves who toil in
mill, mine, shop and factory?

"Great prosperity"—but your streets are full of beg-
gars by day and prostitutes by night.

"Freedom of the press"—and I ask why is Moses
Harman in prison?

"Rational laws"—but you refuse to allow adults to
bear the number of children they desire, and persecute
those who for humanity's sake endeavor to teach preven-
tion of conception.

"Merciful"—and your unfair butcheries in the Philip-
pines make you brother to the Cossacks.

"Liberty"—and I point to the Comstockian censor-
ship, and as a student of history I declare it as infamous
as that which existed in the days of Milton.

"All opinions invited"—and I rebuke you with a
name: John Turner.

"Tolerant"—but what about that treatment of Maxim
Gorky—a man whose trod your shores are unworthy to
feel?

"Honest"—while fashionable hotels, patronized by
chronic adulterers and uncured syphilitics, closed their
doors upon this great herald of the better day.

O America, your foul face, like Mokanna's, is covered
with a glittering veil. Your slick politicians have hidden
your rottenness beneath a heap of high-sounding
phrases. Your parasitic parsons have veneered your sins
with prudery, and painted them with hypocrisy. But

some of us do not look at externals. We search for causes. Some of us have ears, and we hear what is really going on. Some of us have eyes, and we see what is happening. A brass band does not deceive us. A flaunting banner cannot sweep us off our feet. A canned speech by a hired speaker will not cause us to lose our balance. The applause for an elected person never dazzles us. The judge's wig cannot confound our reason, nor the bishop's belly overawe our judgment. We are what we are—Revolutionists. We do not hum sweet things in your ear, America. We jar your flattered membrane with stern demands for reform. But our harsh cry is only the faint, pale echo of the child in the factory, the man in the clutches, the girl in the brothel.

Our hands ache to turn the wheel of advancement. Our eager fingers tightly clasp the tilt of the sword which says, "Death to the Americanism of to-day."



ACTIVITY AND PASSIVITY OF THE EDUCATOR

BY ELISABETH BURNS FERM.

BEFORE touching on the two vital and important attributes of the educator, i. e., Activity and Passivity, it may be well to define what I mean when I refer to education and the educator.

When I speak of education I trust you will not confuse it with pedagogy.

Education may sometimes include pedagogy—for example, when a child asks for some point of information—but pedagogy, as I see it, does not include education.

Education is that which has to do with unfolding, revealing and objectifying the inner life, the interior qualities, of the individual.

The educator is one who is able to recognize, assure and interpret to the individual the desires and impulses that move him to action; knowing that within and above

the endeavor there is the effort of the real, the true self to express and manifest itself.

The educator holds, as it were, the mirror, so that the individual may see how his act reflects his thought and his thought reflects his act. That thought and action are indivisibly, inseparably one—helping the individual to realize this, consciously, by holding him responsible for every word and act.

I accept the declaration of Froebel that the tendency of every living thing is to unfold its essence. And that it is the destiny of man to become self-conscious—to know himself. That man, to know himself, must make himself objective to himself.

If I am able to make this quite clear to you, you will, at least, be able to follow and understand me, even though you may not agree with me.

The educator is the one who understands what education consists of and can aid the child in ways and means thereto.

The endeavor of the pedagogue is to make and leave an impression on the child. The pedagogue is interested in the history of human affairs, but not in the affairs of the humans who form the class room. Indeed, the less the humans express of themselves and their relations, the more successful and satisfactory is the relation between teacher and pupil. The teacher is a custodian of past events, past achievements.

The educator is the very antithesis of the pedagogue. The educator deals with and interprets to the child his present experience; the relation of the present moment, present hour and present day to the child's life. First—because the child cannot conceive or realize more than is contained in the present. And, secondly, because the educator knows that the present includes the past and indicates and foreshadows the future.

The educator may refer to the past and future—to confirm the present experience and to reveal the continuity of life experiences, but never, in true education, is the past or future allowed to influence or govern the now, the here of the child's daily living experiences.

Froebel has well expressed this in declaring that every life is particular and unique in itself, and that no life, not even the life of Jesus, can be taken for an example.

The true educator knows that there never was anything more than there is now, and that there never will be anything more than there is now. That the present moment holds all that there is of life. In it is contained the past and the future.

If I have succeeded in introducing my educator to you, as one who is living in the present, with the experiences of the past summed up as realization, consciousness, I shall be able to demonstrate the two important attributes, which, I venture to say, either make or unmake the educator.

If I were asked which attribute I considered the greater, I should unhesitatingly say Passivity.

Therefore I shall treat of passivity first.

Try not to confound inability to control a situation—neglect to seize the moment—indifference to the outcome—timidity of action—or any other form of weakness that you can recall or imagine, with passivity.

Passivity, as I conceive it, is a conscious keeping off of hands, a conscious letting alone. There is no passivity unless the educator has an understanding of the particular child whom he is striving to educate; unless he can recognize and follow the purpose and outcome of that particular child's acts.

The professed friends and believers in passivity are often the ones who discredit it and hold it up to ridicule.

I once visited the home of a friend who had married and was the mother of two children. The flat irons were left on the floor. So the children, almost every day, would fit their feet into them and slide along the highly polished, waxed floors. The father and mother were distressed by the noise they made and the damage to the floor. They could take no action, however, because they had committed themselves to the idea of passivity in education. I suggested that the rational thing to do was to put the flat irons in the cupboard or on a shelf. If the children showed by word or act that the flat irons were a positive need in their development, then they might with some reasonableness take them out or down again. The children were using them as they would use any old thing which might be lying about. On another occasion I visited the home of a woman who published and edited an

educational magazine. She was another victim to the idea of passivity. She had sent for me. She was distracted. The coffee mill had been negligently left on the sitting-room table. When I put in an appearance the coffee beans were scattered over the rug and the coffee mill was thrown to one side. The child seemed to have no further use nor interest in them. In a scattered, unrelated way he was tugging and pulling at other things in the room. The mother was lying on the couch, overcome—as she expressed it—by the condition of things. Instead of being overcome by the condition, she was too limp, too negative—too weak to deal with the condition. She was on the verge of hysterics and kept on assuring me that she didn't want me to do anything but just sit with her.

I told her I would sit with her after I had put the coffee mill in its place and brushed up the coffee beans. She wondered if it would interfere with the child's development if the coffee mill were put away. I took it upon myself to assure her that he was too busy to miss it and that I did not believe he would pine after it, if it was put away.

Fröebel might have said, with Whitman, that his word would do just as much harm as good to men.

The word passivity has given an excuse to those who would be excused.

In everything that has to do with the individual's inner life—with self-expression—the educator should follow the child.

The educator may commend the child's self-expression, but may not condemn it; may recognize his self-expression, but may not criticize it. May encourage the child's self-expression, but may not interfere with it.

Such a relation between child and adult calls out and fosters the creative power in the individual, a power latent in all human beings.

Such an attitude calls for a wide and deep understanding.

It is easy enough to passively follow the child, as long as his expressions are agreeable to the educator and in no way clash with the preconceived ideas and sensibilities of the adult. But to be able to recognize that every act of the child is necessitated from within, is extremely diffi-

cult. And yet, every true and earnest educator knows—even when he fails to practice it—that the safest and sanest thing is to let the child do the thing he wishes to do and then let him reap the harvest he has sown.

I do not want the harvest to be misconstrued with allowing the child to jump from the Flat Iron Building, to fall down from a precipice, or be run over. If a child should thoughtlessly or willfully place himself in a dangerous position, the human—as well as the rational—thing would be to save the child from too serious consequences. I simply mean that the child should be allowed to endure all that he is capable of enduring. That he should face all that he has intentionally or unintentionally created, excited or provoked.

When we find such passivity, in ourselves or others, we know that it is grounded in the highest rationalism, the deepest humanity and truest consideration for the development of individual consciousness.

Such passivity is the goal of every true educator. Every educator is striving toward it as an idealistic stage of educational development.

Letting alone may look like passivity. Non-interference may look like passivity. But, to my mind, there is no true passivity unless the educator is consciously striving to aid the child to attain knowledge of himself through and by means of the child's own acts and experiences.

Letting the child do the things he desires to do—because the adult feels that the child has the right, as an individual, to do it—is not the passivity of the educator.

Letting the child do what he wants to do is the relation of individual to individual. The educator's relation is more interior than that.

In education the child must be allowed to do the thing he wants to do, because he has the right to do it, plus the understanding of why he wants to do it, why he is so actuated.

You may ask me in what tangible, concrete form that plus quality expresses itself. My answer to that will and must prove unsatisfactory to those who have not thought deeply and seriously on the question of education. Many years of experience with children have forced me to the conclusion that before the relation of adult and child can become an educational one, it must be psychically

established. And I know of no material agency by which the psychic is demonstrated to the child's consciousness—which I allow is wholly physical—unless you will concede that the tone of the voice, the stroke of the hand, the expression of the face are palpable, tangible means by which that inner relation may manifest itself. Whether your mind can or can not concede that such a relation is fundamental to education, I still maintain that the psychic quality must exist in order to make the relation real and enduring, fitted to weather the storm and stress of their intercourse and association, as child and educator.

Because of the psychic relation the educator can have order restored out of the most chaotic condition. Our doubting friends may insist that there must be something in the attitude of the education, something physical to overrule a disorderly state of condition. Well, let them experiment with young children and watch the result.

Has my reader ever tried to affect a loving manner towards the children, when you were internally disturbed and wholly out of touch with them? Or have you assumed a commanding attitude, when there was neither ability nor power to maintain the position? Well, if you have, you also remember how you tried to wheedle the child, by soft words and affected smiles, into complying—without success—and how, in the other case, you blustered and fumed, and still the child remained fixed, unchanged.

Children, like all simple, undeveloped natures, have a way of exposing artifice and sham. They are not mentally developed enough to imagine what may or may not happen to them, if they refuse to yield. They deal with the actual situation which, when such methods are used, is essentially weak and untenable.

On the other hand, if the educator is *at one*—spiritually—with the child, the most discordant and inharmonious condition can be changed into one that is orderly and harmonious, by the child himself.

For example *one* child may through his invasiveness and general interference with the activities of others create a confusion and uproar which are difficult to control. The excitement is too great to get down to a cause. Almost everyone has a grievance. Whatever

event or incident created the condition, the tumult makes it impossible to find out. The thing for the educator to recognize is, that they are out of relation with one another; that they are decentralized as individuals. The educator must help them to regain consciousness of themselves and the consciousness of their relation to one another.

For example—a room has fifteen or twenty children in it. They are all busy doing things in their different ways. So many activities create a great deal of noise. One boy is sliding a chair along the floor. He does not see the other boy, who has just stepped forward. In a minute there is a collision. The boy has been struck by the chair. According to his temperament he may either cry or try to strike the boy whose chair struck him. The misunderstanding develops into a grievance; other children are involved. Friends become enemies. The strong and brave are fighting out their claims; the weaker ones are venting their feelings by spitting, making faces at each other and calling names. The mob is ruling; something must be done to restore a free condition, in which all may have a chance to express themselves. What shall that something be? Read the riot act? Punish the aggressive ones? Become one of the mob, too? Hardly! The needed thing is, for the educator to be able to see what elements are lacking in that human gathering and try to restore them by calling them out of the children. The children are scattered mentally. Their human association is disturbed. They are simply reflecting their own disturbed state to one another. Every discordant tone vibrates so long that it serves to increase and heighten the irritability of the one who produced it. Now is the time for the educator to summon to the rescue all the tranquility and composure of spirit that he possesses. His inner serenity must be manifested outwardly. Tranquil where the child is disturbed; quiet where the child is noisy. When the educator is well centred within, he creates an atmosphere in which all begin to breathe and live in as human beings. In less time than it takes to tell it, the mob has quelled itself and peace is restored. Once more a free society is established. The children feel the situation, but they do not understand it; they are contrite and ashamed of themselves. This result has

been evolved from the inner attitude of the educator and the inner response of the children.

Such experiences cannot be trumped up. They are true indicators of the soundness of the educational relation.

After such an experience there is always a deeper and more sympathetic relation. They have struggled through something. They have sounded the depths in one another. They have touched bottom. They have had an experience together. They have had a realization together. *They feel the unity of human life.*

I have especially dwelt on the passive quality of the educator, because it is the most difficult relation for educators generally, and because it is particularly so for myself. It is well known that we attribute the highest quality to the thing which we possess the least of.

I am extolling passivity, at the same time praying that some day I, too, may develop a truer and wider consciousness of passivity in relation to education.

So let me once more emphasize that the passivity of the educator has to do with *all* that relates to individual self expression, self activity.

* * *

The *activity* of the educator must objectify itself by the latter manifesting himself as a creative, self active member of the little society in which he finds himself as an individual. And also, through the consciousness with which he is able to reveal and reflect the social basis, upon which they must all stand. The child is ignorant of any law or principle which binds or relates him to his playmate. When he finds himself in a trying situation with another child—whom he is not able to thrash or intimidate—he will suggest a compromise or will make a concession himself, which will put him in possession of the thing he is after.

The child's understanding of things is proportioned to his experiences. He is very jealous about his own rights, his own possessions. He *senses might as right*. He does not scruple to invade the rights of others, to carry off their possessions. Although he resents any invasion of his rights, he does not know how to maintain a position against such invasion.

The educator, understanding why the child is actuated to leave his home, why he is actuated to form a social relation with other humans, must emphasize and accentuate the principles which bind and unite all forms of human association.

I believe that the child leaves his home to experience himself as an individual. To experience himself as an individual he must associate with other individuals. The condition for such an experience must be founded on equality and equity. To realize equality and equity he must have the conditions which will objectify those principles.

The child's natural opportunity, for instance, may consist of space, chairs, tables, materials to work with; in fact, everything in the place is common property; all having equal rights; all having equal *responsibilities*.

Zealously and jealously these opportunities are watched by the educator; the principle of equality and equity is to be called out through their use. For instance, a child finds that he is the first arrival in the morning. He looks about him and naturally concludes that his right is only bounded by the limitations of the place. He may use, as he chooses, the opportunities which the place offers. He starts a line of cars, which takes in every chair in the room. Another child enters. The new comer may not allow himself to think that he has any right or claim to a chair, because he sees them all utilized. The educator knows, however, that before long that utilization will change into monopoly and then a conflict will ensue. Another child arrives. The chairs suggest a train to *him*. He demands some of the chairs, or he attempts to take them. The one in possession in great wrath defends his property and beats off the new-comer. If the monopolizer is physically strong enough to keep the new claimant off, he will, possibly, be left in possession.

This is a situation that calls for the activity of the educator.

"Philip, why did Jakey hit you?"

"I wanted some chairs."

"Did you ask Jakey for them?"

"No! I took one."

"Perhaps Jakey does not understand you. Go and tell Jakey that you want some of the chairs."

Philip goes to Jakey, but Jakey is watching things now. He is so inflated by his former success that he answers Philip with a blow. Philip doesn't feel like insisting on getting chairs, so he is about to give it up. Now is the educator's opportunity to emphasize Philip's right, as against Jakey's might.

"Jakey, why are you not willing to let Philip take some chairs?"

"I had them first. I want to use them," is the reply.

Jakey is told that he has the right to use everything in the room as long as no one else wishes to use it. But just as soon as Philip feels that he, too, wishes to make a train of cars with the chairs, Jakey can no longer control all of them.

Sometimes the dispute may arise over the use of something—say a swing—of which there is only one. A certain child may like to use it more than the others, or want to control it and prevent the others from using it. A complaint is made that Sarah won't let Gussie swing. After Sarah has given her reasons—which usually go back to the fact that she was there first and she has not finished using it—Sarah is told that the others are not obliged to wait for her will and pleasure. That the only way to be fair to one another, when there is only one swing and others desire to use it, is for them to come to some agreement as to how long each one shall use it; that the mere getting of a thing first does not give one the right to control it. Sarah is told that she must relinquish the swing, if she is not willing to use it with the others. If Sarah refuses to share or relinquish the swing, she must be put off.

The simple, crude, physical consciousness conceives success as the just, the *right* cause. Success excites admiration; it indicates power. And power is the greatest thing that the physical consciousness can comprehend. Power to the simple mind implies life. Defeat, on the other hand, produces just the opposite effect. It suggests weakness, and weakness implies death. There is no tangible, palpable way of demonstrating the right of a thing, if it is followed by non-success. It may call out pity, but the cause is questioned. It excites fear and distrust. The physical consciousness is afraid of being involved in it. The cause is finally deserted. The edu-

cator, knowing this fact, must be careful in objectifying a principle in such a manner that the crude, simple state of the child's mind may be able to entertain it. The child is instinctively right when he unites himself with the successful side and shrinks from the defeated cause.

Success *should* follow that which is true and just; what is false ~~and~~ wrong *should* suffer defeat.

I sometimes think that the reason why success does not follow ~~and~~ right is in a great measure due to our early impressions and conclusions. For instance, a strong child has usurped the place of a weaker one. The weaker one is tearfully submitting, or, at the most, he may try to kick the usurper. That failing, he may resort to faces and calling names. There seems to be no idea in their minds that there is any *right*. Everything is measured by *might*. The educator must take an active part in such an experience. An indignant protest from the educator against the physical domination on the one hand, and the meek submission on the other, will have its effect. Tyrant and slave are equally surprised. They have never heard the submissive one reproached before. The submissive one has never been treated before as a social offender. The educator insists that the right thing for the submissive one is to resume and keep the place which the tyrant usurped from him. This attitude creates a new order of things. A revolution takes place in custom and thought. Right enthroned, might dethroned. The one who maintains and defends the new order is recognized as the strongest one in the room. Strength—not used to subjugate the weak, but to help the weak to become strong in action, and the physically strong to develop a more honorable and human relation to their playmates.

In closing I should say that in everything which has to do with the social experiences of the child the educator is actively leading. The educator is the only one in that little community who has had social experiences. And as our idea of equality and equity was evolved from our social experiences, the child knows nothing of them. He has had no social experiences. The idea of justice does not have to be imposed on the child; he responds to it and holds himself close to the condition or place in which it is accentuated.

If I have not made clear to you how those attributes

of the educator help and aid the child in his development of self-consciousness, I gladly refer you to Froebel's "Education of Man" and trust that his words may convince you.



OUT OF THE SILENCE

BY MRS. ALMON HENSLEY.

(A Review.)

EXQUISITE in thought, in form, in tone, in mechanical execution, this touching poem of love and death is one of those rare pieces of work which appeal alike to the artist and the non-fastidious;—to the former by its perfect presentation, to the latter by the universal heart-note of pathos.

Every one who has visited Notre Dame de Paris has been struck with the dramatic presence of the Morgue just behind it; the chilling contrast between the massy pile, with its soaring glories of carving and sculpture, and the freezing simplicity of the Morgue, squat, bare, silent, only for the sound of ever-running water gurgling somewhere, sends a sudden paralysis over one, though all around shine the sun and the summer of France. It is this peculiar dramatic contrast that Almon Hensley has chosen as the scene of her poem; and the actors thereof a dead woman in the Morgue and the statue of the Virgin of Notre Dame.

The plaint of the woman in her shroud—"white save for traces of the river slime"—is that "the unjust God" has given all the joy of love to some women, and to herself none; rather that her great necessity to love and to be beloved made her outcast, despised and rejected of men; and with reproachful sadness she begs the virgin mother for the little solace of holding the baby Christ, only for a while, somewhere, sometime, after she shall have suffered out long punishment, bitter and burning as God may require, because of her great need and little satisfaction in this world.

It is almost sacrilege to touch this marble-work with a finger tip, so pure and perfect is it; and yet—have not women craved and petitioned and apologized long enough? Were it not more of the free spirit of man, to put into the lips of her upon the brink: "Out of all suffering, forevermore, without the sin of having imposed life upon any helpless creature on my soul! O Virgin, with your Holy Child, did it reward you for the day on Calvary to know that you had had the pleasure of a babe's caresses in your life?—and Him? Out of it all! I have given and not received, and I make no petition. I am glad to go, knowing there is no fire of punishment beyond this rushing blackness. So, good night." But it is likely that till our earth grows old and cold, women will continue to think with Almon Hensley and bear children for the pleading reason that they need something to love, unmindful that thereafter the child must suffer life.

The printer who has given so fitting a body to this poem-soul has the following quaint little note in an unobtrusive corner: "One thousand copies of this poem were printed at the Ariel Press, in Westwood, Massachusetts, by a craftsman in love's service, for fellowship's sake and for the good that it will do, and copies may be had for fifty cents each."



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THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

(Putnam's, March, 1907.)

I.

LET us start fairly with the great truth: for those who possess there is only one certain duty, which is to strip themselves of what they have, so as to bring themselves into the condition of the mass that possesses nothing. It is understood, in every clear-thinking conscience, that no more imperative duty exists; but, at the same time, it is admitted that this duty, for lack of courage, is impossible of accomplishment.

For the rest, in the heroic history of the duties, even at the most ardent periods, even at the beginning of Christianity and in the majority of the religious orders that made a special cult of poverty, this is perhaps the only duty that has never been completely fulfilled. It behooves us, therefore, when considering our subsidiary duties, to remember that the essential one has been knowingly evaded. Let this truth govern us. Let us not forget that we are speaking in its shadow and that our boldest, our utmost steps will never lead us to the point at which we ought to have been from the first.

II.

Since it appears that we have here to do with an absolute impossibility, before which it were idle to make any further display of astonishment, let us accept human nature as we find it. Let us, therefore, seek on other roads than the one direct road—seeing that we have not the strength to travel by it—that which, in the absence of this strength, is able to nourish our conscience.

There are thus, not to speak of the great question, two or three others which well disposed hearts are setting to themselves constantly. What are we to do in the actual state of our society? Must we side, *a priori*, systematically, with those who are disorganizing it?—or join the camp of those who are struggling to maintain its economy? Is it wiser not to bind one's choice, to defend by turns that which seems reasonable and oppor-

tune in either party? It is certain that a sincere conscience can find, here or there, the wherewithal to satisfy its activity or to lull its reproaches. That is why, in the presence of this choice which to-day becomes incumbent upon every upright intelligence, it is not unprofitable to weigh the *pro* and the *contra* more simply than after our usual fashion, and rather in the manner of the unbiased inhabitant of some neighboring planet.

III.

Let us not review all the traditional objections, but only those which can be seriously defended. We are first confronted with the oldest of them, which maintains that inequality is inevitable, being in accordance with the laws of nature. This is true; but the human race appears not improbably created to raise itself above certain of the laws of nature. Its very existence would be imperilled if it abandoned its intention to surmount a number of these laws. It is in accordance with its particular nature to obey other laws than those of its animal nature and the rest. Moreover, this objection has long been classed among those whose principle is untenable and would lead to the massacre of the weak, the sick, the old, and so forth.

We are next told that it is right, in order to hasten the triumph of justice, that the best among us should not prematurely strip themselves of their arms, the most efficacious of which are exactly wealth and leisure. Here, the necessity of the great sacrifice is fairly well recognized and only the question of its opportuneness remains. We agree; provided it be well understood that this wealth and this leisure serve solely to hasten the steps of justice.

Another conservative argument worthy of attention declares that, man's first duty being to avoid violence and bloodshed, it is indispensable that the social evolution should not be too rapid, that it should ripen slowly, that it is important to temper it while the mass is being enlightened and borne gradually and without serious upheavals towards a liberty and a fulness of possessions which, at this moment, would unchain only its worst instincts. This again is true; nevertheless, it would be interesting to calculate, since we can reach the best only

through the bad, whether the evils of a sudden, radical and bloody revolution outweigh those which are perpetuated in the slow evolution. It were well to ask ourselves whether there is not an advantage in acting with all speed; whether, when all is told, the suffering of those who now wait for justice is not more serious than that which the privileged class of to-day would have to undergo for the time of some weeks or months. We are too ready to forget that the headsmen of misery are less noisy, less theatrical, but infinitely more numerous, cruel, and active than those of the most terrible revolutions.

IV.

We come at length to the last and perhaps the most disturbing argument: Humanity, they say, has for more than a century been passing through the most fruitful and victorious, probably the climacteric years of its destiny. It seems, if we consider its past, to be in the decisive phase of its evolution. One would think, from certain indications, that it is nigh upon attaining its apogee. It is traversing a period of inspiration with which none other is historically comparable. A trifle, a last effort, a flash of light which shall connect or emphasize the discoveries, the intuitions scattered or held in suspense, alone separates it, perhaps, from the great mysteries.

It has lately touched upon problems whose solution, at the cost of the hereditary enemy—that is, of the great unknown phenomenon of the universe—would probably render useless all the sacrifices which justice demands of men. Is it not dangerous to stop this flight, to trouble this precious, precarious and supreme minute? Admitting even that what is gained can no longer be lost, as in the earlier upheavals, it is nevertheless to be feared lest the vast disorganization required by equity should put an abrupt end to this happy period; and it is not sure but that its reappearance might be long delayed, the laws which preside over the inspiration of the genius of the race being as capricious, as unstable as those which preside over the inspiration of the genius of the individual.

V.

This is, as I have said, perhaps the most disquieting argument. But there is no doubt that it attaches too great

an importance to a somewhat uncertain danger. Moreover, prodigious compensations would attend this brief interruption of the victory of humanity. Can we foresee what will happen when the human race as a whole will be taking part in the intellectual labor which is the labor proper to our species? To-day, hardly one brain in ten thousand exists in conditions entirely favorable to its activity. There is at this moment a monstrous waste of spiritual force. Idleness at the top depresses as many mental energies as excess of manual labor annihilates below. It is incontestable that, when it shall be given to all men to apply themselves to the task at present reserved for a few favorites of chance, humanity will increase a thousandfold its prospects of attaining the great mysterious aim.

Here, I think, we have the best of the *pro* and the *contra*, the most reasonable reasons that can be invoked by those who are in no hurry to end the matter. In the midst of these reasons stands the huge monolith of injustice. There is no need to let it defend itself. It oppresses consciences, limits intelligences. Wherefore there can be no question of not destroying it; all that is asked of those who would overthrow it is a few years of patience, so that, when its surroundings have been cleared, its fall may entail fewer disasters. Are we to grant these years? And which among these arguments of haste or of waiting would be the object of the most straightforward choice?

VI.

Do the pleas for a few years of respite appear to you sufficient? They are precarious enough; but, even so, it would not be fair to condemn them without considering the problem from a higher standpoint than that of pure reason. This point must always be sought as soon as we have to do with questions that go beyond human experience. It might easily be maintained, for instance, that the choice would not be the same for all. The race, which probably has an infinite consciousness of its destinies which no individual can grasp, would have very wisely apportioned among men the parts that suit them in the lofty drama of its evolution. For reasons which we do not always understand, it is doubtless necessary that the race should progress slowly: that is why the

enormous mass of its body attaches it to the past and the present; and very upright intelligences may be comprised within this mass, even as it is possible for greatly inferior minds to escape from it. Whether there be satisfaction or unselfish discontent on the side of the darkness or of the light matters little: it is often a question of predestination and of the distribution of parts rather than of enquiry. However this may be, for us, whose reason already judges the weakness of the arguments of the past, it would be a fresh motive for impatience. Let us admit, in addition, its very plausible force. The fact, therefore, that to-day does not satisfy us is enough to make it our duty, our organic duty, so to speak, to destroy all that supports it, in order to make ready the arrival of to-morrow. Even if we were to perceive very clearly the dangers and drawbacks of too prompt an evolution, it is requisite, in order that we should loyally fulfill the function assigned to us by the genius of the race, that we should take no notice of any patience, any circumspection. In the social atmosphere, we represent the oxygen; if we behave in it like the inert nitrogen, we betray the mission which nature has entrusted to us; and this, in the scale of the crimes that remain to us, is the gravest and most unpardonable of treasons. It is not ours to preoccupy our minds with the often grievous consequences of our haste: this is not written in our part, and to take account of it would be to add to that part discordant words which are not in the authentic text dictated by nature. Humanity has appointed us to gather that which stands on the horizon. It has given us instructions which it does not behoove us to discuss. It distributes its forces as it thinks right. At every cross-way on the road that leads to the future, it has placed, against each of us, ten thousand men to guard the past; let us therefore have no fear lest the fairest towers of former days be insufficiently defended. We are only too naturally inclined to temporize, to shed tears over inevitable ruins: this is the greatest of our trespasses. The least that the most timid among us can do—and already they are very near committing treachery—is not to add to the immense dead weight which nature drags along. But let the others follow blindly the inmost impulse of the power that urges them on. Even if their reason were

to approve none of the extreme measures in which they take part, let them act and hope beyond their reason; for, in all things, because of the call of the earth, we must aim higher than the object which we aspire to attain.

VII.

Let us not fear lest we be drawn too far; and let no reflection, however just, break or temper our ardor. Our future excesses are essential to the equilibrium of life. There are men enough about us whose exclusive duty, whose most precise mission it is to extinguish the fires which we kindle. Let us go always to the most extreme limits of our thoughts, our hopes, and our justice. Let us not persuade ourselves that these efforts are incumbent only upon the best of us: this is not true, and the humblest among us that foresee the coming of a dawn which they do not understand, must await it at the very summit of themselves. Their presence on these intermediary tops will fill with living substance the dangerous intervals between the first heights and the last, and will maintain the indispensable communications between the vanguard and the mass.

Let us think sometimes of the great invisible ship that carries our human destinies upon eternity. Like the vessels of our confined oceans, she has her sails and her ballast. The fear that she may pitch or roll on leaving the roadstead is no reason for increasing the weight of the ballast by stowing the fair white sails in the depths of the hold. They were not woven to moulder side by side with cobblestones in the dark. Ballast exists everywhere; all the pebbles of the harbor, all the sand on the beach will serve for it. But sails are rare and precious things; their place is not in the murk of the well, but amid the light of the tall masts, where they will collect the winds of space.

VIII.

Let us not say to ourselves that the best truth always lies in moderation, in the fair average. This would perhaps be so if the majority of men did not think, did not hope upon a much lower plane than is needful. That is why it behooves the others to think and hope upon a higher plane than seems reasonable. The average, the fair moderation of to-day will be the least human of

things to-morrow. At the time of the Spanish inquisition, the opinion of good sense and of the just medium was certainly that people ought not to burn too large a number of heretics; extreme and unreasonable opinion obviously demanded that they should burn none at all. It is the same to-day with the question of marriage, of love, of religion, of criminal justice, and so on. Has not mankind yet lived long enough to realize that it is always the extreme idea, that is, the highest idea, the idea at the summit of thought, that is right? At the present moment, the most reasonable opinion on the subject of our social question invites us to do all that we can gradually to diminish inevitable inequalities and distribute happiness more equitably. Extreme opinion demands instantly integral division, the suppression of property, obligatory labor, and the rest. We do not yet know how these demands will be realized; but it is already quite certain that very simple circumstances will one day make them appear as natural as the suppression of the right of primogeniture or of the privileges of the nobility. It is important, in these questions of the duration of a species and not of a people or an individual, that we should not limit ourselves to the experience of history. What it confirms and what it denies moves in an insignificant circle. The truth, in this case, lies much less in our reason, which is always turned towards the past, than in our imagination, which sees farther than the future.

IX.

Let our reason, then, strive to soar above experience. This is easy for young people; but it is salutary that ripe age and old age should learn to raise themselves to the luminous ignorance of youth. We must, as the years pass, guard beforehand against the dangers which our confidence in the race has to run because of the great number of malignant men whom we have encountered in it. Let us continue, in spite of all, to act, to love, and to hope as though we had to do with an ideal humanity. This ideal is only a vaster reality than that which we behold. The failings of individuals no more impair the general purity and innocence than the waves on the surface, according to the aeronauts, when seen from a certain height, trouble the profound limpidity of the sea.

X.

Let us listen only to the experience that urges us on: it is always higher than that which throws or keeps us back. Let us reject all the counsels of the past that do not turn us towards the future. This is what was admirably understood, perhaps for the first time in history, by certain men of the French Revolution; and that is why this revolution is the one that did the greatest and the most lasting things. Here, this experience teaches us that, contrary to all that occurs in the affairs of daily life, it is above all important to destroy. In every social progress, the great and the only difficult work is the destruction of the past. We need not be anxious about what we shall place in the stead of the ruins. The force of things and of life will undertake the rebuilding. It is but too eager to reconstruct; and we should not be doing well to aid it in its precipitate task. Let us therefore not hesitate to employ even to excess our destructive powers: nine-tenths of the violence of our blows is lost amid the inertness of the mass, even as the blow of the heaviest hammer is dispersed in a large stone, and becomes so to speak imperceptible to a child that holds the stone in its hand.

XI.

And let us not fear that we may go too fast. If, at certain hours, we seem to be rushing at a headlong and dangerous pace, this is to counterbalance unjustifiable delays and to make up for time lost during centuries of inactivity. The evolution of our world continues during these periods of inertia; and it is probably necessary that humanity should have reached a certain determined point of its ascent at the moment of a certain sidereal phenomenon, of a certain obscure crisis of the planet, or even of the birth of a certain man. It is the instinct of the race that decides these matters, it is its destiny that speaks; and, if this instinct or this destiny be wrong, it is not for us to interfere; for there is nothing above it to correct its error.



THE OLD AND THE NEW

BY VIROQUA DANIELS.

“THE Russian revolution is not a mere struggle for emancipation from an archaic form of government. . . . An old order is doomed, its government, its ruling caste, its ruling ideas, its religion, its property, its forms, its economic methods and its economic power. It is a world event,” says Wm. English Walling.

Why is the old order doomed? Because all of its institutions are “unfair.” To whom are they “unfair”? In the broadest sense, TO ALL, but particularly so to two classes: to the class that has no chance to live even the most barren, conventional, “decent” life, and the class which is restrained from living according to ideals in advance of conventional standards.

In every institution of the old order, a few persons assume superiority, form an exclusive circle and collect tribute from the excluded. Tribute, no matter by what name it is called nor by what method it is collected, is “unfair.” Only slaves pay tribute.

The religious, political and financial “rings” not only collect tribute from the “lower classes,” but they superintend their education, both in school and out of it. The worst feature of this education is its anti-social quality. The tribute gatherers have conquered—by force or by stealth—the land, and, therefore, the working people of the world. The first education had to be *sub-mission*, ETERNAL SUBMISSION. Then came awe and reverence for “superiors”; respect for, and protection of, property—the training has been thorough!—and permeating everything, the love for and glorification of war, than which nothing can be more brutal.

The varieties of slavery are legion; slaves of religion, of the State, of Mrs. Grundy, chattel slaves, wage slaves, sex slaves, slaves to all species of profit-mongering—and all slavery is “UNFAIR.”

Let us hope the old order is doomed. To whom is it dear? To the masters, many of whom know they are “illustrious” only on account of deceptions practised, deceptions that are passed on from generation to genera-

tion. Is sham glory so gratifying? Is trickery so enchanting? Is the sight of huts, rags, stupidity and misery so edifying?

But I am not writing this simply to comment on the old order. That has been amply exposed along all lines, and by many students. I wish to call special attention to this: A new order, an association of free people cannot be lived by copying any part of old institutions. It is impossible for a free person to think like a slave; neither can he or she act like one. The old institutions are suitable only for masters and slaves, and are not at all applicable for associations of free persons, of comrades. An association of comrades is what the new order must be if it prove to be a new order, otherwise we will have but another variety of slavery. Those striving for the new order met with a memorable rebuff at Paris in '71. The skirmishers for the new order in sex relations have failed also. But the Commune and the "free unionists" discarded but a portion of the old order.

Slaves, in their struggle for advancement, have always aped their masters; their religion, codes of honor, dress, manners, etc. For that reason, and that only, are they still slaves.

When we realize that the old institutions are "unfair," because they are made up of "rings" of masters and hosts of slaves, we shall be glad to be rid of them, and begin anew on a "fair" basis.



APHORISMS

By J. M. GOTTESMAN.

There is nothing more dangerous than to organize a stationary form for feelings that are changeable.

All important decisions you must take from the depth of your individuality. Only when it tears itself from the surrounding influences is your life's work done.

Often destiny—in its mildness, because it has reserved for nonentities the contempt of forgetfulness—comforts them with the cheap flatteries of the contemporaries.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS

BY HARRY ROGOFF.

THESE thoughts come to me at midnight, when wrapped in darkness and silence, I lie on my bed and muse. I then think of death, of the grave, of oblivion. I fancy myself mouldering and decaying in the cold earth: my flesh devoured by vermin, my bones rotting, my blood congealed, frozen into a lump of putrefying matter; my brain, a mass of disgusting substance. And upon this mangled corpse are heaped many feet of earth, with a heavy stone, recording my last memory, pressing heavily down upon it.

The darkness of my room grows denser. These ghastly fancies freeze the blood in my veins. I shiver. I fear the gloom, and yet I shut my eyes tighter and tighter. . . . A mighty, vague desire awakens in me—a desire to feel myself alive, to hold on to existence, to be a part of the feeling, thinking world. And yet I shrink more and more within myself. I contract my body into its smallest dimensions and glide under the bed coverings, clinging desperately to the grave and its horrors. . . .

But gradually I fancy the narrow grave getting wider and larger. The sepulchral odor and darkness spread and grow until they fill all space. All is enveloped by them. And all is floating in a limitless void of profound obscurity and chaos. And I, along with them, am sinking rapidly in this fathomless abyss of oblivion and destruction.

Dead and forgotten! I hear these words ringing out in a death-like dirge. The surrounding darkness is filled with their terror. Waves of blackness shaped in the form of these terrible words roll out upon the prevailing blackness as a background. And they sink and chase my soul as it plunges down, down into the gulf of endless nothingness.

These thoughts come to me at midnight, when I retire to my bed after a day of drudgery and worry. They come to me as a relief at this hour of rest. I conjure them up as my good spirits, my consolers. I summon them to me as comforters of my woes and afflictions.

I had a more cheerful imagination in the days of my

youthful happiness. Then, with eyelids closed and the shadows of the night crowded around me, I would still behold the merry sunshine. I would ever be in my fancy amidst smiling, beaming faces of men, living men, dancing gleefully upon a life-giving soil rendered warm and bright by a radiant heaven.

But since then life has ceased to be a dream to me; it became a reality. And the materials out of which my imagination constructs its fancies have altered. Brightness and happiness have become associated in my mind with corruption and vice, darkness and misery have become coupled with honesty and purity. My old, dear human faces stamped with the seal of humanity, I find now in the dust and mud. In them the flame of happiness is long since extinguished; instead they are kindled with a different fire, the fire of hate and revolution. And those beautiful recesses of nature, I find occupied with the homes of wild beasts, the savages and the cannibals. There they roam, there they hunt their prey, there they commit their murders.

And after a day in these upper regions of life and corruption—after many hours among these beautiful sceneries of nature, replete with sin and vice, I dive down, down into the cold grave, to meet those truly human beings, to converse with a genuine human heart.

I flee there for relief, for consolation. The darkness of the grave is oppressive: but not as tormenting as the sunshine that brings into view the tiger mangling his prey. Its limits are narrow, but far wider than the dungeons that imprison your body and soul in the upper regions.

The thought of death makes life tolerable. It is the only hope that remains open to the slave, the suffering, tortured slave that is chained to the rock of life and is devoured piecemeal by the preying vultures of human society.

And what a consolation to see this whole universe a shapeless void! There is some gratification in fancying all life extinguished, all sighs hushed, all tears dried, all the noise and the whirl of brutish activity at an end! What a pleasure to fancy all such in the bottomless sea of darkness and forgetfulness! See! How those beasts crouch and shiver and tremble. They shrink before the

approaching deluge of destruction and death. It comes like a mad whirlwind. In a moment it raises these brutes high in the air. Now, their bones crack, their flesh is crushed into dust. A wild frenzy takes possession of all. The storm of death rages stronger and fiercer. All is destroyed, all disappears before it. And then the storm abates; calmness and peace reign again. But there is nothing left in existence. All is annihilated. The "dead lives" are sinking lower and lower into the gaping hole of night and oblivion.

This is the only fancy that gives me consolation: the only scene that can banish the agony of life from my soul. And when tired and oppressed with the horrors of the day's scenes, I seek rest in the late hours of night. I conjure up these ghastly visions to bless me, and guard me, and make my sleep a source of refreshment and encouragement.

The angels that guard my bed are the terrors of the grave. Only they can still the mad waves of indignation and grief that roar and storm in my soul. Only they can prevent the poisonous arrows of discontent and revolution from piercing the core of my heart. Life to-day, without the consolation of death, is a hellish curse.



Two hundred years ago there was a law passed in France making it a crime for any nobleman to shoot more than two work-people during any one day. The law came about this way: The scions of the nobility would go hunting and when game was scarce they were given to shooting at the peasantry, to show their marksmanship; the thing had gone on until it inconvenienced the owners of lands, and their protest gave rise to the law. In this age, while the scions of our wealth dash over the country in autos, showing how fast they can run, killing people every day, we should pass a law that if they run over more than two people in any one day they shall be fined fifty cents and costs. Why not do the thing right.

(Appeal to Reason, Dec. 29, 1906.)

THE NEW SLAVERY IN THE SOUTH

BY PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

*"There was a time, when, jocund as the day,
The toiler hoed his row, and sung his lay,
Found something gleeful in the very air,
And solace for his toiling everywhere.
Now all is changed, within the rude stockade,
A bondsman whom the greed of man has made
Almost too brutish to deplore his plight,
Toils hopeless on from joyless morn till night.
For him no more the cabin's quiet rest,
The homely joys that gave his labor zest,
No more for him the merry banjo's sound,
Nor trip of lightsome dances footing round.
For him no more the lamp shall glow at eve,
Nor chubby children pluck him by the sleeve;
No more for him the master's eyes be bright—
He has no freedom, nor a slave's delight."*

REVIEW.

"Che cosa è la Religione," by Ludovico Caminita, just published by the *Libreria Sociologica* of Paterson, N. J., is as interesting as it is instructive. It contains 148 pages and is divided into four parts.

The first part deals with the history of the Catholic Church. The author explains the origin of the Popes' power, enlarging upon their immoral character and scandalous conduct. In the second part the writer proves, very successfully, that the Catholic dogmas are not based upon the teachings of the Bible, but have been invented by the clergy for their own benefit.

The third and fourth parts are devoted to the story of the Carpenter Christ. The author assigns the latter to the realm of mythology and proves, rather conclusively, that God is not the creator, but the creature of man.

The book is to be recommended to all those who understand the Italian language. Its perusal will prove of great educational value.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

FRANCE.

Les Temps Nouveaux of Feb. 16th contains an appeal by Jean Grave "For Two Forgotten Ones," Theodule Meunier and Grangé, both condemned with especial severity because of their anarchism. The former was accused of throwing a bomb in a café, and, without proofs, condemned to life imprisonment, though there were a number of witnesses to testify that he could not have been on the scene of the explosion since he was elsewhere. According to the rules, having conducted himself well, he is now entitled to an amelioration of condition, instead of which the prison authorities have committed him to the worst of the prison hells, the director of the prison having declared to him that there are no rules for anarchists.

Grangé's sin was that he refused to be submitted to barrack life, and fired on the gendarmes who were sent to arrest him, but without hitting anybody. He has completed his twelve years' sentence to hard labor, but is still kept in New Caledonia, because he refuses to denounce his own action. Grave appeals to the League for the Rights of Man to remember these "forgotten ones."

Concerning the call for the Amsterdam Congress, Amédée Dunois criticises the title "Workers' International Communist and Libertarian Congress," saying, it is too long, that the words communist and libertarian should be omitted, and "anarchist" substituted therefor; also the word "Workers" is objected to on the ground that not only workers are interested in an anarchist congress, and, moreover, that it is a species of trespassing on the distinctly trade union movement which has itself outlined its own sphere of activity; that as the anarchists in the unions have fought against attaching the labor movement to the Social Democratic party they should likewise oppose any attempt to attach it to any other "ism." The opinion of the Belgian comrades, generally, is that the principal business of the Congress will be to organize a "libertarian international," and that any discussion of the principle of organization itself should not

be admitted. This is a little authoritarian, observes Dunois; and we agree with him.

As a sample of the intensity of the opposition which the anti-militarist movement in France has to contend with, we translate the following masterpiece of the commander of the First Battalion of the 156th Infantry at Toul: "It has come to the ears of the chief of the battalion that notwithstanding our orders of last December there are still some anti-militarists in this battalion. The anti-militarists are above all cowards who seek to hide their cowardice under the pretence of philosophic motives and sophistries. They are likewise criminals, parricides, who kill inch by inch the mother who brought them into the world, the fatherland to which they owe primarily their existence and secondly their liberty. They are traitors who would aid an invader. If not that they are cretins, idiots, simpletons, gulls, maniacs or mad dogs, whose stupidities and insanity demand the establishment of madhouses.

"The chief of the battalion reckons that there still exist a sufficient number of sane and energetic men in the battalion to demand duly how much these fomenters of disorder receive from foreign sources for the propaganda of their cowardly and slavish doctrines, and, in case of necessity, to bring them properly to their senses.

"At all events, the evil is now too far gone to be treated with contempt and indifference; as it is necessary to act energetically, the chief of the battalion urges the commanders of the companies to put all such individuals into prison."

There is a noble piece of composition for you!

The Colony at St. Germain is having its troubles. Having decided to hold a public meeting, they proceeded to special advertisement the day before by posting placards, distributing bills, etc., and on their way home singing anarchistic songs in the streets. For the latter they were arrested and brought before the Police Commissioner, who, after an angry debate of several hours, released them, but took his revenge by closing the hall. The comrades called for a protest meeting to be held at the colony itself, to which they urgently invited their Parisian co-workers to come *en masse*. This was to have

been on the third of February. We are not yet in possession of news as to the event of this protest.

SWITZERLAND.

The trial, sentence, and suspension of sentence of L. Bertoni is one of the illustrations that the ways of government are past finding out. Some months ago Bertoni, who is an active anarchist propagandist, speaker and writer, was arrested for having, in the words of the "Courrier Européen," "published an apology for the act of Brescia," sentenced to one month's imprisonment and following thereon to expulsion from the canton of Geneva. Owing probably to the vigorous protest on all sides—even certain lawyers joining therein—the Council of Geneva, probably wishing to retract and yet to save its face, has now decreed as follows:

"Considering it necessary to reprove in the most energetic manner the doctrines of Bertoni, the Council sustains the decree of the Department of Justice; but it considers on the other hand that, as this expulsion would result in depriving Bertoni of his means of livelihood, it suspends the act of expulsion, for three months," at the end of which Bertoni is to present himself before the Council for a fresh suspension, and so on every three months.

Judging by Bertoni's attitude towards the original decree he will not present himself; his answer then was a public announcement that he would answer calls to lecture every Sunday in the canton of Geneva.

The communist-anarchist federation of Roman-Switzerland has issued manifestos to the industrial workers and to the peasants, of which they will distribute 12,000 copies.

The canton of Valais, said to be one of the most reactionary in Switzerland, has now a libertarian group whose avowed object is to propagate among the workers the idea of the General Strike for Expropriation. There are only a handful of workers, but this handful is significant.

GERMANY.

Concerning the arrest and detention of twelve comrades in Bremerhaven for nine weeks and a day, and their subsequent release, without explanation or guaran-

tee of future liberty whatever, we now learn that the prosecution has been resumed. According to a letter from one of the twelve, he was informed by his former employer upon his release that the police had visited him (the employer) and said that "a letter from Bremerhaven, written in blue pencil, had come to the Kaiser's Civil Cabinet, demanding the dismissal of certain officials within four days, and that of the "Land-Council" within a few weeks; if not, 3,000 bombs were ready and the Kaiser would get the first one." The employer, being a reasonable man, of course laughed. However, this evidently police-manufactured letter is the basis of the accusation of conspiracy.

Paul Eckhardt, one of the earnest workers of the movement, and still a young man, died in Berlin the 17th of January. As usual the police made themselves obnoxious at his funeral.

Three Hollandish comrades were arrested in Berlin for circulating subscription lists for the recently liberated Koschemann; after a detention of eighteen hours they were duly photographed and compelled to sign an agreement to leave the city within eight days.

The "Free Union of Builders" of Magdeburg at a recent meeting decided to take no part in elections, but to devote themselves to the propaganda of the General Strike and anti-parliamentarism.

BELGIUM.

"The Emancipator" has been compelled to suspend; for the immediate future the little colony which has hitherto published it will issue a small monthly concerning the growth and needs of the colony.

Henri Fuss-Amoré proposes that a communal effort be made to reduce expenses of sojourners at the congress.

HOLLAND.

The monthly journal "Levensrecht" (Rights of Life) has been enlarged and greatly improved in appearance. This is its third year.

ITALY.

The National Federation of Young Socialists has decided upon an active and concentrated anti-militarist program.

DISPOSSESSED

By SADAKICHI HARTMANN.

THE weather was such as would even discomfort a stoic philosopher. It was raw and chilly, and a fine drizzling rain descended persistently, covering everything—houses and pavement—with a film of moisture. One involuntarily buttoned up one's overcoat, thrust one's hands deeper into the pockets, and hustled on, scarcely noticing the miserable little heap of furniture—if it deserved that name—which the sheriff without much ceremony had dumped upon the sidewalk. It had not even excited the curiosity of the neighbors. It looked too dismal and forlorn.

The background was formed by a dirty ramshackle house with dangling shutters and paint peeling off its walls. The black fire escapes looked ghastly in their emptiness, as in this part of the city people had not even the necessary amount of truck and rags to ornament them, as in more prosperous districts. At the entrance—oh, irony of fate—hung a sign, "Cozy three-room flats to let." It would have taken a peculiar genius to paint an interesting picture of this hopeless scene. It would have demanded that love of detail, so rare in art, which can invest the most insignificant object with some delicate pictorial charm, and under an old battered door, a dust covered window, or a broken staircase in such a way as to express a sentiment.

The most conspicuous object among this pile of rubbish was an old black horsehair sofa, full of rents and gashes showing the rusty springs. A kitchen table that could hardly support itself on the three legs that were left of its former splendor, leaned wearily against it. On the back of the sofa hung a mattress in such a way that it was sure to fall into the gutter. What luxury to have still a mattress, surely a great cause to be grateful, for it is said that there are people who do not even enjoy this privilege. And then there was a stove, rusty and discolored, as if it had never warmed a room nor served to cook a meal. Most likely it had been regarded by its owner merely as an ornament, in whose solemn presence

human lives were slowly starving and freezing to death. A few broken dishes, a box, a tea kettle without lid and spout and a pail battered out of all resemblance of form finished this dreary ensemble. And in the midst of all these treasures, on a chair without back, sat an old woman, all doubled up, her arms hanging down limp, with a grey shawl over her disheveled hair that brushed her knees, and jabbered to herself.

Alas, there was no member of the pictorial brotherhood on hand to immortalize this scene (it probably strikes too near home, they prefer to paint fluffy females wrapped up in cheesecloth and to forget all about evictions). Only a few little brats were about, and they with malicious instincts truly human, pelted the furniture with mud, but some, as the old woman took no heed of them, got more interested in tying a tin can to the tail of a half starved cat, and in chasing the frightened animal down the street.

On the lap of the old woman lay a big book, greasy and dilapidated, a few faded leaves out of which had fallen to the ground. Had she perhaps been once in the country, in the open fields, under a blue sky, where flowers grew and birds sang! That must have been long ago.

Here everything was low-toned, dull and drab. The slippery pavement showed vague blotchy reflections, and the rain drops glistened weirdly in the strands of her grey hair. Her shawl had absorbed so much moisture that it could be wrung out, she was soaked to the skin, but she was unmindful of her surroundings. The present had become a blank to her, her mind had begun to wander and lost itself in some recesses of her early youth, and she hummed, hardly audible, a quaint melody: Time'i tum ta, tum time'i pa ta.

Now and then a pedestrian passed by. They threw a furtive glance of pity at her, but did not stop. The weather was really too disagreeable. At last some kind person placed the pail upside down near her chair, and contributed a few pennies in a saucer to start a collection. The rain beat a tattoo on dish and pail, and mingled with the low hum of the old woman. At long intervals a coin slipped down like a mighty crescendo in

this endless, monotonous melody of misery. What a panegyric to civilization, what a song of praise to society and its charity organizations. Everywhere, in the fashionable thoroughfares, mansions hardly occupied for more than two months a year, and here, an old wench, cowering in an armless chair, shelterless in the rain on the sidewalk. Where are the historians that take notice of these daily occurrences?

There is much talk about the reform of land tenure. One learned authority favors communal ownership of land. The land should be apportioned to the producers. Another bearded writer on social economics believes in free trade in land, in a system that doles out land among the many that use it well, and a kind, benevolent reverend considers the land question a question of applied ethics. And they write sagaciously and talk enthusiastically, and in the meanwhile they all recognize the imperious law: Render to the landlord, what is the landlord's, time'i tum ta, tum time'i pa ta.

It grew darker, and with the twilight came a rain-storm, one of those generous gifts of circumstance, and the cold rain came down in torrents, swept away the faded leaves, pattered in wild discords on the pavement and gurgled in muddy streams down the gutters. With a strange twist the mattress slipped from the back of the sofa and spread itself on the ground to get the full benefit of the downpour. The table reeled from side to side, and finally tired of existence, collapsed upon the sofa. Only the little grey heap of humanity, which was once a woman, still remained in the same position and hummed the melody—which she will hum as long as she graces the earth with her futile presence: Time'i tum ta, tum time'i pa ta.

To-morrow, at dawn, the bureau of encumbrances will come and cart these gruesome things away. And their former owner will be escorted by uniformed men to some home or asylum with a beautiful vista on a pauper's grave on some windswept little island far out in the sound. Who cares!

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In the face of every evidence to the contrary, mankind has gradually grown to believe in external control rather than internal balance, as a means of keeping each other straight.—Sercombe Himself.

There was a man once, a satirist. In time, his friends slew him and he died, and when they were all gathered about his open coffin, one of them said, "Why, he treated the whole world like a football, and he kicked it." The corpse opened one eye—"Yes! I kicked it, but always toward the goal," he said.—Martin Martens.

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Vol II

APRIL, 1907

No. 2

TO TRADE

By SIDNEY LANIER.

"O Trade! O Trade! would thou were dead!
The time needs heart—'tis tired of head.

* * * * *

Yea, what avail the endless tale
Of gain by cunning and plus by sale?
*Look up the land, look down the land,
The poor, the poor, the poor, they stand
Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand
Against an inward opening door;
That pressure tightens evermore;*
They sigh a monstrous, foul-air sigh
For the outside leagues of liberty,
Where Art, sweet lark, translate the sky
Into a heavenly melody."



OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

The expressions of sympathy in certain quarters in favor of Free Russia are occasionally rather surprising. Professional politicians, Wall Street gamblers, reverends, penny-a-liners and other pillars of the capitalistic system grace with their presence protest meetings and become enthusiastic over liberty—for Russia. All of them, of course, agree that in this blessed land of ours we are enjoying the very perfection of freedom; indeed, some of the speakers at those meetings assure us that the sole object of the present Russian revolution is to bring about the very conditions for which this country is “so justly famed”: liberty of press and speech, and the equal rights of all.

Indeed, Columbia may boast of her freedom! The five-fold judicial murder at Chicago, in 1887; the present conspiracy to hang the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners; the common occurrence of shooting down starving strikers; the police suppression of meetings all over the country; the all-powerful press censorship at Washington; Comstock outrages and the imprisonment of publishers and editors of radical magazines—not to speak of our abject economic slavery—are these not the best proofs of our vaunted freedom!

A characteristic friend of freedom—for Russia—is Mr. S. L. Clemens, whose business it is to supply the nation with humor. We had the opportunity of observing Mr. Clemens at a recent meeting at Carnegie Hall, where the speakers of the evening very forcibly condemned the brutal régime of the Tsar. It was gratifying to see the venerable white head of our humorist nod approval as the speakers characterised the Tsar as an inhuman beast, unfit to live in the twentieth century. A few days later, however, Mr. Clemens participated in the banquet given by the New York Russian Consul in honor of a certain Spiridonovitch—that infamous Panslavist and Jew baiter, sent to America by the Tsar's government to create public sentiment in favor of his autocratic master. Mr. Clemens, the friend of Russian Freedom, and Spiridonovitch, the red-handed arch reactionary, drinking the

health of the Russian Nero—did Mark Twain ever before perpetrate such a capital joke?

One who can write such beautifully anarchistic characterizations of all politics, as Mark Twain did, and then go on the stump for a mayoralty candidate, must be a humorist indeed. We admire such versatility, and we are moved by deepest emotion when we behold a man with a heart spacious enough to take in even the rather respectable proportions of Grover. Familiar as we were with the man's admirable versatility, we were surprised, however, to see our Mark fraternize with the Russian revolutionists and then drink the health of the blood-stained Tsar.

"For ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain,
American humor is peculiar."

* * *

The trial of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone has again been postponed. The governmental conspirators are mistaken, however, if they hope thus to lull to sleep the interest of the laboring masses. The latter are aroused; they will not be quieted by the empty assurances of political lackeys, mine owners and corrupt labor leaders.

Those familiar with the case and who remember the tactics followed in the prosecution of Adams—the prologue of this tragedy—realize the terrible significance of the appropriations made by the Idaho Legislature and mine owners for the benefit of the prosecution. The intention, all too apparent, is to hang the defendants: the coal barons do not wish to be disturbed any more in their methods of exploitation; they will not shrink back from murder to attain their ends.

We hope that the laboring masses of this country will not suffer themselves to be misled by "the wise counsel of trusted leaders"—if they would prevent a repetition of the judicial murders of 1887.

It is not sufficient to raise defense funds and attend protest meetings. There is but *one* way to secure justice for Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone—the General Strike. The file and rank of organized labor must take the initiative; let "the leaders" follow. May the success of this weapon in gaining repeated victories for our European brothers prove a salutary lesson for America.

Progerichat!

Having swallowed the Beef Trust and sent up the Blue the Oil Trust, and after having saved the country from half a dozen other monsters, the White House Don Quixote tightened his armor and was ready to wreck the Railroad Trust.

In vain did his faithful Sancho Panza—Cortelyou—warn and lament; the brave Don Ruzvelt was not to be trifled with. "I must liberate the peepul!" he cried, while the dear peepul awaited the great deed with bathed breath.

But alas! Don Ruzvelt found his windmill. It was a beautiful sunny morning when Sir Pierpont appeared before the Don. What happened history doth not tell. But the Don threw away his lance, and the dear peepul are still awaiting the liberating deed.

* * *

One year ago the radical movement lost a pioneer of freedom—John Most.

His life in America was a tragedy, a continuous battle with the stupidity of the "free" citizens and the brutality of the authorities. Here his path was strewn with far greater obstacles than in Europe. Persecuted though he was in the Old World, he yet found there a far more congenial atmosphere than in this free country: the revolutionary spirit has won recognition in Europe; here it is still to be conquered. There, the soldier of Revolution is looked upon as the representative of a new philosophy of life; though persecuted, he is never treated as a thief or highwayman, as is the case in free America. It is characteristic of the alleged progress of the two most "civilized" countries that Comrade Most suffered the greatest persecution in England and America; in the prisons of the latter he first learned that "there are no political prisoners in a free country"; and he was treated accordingly.

America is the best proof that social tyranny and economic despotism are safest under the mask of political phrases. Never before in all history has a nation been so successfully oppressed and exploited in the very name of liberty, in the name of its own fictitious sovereignty.

How make the blind see? That is the difficult problem that propagandists must face, as did John Most. The

attempt to solve it constitutes the great tragedy in the life of the active revolutionist.

Comrade Most drained the bitter cup to its dregs. Neither persecution nor misunderstanding, however, could break his spirit. He died, as he had lived, carrying the torch of Freedom.

* * *

The thousand flickering torches but dimly lighted the broad Parisian boulevard. Great was the indignation over the unexpected strike of the electrical workers: fashionable Paris longed for the opera; but the temple of art was darkened and in the dim candle-light the cashiers could be seen counting the money to be returned for already purchased tickets. Finding the theatres also deserted, "society" hastened to the fashionable cafés and restaurants. Alas! The usually so gay and brilliant resorts were enveloped in darkness and gloom. Disappointed and desperate, they order their chauffeurs to drive to their clubs. But, oh horrors! Not a single electric light there to gladden their hearts!

Naturally, they raged and fumed. They could not enjoy unilluminated life. Vanity fair needs light, light, light. Living in the seeming, not in the being, they need electric splendors. How dared the proletarians deprive the elect of the brightness of their salons! Have not they—the international *flâneurs* of the Parisian boulevards—been generous to the rabble? Are they not liberal contributors to philanthropic enterprises? Are they not capable of shedding copious tears at witnessing misery—on the stage? Are they not liberal in giving their old clothes to their chambermaids? Is it not heartless, brutal and selfish to deprive them so suddenly of their accustomed pleasures?

Elegant Paris fumed and the parasites of all lands sympathized with them. What! Has the rabble grown so bold as to become more indispensable than machines? Do they dare to play a rôle in the life of the élite?

The anger of the chosen is quite explicable. Today Paris, to-morrow Newport; yesterday the opera, and then the race-track. And all of a sudden the realization is forced upon them that their very life is dependent on the silent consent of the millions. They lounge about in brilliant

salons, made beautiful and light by the work of others; they are dressed in silks woven by strangers' hands; they dine luxuriously on viands furnished by unknown producers. "Money is the minted will of others," said Dostoyevsky, and the proletariat had been guaranteed to have neither.

Had been! In the suddenly darkened salons the rich idlers beheld, perhaps for the first time, the terrible emptiness of their lives, the parasitism of their existence. Perchance the darkness enlightened them.

* * *

Dull is his life; drudgery his fate; a mere beast of burden, with the sentence of Tantalus. Exploited and oppressed, he vainly seeks relief—begging, imploring, praying. His anger, bitterness and hate are growing, accumulating; then, one day the storm breaks forth—and the world is astounded!

Driven to the very verge of starvation, the hungry giant grows desperate. His cry is heard; it vibrates in the craven hearts of his terror-stricken tyrants. The elemental storm grows and sweeps through the breadth of the land, tearing away all the dams of our rotten civilization.

The "statesmen" are struck with wonder: they have heard nothing from the peasant during their long "activity" in Parliament; more important affairs were absorbing their attention; the question as to whether the clique of Sturdza or of Ionescu, or of some other political hero, should have charge of the national flesh pots was of paramount importance. Neither they, these wise pilots, nor their imported King, nor his noble consort, the great "poet" Carmen Silva, who sings so beautifully of the "idyllic" life of the Roumanian peasant, had ever given ear to the cries from the depths.

Suddenly comes the awakening. Hurriedly promises are made, obnoxious laws repealed—alas, too late! The peasants will not listen any more, nor—trust. The red cock is let loose; for once the creators destroy.

Taught by the priests to regard the Jews as the source of their misery, the peasants begin the attack on them; quickly, however, they realize their mistake, and their fury is directed towards their real enemies.

"The Anarchists are at work, inciting the people," is the cry of the exploiters. Poor simpletons! The psychology of a popular uprising is to them a book with seven seals.

* * *

Our latest information is to the effect that our old friend, Constantin P. Pobiedonostsev, has happily joined in Hades the large family of the Romanoffs, Plehwes and Trepoffs. The latter were all very much surprised at Constantin's late arrival. He explained, however, that the revolutionists could not be induced to waste their ammunition.

ON THE ROAD

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

THE road, the open road! What grand inspiration it gave the "gray poet," what wonderful vistas it disclosed to him, of space, color, beauty, opportunity, wisdom. "The secret of the making of the best person, the room for a great personal deed, the test of wisdom, the strength that will overwhelm all law and mock all authority." All that, and more, the open road meant to the great American poet, and to all those who, like Whitman, could walk along the open road, strong-limbed, careless, child-like, full of the joy of life, carrying the message of liberty, the gladness of human comradeship.

But what of society's outcasts, the tramps, the homeless, shelterless, worn and weary? Does the road mean to them what it meant to the great Walt? Does it not rather mean to them a desert, cold, dreary, aimless? Hated and feared; everywhere hounded; hungry, wretched, with bleeding feet; walking, walking, walking—can the road inspire them to great deeds and liberating thoughts?!

And the workingman, tramping from town to town in search of a master, can he rejoice in the beauties of the open road? The cries of his starving little ones make him deaf to the music of the birds and the sweet symphony of rustling leaves; not for him the enchanting

beauty of a spring day's birth, nor the color symphony of the setting sun. For him, relief is but within the gloomy walls of factory or mill, and the sweetest music in the whirring wheels.

Or to the immigrant, forced to leave his native soil, the cradle of his youthful dreams, plans and aspirations; in a strange land, dragged along with wife and child—what does the open road mean to him but fear and dread and anxiety.

The English tourist, tall, lean and arrogant; the German with his typical green clothes and cap, and his Gretchen, fat, heavy and dull, the very embodiment of the monarchical three K's—Kirche, Kaiser, Kinder—what do they see in the road? Herded in an excursion party, intent upon the guide who, trumpet and watch in hand, shouts the names of historical places and events—ah, one has but to see them along the country roads, or in New York, Paris and London—worn, dusty, perspiring—the very incarnation of stupidity and boredom. What means the road to them?

And the carrier of a new message, the pioneer of the new thought, the singer of liberty, what does the road mean to him or her? Contumely, slander, hatred, lack of understanding, disappointments, persecution, imprisonment.

These and other thoughts filled my mind as the train rushed along in the darkness of the night.

* * *

Cleveland. The same dark, gloomy, filthy Union Depot, the same terrible contrast between the rich and the poor, as in the days prior to the Single-Tax Mayor's régime. Euclid Avenue with its magnificent mansions and spacious lawns, and the squalid dens where the poor are herded—all just as before.

Our Cleveland groups of young boys have done their utmost within the last few years to spread the ideas of Anarchism. Now they have built up a nice little library of Russian, German, Jewish and English literature. The bright, inviting spot serves as the headquarters for the thinking, groping working people of the neighborhood.

The boys spared no efforts to make the meetings successful; as a result I had large, appreciative audiences.

The most pleasant and interesting surprise in Cleveland proved my host and hostess, a young couple recently transplanted from the revolutionary soil of Russia to a miserable, squalid American cottage. Both fanatical opponents of Anarchism; yet generous, attentive and hospitable to an Anarchist. It is well for humanity that the mainsprings of life are not called into play by mere theories; else my hosts would have erected for me a social-democratic scaffold, as they seriously admitted would be the case when Socialism becomes triumphant: "Anarchistic disturbers of public welfare will have to be strung up."

* * *

Columbus. The capital of Ohio, the seat of the law's lawlessness. The State House, where the strait-jackets for human thought and activity are forged, is indeed an imposing structure. Some day, after it has been cleared of the last vestige of stupidity and crime, the Capitol will serve as a music and lecture hall. At present it harbors too many public thieves to be of any use.

The Johnstown flood or the San Francisco disaster could not have caused greater consternation among the official pillars of society than my arrival here. Orders were issued to every hallkeeper to keep out "the evil spirit." The police and saloon keepers are very closely related; orders were obeyed and the doors closed to us. Having accepted our rent-deposit, the hallkeepers were legally bound to permit the use of their halls; contracts and good faith, however, are of little consequence to "the law-abiding" when free speech is to be strangled.

It is quite astonishing to see intelligent people still cling to the myth of the existence of free speech; experience should have taught them ere this that we have just as much freedom as the club of the average policeman and our own great respect for the latter's authority will permit. Some well-meaning citizens of Columbus called on the Mayor and Chief of Police, naively demanding redress. Alas! These worthies did not even possess the courage of the ordinary thief or burglar. Both assured the citizens that they had nothing whatever to do with stopping my meetings, while their sub-

ordinates went about spreading terror among the hall-keepers.

Police, laws and lawmakers are very costly articles; no wonder that the working people of Columbus have such a starved appearance. I have met men here who work for 5—6 dollars per week—about as much as the Chief spends for his cigars. They are supposed to “live,” and support their families on six dollars a week. Yet cleanliness is rather expensive, you know. Where is one to get the means, or even the ambition, to keep clean on six dollars a week?

Rare plants sometimes grow in the poorest soil. Dr. C. S. Carr, of Columbus, is certainly such a plant. He is a spiritualist, I am told. But whether spirits exist or not, the doctor seemed to me a spirit from another world when he called to invite me to his home. Though worn out by persistent reporters and other callers, I could not resist the temptation of that sweet personality, that rose-cheeked youth with the snowy white hair. Sitting in his large, beautiful study, I could readily understand Dr. Carr's philosophy of simplicity.

“Why should people not try to beautify even the least they have? Why should they want that which they do not have?”

“Why not, dear Doctor?! Why should man not aspire to greater heights than those in which unjust and cruel institutions have placed him? The theory of contentment, of a simple life of beauty may be all right for those who have comfort, beauty and sunshine. But how about the people doomed to live on five dollars a week? Cleanliness and beauty are too costly for them. The parks, the libraries? Ah, my dear Doctor, the ragpickers of Columbus find no time to breathe the fresh air in the parks, nor to read books in the libraries. And if they really could enjoy the parks and libraries, could they return contentedly to their squalid, miserable hovels?”

I was glad to be the Doctor's guest; it gave me an opportunity to set the ladies of the house right on “that man Gorki,” who, as the outraged mock modesty of the Puritans would have it, forsook his wife and is now living with a Russian Evelyn Nesbit. Such was the opinion of the ladies about that pure, noble woman, Mme. Andreieva. If such views are entertained in a

liberal home about the most beautiful and sacred relation—made sacred by the power of love and not by the ridiculous mumbling of a priest—what can we expect from the average, unthinking person?

I assured the ladies that there can be no comparison between Mme. Andreieva and Evelyn Nesbit Thaw. Not that I condemn the latter: she is the product of a perverted system of morality; the victim of a stupid institution, called education; the dupe of a vicious thing, called religion; the two having degraded woman to a sex commodity. Mme. Andreieva, however, is of a different type. I do not know her personally; but I know that she is one of that great host of Russia's daughters who have freed themselves from the fetters of conventionality and have declared their right to choose the man they love in perfect freedom; to be his companion, his comrade, at home as on the barricades.

Would, to goodness, that America's daughters should follow the example of their Russian sisters! Then, and not till then, will Columbia stand erect and the voice of Liberty be heard even in Columbus, Ohio.

* * *

Toldeo. Happy Golden Rule Jones! It is well that you cannot know that your successor is a gentleman who claims to be a Tolstoyan, a philosophic Anarchist, a friend of Labor—everything, except a lover of free speech.

About to negotiate the strike of the automobile workers of Toledo, this good man was easily frightened by the newspapers: he could not afford to have the terrible doctrine of Communist Anarchism interfere with his negotiations. Poor, poor Labor! I fear me much it has become weak-kneed and bloodless from the sentimental love of its "friends." 'Tis time you'd send those pseudo-friends about their business; walk out in the open, out of the political traps, out of the mayors' offices, out of the halls of legislatures and Congress! Out into the daylight, into the broad, open road of an independent, strong economic self-reliance!

Thanks to the efforts of a few truly big spirits, a meeting was held in Toledo Tuesday, March 12th; the local press conveniently ignored the matter, while the

suppression of the meeting on the preceding day was heralded all over the country.

It was an unusually interesting gathering, that at Zenoba Hall. Workingmen, doctors, lawyers; earnest men and women in all walks of life came to the lecture and I was glad of the opportunity to explain to them the true meaning and object of Anarchism.

The most interesting feature of my Toledo visit, however, was the gathering of a few truly free spirits, exceptionally bright and noble souls, with the fire of their revolutionary forbears still buoyantly coursing in their veins. It was my good fortune to meet Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, one of America's grandest mothers; a mother not merely because of some physiological process, but rather in that wider sense of broad understanding, of comradeship, of oneness with all that which strives for recognition. And Mrs. Pyle, the daughter of Mrs. Sherwood, and Dr. John Pyle, with their enlightened, broad sense of human fellowship, made my hours passed in that true home of liberty an evergreen memory. Dr. J. Pyle, I understand, was once the Socialistic candidate for Congress. He failed to get elected. Fortunate man! He, man of simplicity and affection, with his large vision of human liberty, would have soon withered in the poisonous atmosphere of politics. And Mrs. Laurie Pyle, my sweet hostess, the true comrade and companion, the Anarchist of the soul, that sheds so much love and beauty over that wonderful home on Ashland Avenue.

The road of the pioneer is sown with misunderstanding, obloquy and hatred, yet so long as there are such homes, so long as such spirits live and work—and no doubt there are others, if one were but fortunate enough to find them—there is satisfaction and joy in the labor of Liberty and Love.

"Allons! After the great companions, and to belong to them!

They, too, are on the road—they are the swift and majestic men—they are the greatest women!"

* * *

Toronto. Queen Victoria stores and Prince of Wales saloons notwithstanding, Toronto could teach our "Republic" salutary lessons in freedom. I addressed here

three meetings, and not a policeman in sight! In Toronto they seem to employ the police at dangerous street crossings, for the protection of children and cripples, while our "finest" are protecting the gambling resorts in Wall Street and suppressing free speech. I suggest that we raise a fund to send our free democratic police to school in Toronto.

* * *

Detroit, you have proven a traitor to the memory of that sweetest lark of liberty—Robert Reitzel—whose influence permeated the entire life of the city. Meetings stopped by the brutal arm of the law.

Where are ye, men and women, that have once worshiped at the shrine of "Der Arme Teufel"? Ye, that have celebrated feasts of song, flowers and wine in the sanctum of the great, inimitable Reitzel? All ye who were lifted out of the mire of money-making and have wandered under the palms with that arch-rebel against all sham, law and hypocrisy; where are ye? The spirit of Reitzel is gone; else Detroit would never submit to the brutal rule of Captain Baker.

Robert Reitzel, arise and sweep the city with your cleansing storms; let us hear again the reverberating thunder of your voice, your protests and your condemnation of all cowardice and slavery.

(*To be continued.*)

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ANENT MY LECTURE TOUR

By the time this issue reaches our subscribers, I shall be in:

Winnipeg, from April 10th to 16th.

Denver, from April 17th to 21st.

Salt Lake City, from April 22d to 23d.

Sacramento, from April 25th to 30th.

On the 30th of April I expect to be in San Francisco.
Address: 880 Oak Street.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

COLLEGE EDUCATION

BY VICTOR ROBINSON.

MANKIND is bewitched with phrases. Take the phrase "law and order"; we are so used to this expression that we say it as naturally as we say "bread and butter." So, if you are dissatisfied with the government under which you live, or refuse to vote to maintain legalized graft, or are desirous of more freedom, or claim the peculiar privilege of publishing certain books not recommended by Anthony Comstock, or if you go still further and say you believe the human race would develop quicker and better were it not governed—in other words, just as soon as you admit you have no faith in law, you are at once branded as an enemy of order, a disturber of the peace, a rioter, a dangerous person. The mere fact that you can point out that often there is law and no order, and, on the other hand, order without law, is of no consequence. The Gibraltar-like phrase scorns all attacks. You may even quote, but without any apparent effect, America's most famous essayist, Emerson. Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "I am glad to see that the terror at disunion and anarchy is disappearing. Massachusetts, in its heroic days, had no government, was an anarchy. Every man stood on his own feet, was his own governor, and there was no breach of peace from Cape Cod to Mount Hoosac."

Another one of the cheerful phrases is "religion and morality," and pious people will tell you that to attack religion is but one step removed from attacking morality, and if you have no religion you can have no morals, and if it wasn't for the Bible, no one would know what morality is, anyhow. The fact that you can point to the disgraceful lives of the beastly popes, quote Scripture that would make a horse blush, and tell them that George Francis Train was imprisoned on the charge of circulating obscene literature, when he published certain passages from the Bible, seems to have no effect.

And still another expression, around which the ivy of superstition has clustered, is "college education." When you hear parents say, "I intend to give my boy an education," you know they really mean, "I intend to send my

son to college"—but don't try to explain that these are two entirely different things; your efforts will be wasted, and when the dear son graduates, he will be fondled by his parents, who will say, "Bless you, my boy, you're educated"—a proposition which he will admit. The fact that you can show that a majority of the big men of the world never went to college, or if they did go, stood at the bottom of the class; the fact that you can point out that neither our greatest modern statesman, Lincoln, nor our greatest poet, Walt Whitman, nor our greatest orator, Ingersoll, nor our greatest inventor, Edison, were college-bred men, goes for naught. We are bewitched with phrases.

Of course, I believe every one who can afford it should receive what is called a college education. The value gained is perhaps worth the four years in time, and the one thousand dollars in money. But I also believe, and believe strongly, that the university is not all it should be; yet on that point we cannot find sufficient ground to attack it—but the fact that it is not all it could be gives us a loophole through which to thrust our lance.

Whenever anything is wrong with an organization or an individual, we are apt to attribute the disease to different causes, and "who shall decide when doctors disagree, and soundest casuists differ, like you and me?" But there is a truth which cannot seriously be denied—that one of the main reasons why the college course is not satisfactory is because it is controlled from top to bottom, from foundation to flag-pole, by its patrons, its rich donors, by men who give millions, so they can control the colleges, and see that no objectionable doctrines are taught there. The influence of these men can distinctly be traced in the kind of presidents and professors our colleges have. Take Francis L. Patton, of Princeton, who recently declared that Herbert Spencer was one of the "world's grandest failures," and wound up his sermon by telling the pupils to "give their hearts to Jesus." To tell you that Spencer was one of the greatest intellects that ever existed, is assuming that the Synthetic Philosophy is to you a blank. If it is true, and I believe it is, that every great institution must have a big man behind it, what do you expect of Patton's Princeton Pootlynauch?

Another of this sort is Henry Mitchell McCracken, the chancellor of the New York University; he would like to have a law passed which would exclude from the colleges all students who could not furnish a Sunday-school certificate vouching for their moral character. You see, this proves the point I made before—the Sunday-school boy is the moral boy, and if you don't go to Sunday-school you can't get the certificate, and so you're not moral. In the superb chapel of the N. Y. U., printed in letters of gold, is this dictum: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Here is a maxim which would be improved vastly, were it changed slightly, to read: "The fear of the Lord is the end of wisdom." And let me tell you, the fear of anything is the end of wisdom. Are you afraid of your instructor? You won't learn. Do you expect the brain to grow, to expand, to blossom, when it is dominated by fear? Fear is a paralyzer. I have been going to schools and academies and colleges as long as I can remember, and I say that that tutor who expects to acquire dignity by browbeating his pupils, who seeks to arouse awe and gain respect by putting on a stern demeanor, who thinks it becomes him to be aloof and unsympathetic, who has a loud mouth and a blustering stride, who thinks he adds to his greatness by treating his scholars rudely, who thus creates an atmosphere of uneasiness and uncertainty—that man, I say, is not worthy of the name of teacher; he should be driven from his position, placed in a kindergarten and taught to repeat over and over again, that only in moments of healthful expectancy and pleasurable animation can we absorb obtruse theories, solve knotty problems and track reason to its lair.

The colleges teach many good and useful subjects—political economy, for instance; but what kind of political economy? There used to be a professor in college who was a Socialist; it was found out that there was a professor in college who was a Socialist, and then there wasn't a professor in college who was a Socialist. In recent years, however, I believe this rule has not been so strictly enforced. Socialism is becoming fashionable—that's why I dropped it. Especially in Germany, those professors who believe in Socialism, but are opposed

to putting it into practice, are allowed to retain their chairs.

The colleges teach science. Good! That's the very best thing they could teach; but it is taught in a sneaky, roundabout way. A student may take a scientific course, learn geology, study the testimony of the rocks, and read the history of the world back for millions of ages, which destroys the Biblical account of the creation of the earth, 4,004 B. C.; he may learn astronomy, and, scanning the heavens, see circling 'round the sun countless worlds, compared to which this earth is but an atom—one would think that the student could no longer credit the Biblical story that God took nearly six days to create this grain upon which we live, and only a part of an afternoon to make the rest of the mighty universe. He may even study the doctrine of evolution, and beginning at the simplest cell, at the lowest form of life, trace the progress of that cell, step by step, prove every conclusion, until he arrives at the highest organism, at the most complex development—man; and this, of course, destroys absolutely the idea of the special creation of Adam and Eve, of the fowls of the air, of the beasts of the field, of the fishes of the sea. Yet, incredible as it may seem, in such a way has all this been taught, and in such a manner has it been drilled, that this same student may still claim that the Mosaic, the Miltonic, the Biblical account of creation does not conflict at all with science, and in some cases he may even descend to the absurd depths of Gladstone, who in his "argument" with Ingersoll actually declared that Moses and Darwin agree.

I will give an instance or two of this roundabout way of teaching. Sir John Lubbock, best known by his worst book, "The Pleasures of Life," says that we should study science, even if it does sometimes destroy an ancient or poetic myth. Then very cautiously he relates an old Hindoo legend which science does away with. He passes quickly on, extremely careful to say nothing of the Christian or Jewish myths which science demolishes. Now, Lubbock is a scientist—he knows "there is not a dogma of Christianity, not a foundation on which that dogma rests" which is not swept away, which is not proved false, by the testimony of the fossils, by the glittering pagan—

named stars, by the facts of evolution, by the origin of species, by biology and philology; but to say so would offend popular opinion, and Lubbock rests content within his shell.

Beginning with the lower grades, we learn history, which is a record of people and events. Well, in this country there was once a man who was the first abolitionist, the first to declare in favor of negro freedom; he was the first man to write an article against cruelty to animals; he was the first to advocate woman's rights; he was the first man to advise us to separate from England and become a free and independent nation; he it was who first wrote the phrase, "The United States of America"; when the colonial troops at Valley Forge were in despair, it was his wonderful pamphlet, beginning with the ringing words, "These are the times that try men's souls," that stirred those soldiers to fever-heat and victory at Trenton; he was the first man to suggest the Declaration of Independence; he was the first to suggest the Constitution under which we live; and yet, you may go to school from the first class to the last, from the lowest grade to the highest, and never once come across that man's name. You may look through the indexes of a hundred text-books on history and never once read that beacon-light—Thomas Paine.

Yet, as I said before, those who can go to college, should; and when the two baleful influences, the rich patron and the theological element, are eliminated, then, indeed, will the value of a college education be great. Even now, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, a stubborn fact, which neither patrons nor professors can beat down, raises its head once in a while. Imperfect, unsatisfactory, and often one-sided as are our institutions of learning, yet upon every school-house I read the story, "I am the enemy of superstition." Yes, go to college. But do a little thinking, a little studying on your own account. It won't hurt the college—it won't hurt you.



LESSONS OF THE THAW CASE

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

I WAS asked to write on this subject, or I would not have done it. I am so tired of the Thaw case that I no longer read about it in the daily papers. You may say this is due to the fact that there are no salacious details being published. You would be wrong if you said so. At no time have I read the salacious details. The journal I read prides itself on deciding for me what I shall read, and employs an editor to expurgate the accounts which lewd and ribald reporters give of the events of life. It was too late to obtain copies of the unexpurgated journals when I discovered what the purity of my editor had deprived me of. Not that it would have done me any injury if I had read the shocking things which the exigencies of the Thaw case had revealed, for I had heard of such things before, and, besides, like our president, I am so constituted that I can read such matters and remain pure. In this the President and I and a few reporters and editors and scientific persons are alike. It is you—everybody but ourselves—that we are concerned about. I do not know why it is that I and the President and the very few others are immune from impurity in print, while you—the common people—are in danger from it; but so it is.

Come to think that is one lesson of the Thaw case. I am very glad to have thought of it.

If I were asked on my honor, however, what the chief lesson of the case was, I would say, the majesty and the dignity of the law. I have been very much interested in this phase of the affair. I might have said that I derived my lesson from the vindication of the majesty and dignity of the law, but I refrained from doing so because, although a sonorous phrase and one much used, it was not what I meant to say. I hold by my statement on the ground that the law will not be vindicated in this case, whatever happens. Here is something which I think is out of a hymn, but I will not say so with positiveness. The point is that it is suggestive. This is it: "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

In so far God and the law may be said to be alike. Turning aside from the Thaw case for a moment I would ask your attention to the operation of the law in two other cases: A young man in the upper part of New York State became enamored of the legal wife of another man and wished to obtain money with which to pay the expense of entertaining her in illicit separation from her husband. No better way suggesting itself to him, he decided to wreck a Pullman train so that he might obtain from the persons of the men and women thereby killed the funds requisite for his purpose. Happily for the men and women who were to have served him in this involuntary way, he failed to accomplish the deed. He was found guilty and sentenced to six years and six months. Another man, with less imagination, and perhaps reprehensible for that reason, burglarized the house of the president of a Democratic club. He received nine years and six months for his sentence.

Of course there are comments to be made on these two cases, but I am not engaged to insult your intelligence. I would have kept the salacious details out of the newspapers—after reading them carefully myself—but that would have been to protect your purity—the purity of men in particular. In this I realize that I am different from many clergymen throughout the country, who made a mighty protest against the suppression of the details in question. But I would not insult your intelligence.

Returning to the Thaw case, chastened it may be by the thought of the two cases already cited, let us consider the circumstances and find, if we can, wherein lie the majesty and the dignity of the law. By the law which is written, the woman, Evelyn, belonged to the man, Harry. By the law which is said to be unwritten, the man, Harry, was bound to kill the man who had done harm to his property. It is true that by the law which is written as well as by that which is said to be unwritten, the harm to the said man, Harry, his property, was made good and as if it had never happened—to wit, the room of mirrors and all that appertained thereto; which may not be very good English, but has a legal sound and rather more sense than is usual under such circumstances. Of course we don't know that the room

of mirrors and the episode thereunto appertaining had any existence in fact, for the majesty and the dignity of the law do not permit that the said Evelyn's story shall be contradicted or brought in question, but only that the said Evelyn should be morally undressed for the edification of the—shall I say?—salacious public. And to that end our district attorney, with an exquisite skill, not to speak of a glaring eye and a raucous voice, considers the majesty and the dignity of the law by exposing the said Evelyn in moral nudity, while at the same time tenderly concealing from the view of an eager and—may I say?—salacious public, the names of the men—respectable men, I should have said—who were the participants in the episodes so damaging to the said Evelyn.

I do not say that the names of the said Evelyn's male companions should have been made public, but when I consider the pains that the law was at to entertain us, I do wonder that we were not told outright who the said men were; especially as the said men are well-known by name at every club in the city and at every gathering where our "upper" classes are to be found; and by reason thereof are lionized.

As has been said, the story of the room of mirrors may be untrue, but it will stand as true because the dignity and the majesty of the law demanded that its truth should not be questioned. And there is another reason why it will stand as true; which is not a lesson of the Thaw case, but of civilization: Men do the things that Evelyn told of, and worse. They do them constantly; they have done them in all the days that women have been forced to traffic in their bodies; nor does it matter, as to that, whether the woman wins the empty prize of a man's name, or the full one of a bank account; it is still the story of the room of mirrors. Only when the woman takes the man's name as her price, she gives a guarantee of silence, and the man is not indictable under either written or unwritten law. And I think that this is why the silent women of the land take such an interest in the salacious details. And why men chuckle as they read—in the privacy of the street car. And why the un-silent women are mostly indignant against the said Evelyn, saying: She won out all right, didn't she? She bears a man's name, doesn't she? What if—

But there! no salacious details, if you please! It is an odd circumstance though, that the chorus girls are mostly against the said Evelyn, indignant with her. Some of them say she's a "squealer," whatever that may be; others that she is a plain liar. As to that, the dignity and the majesty of the law will not permit me to know.

Over in England a poor man killed a rich one—a certain Mr. Whiteley. The English are rejoicing that the dignity and the majesty of the law mean something over there, because the poor man was put through to his destination on the Legal Limited. Why, we can hurry a poor man along the legal road as swiftly as the English can. But Harry Thaw is rich. That is another lesson of the Thaw case. But of course we learned that lesson long ago.

Don't think I am yearning to have Harry Thaw disposed of quickly. No, no! I am not concerned about the majesty and the dignity of the law. If I had my way about it, I would take the three or four hundred thousand dollars known to have been spent in quarrelling over the poor wretch, and would spend it in ascertaining why Evelyn did what she did, why Harry Thaw did what he did, why the dead man did what it is said he did, and which, if he didn't do it, other men are doing the very instant I write, the very instant you read. Of course I know very well that I would not be permitted to publish the results of my ascertainment unless the miracle of free speech were to happen in the meantime; for I know I should have to explain in full why men are sex wolves and women sex lambs. Moreover, I should have to lift the cover off the hypocrisy of society in matters of sex. And the majesty and the dignity of the law would try to vindicate themselves at my expense; although in the end it would still be poor, old hypocritical society that would pay the whole cost. The majesty and the dignity of the law are very much concerned in punishment for crimes which have been made by law.

To an unprejudiced observer it would seem as if a difficult and complex game were being played; and as if the players, like good sportsmen, were playing it for the joy of the game and without much regard to the worthless prize of a man's life; for, mind you! the man says he is guilty. I don't want him killed. I think mur-

der, whether legal or otherwise, is foolish. Not that my opinion counts for anything; and I give it only because it eases my mind to do so. But the law does say distinctly that if you kill a man under given conditions, you shall suffer accordingly. And there is no contention that the young man in the Tombs did not kill Stanford White. Why doesn't the law operate? Why do some men who are not guilty of murder—as charged—go to the scaffold, while others, confessedly or admittedly guilty, go free? A governor of Illinois once told of some men in Chicago who had been hung though innocent and who had not had a fair trial. Recently some men in Virginia, who frankly admitted killing a man because he no longer loved their sister, were set free with loud acclaim. It has been said that those men, if in New York, would have been convicted. Perhaps. I do not know how rich they are. But at any rate the law in Virginia is practically the same as here. Why were they not convicted there? Why were the Chicago men executed though innocent? Can it possibly be that the dignity and the majesty of the law is but a pretty phrase, and that judgment is pronounced outside of court first and only echoed in there? I make this question because I have heard and read complaints that the Thaw case is being tried outside of court by yellow journals. I suppose it is difficult for a jury to decide against the sentiment of the community it is drawn from.

Would it not be an odd thing if some day we were to accept the judgment of James C. Carter, once leader of the New York bar, that a law not in harmony with public opinion was unenforceable, while a law in harmony with public opinion was unnecessary? Upon my word! that sounds like anarchy. It is pretty much like saying that we could get along without law. Without law! Am I crazy? What would we do with our Harry Thaws if we had no law? See answer in a paragraph all by itself!

There would be no Harry Thaws.

That word crazy up there reminds me of the insanity experts. I shall not lay myself liable in a suit for libel by saying what I think of them, but I would like to know what they think of themselves. If you can get one set of scientific gentlemen to solemnly swear that the Earth

is square, and another set—both sets being paid, of course—to swear that it is conical, what in the world is a poor, ignorant layman to do when he wants to know whether or not it is true that the Earth is an oblate spheroid? Or if I say we really might be happy if we had no laws, and somebody says I'm a lunatic, can I prove I am not by engaging an expert authority to say so? Or will it be taken as a proof of my insanity if I pay an authority to say that I am not crazy in declaring that we can do without authority?



IDEAS AND THEIR TRANSVALUATION

FROM "THE DAWN OF DAY," BY FR. NIETZSCHE.

There is a time for everything.—When man assigned a gender to all things, he did not think that he was playing, but fancied that he had gained a deep insight. But at a late period, and even then only partially, he was led to admit the enormous extent of that mistake. In the same way man has connected all things in existence with morals, and dressed up the world in a garb of ethical significance. The day will come when all this will be as utterly valueless as is already in our days the belief in the masculinity or femininity of the sun.

The new education of mankind.—All ye who are helpful and well intentioned, lend ye a helping hand in this one endeavor of removing from the world the idea of punishment which has overspread the whole world! No weed more noxious than this! Not only has that idea been applied to the consequences of our actions,—and how terrible and irrational it is to mistake cause and effect for cause and punishment!—but worse than this, by means of this infamous interpretation of the primitive idea, they have robbed the pure accidentality of events of its innocence. Nay, they have gone so far in their folly as to ask us to feel our very existence as a punishment. Surely the education of mankind, thus far, must have been in the hands of fantastic gaolers and hangmen.

Morality and obscurantism.—Custom represents the experiences of people of former ages in matters considered

useful or detrimental; but the sense for custom (morality) has no reference to these experiences as such, but rather to the age, the sanctity and indisputable authority of custom. Hence this sentiment is opposed to our gaining new experiences and amending customs, *i. e.*, morality is opposed to the formation of new and better morals: it renders people stupid.

Free-doers and free-thinkers.—Free-doers are at a disadvantage as compared with free-thinkers, because mankind suffers more manifestly from the consequences of actions than of ideas. Yet if we consider that both eagerly seek satisfaction, and that the very contemplation and utterance of forbidden things afford this satisfaction to free-thinkers, in regard to motives, there is no difference; as regards consequences, however, the case—unless we judge like the world generally, from mere outside appearances—will go very much against the free-thinker. We have to make good a great deal of the contumely which has fallen on all those who, by their actions, have broken through the conventionality of some custom—such people generally have been called criminals. Everybody who overthrew the existing moral law has hitherto, at least in the beginning, been considered a wicked man; but when afterwards, as sometimes happened, the old law could not be re-established and had to be abandoned, the epithet was gradually changed. History almost exclusively treats of such wicked men who, in the course of time, have been declared good men.

The honesty of God.—A God who is omniscient and omnipotent, and who does not even provide that His intentions be understood by His creatures—could that be a God of goodness? He who, for thousands of years, has allowed the countless doubts and scruples to continue, as if they were necessary for the salvation of mankind, and who, nevertheless, holds out prospects of terrible consequences to follow a violation of truth? Would He not be a cruel God, if He had the truth and yet could quietly look down upon mankind, miserably worrying itself for the sake of truth? But perhaps He yet is a God of goodness—and He was only unable to express Himself more distinctly. Perhaps He was wanting in intelligence? Or in eloquence? So much the worse! For, in that case,

He may perhaps have mistaken that which He calls His truth, and Himself is not quite a stranger to the "poor, duped devil." Must He not suffer intense agonies on seeing His creatures, for the sake of the knowledge of Himself, suffer so much and even more pain through all eternity, without being able to advise and help them, except as a deaf-and-dumb, who makes all sorts of ambiguous signs when the most terrible danger hangs over his child or his dog? A believer who thus argues and thus feels oppressed, ought really to be forgiven for being more inclined to pity with the suffering God than with his "neighbors"; for they are no longer his neighbors if that most isolated, most primeval being be also the greatest sufferer and more than any in need of comfort. All religions bear traces of the fact that they owe their origin to an early immature intellectuality of men—they all make very light of the obligation to speak the truth: they know nothing of a duty of God to be truthful and clear in his communications to mankind. Nobody has been more eloquent than Pascal as regards the "hidden God" and the reasons of His thus hiding Himself; which proves that he, Pascal, could never compose his mind on this head; but his voice sounds as confident as if he had, some time or other, sat behind the curtain. He scented immorality in the "*deus absconditus*," and felt both ashamed and afraid of admitting this to himself: hence, like one who is afraid, he spoke as loudly as he could.

Transformation of morals.—There is a constant mending and molding going on in morals—the result of successful crimes (to which, for instance, belong all innovations in moral thinking).

Waking from a dream.—Noble and wise people once believed in the music of the spheres: noble and wise people still believe in the "moral significance of existence." But one day even this music of the spheres will cease to be audible to the ears! They will awake and perceive that their ears had been dreaming.

Punishment.—A strange thing, our punishment! It does not clear the character of the criminal, it is no exiation: on the contrary, it is more defiling than the very crime.

Aristotle and matrimony.—Among the children of master minds insanity breaks forth; among those of the virtuous, stupidity—observes Aristotle. Did he, in so saying, mean to invite the exceptional characters to matrimony?

Consider!—He who is being punished is no longer the same who has done the deed. He is always the scapegoat.

Beware of systematists.—We sometimes meet a certain amount of false pretence in systematists: in trying to complete a system and round off its horizon, they have to endeavor to make their weaker qualities appear in the light of their stronger ones. They wish to personate complete and uniformly strong characters.



APHORISMS

By J. M. GOTTESMAN.

When man is in the critical moments of his life, no longer he is guided by the mind which can only show him the alternatives. The physical directions his heart gives him.

Because it was impossible to modify men after the precepts of theological morality, the meaning of the precepts has been modified after man.

How rich is the literature of ideas and how poor the history of facts! Ideal history might have been the history of the unhappened.

Who has a vocation? The one that in the moment of his work forgets about himself.

Just as the rivers run into the oceans, just so does life run into death; and so also what is individualistic in the chaos of nature.

Beware of the second day after your success!



AMONG THE ASHES

BY GEO. E. BOWEN.

HEARS "CAT"; FINDS A BABY.

Michael Carroll, 1142 North Halsted Street, Discovers Infant in Rear Yard.

On investigation what he believed to be the crying of a cat, Michael Carroll, 1142 North Halsted Street, last night found a newly-born baby girl in his rear yard, wrapped in a newspaper. The police placed the child in St. Vincent's asylum.

—*Chicago Tribune*, March 8, 1907.

This is a complete story of the present state of modern society, told in six lines.

So, by its smug and sanctimonious sermons of morality, the newspaper, instead of saving a soul for heaven and a beautiful human body for the service and possession of earthly joy, has actually become the wretched sign of a mother's shame, and might have been intended as a shroud for the saddest sin of society.

The editorial page of the newspaper was probably dark with vengeance for those "outlaws" opposing divorce; fierce with rage against the "destroyers of society" who dare expose the dual privileges of the masculine side of holy matrimony; vehement in denunciation of all rational efforts to dignify race culture without the indelicate and officious dictation of the law and the pious commands of the pulpit; horrified by any "obscene" suggestions for the open and intelligent study of sex-science, and brutally intolerant of the rights (or even the wrongs) of motherhood without the sanction of the Church and of the State.

Obviously a society, faithfully represented by such a press, is consistently and conveniently supplied with

asylums for the uninvited waifs of its incongruous and irresponsible system.

Poor little outcasts of love or crime! Their cry is so common that it is mistaken for the yowling of alley-cats, and the mockery of fate clothes them with copies of the daily paper that preaches big families, big sticks, and big morality.

One wintry night, in a dark and dingy back yard, dressed only in the secure comfort of an orthodox newspaper, we find the hypocritical sum total of social progress. A human sacrifice to the fearful gods of bigoted public opinion. Civilization briefly and brutally epitomized.

We can not read the antecedents of this little life—whether its destiny was molded in a palace or in a hovel. But we stand self-condemned and self-confessed before this accusing atrocity of a Christian community.

Who was my sister's keeper? A scion of swelldom or a brute of the back district? There is no difference. They believed in a common shame and forced it upon their unfortunate victim.

Was she a superficial drawing-room ornament, an unsophisticated shop-girl, or their more popular sister of the red-light region—graduate of either extreme? We shall not know, nor does it matter.

Only the child is in question—and the *cause* of its uncredentialed and most unhappy advent.

Mother-love, the strongest, bravest, tenderest human force, the most persistent human passion, could not willingly fling its wailing and blanketless first-born over among the ash-barrels and snow-drifts of a strange backyard on a wintry night—not even with newspaper protection.

Doctors of social diseases will rise to explain. Sit down, good sirs! Explanations do not explain. The child is here—naked and alone. The society that sacrificed him must save him—also itself.

What will you do with his future, or hers?

The bastard brand is set against *his* progress. Or *she* is scarred with hopeless shame.

Whose is the fault?

Yet your churches open gladly to the bank-thief, the millionaire murderer, the political traitor and to the

sleek seducers of the serving class, whose gifts are potent to please the gods with incense and sweet songs of purity.

What shall be done with human impulse, with sex-starvings, with the unfilled yearnings of the mother-heart?

There can not always be wars to divert or consume the higher passions of men. Nor can the struggles of servitude or the unproductive strainings and strivings of high life stifle the unbidden, irrepressible and mysterious forces that pray for motherhood.

The potential power of sex survives all your laws.

If you can not provide an adequate and friendly economic-system to support natural life, what sane excuse has the vigilant authority of your social system for its positive prohibition of human desire or human expression?

Shall your administrators insolently continue to give us rules instead of reasons?

You have sent your science a-wandering among the distant stars. Yet *here*, beneath your contemptuous feet, wrapped in one of your smart, pretentious newspapers, is all of *life* that should first concern us—crying for recognition, food and opportunity.

And you have disowned it, cursed it, cast it into the ashes—a helpless, reproachful part of your own dishonest life.

Is this cowardice or cruelty, or a mere merciless trick of your cheap conventionality?

God help you when fortune turns, when your heart-broken appeals learn the mockery of your own laws, when shame or starvation have seized your loved ones and driven them to monstrous, inhuman crimes.

Folded in every daily newspaper in the land is a deserted child, a betrayed mother, a social scandal of "the 400," or a pitiful sex-tragedy of the slums.

Courts and churches do not cure this condition. Laws and leagues, missions and missionaries—they are always in time to find the crying child, to clothe it with charity and christen it with disgrace.

And they call this *social progress*.

Described in six lines.

BOMBS

(A Tale à la Talmud.)

From the Yiddish of "Motele" in the "Fraind."

Pavlograd. December 29th, 1906.—The Governor-General has issued an edict to the effect that the owners of houses and their tenants in whose apartments bombs or explosive materials are discovered, will be handed over to the Court Martial, etc. (From the latest telegrams.)

. . . And in these days of terror, the owners of houses went about like shadows. Every five minutes they climbed into the attic, descended into the cellar, peeped behind the woodstack and into the stable, and paid surprise visits to their tenants. They were looking for bombs, and their wives and families helped in the search. The elder sons and daughters who were in the habit of attending lectures at the University, were bound with cords lest they should go and bring home bombs. The unfortunate householders ate, drank and slept as they walked, their wives nursed their babies whilst walking, and even peaceful wedding ceremonies brought no repose. The tenants were continually being aroused from sleep, so that at last they gave up going to bed at all, knowing that any moment somebody might come in to look for bombs. Want of sleep made them more and more nervous; they began to quarrel with their wives and even to beat them, and never had divorces been so frequent as in those dreadful days. Children were known to search their parents, and parents their children. People even looked for bombs in the cauldron where the soup was boiling. The householders were all the while tearing up the floors and hacking at their own and their neighbors' walls, so that there were not enough masons and carpenters to do the repairs. Many householders went mad from being in a continual state of apprehension, and their madness was a very dreadful one; they took every little round thing for a bomb and stamped furiously on oranges and pumpkins. Presently there was no room left in the hospitals and asylums, and the mad householders ran yelling about the streets and threw

themselves upon the passers-by. Then the Governor-General issued another edict to the effect that any householder who went mad should be fined 3,000 roubles or go to prison for three months. This only made things worse. The Treasury could not swallow the 3,000 rouble fines fast enough, and became so amazingly rich that it was able to lay before a Berlin banker a proposal for a new loan under very easy conditions.

The prisons were packed so full that in order to make room for the new comers they had to set free the innocent people imprisoned previously for months by mere administrative orders.

At length the houses fell to pieces and would have been sold for an old song, only no one had the heart to sing, so they remained empty. There was no building done; the brick kilns were closed and thousands of starving workmen roamed the streets. After a while they were marched away into the villages with the etape. But there was famine in the villages too, and the arrival of fresh mouths only aggravated the distress. Then the Government made a new contract with the fraudulent Lidwall firm, for supplies on a larger scale than even before.

And still people went on throwing bombs which exploded, and the owners of the houses where they were found were tried by court martial. And they went on hanging them in such numbers that finally the supply of gallows ran short. So whole woods were cut down and there was a scarcity of fuel. People were found frozen to death and were buried in a common grave, and the end of it was that many towns were made as desolate as the wilderness, and the Governors-General had finally to resign their posts, simply because there was no one left to be governed by edicts or to be handed over to the courts martial. . . .



SOCIALISM AND THE CONCENTRATION OF CAPITAL

BY H. KELLY.

SOcial-DEMOCRATS resemble Christian Scientists in more ways than one, but their greatest similarity is in the "faith" cure they advocate. Society is pictured as a pyramid in course of construction. During the time when the individual owned his tools, and before the advent of the modern factory system, capital or wealth was distributed among a larger number of people; gradually capital began to combine, the individual workman and small capitalist were swept into the factory as employees. Increasing like a snow-ball rolled in the snow, this juggernaut crushed its victims wholesale, and the process of concentration of capital proceeded apace. The rich get richer, the poor get poorer, the middle man is crushed out. The process of absorption goes rapidly on, the number of capitalists decreases each year; the pyramid approaches completion; a hundred years from now one hundred families will own 90 or 99 per cent. of the wealth; twenty-five years more and the number will be reduced to seventy-five; fifty years, fifty families; seventy-five years, twenty-five families; two hundred years—at last we reach the apex: the pyramid is complete, Marx is vindicated; one man owns all the wealth, and then—ah, then a metamorphosis takes place; Congress, the representatives of this slavish people who have submitted to such bondage all these generations, awaken, the giant stretches his limbs, growls and puts Mr. Rockefeller-Gould in an insane asylum, or shoveling coal, and calmly expropriates him for the benefit of the whole people. No revolution, no bloodshed, no strikes, no disturbances; it's all done according to science, and science—Karl Marx—ordained it and it had to be.

When Karl Marx wrote his "Capital" he was living in England—at that time the great commercial nation—and it was from England's development that he drew his conclusions and formed his prophecy.

Tcherkesov in his "Pages of Socialist History" has shown, by figures beyond dispute, that the middle class has grown enormously since Marx's time. I refrain from quoting in order to stimulate reading on this subject.* Tcherkesov covers the subject clearly and comprehensively, and if my readers are searchers for truth and wish to inform themselves on this subject, Tcherkesov's booklet will enlighten them as to the utter fallacy of this so-called concentration theory.

"But surely in this country things are different," you will say. "Can you not see the giant trusts crushing out the small capitalists, and have we not reached the stage where we have a billionaire?" I have mentioned before that the Social-Democrats claim that capital is concentrating into fewer and fewer hands, crushing the middle man or small capitalist out of the ranks of the well-to-do and into those of the working class; and that, further, this process of concentration and elimination is going on at such a rate that in a hundred years one hundred families will own 90 or 99 per cent. of the wealth of the country. In this connection there are several very interesting facts that have come to my notice lately.

In "The Worker," February 9, 1907, Mr. W. J. Ghent has an article taken from "The Independent," entitled "The Census and the Socialists," in which he tries to show how rapidly capital is concentrating; and this is how he does it: "The organization of large establishments," says the Census Bulletin, "either by new construction or by bringing independent manufacturing enterprises under the same ownership, has been one of the conspicuous features in connection with the manufacturing industries of the country."

From Mr. Ghent's approving smile one would think that each and every one of these small capitalists handed over his business to a larger one and retired penniless, swallowed up in accordance with Marx's concentration theory. What really happened was that the small capitalist amalgamated, formed a joint stock company to easier fleece the public, and when the worst comes

*"Pages of Socialist History," by W. Tcherkesov, translated by Voltairine de Cleyre.

to the worst, he goes bankrupt, pays fifty cents (or less) on the dollar and starts a new business in his wife's name. The small capitalist never *ceased to be a capitalist*, and plundered the public just as much, holding ten per cent. of the shares in a hundred-thousand-dollar company, as he did when he ran a ten-thousand-dollar business himself. He may have occupied a subordinate position, perhaps he was even a salaried man, but an exploiter of labor he remained. Mr. Ghent further says that this Census Bulletin (that of 1905) shows an increase of but 16 per cent. of wage earners—workingmen, in the manufacturing industry and 42.7 per cent. increase in the salaried officials, clerks, etc.—the middle class. Please remember, this distinction of classes is Mr. Ghent's. He says that workers are always paid *wages*, while the middle class receives *salaries*. It is well known that those engaged in commercial occupations, such as managers, salesmen, clerks, etc., the boiled-shirt element, consider themselves a class apart and always represent the "safe and sane" interests. They are usually well paid and thoroughly imbued with the sacred rights of property, and their increase is ominous. It shows a development of machinery, it is true, but it also shows an increasing number of capitalistic defenders, and proves that the cheap labor of our country and of our "Colonial Possessions" is working harder than ever to require this extra 42.7 per cent. distributors of commodities.

On January 20, 1907, Prof. Schurman, of Cornell University, and Mr. Morris Hillquit had a debate at the New Rochelle Forum on Individualism vs. Socialism—Social-Democracy. The debate was printed in full in "The Worker" of February 2, and while Mr. Hillquit's exposition of Socialism—Social-Democracy—was as poor as Prof. Schurman's defense of Individualism—Capitalism—the latter's figures and Mr. Hillquit's reply bear on our subject.

The professor said:

"But, says the speaker, there has been a great change. It is the era of big production, social production, and capitalistic appropriation. Well, the use of abstract terms like those is very dangerous. Many a man becomes the slave of some abstract idea or theory because he has not worked it out logically or connected it with

the facts. What do you mean by the coming of big industries in this country, for instance, and displacing the individualistic system? Take our farms. I have before me some statistics on the subject. I have, Mr. Chairman, in general a good deal of skepticism about figures, unless I know where they come from and who got them up. These figures come from the United States Census. Furthermore, they were prepared for me by Professor Wilcox, of Cornell University, who, after Dr. North, was the statistical expert of the Census Bureau. That, I think, will guarantee the accuracy of these figures.

What do they tell about the farms of the United States? Ten million people in this country are engaged in farming. That makes one-third of the bread winners of the country. Do you find in the farms of the country an increasing tendency toward big scale production? (Voices: Yes, yes.)

I knew you would say that, some of you, because you assume it as a matter of course. But it is wrong. I knew you would say it, because your theory would be false unless something like that was true. But it is not true. Here are the facts: In 1890 there were in the United States, total farms east of the Mississippi River—I don't go beyond, where the arid country is—3,072,000. In 1900, 3,678,000. In the one case we will say in round numbers 3,000,000 and in the other case, 3,700,000. How many of these farms had 1,000 acres or more in 1890 and how many in 1900, respectively? In 1890 there were 14,708 of 1,000 acres or more. In 1900, although the total number of farms had increased by 600,000, only 10,000 had 1,000 acres or more. Or, putting it otherwise, for every farm of 1,000 acres or more in the United States in 1890 there were 209 farms smaller than that; whereas in 1900 there were 339 farms smaller than that. So far as farming is concerned, big-scale production is not operative but the opposite.

That provides for 10,000,000 of our people. I see no coming or sign of the coming of the Socialist state of Marx in that condition of things.

What about our manufacturing? Everybody knows what an important interest it is. Not as important as agriculture, of course, but still a very large number of people are engaged in it. One-fourth of all our bread-

winner are in "manufacturing and mechanical pursuits," as the census calls it. Now, how many of these enterprises do you think are big-scale production enterprises? Well, in the first place, we have 215,000 establishments of the hand-working grade—carpenters, blacksmiths, and the like—215,000 establishments. In the nature of things they are not susceptible of large-scale production. Your blacksmith shop, your carpenter shop, they stay as they are, small. Take, then, the manufacturers proper. How many of them employ an army of men? Well, here they are: There are 296,000 manufacturing establishments, excluding the 215,000 handworking establishments—in round numbers 300,000 manufacturing establishments. How many of these employ how many men? Well, here is the answer: Of the three hundred thousand, 41,000 have no employees at all, being run by their owners; 125,000 have from one to four employees; 79,000 have from five to twenty employees; 24,000 have from 21 to 51 employees; 11,000 have from 51 to 100 employees; 8,000 have from 100 to 250 employees; 2,800 have from 250 to 500 employees; 1,000 have from 500 to 1,000 employees; and 443 have over 1,000 employees. How many laborers were engaged in all these 300,000 manufacturing establishments? 4,700,000. How many of them were in establishments having over 500 persons? 800,000. Seventeen per cent. of all—one in six."

Figures are never very terrifying to a Social-Democrat, unless they have the party label on them; so Mr. Hillquit, instead of being crushed, replied as follows:

"I will come to the farmer. I will do Dr. Schurman the favor of following his method. I will, for a moment, become scientific myself, and go back to his census figures of 1890.

"In farming, he says, the process of development has not been toward big farms. Here I admit Dr. Schurman's contention. But on the farm, on the other hand, capitalist exploitation has grown tremendously. According to these very figures of 1890 fifty-three per cent. of all the farmers in this country had their farms on rent or under mortgage. The mortgaged indebtedness of the farmers was no less than \$1,100,000,000. The American farmers surrendered annually the equivalent

of \$100,000,000 of their products to an idle, money-lending class, in the shape of rent and interest."

He also quoted Prof. Walker as saying that, deducting rent and interest, the American farmer receives less than the average wage worker. Perhaps he does, but 47 per cent. of them, according to the "scholarly" Hillquit's own admission, *own* their own farms. Prof. Schurman in his reply stated that the mortgages were being paid off rapidly—perhaps not as rapidly as a defender of the present system would have us believe, so much so that in the nineties Cornell University had a million dollars invested in farm mortgages in Kansas at six per cent. To use Prof. Schurman's words, "We cannot invest a dollar there to-day. They themselves have become capitalists. They have paid off their debts."

It may not be good "form" for a revolutionist to take the word of a capitalist professor, but then I am not "class conscious," so my heterodoxy is pardonable; besides, defenders of the present system tell the truth now and then, "even as you and I."

Mr. Lawrence Call, speaking of concentration, says in his letter to "The Worker," issue of February 2, that the mortgage, bond and general indebtedness, public and private, in this country amounts to thirty billions of dollars; the estimated wealth of the nation being one hundred and seven billions, of which this thirty billions is a part. Mr. Call's mistake (and here we may again refer to Mr. Hillquit's statement that 53 per cent. of the farmers either rent or hold their farms under mortgage) seems to us to lie in this fact: Mortgages and bonds are to Mr. Call, and in fact to the majority of Social-Democrats, evidences of *poverty*, whereas bonds always, mortgages generally, are evidences of *wealth*. A case in point. A young friend of mine is tired of paying rent and at the same time has a little money to invest; he decides to buy a house; the one he selects costs \$5,000; he puts up \$500 and gives a mortgage on the house. The mortgagee needs money and gives a second mortgage. According to Mr. Call's reasoning my friend is in debt \$4,500, and the house with two mortgages on it is a proof of dire poverty. Instead of which, my friend has a partnership arrangement with two other men and *owns* \$500 in the house, which is

prosperity—for him, and not poverty. It's true, the occupant of the house is exploited in the shape of interest, to say nothing of rent, but the \$500 earns (?) interest, as well as the balance of the money, but the point at issue remains as stated. Or, again, a farmer has a farm worth, let us say, \$5,000. He borrows \$1,000 on it *and invests it* in cattle, hogs, or new machinery, and gives a mortgage on his farm. That does not mean that he is poorer than he was; it means that he has improved his farm, and now he has a partner in his mortgagee.

Let us examine the bond question. The P. R. R. Co. has just issued fifty million dollars worth of new bonds. Is it not an evidence of wealth, an evidence that a large number of people believe in the earning capacity of that road, when such an immense sum of money can be raised? Some of the money will be stolen, no doubt, but the major portion of it will be spent *on the road*. But some will say, interest must be paid, and that is a tax on the future generation. Quite true, but it is not an evidence of wealth concentration; it is gambling on future profits and on the possibilities of exploitation of the workers—there are thousands of shareholders engaged in this form of exploitation.

The distributive trade is held up as an awful example. If there are any who believe that Wanamaker, Macy, Siegel & Cooper and the other large department stores are swallowing up the small shop keepers, let him walk along any street of New York. The avenues especially are lined with small stores and gutter merchants. Wherever one goes the small middle class man, that is *not* being crushed out, is to be seen. In the radical movement itself there are hundreds of them. Every shyster doctor, lawyer, dentist and other professional men, including Socialist editors, are speculators in real estate or other commercial enterprises, and they are multiplying.

It may and probably will be said that any attempt to prove that the number of property owners is increasing, is collaboration with the capitalists who are continually crying that this is the best of all possible worlds, and an increase in the number of well-to-do people proves it

It may be as Mr. Simons, editor of "The International Socialist Review," said in a debate with Mr. Isaacs on this question: "Right or wrong, we mean to stick to it." That is not my doctrine, and in my humble opinion justice can never be obtained, even for the most worthy cause, by misrepresenting or ignoring facts. Far from being necessary, this attitude is positively harmful to the cause for which Socialists and Anarchists are working. If no other reason existed but the fact that two million children, between the age of 10—15 years are working in field, factory, mine and sweatshop in this country, we would have ample cause to abolish capitalism; but there are other and quite as important reasons. The abolition of capitalism is a herculean task, one not to be accomplished by pretending that capital is concentrating and that all we have to do is to sit and watch the large fish devour the small fry, as is being repeated week after week, month after month, year after year, and decade after decade. "We must seize the political power in our own hands and usher in the co-operative commonwealth by legislative enactment." No! such talk may do for "Statesmen," prosperous lawyers, doctors, contractors, editors and real estate speculators—Anarchist or Socialist—who can afford to wait for the glad time. Those who feast on the flesh pots of Egypt should at least not pretend to the starving Lazarus that everything is for the best, and that in due time the "divine law" of Marx will work out its way and emancipate the laboring men in spite of capitalism, in spite even of themselves. Read blue books and Census Bulletins, by all means; but analyze and differentiate as you read. If your soul does not rise above dollars, your Philistinism may be strengthened; if it can rise, you may become a revolutionist and strive for the establishment of a more just, humane and equitable form of society. The establishment of that society will not be brought about by voicing platitudes, by misrepresentation of facts or appeals to respectability; rather will it be brought about by an appeal, first, to the intelligence and then to the revolutionary instincts that are inherent in all of us. If that is done, and an intelligent minority of the people are awakened, the change will come. It will

certainly not come by preaching fatalism and inevitability. Capitalism is *not* destroying itself, and the sooner that fact is appreciated, the more intense and revolutionary will the entire Socialist movement become. Speed the time!



A SOCIALIST EDITOR

By H. K.

"If there are any more in our party who wish to counsel assassination, let them get out quickly and line up along with Emma Goldman, where they belong."—Apropos Moyer and Haywood, in *"The Worker,"* March 16th, 1907.

Certain good friends of ours, who happen to be Socialists, are eternally asking us why we do not bow to the inevitable and—work with the Socialists.

The "inevitable" in this case is the State-Socialist wave that is at present rising in the United States, and which will, in due course of time, carry us, willing or unwilling, into the Collectivist Utopia.

In the first place, we fail to see the "inevitable," in spite of the wave of pseudo-Socialism; in the second, we must decline to co-operate with people—however well-meaning they may be—who circulate such slanderous statements as the above quotation. Apparently, one may reasonably assume that a spirit of investigation, tolerance of another's opinions, and a due regard for truth in discussing the views of an opposing school of thought are among the qualifications necessary for the editorship of a Socialist paper. In reality, however, we find such an assumption quite ungrounded, as our quotation from *"The Worker"* proves.

Any man so ignorant or morally obtuse as to claim that Miss Emma Goldman—Mr. Editor of *"The Worker,"* Miss Emma Goldman, if you please—counsels assassination, is unfit to edit a paper which advocates the regeneration of society—the correctness of the regeneration process aside for the moment.

ANARCHISM

By the late HUGH O. PENTECOST.

From a lecture delivered in June, 1889.

GOOD people who hold opinions not commonly understood, generally have a bad name. The world is ready to believe almost anything of a man except that he is a genuinely good man. If his life is stainless but unconventional the world suspects some hidden shame or base motive. So far are most people from understanding or desiring what is true and right that the highest truth is often believed to be the lowest lie, and the purest right is looked upon as the blackest wrong.

Thus Jesus, who was the incarnation of earnest goodness, was said by the Pharisees to be possessed of a devil. That was because their own souls were so false that their moral vision was distorted. They looked upon goodness and thought it was badness. Thus also the early Christians were accused of indulging in lecherous orgies, when in reality they were living lives of great purity. It was only that they held unpopular doctrines; doctrines which most people did not, perhaps could not, understand. Many persons know their own selfishness, deceitfulness and greediness, and they cannot understand that there may be others who are unselfish, frank and generous.

Now, all this applies to the people in our midst who are commonly called Anarchists. They are looked upon as a bloodthirsty set of murderers who desire to destroy society in order to reap a little gain from pillage among the ruins. To call a man an Anarchist to-day is to heap as much disgrace upon him as it was to call a man a Christian in the first century or an Abolitionist before the war.

Few of us realize that Jesus was arrested, flung into jail and hanged with the odium of the community attached to him just as it attached to the men who were recently hanged in Chicago. But such was the case. Art and religion have made the hanging of Jesus a very splendid affair. But in reality it was a much less important matter when it happened than the Chicago hanging.

He was probably dragged into what we would now call a police court, put through some sort of rough trial and hanged, as a common tramp, whom society wished to get rid of, would now be hanged.

There is a man going through the Southern States now, claiming to be Jesus Christ come to earth again. The negroes are following him to some extent. The despatches of last week say that the police authorities are trying to arrest him. They have evidently offered him money in order to establish the charge of vagrancy against him, because the despatches say he will not take money publicly. But they say he gets along somehow or other, and "it is feared"—that is the language of the despatch—that he cannot be arrested as a vagrant.

Now, here is a man doing just what Jesus Christ did. He is poor. He has gathered a few disciples. He is going from place to place preaching. He is not trying to make money. There is nothing against his character. He seems to be a good man. And the police, backed up, of course, by all the respectable people, are trying to find an excuse to arrest the man and throw him into prison. And they will find the excuse yet, no doubt, because society has no use for a poor man who has ideas that he will not suppress nor sell for money. A rich man can think as he likes and live as he likes. A millionaire may be an Infidel, a Socialist, an Anarchist, or a Free Lover and society only smiles and calls him eccentric. Society likes him rather better for his oddities, but if a poor man thinks out of the orthodox grooves and acts a little differently from other people, it will go hard with him, especially if he happens to be a very high-minded, pure and good man.

What I started to say is that Jesus Christ was, in his day, in about the same relation to society that this poor man down South, who thinks he is imitating him, is in. He was in about the same relation to society that an Anarchist is now. That is to say, he taught about the same doctrines that the Anarchists do, and was about as badly hated and persecuted by society as the Anarchists now are.

An Anarchist was drawn to serve on a jury the other day in Chicago, and when he was examined as to his fitness to serve, he said he did not believe in punishing

people by law. He believed in preventing people from becoming criminals. The judge asked him if he would vote to sentence the prisoner if he should be found to be guilty of violating the statute law. The Anarchist said he thought he would not. "Officer, take this man to jail and let him stay there till morning," said the judge. This is as the newspapers reported the occurrence, and it is about what would have happened if Jesus Christ had been before that judge.

Now, it is a curious thing that the Christian world worships Jesus and persecutes the only people who believe in his teachings. And yet it isn't very curious either, because the Christian world does not pretend to believe in what Jesus taught. There is probably not one minister in this city who believes that the Golden Rule will work, or that it is wise not to take careful, anxious thought for the morrow, or that the strongest force that can be used is to return good for evil, is to speak the truth and take the consequences, not resisting when physical force is used.

It costs a good deal to worship Jesus, I admit, but it doesn't cost anything like what it does to follow his teaching; and that is, no doubt, one of the reasons why so many people worship him and at the same time persecute the few people who teach about what he taught.

It is often said that Jesus was a Socialist. That is true, but he was not a governmental Socialist, or what is commonly called a State Socialist. He was more like what would now be called a Communist—an Anarchistic-Communist. I suppose it sounds rather strangely to say so, but I think that in so far as Jesus had any social views they were very close to those of John Most, except that Herr Most believes in using physical force to bring his ideas into practice and Jesus did not.*

Jesus seemed to think that all persons should enjoy their property in common, governed by no law, except that each should do to the others what he would wish them to do to him. I don't think he ever carried the idea out to include a whole city or a whole nation. He seemed to think that groups of people should live in that

* On the contrary; it appears from the biblical account of the temple-scene that the Nazarene used violence against the money-changers.—Ed.

way, submitting to the laws of the State, just or unjust, quietly and peaceably. But when his idea is carried out it becomes Communistic-Anarchism; so that the two most hateful words in the English language describe almost exactly the manner in which the nominal founder of the Christian Church taught us that we should live in our social relations.

Ah, my friends; this is a queer world. We worship men who said and did certain things long, long ago, but we persecute and slay the men who say and do substantially the same things to-day. It is a queer world, isn't it?

It is very difficult to define Anarchism and to tell you just what the Anarchists want, but the reason why it is difficult is because Anarchism is such a simple science and the Anarchists want just what the laws of the universe would give us if we should obey them in all things. Anarchism is something that you have to understand just as you understand love. It is not a theory; it is not a system. Therefore it is very difficult to explain. What is love? It is something that I feel, that moves me, that gives me joy, that tends to keep me pure and good. It is something that I experience toward this person and not that. I love my wife not because she is beautiful, or homely or bright or dull or tall or short; and I love my friend not because he has this that or the other. In both cases it is because there is something in my wife and my friend that awakens my love. But I cannot explain my love to you. I can only say: "Were you ever in love? Then you know what love is."

Now Anarchy is something so natural and so simple that it cannot be defined. Do you understand what natural law means? Do you know what I mean by the order of the universe? Do you understand what is meant by human nature? Well, Anarchism means to live in accordance with the laws of the universe in general and of human nature in particular. But, you see, if you do not know what it means to live according to natural law you cannot understand what Anarchism is. Just as if you have never been in love you cannot understand what love is by any amount of explaining.

No doubt, many persons will be greatly surprised to hear me say this, because the common idea is that Anar-

chists wish to destroy society with dynamite. It is perfectly true that there are many Anarchists who believe that a bloody revolution is impending and that it will be their duty to use that revolution for all that it is worth to establish the new and better order. And it is true that some Anarchists believe that society can only be redeemed by successive revolutions; much on the principle that was observed at Johnstown when they blew up the mass of débris at the railroad bridge. Trees, houses, locomotives and other things were jammed in there so tightly that nothing but an explosion could loosen them. And so some Anarchists think that Society is now so crystallized into wrong forms that nothing but a revolution can bring any change for the better.

But you make a great mistake if you think of these men as cutthroats and assassins. They are just such true patriots as Washington, and Warren, and Marion, and the rest of our noble "traitors" and "rebels" were a hundred years ago. Washington once put his fingers about his neck, in the dark days of the revolution, and said: "I wonder how it would feel to have a rope around that?" We get so dazzled with the glories of our past that we forget that all our heroes would have been hanged just as we hang the Anarchist heroes if they hadn't succeeded in their revolution.

But the revolutionary part of the Anarchist scheme is wholly incidental. I don't believe in that part of it, although I do not know but that good does sometimes result from the use of physical force. But, of course, if a man takes up arms against the Government he knows what he must expect: If he succeeds he will be a crowned hero, if he fails he will be a hanged criminal. He who takes up the sword cannot complain if he perishes by the sword.

Anarchism, however, does not involve forceful revolution, it certainly does not involve that the Anarchists shall incite or carry on the revolution. Anarchism means what I have said: living under natural law instead of statute law. When it is said that Anarchists wish to abolish law and government, it is perfectly true in the sense that they wish to establish natural law and human fraternity in place of statute law and the organized injustice that we now call government.

But it may be asked, if Anarchism is so manifestly just and right, why does not everybody believe in it? Because very few people understand what it means. I have a friend who is an Anarchist and who writes upon the subject a great deal, but he never calls himself an Anarchist. He says he prefers to call himself a Christian, because there is less prejudice against the name, and pure Christianity and pure Anarchy are the same thing. Good people are reading this man's writing from week to week—people who abhor the name of Anarchism—and because he calls what he writes Christianity they think it very high and pure doctrine, which it is. But if he called it Anarchism, they wouldn't read a word of it.

As I said a few minutes ago: This is a queer world.

And then, too, few persons are Anarchists because few persons believe that their God knows as much as the legislature or the common council. It is just as I told you. Jesus is good enough to worship, but he knew nothing about business. At least so the average Christian thinks. And with the average Christian, religion is one thing and business is quite another. Most people think that God knows how to run the universe in general, but it takes Tammany Hall to run the city of New York, and the great and glorious legislature at Trenton to run the state of New Jersey, and the august conclave of piety and worldly wisdom that centres in Washington to run the United States. In other words, most people have no faith at all in natural law, notwithstanding the fact that it is perfectly apparent that no statute that ever was made can be enforced against natural law.

Most people think they can rob one another by law, by methods that have nice business names and then prevent the robbery that goes by the name of pocket-picking, burglary and the like. But they can't. Most people think that men can be made to pay their debts or their taxes by law. But they can't. Most people think that sobriety and morality can be enforced by law. But they can't. Most people think that when you bring an injustice into this world by law you can prevent its being followed by its natural consequences by another law. But you can't.

When you allow men to own land that they will not use, thus crowding some one else off who needs it and would use it; when you allow men to say how much or how little money can circulate, thus making the products of labor cheap or dear as they please; when you make a law that restrains men from buying what they need where they please, or that restrains them from eating or drinking what, and where they please, you rob them and you unjustly oppress them. The natural consequence will be poverty and crime, and all your subsequent law cannot prevent those consequences.



ON GOVERNMENT

Translated "from the Greek" by BOLTON HALL.

Plato, having laid a brick in the path, stood aside to see what might befall; the first man who stumbled over it said nothing, but went his way. "There," said the Philosopher, "is a Conservative Citizen, the backbone of our Institutions!"

The next one fell on his face, and railed upon the Tetrarch, but he also left the brick, and went on his way. "That is a Good Government man," said Plato. "He will one day found a Goo-Goo Club!"

The third also broke his shins, and, having called upon Plato, removed the brick from the path.

"That man," said Plato, "is a Reformer; he believes in doing 'ye nexte Thinge.'" Then Plato replaced the brick in the path.

But a certain man came along and when he had stubbed his toe, he took up the brick and hurled it at the Philosopher. "That," said Plato, as he dodged the brick, "is an Anarchist; he is dangerous to the Government."



MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

As *Mother Earth* is not yet a paying enterprise, it will interest our readers to know that the Sustaining Fund is being used to make good the monthly deficit, which averages about seventy-five dollars. After paying for the March issue, wiping out the deficit covering the November, December, January and February issues of *Mother Earth*, and clearing part of the debt incurred by the magazine during the first months of its existence, there remains on hand \$70.20.

We publish this information for the benefit of those who wish to help maintain the *Mother Earth* Sustaining Fund.

Receipts.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$419.80
N. N., Rochester, N. Y.....	1.00
Proceeds from E. G.'s lectures in Cleveland	17.00
Proceeds from E. G.'s lectures in Toronto	10.00
Central Labor Union, Detroit.....	10.00
L. Shnayerson, New York.....	1.00
Dr. Chas. Andrews, New York.....	1.00
M. Metzkow, Brooklyn.....	1.00
James Poppers, Chicago.....	1.00
C. L. Swain, Chicago.....	.50
J. Eperin, Chicago.....	.50
W. F. Barnard, Chicago.....	2.00
Dr. J. M. Greer, Chicago.....	5.00
From E. G. meetings arranged by the Chicago Edelstadt Group.....	55.00
Danish Socialist Club meeting, Chicago.	6.00
Social Science League meeting, Chicago.	32.00
Social Science League Entertainment for the benefit of <i>Mother Earth</i>	15.00
Proceeds from E. G.'s lecture at the Frauen-Verein "Fortschritt," Chicago	10.00
Proceeds from E. G.'s lecture in Milwaukee	13.00
	<hr/> \$600.80

Expenditures

March <i>Mother Earth</i> , cost of printing, mailing and postage included.....	\$152.00
Deficit, covering Nov., Dec., Jan. and Feb. issues	303.60
Part payment of debt incurred by <i>Mother Earth</i> , March—Sept., 1906.....	75.00
	————— \$530.60
Balance on hand.....	\$70.20

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

* * *

TO MY FRIENDS

I have quit my business.

Perhaps I owe you an explanation; I am sure I owe it to myself.

My original plan did not include exploitation. I intended to do all the necessary work myself, wishing to be neither exploiter nor exploited. The intense competition in the printing trade, however, plus union conditions, which do not permit the compositor to perform pressman's work, soon convinced me that my plan was not feasible.

The employment of a pressman at union wages necessitated the enlargement of the business, involving the usual business methods, etc. In short, I stood before the alternative of sacrificing either my principles or my business.

I quit the business.

I feel as if I were released from prison again.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

Box 47, Station D, New York.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

FRANCE.

On the 17th of February the police of Granges made a descent on the dwelling of Comrade Genin, captured a package of the "Voix du Peuple," a collection of pamphlets and a file of "Les Temps Nouveaux," and made off with them. Such is freedom of opinion under the Clémenceau-Briand-Vivioni liberal-socialist administration!

Louis Grandidier has been released, having received a three months' commutation of sentence. His health, however, is much broken down and he is in no condition to resume work.

Last month was reported the action of the police in closing the hall engaged by the colony of Saint Germain for a meeting; the colonists retorted by calling for a meeting on their own premises. We are pleased to read in the "Libertaire" of February 17th, that on this occasion the police, being minded to interfere, changed their minds. An exceedingly lively meeting was held, after which the assemblage poured out and marched towards the city. The commissary endeavored to stop it, but the crowd "caressed the backs of the police a little," and the latter concluded to accompany "peacefully." Then the commissary said he would allow them to go as far as the station, but the comrades insisted on marching through the town and distributing leaflets. The police went along quietly. The prefect had "sat on" the commissary and told him to let the march alone. "Ah," he exclaimed, "if I were prefect!"

The following week a party of soldiers endeavored to intimidate the Saint Germainists by coming on to the premises and doing some indiscriminate wild-firing. The comrades ordered them off. The commander's answer was a request for a cartridge to "shoot one down." "Unfortunately," writes the reporter, "he was not dealing with Tolstoians." A comrade ran for a revolver, whereupon the bluffers ran away. "The moral of the story is that a few energetic persons during street processions are all that is necessary to put police and military to flight."

The fever of colonizing seems to be somewhat on the wane since the failure of the colony of Vaux, which has given rise to a rather acrimonious discussion.

Nevertheless a new monthly journal, "*L'Entr'aide*" (Mutual Aid), is published at Lille. The first number appeared in March. It is essentially devoted to communistic experiment.

GERMANY.

The issue of "*Der Freie Arbeiter*" of February 23d, a special anti-militarist number, strikingly illustrated, was confiscated by the police. However, the comrades had been so forehanded that only 44 copies remained in the office when the police made their raid. Later they captured 2,000 copies. The editors observe: "This is deplorable; but still, taking into consideration that 15,000 copies were issued, not so bad as it might be." Searches followed all over the country, of course, with some arrests. Prisoners were released after a detention of a week or so.

On the first of March the case of Carl Sauter, editor of "*Der Revolutionär*," was called before the Berlin court; with him were cited to appear Arthur Malycha and a certain Peter Schauf, a shoemaker, charged with having assisted in the distribution of seditious matter. Malycha had disappeared, however, before the State could lay hold of him. Schauf cut a most miserable figure, pitiaibly lamenting to the court that had he had any knowledge of the contents of the books ("*International Song-book*" and the "*Soldier's Breviary*"), he would not have assisted in their distribution; that he was firmly resolved to return to the bosom of the Catholic Church and forswear all anarchistic associates in future. As his reward he received a three months' sentence. Sauter was sentenced for a year, technically, for having circulated "Blasphemy," "Incitement to murder of the nobility, to High Treason, to Dynamiting, to Desertion, to Military Disobedience"; really for being an anarchist and a man.

"*Der Revolutionär*" of March 9th was also confiscated; motive: an article entitled "Expropriation. The Tactics of the Russian Anarchists."

DENMARK.

In Copenhagen a new paper, "*Anarchisten*" (The Anarchist), is being published. This is the first Scandinavian Anarchist paper to appear since the death of Kristofer Hansleen. Address: J. Mortensen, Copenhagen, Rorholmsgade 21, 2 t. h.

SWEDEN.

On January 18th Albert Jensen, imprisoned for a year for anti-militarist agitation, was released. His protest was made at the moment when party hatred had almost fanned to flame a war between Norway and Sweden. "What," cried Jensen, "fight with Norway? Our enemies the Norwegian workers?! Our brothers, who gave us their right hands in our strike! Thank them thus for their solidarity! Never can it be. War-smitten comrades, do not go out at the call for mobilization. Refuse to enlist under the flag." Fifty thousand copies of this appeal did their work. And Jensen suffered.

HOLLAND.

It is about decided that the International Anarchist Congress will be held in Amsterdam, probably in August. Thus far propositions for discussion are: Reports of Anarchism in the Unions; Anarchism and the Religious Spirit; the Formation of an International Libertarian Organization. The London comrades propose that none but Anarchist-Unionists be admitted to the Congress; the Belgian groups demand that all participants be in favor of organization. Special appeal is made for the financial support of "*Le Bulletin Internationale Libertaire*," the organ of the conference, in which final dates and news of the same will be given. Send contributions to G. Thonar, 97 rue Laixheau, Herstal, Belgium.

BELGIUM.

For the third time within two years "*L'Action Directe*" is being prosecuted. It is the organ of the Federation of Labor, and, as the name suggests, advocates the action of the workers themselves as opposed to the political action. Four of the workers on the paper were arrested. The very copy which was being set up was taken out

of the composers' hands. Nevertheless the paper came out on time, and declares it will continue to do so. As the majority of the active workers of the Federation will, in consequence of the above prosecution, be in prison shortly, the conference of the said Federation, which was to have been held May 19-20, will have to be postponed until September.

SWITZERLAND.

On February 12th a congress of the Workers' Unions of Roman Switzerland was held at Neufchâtel at which the Presidency of the organization was tendered to L. Bertoni, as a protest against the recent decree of expulsion against him, and also Philip Mischler, now serving his eight months' sentence for anti-militarist agitation.

The Marble and Stone-cutters' Union of Vevey has withdrawn from the National Federation for the following reason: One of their members was arrested; his wife, mother, and seven children were thereby made destitute. After four months they appealed to the Federation for help and were refused on the ground that the man was held because of his anarchistic tendencies. The Vevey Union sent a protest to the effect that every member had a right to his opinions. The protest was thrown in the waste basket. The Local then withdrew.

ITALY.

"Il Libertario" is a new Italian Anarchist-Socialist publication was suspended on the 20th of October last by order of the Italian authorities, has reappeared. Cassella postale 1123, Milan.

PORTUGAL.

The anarchist paper "*A Vida*" (Life) has resumed publication under better conditions.

A new weekly, "*A Conquista do Pao*" (The Conquest of Bread), was to have appeared on the 17th of March at Lisbon. We have not yet received it, but its appearance was assured.

ARGENTINE.

"*La Giustizia*" (Justice), formerly published at Montevideo, has been removed to Buenos Ayres.

AT THE END OF THE ALLEY

IT is a long narrow pocket opening on a little street which runs like a tortuous seam up and down the city, over there. It was at the end of the summer; and in summer, in the evening, the mouth of the pocket is hard to find, because of the people, in it and about, who sit across the passage, gasping at the dirty winds that come loafing down the street like crafty beggars seeking a hole to sleep in—like mean beggars, bereft of the spirit of free windhood. Down in the pocket itself the air is quite dead; one feels oneself enveloped in a scum-covered pool of it, and at every breath long filaments of invisible roots, swamp-roots, tear and tangle in your floundering lungs.

I had to go to the very end, to the bottom of the pocket. There in the deepest of these alley holes lives the woman to whom I am indebted for the whiteness of this waist I wear. How she does it, I don't know; poverty works miracles like that, just as the black marsh mud gives out lilies.

At the very last door I knocked, and presently a man's voice, weak and suffocated, called from a window above. I explained.—“There's a chair there; sit down. She'll be home soon.” And the voice was caught in a cough. This, then, was the consumptive husband she had told me of! I looked up at the square hole dimly outlined in the darkness, whence the cough issued, and suddenly felt a horrible pressure at my heart and a curious sense of entanglement, as if all the invisible webs of disease had suddenly acquired a conscious sense of prey within their clutch, and tightened on it like an octopus. The haunting terror of the unknown, the dim horror of an inimic Presence, recoil before the merciless creeping and floating of an enemy one cannot grasp or fight, repulsive turning from a Thing that has reached behind while you have been seeking to face it, that is there awaiting you with the frightful ironic laughter of the Silence—all this swept round and through me as I stared up through the night.

Up there on the bed he was lying, he who had been meshed in the fatal web for three long years—and was struggling still! In the darkness I felt his breath draw.

The sharp barking of a dog came as a relief. I turned to the broken chair, and sat down to wait. The alley was hemmed in by a high wall, and from the farther side of it there towered up four magnificent old trees, whose great crowns sent down a whispering legend of vanished forests and the limitless sweep of clean air that had washed through them, long ago, and that would never come again. How long, how long since those far days of purity, before the plague spot of Man had crept upon them! How strong those proud old giants were that had not yet been strangled! How beautiful they were! How mean and ugly were the misshapen things that sat in the doorways of the foul dens that they had made, chattering, chattering, as ages ago the apes had chattered in the forest! What curious beasts they were, with their paws and heads sticking out of the coverings they have twisted round their bodies—chattering, chattering always, and always moving about, unable to understand the still strong growths of silence.

So a half hour passed.

At last I saw a parting in the group of bodies across the entrance of the pocket, and a familiar weary figure carrying a basket coming down the brickway. She stopped half way where a widening of the alley furnished the common drying place, and a number of clothes lines crossed and recrossed each other, casting a net of shadows on the pavement; after a glance at the sky, which had clouded over, she sighed heavily and again advanced. In the sickly light of the alley lamp the rounded shoulders seemed to droop like an old crone's. Yet the woman was still young. That she might not be startled, I called "Good evening."

The answer was spoken in that tone of forced cheerfulness which the wretched always give to their employers; but she sank upon the step with the habitual "My, but I'm glad to sit down," of one who seldom sits.

"Tired out, I suppose. The day has been so hot."

"Yes, and I've got to go to work and iron again till eleven o'clock, and it's awful hot in that kitchen. I don't mind the washing so much in summer; I wash out here. But it's hot ironing. Are you in a hurry?"

I said no and sat down. "How much rent do you pay?" I asked.

"Seven dollars."

"Three rooms?"

"Yes."

"One over the other?"

"Yes. It's an awful rent, and he won't fix anything. The door is half off its hinges, and the paper is a sight."

"Have you lived here long?"

"Over three years. We moved here before he got sick. I don't keep nothing right now, but it used to be nice. It's so quiet back here away from the street; you don't hear no noise. That fence ought to be whitewashed. I used to keep it white, and everything clean. And it was so nice to sit out here in summer under them trees. You could just think you were in the park."

A curious wonder went through me. Somewhere back in me a voice was saying, "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not it shall be taken away even that which he hath." This horrible pool had been "nice" to her! Again I felt the abyss seizing me with its tentacles, and high overhead in the tree-crowns I seemed to hear a spectral mockery of laughter.

"Yes," I forced myself to say, "they are splendid trees. I wonder they have lived so long."

"'Tis funny, aint it? That's a great big yard in there; the man that used to own it was a gardener, and there's a lot of the curiourest flowers there yet. But he's dead now, and the folks that's got it don't keep up nothing. They're waiting to sell it, I suppose."

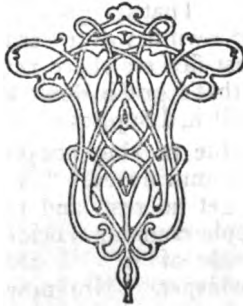
Above over head the racking cough sounded again. "Aint it terrible?" she murmured. "Day and night, day and night; he don't get no rest, and neither do I. It's no wonder some people commits suicide."

"Does he ever speak of it?" I asked. Her voice dropped to a semi-whisper. "Not now so much, since the church peoples got hold of him. He used to: I think he'd a done it if it hadn't been for them. But they've been kind o' talkin' to him lately, and tellin' him it wouldn't be right,—on account of the insurance, you know."

My heart gave a wild bound of revolt and I shut my teeth fast. O man, man, what have you made of yourself! More stupid than all the beasts of the earth, for a

dole of the things you make to be robbed of, living,—to be robbed of and poisoned with—you consent to the death that eats with a million mouths, eats inexorably. You submit to unnamable torture in the holy name of—Insurance! And in the name of Insurance this miserable woman keeps alive the bones of a man!

I took my bundle and went. And all the way I felt myself tearing through the tendrils of death that hung and swayed from the noisome wall, and caught at things as they passed. And all the way there pressed upon me pictures of the skeleton and the woman, clothed in firm flesh, young and joyous, and thrilling with the love of the well and strong. Ah, if some one had said to her then, "Some day you will slave to keep him alive through fruitless agonies, that for your last reward you may take the price of his pain!"



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Vol. II

MAY, 1907

No. 3

THE SONG OF THE EARTH

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

*Bulkeley, Hunt, Willard, Hosmer, Merian, Flint,
Possessed the land which rendered to their toil
Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool and wood.
Each of these landlords walked amidst his farm,
Saying, "'Tis mine, my children's and my name's.
How sweet the west wind sounds in my own trees!
How graceful climb those shadows on my hill!
I fancy these pure waters and the flags
Know me, as does my dog: we sympathize;
And, I affirm, my actions smack of the soil."*

*Where are these men? Asleep beneath their grounds;
And strangers, fond as they, their furrows plough.
Earth laughs in flowers, to see her boastful boys
Earth-proud, proud of the earth which is not theirs;
Who steer the plough, but cannot steer their feet
Clear of the grave.
They added ridge to valley, brook to pond,
And sighed for all that bounded their domain;
"This suits me for a pasture; that's my park;
We must have clay, lime, gravel, granite-ledge,
And misty lowland, where to go for peat.
The land is well,—lies fairly to the south.
'Tis good, when you have crossed the sea and back,
To find the sit-fast acres where you left them."*

*Ah! the hot owner sees not Death, who adds
Him to his land, a lump of mould the more.
Hear what the Earth says:—*

EARTH-SONG

*"Mine and yours;
Mine, not yours.
Earth endures;
Stars abide—
Shine down in the old sea;
Old are the shores;
But where are old men?
I who have seen much,
Such have I never seen.*

*"The lawyer's deed
Ran sure,
'In tail,
To them, and to their heirs
Who shall succeed,
Without fail,
For evermore.'*

*"Here is the land,
Shaggy with wood,
With its old valley,
Mound and flood.
But the heritors?
Fled like the flood's foam.
The lawyer, and the laws,
And the kingdom,
Clean swept herefrom.*

*"They called me theirs,
Who so controlled me;
Yet every one
Wished to stay, and is gone.
How am I theirs,
If they cannot hold me,
But I hold them?"*

*When I heard the Earth-song,
I was no longer brave;
My avarice cooled,
Like lust in the chill of the grave.*



OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

As long as the capitalists of Europe and America could, with the aid of their respective governments, carry their "civilization" into Asia and force the latter's truly cultured people to buy their shoddy wares, there existed no yellow peril. Only when the "heathens" began to practically apply the lessons taught them by their white "benefactors"; when they, too, began to propagate civilization—lo! suddenly we perceived the yellow peril.

"Guard your most sacred possessions, ye nations of Europe!" cried the German Emperor, and the international boodlers applauded unanimously. Many workingmen, especially those of America, joined in the cry; even some revolutionists were deluded into the belief that the competition of Asiatic labor was dangerous to their ideas. How unjustified this fear has fully been demonstrated within the last few years by the remarkable spreading of social revolutionary ideas among the Japanese and Chinese. The intellectuals of these nations are as familiar with modern radical ideas as the people of America and Europe. The labor question is now no less acute in those countries than with us.

A very hopeful sign of the times is the recent organization of the "Social Revolutionary Party of Japanese in America," whose aim it is to enlighten their countrymen with regard to existing social conditions and to prepare them for the social revolution.

Herewith we publish the proclamation of the new organization, a remarkable document, which indicates that the American workingmen have a great deal to learn from their "heathen" brothers:

"We proclaim to the people of the whole world the organization of the Social Revolutionary Party of Japanese in America.

Who says that labor is divine, while a few people are fed and clothed well and millions are suffering from poverty and hunger?

What is life for, when one man takes away the rights and liberty of millions that he may live in luxury and ease?

What is the dignity of a nation when the lives of millions are sacrificed in war to satisfy a few men's ambition and vanity?

Yes, labor is intolerable, life is miserable, the nation is cruel, and society is unjust.

The cries of the sufferers all over the world are increasing day after day, and the enthusiastic attempts to abolish these torments and to try to secure true liberty and happiness and peace are increasing month after month.

How can a man who has heart and soul look at suffering humanity without a feeling of sympathy or a desire to assist in the alleviation of the wrongs?

It is our duty to revolutionize this unjust system of society and make it a beautiful, free, happy one, both to the honor of our forefathers, and for the benefit of our sons. It is not only our duty, but it is our right.

The purpose of our revolutionary society is to realize this fact, and to discharge this duty and secure our rights.

We proclaim to the people of the world the organization of the Social Revolutionary Party of Japanese in America, and we will endeavor to bring about this revolution according to the program herein adopted.

Come, those who are interested, and join us. Do not hesitate!

OUR PROGRAM :

1. We shall abolish the industrial, economic competitive system of to-day, which breeds pauperism, and let the people own the nation's wealth.

2. We shall endeavor to destroy traditional and superstitious ideas of class lines, and will try to insure equal rights for all.

3. We shall endeavor to abolish racial prejudice and learn to realize the true meaning of the brotherhood of men.

4. In order to accomplish the above stated purposes we recognize the necessity of uniting with the comrades of the world."

* * *

If anything more was necessary to convince the American public of the existence of a capitalistic conspiracy to hang Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, and destroy the Western Federation of Miners, the high-handed interference of Theodore Roosevelt has accomplished that.

To curry favor with the pirates whose stolen millions sent him to the White House, our political desperado did not hesitate to stoop to the use of his official position against the Idaho defendants. Such base attempts to influence justice have seldom been witnessed outside of Morocco and Turkey.

We say, to influence justice; because the private opinion of a professional politician as to the moral worth of the representatives of revolutionary ideas is a matter of entire indifference to the latter. It is self-evident that the chief lackey of the plutocrats cannot consider the opponents of the latter as anything but "undesirable citizens." There are many citizens, however—and by no means the worst—who look upon the White House parasites as highly undesirable citizens.

It is time that the American people, and especially organized labor, should realize that the White House is the very last place to look for justice, a "square deal," or even common decency.

* * *

We mourn the tragic fate of William McLaughlin—better known as "Billy"—late Inspector of Police, Chief of the New York Detective Bureau, and Head of the "Anarchist Squad," of recent creation. Yesterday a power in the land; to-day a mere Captain of Westchester, familiarly known as Goatville, with nothing to do but sign his name in the blotter twice a day. The salary is a paltry two thousand five hundred a year, and but little graft. The *Sun*, whose editor claims friendship with "Billy," informs us that the former detective is rich—his wealth, no doubt, saved from the yearly salary of three thousand five hundred—and that he is expected to resign at once. Others say that "he is game and will stick it out." All of this is very sad for a man who can buy twenty-thousand-dollar houses and live like a bank president on a salary of three thousand five hundred a year. Such a genius deserves to be chancellor of the exchequer of a South American Republic. Alas, poor William!

* * *

Our friend Luigi Galleani was tried during the last week of April for alleged participation in the Paterson riots of 1902. We are happy to state that the trial resulted in a disagreement, seven jurymen voting for conviction and five for acquittal. We do not think that the District Attorney of Paterson will seek new laurels by bringing Galleani to trial again. It is to be hoped

that he will not succeed in finding twelve men to send our innocent brother to prison.

On the heels of the trial comes the information that William McQueen—whose five-year sentence for “complicity” in the Paterson troubles had almost expired—was pardoned on condition that he leave at once our hospitable shores. The Paterson capitalists and their political lackeys may now rest in peace.

* * *

Maurice Donnay, an *enfant terrible* of French literature, has recently been elected member of the *Académie Française*. Loyalty, rather than literary merit, is nowadays the key that unlocks the door of immortality: mere loyalty is often sufficient; merit alone—never. Maurice Donnay is one of the few possessing both.

Besides Anatole France and Jules Lemaitre, he is now the only artist in the Academy who considers industrious erudition, alexandrines of proper measure and fine sounding parliamentary speeches as meritorious literary productions.

Ten years ago, however, he would have knocked for admittance in vain. All his poetic *finesse*, his manifold talents and power of ingenious observation did not suffice to open the door, until he had conclusively proven by one of his recent mediocre plays that he was eligible to immortality.

His receptive soul must often suffer tortuous hours by the incarceration of his wild spirit within the confines of academic respectability. In truth, but once has he succeeded in taming down his genius to the strict requirements of a conventional play. In all his following works his artistic spirit soon manifested itself by rising above all literary dogmas and puritanic morality.

The academic sedateness demanded by the mossy institution from its Immortals will hardly prove a sufficient guarantee against an occasional “bad break”—no more than Donnay’s erudite engineer training prevented his public appearance as *chansonnier* in the *Chat Noir* of Rodolphe Salis.

The eternal fitness of things: the pæans of peace sung by professional exponents of war.

The peace farce of recent date was as fiendish a caricature of the Brotherhood of Man as Satan could desire. A glance at the list of participants is sufficient to characterize the sincerity of *those* friends of peace. The parvenu steel king in the rôle of chief peace-maker,—ye gods, what a spectacle!

Having had his praises sung on Founders' Day, at Pittsburg, the hero of Skibo and Homestead, this chief beneficiary of the war of classes, came to New York to witness his triumph as king of peace. As such he was felicitated by his imperial brothers, Oily Bill and Terrible Teddy, and decorated by the French Government with the cross of the Legion of Honor. This honor, however, is now of such questionable quality that it may properly be said of an honest man thus decorated: "He has been dishonored with the Legion of Honor."

* * *

In the sign of prosperity.

On the benches in Madison Square cower, chilled, human débris—ragged, dirty, hollow-eyed, mere caricatures of man. . . .

It is not permitted to sleep in the parks. Soon comes the night stick, awakening the dozing; the policeman drives the frightened wretches out of the park. They go, resigned in the abyss of despair, further—further!

At Union Square the cruel performance is repeated. The nearer we approach the lower part of the city, the more pronounced and heartrending the misery and suffering. From foul-smelling alleys and filthy hallways there comes the sound of heavy breathing and low coughing. The dark steps of the railroad tunnel are plastered with the forbidding figures of unemployed and homeless—men for whom there is no room in all the forest of houses and who cannot afford the price of a night's lodging; men to whom work is a luxury, unattainable by those run down at the heels and whose shoes are tied with strings; men past vice or virtue; men who have long since forgotten to live and are too misery-stupified to cross the threshold of the land of the dead.

In the sign of prosperity.

THE FIRST OF MAY AND THE GENERAL STRIKE

WITH the Spring awakening of Nature the dormant energies of the people are revived—the oppressed feel their self-consciousness and the joy of combat stirring within them.

Stormy March—the red month of revolution; stirring May—the fighting month of the proletariat striving for independence.

The basic revolutionary idea of the first of May has characterized all the battles of labor in modern times, and the historic origin and development of that idea prove its great significance for the labor movement.

The May idea—in the relation of its revolutionary spirit to labor struggles—first manifested itself in the economic battles of the Knights of Labor. The final theoretical aim of that organization—founded by Uriah S. Stephens and fellow workers in 1869, and bearing a pronounced radical character in the beginning of its history—was the emancipation of the working classes by means of direct economic action. Its first practical demand was the eight-hour day, and the agitation to that end was an unusually strenuous one. Several strikes of the Knights of Labor were practically General Strikes. The various economic battles of that period, supported by the American Federation of Labor during its young days, culminated, on the first of May, 1886, in a great strike, which gradually assumed almost national proportions. The workmen of a number of large cities, especially those of Chicago, ceased their work on that day and proclaimed a strike in favor of the eight-hour day. They thus served notice on their capitalistic masters that henceforth they will not be submissively exploited by the unlimited greed of the capitalists, who had appropriated the means of production created by many generations of labor, thus usurping the position of masters—the kind masters who cordially leave labor the alternative of either prostituting their brawn or dying with their families of starvation.

The manly attitude of labor in 1886 was the result of a

resolution passed by the Labor Congress held at St. Louis, one year previously. Great demonstrations of a pronounced social revolutionary character took place all over the country, culminating in the strike of two hundred thousand workingmen, the majority of whom were successful in winning the eight-hour day.

But great principles of historic significance never triumph without a blood baptism. Such was also the case in 1886. The determination of the workingmen to decide for themselves how much of their time they were willing to sell to the purchasers of labor was looked upon by the exploiters as the height of assumption, and condemned accordingly. Individual capitalists, though unwilling, were nevertheless forced to submit to the demands of organized labor; perceiving, however, in the self-respecting attitude of the working masses a peril threatening the very foundations of the capitalistic economic system, they thirsted for revenge; nothing less would satisfy the cannibalistic masters but human sacrifices: the most devoted and advanced representatives of the movement—Parsons, Spies, Engel, Fischer and Lingg—were the victims.

The names of our murdered brothers, sacrificed to propitiate an enraged Moloch, will forever remain indivisibly linked with the idea of the first of May. It was the Anarchists that bore the brunt of those economic battles.

In vain, however, did organized capital hope to strangle the labor movement on the scaffold; a bitter disappointment awaited the exploiters. True, the movement had suffered an eclipse, but only a temporary one. Quickly rallying its forces, it grew with renewed vigor and energy.

In December, 1888, the American Federation of Labor decided to make another attempt to win the eight-hour day, and again by means of direct economic action. The strike was to be initiated by a gigantic demonstration on the first of May, 1890.

In the meantime there assembled at Paris (1889) an International Labor Congress. A resolution was offered to join the demonstration, and the day which three years previously initiated the eight-hour movement, became the slogan of the international proletariat, awakened to

the realization of the revolutionary character of its final emancipation. Chicago was to serve as an example.

Unfortunately, however, the direction was not followed. The majority of the congress consisting of political parliamentarists, believers in indirect action, they purposely ignored the essential import of the first of May, so dearly bought on the battlefield; they decided that henceforth the first of May was to be "consecrated to the dignity of labor," thus perverting the revolutionary significance of the great day into a mere appeal to the powers that be to grant the favor of an eight-hour day. Thus the parliamentarists degraded the noble meaning of the historic day.

The first of May "consecrated to the dignity of labor!" As if slavery could be dignified by anything save revolutionary action. As long as labor remains mere prostitution, selling its producing power for money, and as long as the majority of mankind are excluded from the blessings of civilization, the first of May must remain the revolutionary battle cry of labor's economic emancipation.

The effect of the Paris resolution soon manifested itself: the revolutionary energy of the masses became dormant; the wage slaves limited their activity to mere appeals to their masters for alleviation and to political action, either independent of, or in fusion with, the bourgeois parties, as is the case in England and America. They quietly suffered their representatives in Parliament and Congress to defend and strengthen their enemy, the government. They remained passive while their alleged leaders made deals with the exploiters, hobnobbed with the bourgeois, and were banquetted by the exploiters, while oppression steadily grew in proportion and intensity, and all attempts of the wage slaves to throw off their yoke were suppressed in the most merciless manner.

Only a small minority of the working class, especially in the Latin countries, remained true to the revolutionary spirit of the first of May; but the effect of their noble efforts was materially minimized by their international isolation, repressed as they were by the constantly growing power of the governments, strengthened by the reactionary political activity of the labor bodies.

But the disastrous defeats suffered by labor on the field of parliamentarism and pure-and-simple unionism

have radically changed the situation in recent years. To-day we stand on the threshold of a new era in the emancipation of labor: the dissatisfaction with the former tactics is constantly growing, and the demand is being voiced for the most energetic weapon at the command of labor—the General Strike.

It is quite explicable that the more progressive workingmen of the world should hail with enthusiasm the idea of the General Strike. The latter is the truest reflex of the crisis of economic contrasts and the most decisive expression of the intelligent dissatisfaction of the proletariat.

Bitter experience has gradually forced upon organized labor the realization that it is difficult, if not impossible, for isolated unions and trades to successfully wage war against organized capital; for capital is organized, into national as well as international bodies, co-operating in their exploitation and oppression of labor. To be successful, therefore, modern strikes must constantly assume ever larger proportions, involving the solidaric co-operation of all the branches of an affected industry—an idea gradually gaining recognition in the trades unions. This explains the occurrence of sympathetic strikes, in which men in related industries cease work in brotherly co-operation with their striking brothers—evidences of solidarity so terrifying to the capitalistic class.

Solidaric strikes do not represent the battle of an isolated union or trade with an individual capitalist or group of capitalists; they are the war of the proletariat class with its organized enemy, the capitalist régime. The solidaric strike is the prologue of the General Strike.

The modern worker has ceased to be the slave of the individual capitalist; to-day, the capitalist *class* is his master. However great his occasional victories on the economic field, he still remains a wage slave. It is, therefore, not sufficient for labor unions to strive to merely lessen the pressure of the capitalistic heel; progressive workingmen's organizations can have but one worthy object—to achieve their full economic stature by complete emancipation from wage slavery.

That is the true mission of trades unions. They bear the germs of a potential social revolution; aye,

more—they are the factors that will fashion the system of production and distribution in the coming free society.

The proletariat of Europe has already awakened to a realization of his great mission; it remains for the American workers to decide whether they will continue, as before, to be satisfied with the crumbs off the board of the wealthy. Let us hope that they will soon awaken to the full perception of their great historic mission, bearing in mind the battle scars of former years. Especially at this time, when organized capital of America—the most powerful and greedy of the world—is again attempting to repeat the tragedy of 1887, American labor must warn the overbearing masters with a decisive “Thus far and no further!”



ON THE ROAD

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

(Continuation.)

CHICAGO. City of the greatest American crime! City of that black Friday when four brave sons of the people were strangled to death—Parsons, Spies, Engel and Fischer, and you young giant who preferred to take your own life rather than allow the hangman to desecrate you with his filthy touch. You noble free spirits who walked along the open road, believing its call to be “the call of battle, of rebellion.” ’Tis therefore you went “with angry enemies, with desertion.”

O for the indifference, the inertia of those whose cowardice permitted you to die, to be strangled—the very people for whom you had given your life’s blood.

O city of shame and disgrace! City of gloom and smoke, filth and stench. You are rotten with stockyards and slums, poverty and crime. What will become of you on the day of reckoning, when your children will awaken to consciousness? Will their battle for liberty and human dignity cleanse your past? Or will they demolish you with their wrath, their hatred, their revenge for all you have made them endure?

As my train neared this hole, bellowing suffocating smoke and dust, covering the sky with a dark, gloomy cloth, on the morning of the eighteenth of March, I thought of you, Paris. Great, glorious Paris! Cradle of rebellion, mother of that glad, joyous day, thirty-six years ago, when your flying colors proclaimed brotherhood and peace in the grand spirit of the Commune. What a contrast between you and Chicago! The one inspiring, urging on to rebellion and liberty; the other making her children mercenary and indifferent, clumsily self-satisfied. What a contrast! What an awful contrast!

I arrived at Chicago at the high tide of politics, the various parties wrangling, huckstering and wrestling for political supremacy, each claiming to stand for a principle: the greatest good of the people.

What Bernard Shaw says of the English in "The Man of Destiny" holds equally good with us in this country: "When the Englishman wants a thing, he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently till there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have got the thing he wants. He is never at a loss for an effective moral attitude. As the great champion of freedom and national independence, he conquers and annexes half the world and calls it colonization. When he wants a market for his adulterated Manchester goods, he sends a missionary to teach the natives the gospel of peace. The natives kill the missionary, he flies to arms in defence of Christianity, fights for it, conquers for it, and takes the market as a reward from heaven. In defence of his island shores he puts a chaplain on board his ship, nails a flag with a cross onto his top gallant mast and sails to the ends of the earth, sinking, burning and destroying all who dispute the empire of the seas with him. You will never find an Englishman in the wrong. He does everything on principle. He fights you on patriotic principles, he robs you on business principles, he enslaves you on imperial principles, he bullies you on manly principles."

No better picture could be drawn of our own good people, especially our politicians. Of course they do not

want the job of mayor, governor or president; of course they do not want to get fat as the proverbial seven cows; it is only for a principle that they enter politics, for the dear people's sake, for municipal ownership's sake, for the sake of purifying our bad morals, for good government, for child labor laws, factory improvement, for anything and everything, only not for their own sake. 'Tis for the sake of principle our politicians fight, lie and abuse one another; for the sake of principle they invest their money in land robbery, in cotton mills where the children of the dear majority are forced to work under the industrial lash, or in stockyards and packing houses where human beings are made to rot in filth.

For the sake of principle liberals, the Single Taxers, have made a compact with the Democratic Party, hailing Dunne, Hearst and others of their caliber as the Messiahs of the people, and indulging in the same cheap methods of abuse and attack. One of our Single Tax brothers was elated over the discovery that his opponent lived with a "nigger." "We'll use it against him. It is sure to kill his chances," said our "liberal" friend, and no doubt it is. Just think, advanced people prying into the private life of a man and publicly dissecting it for the sake of a political job,—I beg your pardon, for the sake of principle. How coarse, how vulgar "principle" has made man.

And our Socialistic friend, is he not ready to string up anyone who disputes "economic determinism" and "the materialistic conception of history"? For the sake of his principle he will kick anyone out of the party who dares doubt the infallibility of political action; he will denounce us as dynamiters, when we venture to suggest some other method. For the sake of principle the Socialistic paper of Chicago devotes its front page to the discussion of "gowns for the ladies," and a Socialistic candidate appeals for votes on the ground that he has a good law practice and an income of a hundred thousand dollars. And the majority goes into the trap and allows itself to be humbugged—for the sake of a principle.

While in Chicago I delivered nine lectures before various nationalities—Jewish, Bohemians, Danish, not to forget of course the dear, fortunate natives who make the Social Science League their headquarters. Whether it

was due to the subject, "The Revolutionary Spirit of the Modern Drama," or to the innate curiosity of the Americans, I do not know; at any rate the meeting at the Masonic Temple was the largest and the most interesting. Two real live professors from the Chicago University, quite a host of students from the same institution, as well as lawyers, politicians and workmen packed the hall. Great strides must have been made in the last few years to bring out instructors and students from the Rockefeller College. It is not so very long ago that Tolstoi's picture was turned face to the wall because he dared criticise the endower of that hall of learning.

Some naive people were so enthusiastic over my lecture that they suggested to one of the professors that he invite me to the University to repeat my lecture. Alas, they forgot the "principle" for the sake of which the good professor could not invite the Anarchist, Emma Goldman, to the College. Probably he thought that at the sound of Anarchism the University buildings would crumble to pieces, as the walls of Jericho did at the sound of the Jewish trumpet. No one can blame the professor—"principle" before freedom of knowledge.

Life in Chicago has always been hateful and trying to me, but the great kindness at the home of my dear comrades, Annie and Jack Livshis, and especially the untiring goodness and the fine tact and discretion of the Anarchistic Mother, Annie, helped to overcome my aversion to the jungle city.

Cincinnati. The old sensational speculations as to whether I will or will not be allowed to speak in that city greeted me in the newspapers when I arrived. Madam Alice R. Longworth living on Walnut Hill, it was quite reckless of the city fathers to allow dangerous utterances at Cincinnati. However, Anarchism has been heard at three large meetings, and Walnut Hill is still intact. America is full of parasites—Anarchism has greater things to do than to bother about some particular member. It has to build character, to develop individuality, to clear the human mind of spooks and shadows. It has to call men and women "out from the dark refinement, out from behind the screen, out from traditions and prejudices—into the open road."

St. Louis. Some people seem to be incapable of learning that Anarchism and dirty halls in squalid sections of the city are not synonymous. True, Anarchism does not exclude the poor, the dirty or the tramp any more than the sun excludes them, but it does not make a virtue of filth. It seems to me that so long as people remain satisfied with their present conditions, absolutely indifferent to cleanliness, air and beauty, they cannot possibly feel the burning shame of their lives, nor will they strive for anything that might lift them out of the ugliness of their existence. I do not censor anyone, for I am convinced that the boys of St. Louis tried their best; yet I am grieved that they should be satisfied with so little. True, the halls were cheap, but though the future of *Mother Earth* depends upon the success of this tour, I cannot even for her sake speak in dingy little halls, dark and gloomy, with the dust and smoke making it impossible to breathe.

Minneapolis. Those who believe that only organizations or groups can accomplish things should profit by the example of Minneapolis, where two energetic workers did wonders.

The population of this city is composed of shopkeepers, bankers, doctors and lawyers—not the element that is usually interested in radical ideas. Nor were such ideas ever put before them. Anarchism was a spook, an evil spirit in that town, but daring is the only way to success. The audiences that thronged the halls for three successive evenings far surpassed in number and intelligence the most optimistic expectations. When I looked into the earnest faces, I felt that here were people who did not come to see but to hear, to be enlightened and to learn, and I was grateful to my good star, or rather to the energy and perseverance of the two comrades who made such meetings possible.

The world is full of freaks—the Minneapolis Spook Club can certainly boast of a large following. This organization is composed of professional men only, and as they are known for their purity and morality, they never suffered the evil spirit of woman to invade their sanctum before. But thanks to the generosity of a friend, the rigid rules of the Spook Club were temporarily set aside.

Possibly the members thought that one could not be a woman and an Anarchist at the same time. The angelic chastity of the Spookers would have been quite discomfoting to me, were it not for the presence of a few daughters of that arch seducer Eve, who helped to bring some wit and humor into the dead atmosphere of statute and dissecting room wisdom. Specialists were there a-plenty, doctors enough to create any amount of disease, lawyers and a real live judge to induce one to commit crime, bump interpreters and bump producers, and so forth; all important and awe inspiring gentlemen, but as innocent of the great questions of the day as new born babes, their heads full of spooks and fears of all that their lack of wisdom could not grasp.

Winnipeg. The dirty crows—as a certain French artist named the priests—who infest the streets and cars of Montreal are not as numerous in Winnipeg, but the horrors of their creed are as dominant here as there—the creed that has for centuries gone about killing, burning and torturing is still holding the Canadian people in power, befogging their minds as in ages past.

The city was white on my arrival; everything in the tight clutches of grim winter; apparently not a sign of life or warmth. But the greetings of my comrades and the enthusiasm of the audiences soon convinced me that all was not cold or dead. Spring, the great awakener of life and growth, was stirring in the hearts of those who had come to hear me.

Men and women from every nook in the world gather at Winnipeg, the land of promise. They are soon made to realize, however, that the causes which drove them from their native shores—oppression, greed and robbery—are quite at home in this new, white land. The true great promise lies in all these nations coming together, to look one another in the face, to learn for the first time the real force that makes for wealth. Men and women knowing one another and clasping hands for one common purpose, human brotherhood and solidarity. Yes, Winnipeg is the place of promise. It is the fertile soil of growth, life and ideas.

The Radical Club, but two years old, has become a tremendous factor in creating interest in new thought.

My six days' visit seemed a dream. Large, eager audiences every evening and twice on Sunday, a beautiful social gathering that united two hundred men, women and children in one family of comrades, and people constantly coming and going during the day, all anxious to learn, made the time pass like a flash. When I stood on the platform of the train bidding a last farewell to a large group of friends, I keenly felt the pains of parting; but this, too, I felt:

Allons! We must not stop here—
However sweet these laid-up stores, however convenient
this dwelling we cannot remain here,
However shelter'd this port and however calm these
waters, we must not anchor here,
However welcome the hospitality that surrounds us we
are permitted to receive it but a little while."

I wanted to be alone with my thoughts, alone with my impressions of those who had passed before me in long processions during my stay in Winnipeg. However, the official zeal of the Immigration Inspectors willed it differently. With the usual impudence that goes with authority I was subjected to the "third degree": my name, occupation, whether American citizen, how long in America, and whether I had been out of the States before. Evidently the uniformed gentlemen had studied that infamous anti-Anarchist Immigration Law that will not admit "disbelievers in organized government." I assured my anxious protector that he would have to let me return, since I had been in America eighteen years before that stupid law was passed. Though myself a citizen of the world, my father happened to be privileged enough to become a citizen of this free country. After a long conversation with some others of his ilk, my good friend decided to let me go on. I know from experience that our law makers can do anything they please; still, I am optimistic enough to believe that they would not venture to keep me out of this "sweet land of liberty." Besides, what are laws for if not to be evaded? No wonder so many "disbelievers in organized government" have flocked to America since the law against them became operative.

Poor, stupid Immigration Inspector! If you could have foreseen the result of your zeal, you might not have made it so public that the dangerous Emma Goldman was on the train. You got my fellow passengers intensely interested, with the result that I added a seventh meeting to those held at Winnipeg and disposed of a large number of magazines and pamphlets—not in the hall, but in the Pullman sleeper. When will our fool governors learn that the best government is the one that governs least or not at all? Never before have I felt as convinced of this truth as on this tour. The rigid laws against Anarchists, passed within the past four or five years, the shameful misrepresentation of Anarchism, and the persecution of its adherents have awakened the most intense interest in our ideas in this country. Still more striking is the tremendous change in the attitude of the press. The papers in Toledo, Toronto, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Minneapolis and Winnipeg, especially those of the last two cities, have been remarkable for their fairness and decency in reporting my meetings. Probably they have learned that yellow journal methods, sensational, vulgar, untruthful reports are no longer believed by the thinking readers of newspapers. I wish our Eastern journalists would learn the same lesson and follow the example of one of their colleagues, the editor of the *Winnipeg Tribune*, who has this to say:

“Emma Goldman has been accused of abusing freedom of speech in Winnipeg, and Anarchism has been denounced as a system that advocates murder. As a matter of fact, Emma Goldman indulged, while in Winnipeg, in no dangerous rant and made no statement that deserved more than moderate criticism of its wisdom or logic. Also, as a matter of fact, the man who claims that Anarchism teaches bomb-throwing and violence doesn't know what he is talking about. Anarchism is an ideal doctrine that is now, and always will be, utterly impracticable. Some of the gentlest and most gifted men of the world believe in it. The fact alone that Tolstoi is an Anarchist is conclusive proof that it teaches no violence.

“We all have a right to laugh at Anarchy as a wild dream. We all have a right to agree or disagree with the teachings of Emma Goldman. But we should not make ourselves ridiculous by criticising a lecturer for the things that she did not say, nor by denouncing as violent and bloody a doctrine that preaches the opposite of violence.”

(To be continued.)

SOCIALISM AND FATALISM

By H. KELLY.

THE relation between the two theories, roughly defined as Socialism and Fatalism, respectively, is more real than apparent. By Socialism I mean the Marxian brand, known in Europe as Social Democracy: the collective ownership of the land, means of production, distribution and exchange, controlled and regulated by a democratic State. Fatalism—the doctrine of inevitability: what is, had to be; what was, will be. Leaving out of the question the law of gravitation, change of seasons and other natural phenomena, and applying the inevitability theory to individuals, fatalism is neither more nor less than a state of mind, resulting from repeated suggestion and repetition.

To illustrate. A fortune teller, after her palm has been crossed by a (*the inevitable*) piece of silver, solemnly informs a young lady of impressionable years that she will be married twice. The girl repeats the suggestion to herself and friends throughout a number of years, until she finally becomes convinced that she must get married twice—and she does. Ergo, the fortune teller is vindicated.

Social Democrats have repeated the half-truth that man is the creature of circumstance and environment so often, that in the end their actions are moulded to fit their theory: they lose all individuality and initiative, becoming mere creatures of the ideas they have mouthed, without will or desire to act differently from the people they despise and look upon with contempt.

It has long been recognized by advanced thinkers that different races and different countries will work out their salvation in their own particular way and time. Anarchism and Socialism are theories applicable to the whole human race, but it is more than probable that certain countries will attempt the practical application of the new ideas before others and, necessarily, with certain modifications. If we compare France with Turkey, England with Persia, America with India, we appreciate the fact that things do not work out the same in all coun-

tries and with different races. Capitalism is common to them all, yet how differently it manifests itself in the development of the various countries.

Social Democracy, as taught by Marx and Engels, was expected to develop along similar lines in all countries. In fact, we have witnessed in recent years the spectacle, still extant, of the Social Democrats of Russia advocating a system whereby the peasants were to be deprived of their land and driven into the cities; because, forsooth, in order to reach Socialism it is necessary to go through a period of industrialism of the kind we have in England and America. It is for this reason that Social Democrats have failed so signally to make converts among the peasants, while the Socialist Revolutionists, who advocated the retention of the land by the peasants, succeeded so well with the latter. All doubt on this point will be dissipated by consulting the current Russian revolutionary periodicals.

Collectivism was supposed to mean the same thing all over the globe; yet time has proven the contrary.

European Socialists have rather a poor opinion of, amounting in some cases to positive contempt for, the intellectual ability of their American comrades. They will not be surprised to hear that we are evolving a set of Socialists here who, though worshipping Marx, hold ideas positively ludicrous in their heterodoxy to his gospel, as set forth in the Communist Manifesto. Heterodoxy is sometimes as foolish as orthodoxy. Some Socialists say that there is no reason why millionaires should not exist under Socialism; others claim that even titles—purely for merit, of course—may be bestowed under that "Democratic Republic." In amazement we rub our eyes and wonder if the Collectivist ship has not slipped her moorings and the old religion lost its hold on its disciples. Wages will exist under Collectivism, we are told, and if a Melba refuses to sing unless we pay her ten or twenty times the amount that ordinary mortals receive, we will comply; for, as Mr. Wilshire says, we can't make her sing, and to put her on a bread and water diet is both impracticable and inhuman. There will always be, he says, lovers of a beautiful voice who will be willing to give this gentle rebel a portion of their remuneration in order to enjoy her golden notes. It's

true, she will not be allowed to invest these "hours of labor" in any land or enterprise where unearned increment or exploitation is possible, but she can spend them in marble palaces, steam yachts or hogsheads of champagne. Leaving the solution of this "new Socialism" to others more apt at solving puzzles than myself, I will pass on to the tactics advocated and practiced by American Socialists.

Inspired with the belief that capital is concentrating so rapidly that we shall soon have a great financial panic—with millions of men out of work and, therefore, lacking food, which condition will result in a Social Revolution—Mr. Gaylord Wilshire floats a gold mining company with shares valued at twenty-five million dollars, and uses the pages of a Socialist publication, *Wilshire's Magazine*, to sell the stock. Mr. Wilshire's efforts on behalf of Socialism have been in the past sincere, if undistinguished; there is no reason why we should doubt his honesty of purpose now. His intention, we are informed, is to make a fortune and use it to help on the revolution. Quite as laudable and more respectable—he is nothing if not respectable—than those Anarchists who used to advocate stealing for the propaganda and ended by stealing for themselves. Of course, if this mine succeeds (Mr. Wilshire estimates that there is over three billion dollars worth of ore there), it will make all the shareholders rich and increase the number of the middle class by some scores of thousands. With righteous indignation against any "comrade" who openly seeks to defy and upset the law of gravitation (concentration of capital and abolition of the middle class) and jeopardize the honor of the movement, the National Executive of the party, who are proletarian lawyers, editors and so forth, are moved to protest. The situation is peculiar. If the mine is a failure, poor comrades lose their money; if a success, they become middle-class exploiters. It is but natural that the most vigorous protestant against Mr. Wilshire is Mr. Hillquit, the "historian" of the party. The latter has been in the censuring business aforesaid—only, on a never to be forgotten occasion, he was the censured—and it is quite natural he should be indignant over any violation of party ethics. In the language of his campaign literature, Mr. Hillquit

is "a rising young lawyer"; he is firmly grounded in Marxian fatalism and is reputed in some quarters to be worth no less than one hundred thousand dollars of un-concentrated capital. Far be it from me to suggest that the filthy lucre accumulated by this thrifty young man is invested in tenement houses or factories à la Frederick Engels; or that he is drawing a beggarly four per cent. from a savings bank. It is, to use a colloquialism, a "cinch" that his money is buried in some sub-cellar where its contaminating influence is safely quarantined from the "comrades" and the "movement."

The campaign waged by Mr. Hillquit last fall, as Congressional candidate from the ninth district, was undoubtedly the last word in political opportunism; the most charitable person, if free from party prejudice, can have nothing but contempt for methods which differed in no particular from a rotten Tammany or a debauched Republican party. If this gentleman enjoys but one-fourth of the income he is credited with, he receives considerably more from his law practice than he would as Congressman; as in the case of Mr. Wilshire, we may absolve him from any desire to profit financially by going to Congress. (In passing we may add that the mileage graft and other extras paid Congressmen are so great that on a salary of five thousand dollars per year a certain Congressman from my State, Missouri, had saved eleven thousand dollars in two years, besides paying all his expenses. Congressional salaries have recently been increased to seven thousand five hundred dollars a year.) While not doubting Mr. Hillquit's honesty, we are not clear as to the principles he holds in trying to ride into office by the methods he pursued.

For a generation the workers have been told that a vote for a Socialist candidate is a vote for Socialism; how pale and sickly that sounds in the light of the campaign we have been speaking of. The voters of the ninth Congressional district were urged to vote for the party candidate on the grounds that "Mr. Hillquit is a rising young lawyer and a Russian Jew; he will look after the interests of the Jews in Russia; be the spokesman for the Russian revolution; the workers of the ninth district are among the poorest paid in the United States, living in the most overcrowded und unsanitary condi-

tions"; finally the voters were instructed how they could split the ticket, voting for Tammany or the Republican party and still electing the Socialist Congressional candidate. We have here an appeal to race prejudice and snobbishness, and the implication that a Socialist Congressman could increase wages, improve local sanitary conditions, and reduce overcrowding, when the veriest child at school knows that Congress has nothing whatever to do with such matters.

It may be said: "Yes, all that you say is true, but did not the party censure Mr. Hillquit?" Yes, *after the election!* Not a word of disapprobation was heard during the campaign, and it requires a mind singularly inexperienced in politics to conceive of any member of the Socialist party raising the question, had the party candidate been elected. The end would have justified the means; an attack upon the honor or good faith of the first Socialist Congressman would have been considered high treason. In fact, it is doubtful if the question would have even arisen, had it not been for the instructions regarding the split ticket. This was the real crime; the other incidents were trifles. The answer of a member of the Executive of the party to my protest against such dishonest tactics was that my objections were "petty, even childish, and they bored him."

When it is pointed out that every reform or revolutionary movement must, in order to have any real or lasting success, have an ethical basis, and the morals of the party be judged by its meanest member, we are informed that it is a utopian doctrine long since exploded or that we do not understand Socialism; further, that Socialism will come, not because it is just or demanded by the people, but because it is necessary. Socialists, such as those we have mentioned—they are typical, representing fairly accurately the party at large—have repeated so often that capitalist politics are rotten, and men's ethics, religion and every-day actions are governed and determined by the manner in which they obtain their livelihood, that they have arrived at the point where their actions conform to their theories. Socialism is inevitable, and man is the creature of circumstance and environment; the fact that I, who advocate the abolition of exploitation and point out its evil effects,

am myself an exploiter, does not affect the sum total of human happiness or misery, or the ultimate realization of Socialism. The individual counts for nothing; Socialism is inevitable. Acting on this basis, our politics are as corrupt, proportionally, as our environment, and we exploit in the name of a principle. Truly a wonderful philosophy, this fatalistic Socialism which justifies everything from exploitation to the beating of one's wife, on the ground that "we are the creatures of our environment and victims of the present system." It is the proud boast of the advocates of Socialism that there are no less than thirty million Socialists in the world. Of course there are not, but if there were, and if each one of them considered himself an individual, conscious of his powers as well as of his limitations—a human entity sufficiently intelligent to understand the necessity of a social change, as well as to realize the importance of the individual as a determining social factor; if to this understanding were added a moral concept of exploitation, what a mighty revolution those thirty millions could accomplish!

FLASHES FROM THE FLINT

By VICTOR ROBINSON.

THE history of progress is written in one word: disobedience.

What is all this talk I hear about a Redeemer and a coming Messiah? The world has but one Savior, and his name is Freedom!

Authority is the dam which has blocked the river of civilization; it is the clog in the wheel of improvement, the barnacle on the ship of science, the dark cloud which obscures the dawn of day.

Where God is king, the people are devils.

The reformer in prison is more free than the conservative who imprisoned him, for the chains of superstition in a man's mind are more cruel than the fetters of iron on the convict's ankles.

STIRNER: "THE EGO AND HIS OWN"

By MAX BAGINSKI.

I.

Benjamin R. Tucker has published the first English translation of "*Der Einsige und sein Eigentum*," written in 1845 by the ingenuous German thinker Kaspar Schmidt under the pseudonym of Max Stirner. The book has been translated by Steven T. Byington, assisted by Emma Heller Schumm and George Schumm. Mr. Tucker, however, informs us in his Preface to the book that "the responsibility for special errors and imperfections" properly rests on his shoulders. He is therefore also responsible for the Introduction by the late Dr. J. L. Walker, whose narrow-minded conception of Stirner is suggestive of Individualistic idolatry.

Stirner said: "*Ich hab' mein' Sach' auf Nichts gestellt.*" ("I have set my cause on naught.")* It seems that the Individualist Anarchists have set their cause on Stirner. Already they have sent money to Bayreuth and Berlin, for the purpose of having the customary memorial tablets nailed to the places of Stirner's birth and death. Like the devout pilgrims wending their way Bayreuthwards, lost in awed admiration of the musical genius of Richard Wagner, so will the Stirner worshipers soon begin to infest Bayreuth and incidentally cause a raise in the hotel charges. The publishers of Baedeker will do well to take note of this prophecy, that the attention of the traveling mob be called to the Stirner shrines.

A harmless bourgeois cult. Involuntarily I am reminded of another theoretic Individualist Anarchist, P. J. Proudhon, who wrote after the Paris February Revolution: "Willy-nilly, we must now resign ourselves to be Philistines."

Possibly Dr. J. L. Walker had in mind such resignation when he contemptuously referred in his Introduction to Stirner's book to the "so-called revolutionary movement" of 1848. We regret that the learned doctor is dead;

* Erroneously translated by Byington: "All things are nothing to me."

perhaps we could have successfully demonstrated to him that this revolution—in so far as it was aggressively active—proved of the greatest benefit to at least one country, sweeping away, as it did, most of the remnants of feudalism in Prussia. It were not the revolutionists who compromised the revolution and caused the reaction; the responsibility for the latter rests rather on the champions of passive resistance, à la Tucker and Mackay.

Walker did not scruple to insinuate that Nietzsche had read Stirner and possibly stolen his ideas in order to bedeck himself with them; he had omitted, however, to mention Stirner. Why? That the world might not discover the plagiarism. The disciple Walker proves himself not a little obsessed by the god-like attributes of his master, as he suspiciously exclaims: "Nietzsche cites scores or hundreds of authors. Had he read everything, and not read Stirner?"

Good psychologic reasons stamp this imputation as unworthy of credence.

Nietzsche is reflected in his works as the veriest fanatic of truthfulness with regard to himself. Sincerity and frankness are his passion—not in the sense of wishing to "justify" himself before others: he would have scorned that, as Stirner would—it is his inner tenderness and purity which imperatively impel him to be truthful with himself. With more justice than any of his literary contemporaries could Nietzsche say of himself: "*Ich wohne in meinem eignen Haus,*"* and what reason had he to plagiarize? Was he in need of stolen ideas—he, whose very abundance of ideas proved fatal to him?

Add to this the fact that the further and higher Nietzsche went on his heroic road, the more alone he felt himself. Not alone like the misanthrope, but as one who, overflowing with wealth, would vainly make wonderful gifts, but finds no ears to hear, no hands capable to take.

How terribly he suffered through his mental isolation is evidenced by numerous places in his works. He searched the past and the present for harmonious accords, for ideas and sentiments congenial to his nature. How ardently he reveres Richard Wagner and how deep his grief to find their ways so far apart! In his latter

* Literally, "I live in my own house."

works Nietzsche became the most uncompromising opponent of Schopenhauer's philosophy; yet that did not prevent his paying sincere tribute to the thinker Schopenhauer, as when he exclaims:

"Seht ihn euch an—
Niemandem war er untertan."*

Were Nietzsche acquainted with Stirner's book, he would have joyfully paid it—we may justly assume—the tribute of appreciative recognition, as he did in the case of Stendhal and Dostoyevsky, in whom he saw kindred spirits. Of the latter Nietzsche says that he had learned more psychology from him than from all the text-books extant. That surely does not look like studied concealment of his literary sources.

In my estimation there is no great intellectual kinship between Stirner and Nietzsche. True, both are fighting for the liberation of individuality. Both proclaim the right of the individual to unlimited development, as against all "holiness," all sacrosanct pretensions of self-denial, all Christian and moral Puritanism; yet how different is Nietzsche's Individualism from that of Stirner!

The Individualism of Stirner is fenced in. On the inside stalks the all-too-abstract I, who is like unto an individual as seen under X-rays. "Don't disturb my circle!" cries this I to the people outside the fence. It is a somewhat stilted I. Karl Marx parodied Stirner's *Einsigkeit* by saying that it first saw the light in that narrow little Berlin street, the *Kupfergraben*. That was malicious. In truth, however, it cannot be denied that Stirner's Individualism is not free from a certain stiffness and rigidity. The Individualism of Nietzsche, on the other hand, is an exulting slogan, a jubilant war-cry; more, it joyfully embraces humanity and the whole world, absorbs them, and, thus enriched, in turn penetrates life with elementary force.

But why contrast these two great personalities? Let us rather repeat with M. Messer—who wrote an essay on Stirner—Goethe's saying with regard to himself and Schiller: "*Seid froh, dass ihr solche zwei Kerle habt.*"**

* "Observe him—he is mastered by no one."

** "Rejoice that you have two such capital fellows."

That the champions of pure-and-simple Individualism can be as captious and petty towards other individualities as the average moralist is proven by the extremely tactless remark in Tucker's Preface about Stirner's sweetheart, Marie Daehnhardt. Stirner dedicated his book to her; for that he must now be censored by Mackay-Tucker in the following manner:

"Mackay's investigations have brought to light that Marie Daehnhardt had nothing whatever in common with Stirner, and so was unworthy of the honor conferred upon her. She was no *Eigene*. I therefore reproduce the dedication merely in the interest of historical accuracy."

No doubt Tucker is firmly convinced that Individualism and *Einsigkeit* are synonymous with Tuckerism. Fortunately, it's a mistake.

Max Stirner and Marie Daehnhardt surely knew better what they had in common at the time of the dedication than Tucker-Mackay knows now.

But we must not take the matter too seriously. Stirner belongs to those whom even their admirers and literary executors cannot kill off. Mr. Traubel and the *Conservator* have not as yet succeeded in disgusting me with Walt Whitman; neither can the Individualist Anarchists succeed in robbing me of Stirner.

A great fault of the translation is the failure to describe the contemporary intellectual atmosphere of Germany in Stirner's time. The American reader is left in total ignorance as to the conditions and personalities against which the ideas of Stirner were directed. This is, moreover, dishonest—undoubtedly so, no doubt—with regard to the Communists. Stirner's controversy was specifically with Wilhelm Weitling—who, by the way, is probably quite unknown to most American readers; it were therefore no more than common honesty to state that the Communism of Weitling bears but a mere external resemblance to modern Communism as expounded, among others, by Kropotkin and Reclus. Modern Communism has ceased to be a mere invention, to be forced upon society; it is rather a *Weltanschauung* founded on biology, psychology and economy.

The English edition of "The Ego and his Own" impresses one with the fact that the translator spared no

pains to give an adequate and complete work; unfortunately, he has not quite succeeded. It is a case of too much philology and too little intuitive perception. Stirner himself is partly responsible for this, because in spite of his rebellion against all spooks, he is past master in playing with abstractions.

II.

Stirner's "*Der Einzige und sein Eigentum*" was a revolutionary deed. It is the rebellion of the individual against those "sacred principles" in the name of which he was ever oppressed and subjected. Stirner exposes, so to say, the metaphysics of tyrannical forces. Luther nailed his ninety-five accusations against Popery to the door of the *Schlosskirche* at Wittenberg; Stirner's declaration of independence of the individual throws down the challenge to ALL things "sacred"—in morals, family and State. He tears off the mask of our "inviolable institutions" and discovers behind them nothing but—spooks. GOD, SPIRIT, IDEAS, TRUTH, HUMANITY, PATRIOTISM—all these are to Stirner mere masks, behind which—as from the holy mountain—issue commands, the Kantian categorical imperatives, all designed to suppress the individuality, to train and drill it and thus to rob it of all initiative, independence and *Eigenheit*. All these things claim to be good in themselves, to be cultivated for their own sake and all exact respect and subjection, all demand admiration, worship and the humiliation of the individual.

Against all this is directed the rebellion of the I with its *Eigenheit* and *Einsigkeit*. It withholds respect and obedience. It shakes from its feet the dust of "eternal truths" and proclaims the emancipation of the individual from the mastery of ideals and ideas; henceforth the free, self-owning Ego must master *them*. He is no more awed by the "good"; neither does he condemn the "bad." He is sans religion, sans morals, sans State. The conception of Justice, Right, General Good are no more binding upon him; at the most, he uses them for his own ends.

To Stirner, the Ego is the centre of the world; wherever it looks, it finds the world its own—to the extent of its power. If this Ego could appropriate the entire world,

it would thereby establish its right to it. It would be the universal monopolist. Stirner does not say that he wants his liberty to be limited by the equal liberty of others; on the contrary, he believes that his freedom and *Eigenheit* are bounded only by his power to attain. If Napoleon uses humanity as a football, why don't they rebel?

The liberty demanded by his democratic and liberal contemporaries was to Stirner as mere alms thrown to a beggar.

J. L. Walker entirely misunderstands the very spirit of Stirner when he states in his Introduction: "In Stirner we have the philosophical foundation for political liberty." Stirner has nothing but contempt for political liberty. He regards it in the light of a doubtful favor that the powerful grant to the powerless. He, as *Eigener*, would scorn to accept political liberty if he could have it for the asking. He scoffs at those who *ask* for human right and *beg* liberty and independence, instead of *taking* what belongs to them by virtue of their power.

It is this very criticism of political liberty that constitutes one of the most ingenuous parts of Stirner's book. This is best proven by the following quotation:*

"'Political liberty,' what are we to understand by that? Perhaps the individual's independence of the State and its laws? No; on the contrary, the individual's *subjection* in the State and to the State laws. But why 'liberty'? Because one is no longer separated from the State by intermediaries, but stands in direct and immediate relation to it; because one is a—citizen, not the subject of another, not even of the king as a person, but only in his quality as 'supreme head of the State.' . . .

"Political liberty means that the *polis*, the State, is free; freedom of religion that religion is free, as freedom of conscience signifies that conscience is free; not, therefore, that I am free from the State, from religion, from conscience, or that I am *rid* of them. It does not mean *my* liberty, but the liberty of a power that rules and subjugates me; it means that one of my *despots*, like State, religion, conscience, is free. State, religion, conscience, these despots, make me a slave."

Stirner is anti-democratic as well as anti-moral. He did not believe that the individual would be freed from

* We quote Byington's version.

his moral fetters by "humanizing the deity," as advocated by Ludwig Feuerbach; that were but to substitute moral despotism for religious. The divine had grown senile and enervated; something more virile was required to further keep man in subjection

By embodying the "God idea" in man, the moral commands are transformed into his very mental essence, thus enslaving him to his own mind instead of to something external; thus would the former merely external slavery be supplanted by an inner thralldom through his ethical fear of being immoral. We could rebel against a mere external God; the moral, however, becoming synonymous with the human, is thus made ineradicable. Man's dependence and servitude reach in this humanizing of the divine their highest triumph—freed from the thralldom of an external force he is now the more intensely the slave of his own "inner moral necessity."

Every good Christian carries God in his heart; every good moralist and Puritan, his moral gendarme.

The freethinkers have abolished the personal God and then absorbed the ethical microbe, thus inoculating themselves with moral scrofula. They proudly proclaimed their ability to be moral without divine help, never suspecting that it is this very morality that forges the chains of man's subjugation. The rulers would cheerfully ignore the belief in God if convinced that moral commands would suffice to perpetuate man in his bondage. While the "hell of a sick conscience" is in yourself—in your bones and blood—your slavery is guaranteed.

In this connection Stirner says:

"Where could one look without meeting victims of self-renunciation? There sits a girl opposite me, who perhaps has been making bloody sacrifices to her soul for ten years already. Over the buxom form droops a deathly-tired head, and pale cheeks betray the slow bleeding away of her youth. Poor child, how often the passions may have beaten at your heart, and the rich powers of youth have demanded their right! When your head rolled in the soft pillow, how awakening nature quivered through your limbs, the blood swelled your veins, and fiery fancies poured the gleam of voluptuousness into your eyes! Then appeared the ghost of the soul and its external bliss. You were terrified, your hands folded themselves, your tormented eye turned its look upward, you—prayed. The storms of nature were hushed, a calm

glided over the ocean of your appetites. Slowly the weary eyelids sank over the life extinguished under them, the tension crept out unperceived from the rounded limbs, the boisterous waves dried up in the heart, the folded hands themselves rested a powerless weight on the unresisting bosom, one last faint "Oh dear!" moaned itself away, and—*the soul was at rest*. You fell asleep, to awake in the morning to a new combat and a new-prayer. Now the habit of renunciation cools the heat of your desire, and the roses of your youth are growing pale in the chlorosis of your heavenliness. The soul is saved, the body may perish! O Lais, O Ninon! how well you did to scorn this pale virtue! One free grisette against a thousand virgins grown gray in virtue!"

Thus the chains fall one by one from the sovereign I. It rises ever higher above all "sacred commands" which have woven his strait-jacket.

That is the great liberating deed of Stirner.

Abstractly considered, the Ego is now *einsig*; but how about his *Eigentum*?* We have now reached the point in Stirner's philosophy where mere abstractions do not suffice.

The resolving of society into *einsige* individuals leads, economically considered, to negation. Stirner's life is itself the best proof of the powerlessness of the individual forced to carry on a solitary battle in opposition to existing conditions.

Stirner demolishes all spooks; yet, forced by material need to contract debts which he cannot pay, the power of the "spooks" proves greater than that of his *Eigenheit*: his creditors send him to prison. Stirner himself declares free competition to be a mere gamble, which can only emphasize the artificial superiority of toadies and time-servers over the less proficient. But he is also opposed to Communism which, in his opinion, would make ragamuffins of us all, by depriving the individual of his property.

This objection, however, does not apply to a very large number of individuals, who do not possess property anyhow; they become ragamuffins *because* they are continually compelled to battle for property and existence, thus sacrificing their *Eigenheit* and *Einsigkeit*.

Why were the lives of most of our poets, thinkers, artists and inventors a martyrdom? Because their in-

* Meaning, in this connection, property.

dividualities were so *eigen* and *einsig* that they could not successfully compete in the low struggle for property and existence. In that struggle they had to market their individuality to secure means of livelihood. What is the cause of our corruption of character and our hypocritical suppression of convictions? It is because the individual does not own himself, and is not permitted to be his true self. He has become a mere market commodity, an instrument for the accumulation of property—for others.

What business has an individual, a Stirnerian, an *Eigener*, in a newspaper office, for instance, where intellectual power and ability are prostituted for the enrichment of the publisher and shareholders. Individuality is stretched on the Procrustes bed of business; in the attempt to secure his livelihood—very often in the most uncongenial manner—he sacrifices his *Eigenheit*, thus suffering the loss of the very thing he prizes most highly and enjoys the best.

If our individuality were to be made the price of breathing, what ado there would be about the violence done to the personality! And yet our very right to food, drink and shelter is only too often conditioned upon our loss of individuality. These things are granted to the propertyless millions (and how scantily!) only in exchange for their individuality—they become the mere instruments of industry.

Stirner loftily ignores the fact that property is the enemy of individuality,—that the degree of success in the competitive struggle is proportionate to the measure in which we disown and turn traitors to our individuality. We may possibly except only those who are rich by inheritance; such persons can, to a certain degree, live in their own way. But that by no means expresses the power, the *Eigenheit* of the heir's individuality. The privilege of inheriting may, indeed, belong to the veriest numskull full of prejudice and spooks, as well as to the *Eigener*. This leads to petty bourgeois and parvenu Individualism which narrows rather than broadens the horizon of the *Eigener*.

Modern Communists are more individualistic than Stirner. To them, not merely religion, morality, family and State are spooks, but property also is no more than a spook, in whose name the individual is enslaved—and

how enslaved! The individuality is nowadays held in far stronger bondage by property, than by the combined power of State, religion and morality.

Modern Communists do not say that the individual should do this or that in the name of Society. They say: "The liberty and *Eigenheit* of the individual demand that economic conditions—production and distribution of the means of existence—should be organized thus and thus for *his* sake." Hence follows that organization in the Communistic sense is not synonymous with automatic obedience or despotism. The prime condition is that the individual should not be forced to humiliate and lower himself for the sake of property and subsistence. Communism thus creates a basis for the liberty and *Eigenheit* of the individual. I am a Communist *because* I am an Individualist.

We have certain points of contact with Stirner. The latter puts in place of the State the "Union of the Free." The Communist can accept this without hesitation. Stirner says: "Were labor free, the State would be doorned." We fully concur in this. Labor, freed, would cease to slave for these "spooks." It would refuse to submit; it would proclaim the General Strike—the rebellion against its bondage.

Fully as heartily the Communists concur with Stirner when he puts the word *take* in place of *demand*—that leads to the dissolution of property, to expropriation.

Individualism and Communism go hand in hand.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

A discreet intimation to all those whose subscription has long since expired. We hate to leave an old friend behind. If you feel likewise, send in your dollar.



LIBERTY

By A. T. HEIST.

WHEN I speak to my "intelligent" friends about the beauty of individual independence and personal liberty, I am informed that we are all dependent both upon nature and one another, and that, therefore, there can be no such thing as human independence or human liberty. Such stupid ones are confounding absolute freedom with civil or social liberty, and think that by disbelieving the existence of the former they are denying the possibility of the latter.

Many who esteem themselves to be "radical" libertarians also seem to me to have blurred notions about the nature and limitations of liberty. For this reason I write, hoping that by so doing I will clarify my own vision a little, and that of some readers a great deal.

It may be just as well to begin by stating some matters that are not involved in my idea of liberty. It seems to me that no scientific conception of human freedom can imply the idea of freedom from the operation of natural law, either in the physical world or in the social organism. Neither can it involve the assumption of the lawlessness of human volition, for be it remembered that most people still cling to the old "free will" superstition. I say, then, that every rational conception of human freedom must be grounded upon the demonstrated fact that each of us, even in the realm of the intellect, is always subject to the uniformity and universality of the reign of natural law.

Liberty under subjection to universal natural law only means that every person shall be permitted to find his own happiness in his own most perfect adjustment to the conditions of his own well being, under the natural law of the social organism, operating without interruption or interference from any artificial state-made or other abnormal conditions, such as actually subvert the normal operations of natural law. In this last clause I have in mind the intervention of mental disease, through which unhealthy condition there might be produced such effects as are an invasive subversion of the natural law of the social organism.

May be this generalization is too abstruse for some. In the fear of this I shall endeavor to make it more plain and particular by re-stating the formula as applied separately to physical liberty, intellectual liberty and civil liberty.

When I apply my formula about liberty to the bodily life of man, I come to this conclusion: physical liberty for the human infant means the universal admission of its claim to develop an un mutilated and undeformed full maturity. From this it follows that parents are guilty of invasive conduct toward their child, whenever they contribute, even though unconsciously and remotely, toward their offspring's failure to reach the full stature of an un mutilated and undeformed manhood.

For the healthy adult physical liberty means the exercise of all his faculties in freedom from all artificial, man-made restraints, and so long as the indulgence of his capacities does not in itself constitute an unwelcome, artificial restraint or invasion upon another.

But here I come again to the difficult task of stating what I mean by artificial restraints, since, in the broadest sense, even limitations of human contrivance are a part of nature. By artificial restraints I mean those restraints of human contrivance which find the necessity for their existence solely in the special attitude of mind of those individuals who restrain or invade, and which restrictions would be avoidable, because unnecessary, except for that special psychologic necessity.

For the infant, intellectual liberty under natural law must mean the universal admission of his claim to be instructed in the laws of nature, under which term I include not only things and their forces, but men and their ways, and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to live in harmony with those laws.

For the adult, intellectual liberty under natural law can only mean that his opportunity for the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge shall be unrestricted by any artificial hindrance of human contrivance, so long as the means employed are not in themselves a direct impairment of another's equal liberty. It seems to me that one's liberty cannot include the destruction of another's lib-

erty uninvited by that other. Academically this is incontrovertible, practically the difficulty lies in drawing the line.

Already I have invited controversy over the difficult question which involves the existence, within the social organism, of a natural limitation upon the liberty of each, by the just claim of another to an equality of liberty. This is the crux of the whole discussion about the existence and province of government.

The tyrannies of states consist only in the action of some official persons, under the claim of rightful power confirmed in them by a dominant social influence, and exercised against other persons who decline to be voluntarily submissive. If, then, I admit the claim of right, on the part of any citizen, to impair the equal liberty of another, it seems to me that I am also justifying the rightfulness of the assumption of tyrannous governmental power. This follows because government is only a combination of individuals and has the same right to invade that any one of the citizens possesses and yields to it. At the same time, by conceding the right to invade, I am admitting that there is no possible appeal against tyranny by actual or threatened force, except by opposing violence, and that no motive exists for joining the forces of resistance to tyranny except a desire to secure the power to supplant the tyrant.

To make this entirely clear, we must bear in mind the difference between the liberty which may be unconditionally conceded to be a matter of justice, and the same liberty when it is enjoyed only as a matter of special permission emanating from a source of authority, with conceded power to revoke the permission. So long as the rightful power to destroy any liberty is admitted, there can be no real liberty, but only a temporary semblance of it, due to a mere transitory lenience of a tyrant, acting upon considerations of expediency and not upon an abdication of authoritative rightful power.

If, on the contrary, we assume that there is a rational appeal for the cessation of tyranny, its object must be to seek the abolition of the inequalities of liberty, since tyranny cannot otherwise manifest itself, and since not to seek equality of liberty is to be content with inequality of liberty—that is, with tyranny. Furthermore, a

rational appeal for liberty must find its materials in nature—in the natural law of the social organism.

This, then, brings me to the point of stating what I mean by civil liberty. To me, civil liberty means living in social relations with my fellow man, subject only to nature's law of justice. Whatever may be the form of social institutions, if it does no more than to declare and enforce well-known rules of natural justice, then I am free. If it declares and enforces what is not known to be in accord with the natural law of the social organism, it may or may not be in accord with it. It may or may not be tyrannous. When the state declares that to be law which is in conflict with natural law or with natural justice, the enforcement of such a rule of conduct against those who do not willingly conform, is always tyranny.

The natural law of a social organism is as certain as, though less known than, the force of gravity. Like the latter it antedates, and is independent of, our knowledge of its existence, or of the law of its operation.

I must add a few words descriptive of my conception of natural liberty and natural justice. Natural liberty, untempered by the requirements of equal liberty or of any artificial restraints, necessarily implies the right of each to invade the other even to killing him, and this from any motive or impulse which may enter even a disordered brain. Such a conception of liberty would imply the liberty to enslave, if only the power existed.

Natural liberty, restrained only by imminent danger of retaliation for invasion, is a liberty which can be maintained at an equality only by considerations of expediency personal to each individual; it necessarily admits the right to invade, whenever the power and personal expediency are combined in the same individual or group.

Either of the foregoing conceptions of liberty seems to involve equality of opportunity in exercising the power to abridge the greatest liberty consistent with an equality of liberty, and to impair that equality. This is the very essence of tyranny, whether accomplished by, or without, organized government.

Natural liberty, limited by natural justice, implies the knowledge that in the very nature of man and of human relations, there exists a natural law of justice demanding for each equality of opportunity with all others in sub-

jecting nature's forces to pleasure-giving ends. To the extent of our relatively perfect knowledge of this law of natural justice, and of our conscious submission to it do we attain the highest human liberty for all. Whether that natural liberty, as limited only by the requirements of natural justice, be maintained by the help of organized government, or without it, is quite immaterial. In the fact of its maintenance exists the essence of liberty.

We are happy just to the degree in which we live in perfect accord with all the phases of natural law, and are free just to the extent that we suffer no artificial interference with our efforts to adjust to it. The progress of liberty depends upon our advancement in the knowledge of natural justice, and progressively living more and more nearly in exact conformity to its demands. The ideal liberty can be attained only when every human knows all there is to know about the natural law of the social organism, and when everybody is willing to allow everybody else to live in harmony with that law, then every one will be his own legislator and his own governor. Only then will the absolute of natural liberty be possible, because only then will no one be tempted to exercise the right to invade the greatest liberty consistent with an equality of liberty.

MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

RECEIPTS.*

Balance on hand in April.....	\$70.20
Proceeds from Emma Goldman's lectures in Cincinnati, Ohio	20.00
Proceeds from E. G.'s lectures in St. Louis, Mo.	30.00
Proceeds from E. G.'s lectures in Minneapolis, Minn.	45.00
Proceeds from E. G.'s lectures in Winnipeg, Man.	140.00
Proceeds from E. G.'s lectures in Denver.....	35.00
Emil N. Ling, Winnipeg.....	1.00
H. Korbgoweit, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.....	1.00
John Daycompay, Long Island City.....	4.00
Russian Tea Party, Philadelphia, per N. Notkin	15.00
Harlem Liberal Alliance, New York.....	10.16
	<u>\$376.36</u>

* Figures quoted represent proceeds from meetings after traveling expenses have been deducted.

THE INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST CONFERENCE

UPON comrade Emma Goldman's departure from Winnipeg, the local Anarchist group held a meeting to discuss matters pertaining to the International Anarchist Conference, which is to take place at Amsterdam, Holland, in August, 1907.

After a thorough consideration of the subject we came to the conclusion that:

a. Considering the prominence of comrade Emma Goldman as an Anarchist propagandist in the United States and Canada, and

b. In view of the fact that her repeated tours of America have made her thoroughly familiar with the movement, both general and local, and

c. Believing her fully competent to advise the International Conference, as to the spirit and trend of the Anarchist movement in America, as well as to report to us—upon her return—the proceedings at Amsterdam with a view of our profiting by the ideas and suggestions advanced at the latter; therefore

We unanimously agree to use our best efforts to enable comrade Emma Goldman to take part in the Amsterdam Conference—not, of course, as our representative authorized to act in our behalf, but as a comrade whose participation in the Conference cannot fail to prove beneficial to our friends abroad, as well as to the movement at home.

It is further agreed to publish this communication in the Anarchist press of the country, calling upon the various groups to co-operate with us in this project.

J. RICHMAN, Secretary Winnipeg Group.

AN International Anarchist Conference is to take place at Amsterdam, Holland, in August. It is superfluous to enlarge upon the importance of having an American attend the Conference; we have no assurance, however, that such will be the case.

To insure the attendance of a comrade of ability, we therefore suggest that Emma Goldman be requested to attend. Expenses to be defrayed by voluntary subscription; all money for this purpose to be forwarded to J. M. Livshis (1245 Milwaukee avenue, Chicago), who has been selected to act as treasurer of the Conference fund.

Those who favor this plan are urged to act at once, as time is very pressing. All contributions will be acknowledged by receipt, and published in *Mother Earth* and *The Demonstrator*.

JULIUS BLOOMFELD.

BEN CAPES.

J. M. LIVSHIS.

M. RUBENSTIEN.

J. FOX.

S. HAMMERSMARK.

M. NEWMAN.



TRUTH IN COMBAT

By W. F. BARNARD.

*Or friendless under night's cold stars,
Or pilloried in the sun's hot glow,
Or vile betrayed by kissing foe,
Or bound and gagged behind steel bars,
Or swathing round thy battle scars,
Or bleeding, with life ebbing low,
Thy spirit none could overthrow
Through all thy long uncounted wars.*

*For thou art mightier than the might
Of every form of legioned lies;
Stronger in strength than those that rise,
By thee sore-stricken, still to fight;
Stronger than day or than the night:
Triumphant from thy first-drawn breath
Till torture leaves thee at the last
Immortal on the lips of death.*

GIORDANO BRUNO

By T. F. MEADE.

THE motto of Galileo was that no man can teach the truth to others; he can only aid them find it. Such an aid was Michael Bakunin. The world will know Bakunin better anon. He was a firebrand burning with the love of truth, and he had to light dull, dead minds. Toiling here or there, in mine, factory or field, he almost immediately divined the man with the most magnetism, the greatest facility of speech; the man the most receptive of ideas and, most fired by truth. Bakunin began at once to inoculate him with the virus of revolution. He poured it into him in his magnificent, brilliant, overpowering way, till the man was hot as his mentor. Then Bakunin quit work and locality, and sought new fields.

Thomas Paine so burned. He left England to help America revolt. As soon as it had gained its independence, he set sail for France where revolution was in the throes of birth.

Such scalding blood coursed through the veins of Giordano Bruno. His thought reached far towards the infinite and he longed to fire this world with it. He called himself "The Awakener," believing it to be his mission to announce the truth, not to develop or establish it. To fling away the awful yoke of the time—the Church and the Inquisition—required the courage of Luther, Calvin and Savonarola, and much more than that of Galileo, Copernicus and Kepler. But Bruno "prayed to be all arms and eyes, a new Briareus and a new Argus, that he might penetrate and embrace the whole of the infinite universe." He had never enough. He loved and sought the truth, and howled it everywhere. "He who drinks of this Elysian nectar," he said, "burns with an ardor that the ocean cannot quench nor the cold of Arctic temper."

Giordano Bruno was born at Nola, Italy, in 1548. He was burned at the stake at Rome in 1600. Entering a Dominican order at the age of sixteen, by 1576 Bruno had questioned one hundred and thirty beliefs of the

Church. He probably felt that there was no hope for him when they counted up his heresies and were about to try him; feeling the circumscribing atmosphere of the place and realizing that his best thought could never be heard there, he fled. From then until 1590—in only fourteen years—this remarkable man constructed the pedestal on which the monument of modern philosophy has been erected; he propounded facts, theories and fancies, then held wild and visionary, but which modern science is now approaching. Bruno said: "Difficulty is ordained to deter mean spirits. Rare, heroic and divine men pass over the road of difficulty and compel necessity to yield them the palm of immortality." He continued on his way, always advancing into the fairy realm of the intellect and science until he approached confines which scientists are only now revisiting. He was driven from place to place by the authority of the time, or he found it well to leave—Naples, Genoa, Turin, Venice, Padua, Geneva, Toulouse, Paris, London, Oxford, Wittenberg, Frankfurt, Zurich, Rome. But he talked on. He was uttering that splendid cry, still to bring balm to many hearts in the thralldom of "The Wolf of Rome":

"A time shall come, a new desired age, when the Gods shall lie in Orcus and the dread of everlasting punishment shall vanish from the world."

Great men generally believe their age is in sight of a revolution. And posterity believes the great men were chiefly the cause of the revolution, when they only made waves in the stormy sea. Bruno thought his age would see the change and he preached the New World though he was the only one who foresaw and wanted it. He began by rejecting in Christianity the doctrine of a supernatural interference with nature for the benefit of one special person or people. Miracles, he claimed, were impostures or a kind of magic. He hated the way the priests dwelt on the morbid side of Christ's life, his sufferings and death, the religion of hysterics, emotions and ignorance; he propounded a religion of human love and reasoned knowledge.

"The perfecting of the individual soul" was his anarchic slogan. "Evidence, evidence. Observation, observation," he was always asking for and aiming at, and he cautioned, "Doubt all things."

Here is the foundation of the Cartesian philosophy.

It was in the sixteenth century that this man lived—the close of the Dark Ages. Ingersoll calls Bruno the “first star of the morning after the long night.” Copernicus dared not give forth his discovery of the heliocentric system, except as a cryptogram in 1543 as he died, and it had to wait to be flung in the teeth of the Church and science, till Bruno—born five years afterwards—boldly proclaimed it. Bruno himself tells us what kind of age it was. He says the monks of Castello in Genoa held up the tail of an ass for the people to kiss, telling them it was the tail of the ass that carried Christ from the Mount of Olives to Jerusalem. The tail of Balaam’s ass was preserved in the Church of St. John Lateran at Rome. Three coals which roasted St. Lawrence were adored in as many Roman churches. The table-cloth on which the Lord’s Last Supper was eaten was at Limousin. Murder and suspicion so reigned that it was the custom for the Pope (according to Montaigne), when at mass at St. Peter’s, to drink from the chalice by means of an instrument that was a precaution against poison.

Bruno is justly credited with having modified all the sources of modern philosophy, of which he has as high claim to be considered the founder as Bacon or Descartes. He proclaimed the New World while he was laughed to scorn; his theories were to become demonstrations in the hands of Kepler, Huygens, Newton and Herschel; one may trace his ideas filtered through many minds; of the philosophers who represent the main line of development of modern thought on the Continent in the 17th century—Descartes, Gassendi, Spinoza, Leibnitz—there is not one who has not been accused of having borrowed his chief doctrine, without acknowledgment, from Bruno; he propounded the philosophy of the Absolute almost two centuries before Schelling and Hegel; was the forerunner of Immanuel Kant. Thomas Davidson said of Bruno: “His thought has exercised a determining influence on many great minds, as on Descartes, Leibnitz, Kant and Hegel, and through them on Goethe, Coleridge and Emerson, though these last have risen to but one side of Bruno’s thought.”

During the ignorance and superstition of the time in

which Bruno lived, his daring mind figured on the theory of the centre of gravity of the planets; other worlds than ours; the orbits and character of comets; and the imperfect sphericity of the earth. He upheld the Copernican system but went far beyond it in his intuition of the infinity of the universe, of the identity of the earth with the matter of the planets and stars, and of the possibility of such living beings inhabiting them as inhabit the earth. The earth and stars themselves, he said, were living organisms, so there are not seven planets or wandering stars, but myriads such, for every world is in motion. He taught the eternity of matter and he insisted that the earth was not the centre of the universe. His theory of optimism Leibnitz borrowed; and that of the perfectibility of man, Herbert Spencer. Bruno's "Shadow of Ideas" seems to Dr. Brunton to forestall Pasteur's famous doctrine of asymmetry and non-symmetry. Bruno anticipated Lessing's teaching that myths may contain foreshadowings of truths and should be interpreted by the spirit and not by the letter. He speaks of gradual changes brought about on the surface of the earth, the seas and islands, the configuration of the land, the climate in different countries, by the constant if imperceptible operations of natural causes. He descants on the true nature of mountains, which he calls only excrescences as compared to the real mountain, or the large continents that slope upwards from the sea.

Bruno was the first to propound the theory of evolution, in support of which Darwin and Haeckel marshaled so much proof. It was not known to ancient philosophy, though hints of it had been made.

Bruno used to speak of the soul as matter under certain forms, and in many passages he definitely describes monism. No wonder he "paralyzed his audiences at Oxford with astonishment and indignation."

Bruno has been pictured as vulgarly stern, repulsively severe in manner and speech, vituperative and galling, impatient with ignorance and stupidity. It is claimed by many people that this is a necessary fault of some great men at certain times. They are needed to wipe aside the ignorant as one might a row of wooden figures, the argument being that when an obvious truth is hindered in its progress by the dull brute, he ought to be

summarily treated. This side of Bruno has overshadowed, through the vehemence with which his enemies have accentuated it, a very beautiful and essential phase of his genius. Bruno was a poet as well as a philosopher, and the combination made him that imaginative, scientific scholar, who enlarged the boundaries of the visible universe, and who delved in the fields of solid thought till he had plunged into the fairyland of romance, and even beyond. His romantic nature led him far from the dry-as-dust spirit of scientists; his thought soared into the empyrean, establishing by his tremendous wealth of learning and exquisite fancy the great nexus between reality and ideality.

Bruno's mysticism is very peculiar. It contains more intricacies and ambiguities than the mysticism of the present day, because it embraced magic, and Bruno has even been accused of allowing the ignorant—and the intelligent, too—to think that he had ponderous secrets locked up in his weighty brain. His mysticism has been compared to that of the Bhagavad Gita. This would open up a tremendous field of research. But with his rationalism, his love of nature, his ideality, his boundless imagination, his scholarship, his undoubted kinship with the Muses, his optimism, his so-called Pantheism, Bruno's mysticism is surely the forecast, the fundament of the transcendentalism of the New England school, which has proved itself the open sesame to the inviting, almost appalling, realm of Christian Science, Mental Science and New Thought. Bruno's bold asseveration that "mind is common to all things in Nature" is the knob of the door of the New Thought. The great door, so long locked—since Bruno's time—swings gingerly open on what seems to be a dark, damp cave, but our eyes are piercing the gloom and we are perceiving that the cave is one of those magnificent rooms entered by Ajib, the Kalendar, in the "Thousand and One Nights," proving to be a glorified garden, itself only the propylæa of a sublime new world.

Giordano Bruno was burned alive February 17, 1600. Many liberals date from this epoch, 1907 being E. M. 307, the year 307 of the Era of Man. He was arrested in May, 1592, in Venice and taken to Rome by the Inquisition. Bruno was not heard of from January, 1593,

to January, 1599, having been all that time in a dungeon in the Eternal City. Then he was convicted of heresy on eight counts, and asked to recant. He refused, saying: "I ought not to recant and I will not recant." He was sentenced to die, "with as great clemency as possible and without effusion of blood," the cold-blooded phrase for burning alive. Yet he said calmly to his murderers: "It may be you fear more to deliver the judgment than I to hear it."

His death took place on the Campo di Flora. In 1889 a statue of Bruno was unveiled there. It is just outside the Pope's window in the Vatican. That day the Pope fasted and prayed.

La vita nuova, the New Italy, is represented by Giordano Bruno. The awakening people have established him as their champion, their symbol of liberty, of the intellect, of the pursuit of truth, of a life that spreads out beyond the Alp, beyond the seas—the international brotherhood of man.

Col. Ingersoll pronounced Bruno "one of the greatest men this world has produced. He was nobler than inspired men, grander than the prophets, greater and purer than the Apostles. Above all the theologians of the world, above the makers of creeds, above the founders of religions rose this severe, unselfish and intrepid man. The first of all the world who died for truth without the expectation of reward."

The verdict of Professor Davidson is very striking: "Bruno's thought is of infinite value. It is the loftiest yet attained."

This is high praise. Yet when we look over the life and accomplishments of this wonderful man, when we sound his thought, when we realize the outgrowth of his philosophy, try to compass his idealism, attempt to fathom his realism, his naturalism, his rationalism, and then, too, gaze into the beautiful domain of his fancy and his sublime imaginative power, we approach the possibility that if there has ever been the superlatively great in man it lay in Giordano Bruno.



ON GOVERNMENT

Translated "from the Greek" by BOLTON HALL.

Plato, having laid a brick in the path, stood aside to see what might befall; the first man who stumbled over it said nothing, but went his way. "There," said the Philosopher, "is a Conservative Citizen, the backbone of our Institutions!"

The next one fell on his face and railed upon the Tetrarch, but he also left the brick, and went on his way. "That is a Good Government man," said Plato. "He will one day found a Goo-Goo Club!"

The third also broke his shins, and, having called upon Pluto, removed the brick from the path.

"That man," said Plato, "is a Reformer; he believes in doing 'ye nexte Thinge.'" Then Plato replaced the brick in the path.

But a certain man came along and when he had stubbed his toe, he took up the brick and hurled it at the Philosopher. "That," said Plato, as he dodged the brick, "is an Anarchist; he is dangerous to the Government."

But he was not; he was only a Nihilist.—From *Life*.

NOTE.

This parable, except the last line, appeared in the April issue of *Mother Earth*. Mr. Hall has since called my attention to the failure to give *Life* credit, as well as to the omission of the last sentence. I take pleasure in making public my reply to Mr. Hall, by the latter's request.

"My dear Mr. Hall: The failure to give *Life* credit was accidental. The omission of the final phrase, 'But he was not; he was only a Nihilist,' was intentional.

"I confess that I failed to appreciate the relation of the last sentence to the context; in fact, I considered it quite irrelevant. A friend of mine being present when I read the proof, I consulted him; but he, too, could not fathom the purpose of 'He was a Nihilist.'

"Your letter has enlightened me on this point. You used the word Nihilist in the sense of terrorist. But I am a Russian—to me, Nihilism is by no means synonym-

ous with terrorism; no, not even suggestive of violence.

"It was Turguéneff who originated the term Nihilist ('Fathers and Sons') *prior* to the introduction of terrorist tactics in Russia.

"The term was intended to characterize the 'sons,' the new ones, the Russian moderns, who had emancipated themselves from the ideas and ideals of their 'fathers,' and who, consequently, denied all existing institutions and beliefs.

"To them, nihil est—at least Turguéneff thought so; therefore he labelled them Nihilists. The Nihilists themselves subsequently accepted the name originally used in derision.

"In fine, neither so far as Turguéneff himself was concerned, nor in the popular Russian mind, did Nihilism ever stand for terrorism. In Russia, Nihilism was the social and political equivalent of universal atheism, so to speak.

"Knowing you to be a progressive radical, it never occurred to me that you had used the term Nihilist in any other than its legitimate sense.

"As the thing stands, you say, it directly advocates violence. Indeed, 'tis true that different minds see different meanings in the same thing.

"To my mind, the Anarchist in your parable was the only one of all those that passed, who had courage enough to resent the action of the fool philosopher. Experience taught him that it was not sufficient to remove the stone from the path, so long as the wise fool was there to put the stone back again. The wise one needed a lesson, and he got it.

"To say, as you do, that the moral of the story, as it stands, teaches violence, seems rather far-fetched. To me it means, if anything, that it is worse than useless to attempt to abolish an evil, while ignoring the cause of the same.

"However, all that is merely apropos. My personal interpretation of the meaning of the story is of no consequence. Since you are the author of the parable, I owe you an apology for having omitted the last sentence. I shall gladly carry out your wishes in the matter of correction."

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

THREE QUOTATIONS AND A COMMENT

By H. K.

"The latest idiocy of the violent revolutionaries is the murder of an Italian professor for criticising their methods. How can one work with such people for free speech. They claim the right to murder and deny others the liberty to condemn it."—*Liberty*, December, 1906.

"Alexander Berkman told a *New York Times* reporter the other day that the Individualist Anarchist has vague ideas and can achieve nothing. This is the opinion that naturally would be held by one who thinks that vast progress toward the acme of human achievement is made when a knife is stuck into a millionaire."—*Liberty*, April, 1907.

"I have been engaged for more than thirty years in the propaganda of Anarchism, and have achieved some things of which I am proud."—*Liberty*, April, 1907.

Why this modesty? Or is it lack of space that prevents an enumeration of those virtues which are a hundredfold? Allow us to remove the offending bushel which hides the shining light and so render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's. Immortality awaits the editor of *Liberty* for having defined the rights of motherhood; aye, even to the right of a mother to throw her child into the fire. Society in general and the Anarchists in particular can never repay the debt they owe him for his definition of contract rights: do we not know that in an Anarchist society a contract will be enforced to the last ducat when made with a drowning man. For these and many other benefactions do we pay homage; but all, even the publication of "Instead of a Book," pale into insignificance compared to the service the editor of *Liberty* has rendered society by the "exposure" of the violent revolutionaries and Anarchist Communists. True, the information upon which those "exposures" were based was derived from a "reptile press" and reading John Henry Mackay, but a great mind like his cannot be expected to concern itself with the mere details of confirming facts (?) before commenting upon them; it were a waste of time and—might spoil the comment.

The editor of the "Pioneer Organ of Anarchism" is some ten or twelve years past the allotted span of Dr. Osler—judging by the last two or three numbers of *Liberty*, he has fairly earned his right to the lethal chamber.

When a man reads newspapers he is justly under suspicion; when he believes them he should be placed under the care of a trained nurse; when he quotes them he has reached the armchair and photograph album stage, and his soul will soon be with God. A silent toast to the editor of *Liberty*—he *was* a great man, if badly brought up. (Apologies to Talleyrand.)



ON THE EVE

By LEOPOLD KAMPF.

REVIEW.

A DRAMA in three acts, dealing with characters and scenes in the present Russian revolution. The first act pictures a secret press and the capture of the same by the police. The second, preparation for the killing of a governor responsible for the torture of the prisoners, and for interference with a procession of strikers. The third, the consummation of the plot. Incidentally are introduced many characters, who serve to exhibit the devotion, the unselfishness of the revolutionists, and the methods whereby they are compelled to work. The whole is strung on a thin love-story,—the attraction of the terrorist for a young girl who is extremely devoted to the cause of liberty, dramatic interest centering in the scene where the lover's human nature, asserting itself, contends with his resolve to kill the governor and pleads for his "young happiness," and in the last act where the young girl, at her lover's request, places the candle in the window as the signal for the killing.

However much we wish that we could speak only in praise of this work, because of its purpose, truth compels us to say that were it not for the actual condition of Russia, which is such that almost any word aiming to arouse sympathy with that heroic struggle strikes an answering chord in freedom lovers the world over, the drama would not be tolerated. It is disconnected, incoherent, and, worse than all, bombastic. The author makes his heroine, who is engaged in an active practical

struggle with the Russian police system, wander off in an oration to the half dozen comrades who surround her, all as convinced as herself, entangle herself in a mass of false rhetoric, and shock all our sense of the fitness of metaphors by "swinging the bell of blood." This he has evidently considered his climatic expression, and he iterates and reiterates it throughout the remainder of the play with intrusive pertinacity. If he had been content with saying it once, and letting us forget it! But no: till the very end that impossible "bell" keeps on "swinging." It spoils even the last really heart-rending scene where the maddened girl repeats in her ravings: "The bell must swing—the bell must ring. . . . Onward brothers. . . . The bell of blood."

Numbers of characters are introduced apparently for no purpose but to make a speech and disappear. One passage in particular, which the author himself indicates for omission in the performance, has been introduced merely to express the attitude of the active strugglers towards European indifference. It contains the following passage: "Yes, you sympathize with us in Europe, don't you? Perhaps even start beggarly subscriptions for us? Ah, you mean well, you mean to be noble! But where you have shed a pint of blood, we must shed whole seas of it. For a hundred years we have fought like this, and you look on—calmly, cynically—resting on your liberties. And our desperate struggling you watch only as a kind of horse race—who will win. And I really don't know which is the favorite—the Russian people or the house of the Romanoffs. It is a stain on the nations of our day which they will never be able to wipe out!"

The person to whom this speech is addressed, having been created for the purpose of listening to it, is then shoved off the boards and is seen no more. The accusation is just, but the manner of getting it in is as inartistic as its truth is bitter.

European criticism has credited the piece with much poetic merit. This does not appear in the translation; but if the author has, in the original, really imbued the drama with poetic fervor, it is simply renewed proof of the inadaptability of the poetic form to dramatic requirements.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- The Ego and His Own.** Max Stirner. Translated from the German by Steven T. Byington. Benj. R. Tucker, New York.
- On the Eve.** Leopold Kampf.
- The Conquest of Bread.** P. Kropotkin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. \$1.00 net.
- Studies in Socialism.** Jean Jaurès. Translated from the French by Mildred Minturn. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.
- Three Acres and Liberty.** Bolton Hall. The Macmillan Co., New York.
- Before Adam.** Jack London. The Macmillan Co., New York.
- Felicity.** Clara E. Laughlin. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

**INTERNATIONAL NOTES****FRANCE.**

Our comrades of the Saint Germain colony (founded for the threefold purpose of maintaining a farm, a school and a press) have had their little internal troubles, as well as other colonies. These being reported to the police commissioner, he arose one morning happy in the thought that at last the hated intruders on his preserves were about to disappear. What was his disenchantment to find the walls of the churches and stores decorated with multi-colored placards proclaiming Anarchist principles. No sooner were they torn down in one place than they appeared in another. There is a lot of fun in posting placards; besides, it keeps the comrades busy and prevents quarrels.

The latest colonizing experiment is announced as in formation at Paris with the following purposes: "We do not want to be wage-slaves; we do not want to be traders; we do not want to make fraud and trickery our constant means of existence. We wish nothing from the crowd, nor will we yield anything to them. We wish to produce, neither exploiting nor exploited." Five persons

announce themselves as the nucleus of this attempt. Meanwhile more failures are reported, the Corsican colony among these.

The second volume of the works of Michael Bakunin, edited by James Guillaume, the author's friend, has just appeared. It contains three pamphlets: "The Bears of Berne and the Bear of St. Petersburg" (1870); "Letters to a Frenchman" (1870); "The Knouto-Germanic Empire and the Social Revolution" (1870-71). Published by Stock.

In an interesting interview with Louis Grandidier, recently released after serving nine months of his year's sentence, *Le Liberaire* reports him as saying: "Bourgeois society has pardoned me, but I have not pardoned bourgeois society. This long time at war with it, I will not lay down my arms till it has succumbed, or until I succumb; which last is of no great importance; others will take up the gun when I shall have let it fall."

GERMANY.

The most interesting news of the month is the report of the Conference of the Anarchist Federation of Germany, held March 31st and April 1st. The program had been announced as follows: Reports fo Business Committee; Report of Grievance Committee; Reports of Delegates; Speech on the Necessity of Organization, by Sepp Oerter; On the Ideas and Tactics of Anarchism, by Dr. Friedeberg; Anti-militarist Propaganda, by H. Dewes; Anarchism and Religion, by Aug. Kettenbach; The Press, by P. Frauböse; Discussion concerning the Amsterdam Congress. The place of meeting first chosen was Offenbach. The police, however, forbade the meeting; reason: the anti-militarist discussion. Then it was sought to hold the conference at Frankfurt; but the chief of police likewise forbade the meeting, without giving any reason. To find out whether the prohibition was a general order by the government of Hesse, the town of Mühlheim was next chosen; but the same prohibition greeted them. Satisfied that the order proceeded from the provincial government, it was now decided to hold the conference at Mannheim, where previous Anarchist conferences have been held. The delegates arrived on Sunday morning, and were met by police in civilian

dress, who dogged them about till their arrival at the meeting place; two were arrested and detained for two hours at the police station. The rest came together about four P. M. at a hotel. Before anything had been done, however, the police commissioner appeared and declared that the conference could not be held either in Mannheim or its suburbs. Half an hour later a second body of police appeared, and demanded that all present (some 50 persons) accompany them to the police station. Seeing no way out of it, the delegates formed in a procession to the station, where, after having their names inscribed, they were let go.

They then agreed to march to the cemetery, in memory of the martyrs of March, thinking that they should somehow contrive means on the way to get rid of the detectives who were dropping out. From the cemetery they turned towards Feudenheim and boarded a steam street car; the remaining detectives, who had not been able to keep up with the rapid march, were lost. On the other side of the Neckar the comrades got out and began holding the conference as they walked; being tired, they presently turned into an open field, and there sitting and lying on the ground, like our old Saxon forefathers, they held their meeting. The question of organization was earnestly discussed, the general spirit being in favor of closer organization. When the discussion closed it was eleven P. M. The delegates were tired, cold and hungry. The meeting was adjourned for refreshments. Then it appeared that the best thing to do was to continue the night session. As they were no longer within the precincts of the Mannheim prohibition, they could proceed openly, and having commissioned a few comrades to secure a place at a hotel, the whole body (consisting now of 42 delegates) found themselves installed at midnight, ready to continue the discussion.

The meeting was prolonged till the afternoon of the next day, when having completed their work they adjourned. A few of the comrades, unable to resist a triumph over the police, telegraphed their compliments to the chief. In a quarter of an hour the police appeared, only to find the nest empty. A number of delegates were afterwards arrested at the stations, but immediately released.

Dr. Friedeberg and Comrade Karfunkelstein were arrested in Mannheim on the Tuesday following the conference; but after the usual station-house indignities they were realised.

It will be remembered that at Bremerhaven a number of comrades were arrested and detained without formal charge, and after nine weeks released with the exception of one. This one, Karl Lehman, committed suicide in prison on the seventh of January. But not till the fifth of April were any of his relatives informed of his death. No special reasons for his detention were given when the rest were released, nor are the causes of his suicide yet known. His real offence was anti-militarist agitation.

SWITZERLAND.

In September, 1906, Tatiana Léontiva, a young Russian girl, killed, in a hotel at Interlaken, one M. Müller, a rich landholder, by mistake for Durnovo, the Russian butcher. Tried by the courts of Berne, she has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment and twenty years interdiction from the canton of Berne. Before the court she said: "I regret that I did not kill Durnovo; but the man whom I killed in his place was a bourgeois, consequently an enemy; hence my regret is diminished." Mlle. Léontiva had been so mistreated by Judge Launer during her imprisonment that inquest into his behavior was ordered.

Henry Mieville, a blacksmith of Chaux-de-Fonds, having refused to join a military company, has been sentenced to four months in prison and three months' deprivation of civil rights. Jacques Schmid, of Zurich, ordered to service, likewise refused in an interesting letter concluding with these words: "My ideal is a social state in which all intellectual supremacy, all material subjugation of man by man shall be impossible." He has been arrested and by this time sentenced.

During the recent general strike at Vevey, a sympathetic agitation followed at Lausanne, of so lively a nature that the local governments decided to suppress it. The "Maison du Peuple" of Lausanne was occupied by the military, the Communist Printing House was closed, at Vevey the union meetings were dispersed by troops. All foreigners were ordered expelled, whereby Sebastien

Faure, then in Lausanne for the purpose of giving a freethought lecture, was hastily reconducted to the French frontier.

ITALY.

During a recent conference of Socialists at Bologna, a split occurred between the partisans of legislative action and direct action, the latter being in the majority. These greeted the epithet "Anarchists" with cheers, and the minority withdrew.

On the 25th of March it was decided to hold an Italian Anarchist conference at Rome during the month of June. Duration, four or five days; purposes, to arrange propagandist meetings, and prepare for the Amsterdam Congress.

ENGLAND.

The *Voice of Labour*, owing to financial pressure, has reduced its size one-half; also its price. Still it is large enough to contain interesting reports and comments on the trade union and suffragist movements in England.

BOHEMIA.

The comrades of *Práce* announce a forthcoming paper for children.

An entire edition of Kropotkin's "Words of a Rebel" has been confiscated.

JAPAN.

A daily revolutionary Socialist paper, *Heimin Shimbum*, is out at Tokyo. If some Japanese-American comrade will kindly offer to give us an idea of its contents we shall be glad to send him copies.



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You talk of freedom—you are all afraid of freedom—your intellect is all awry with the thought that someone ought to control you—that you ought to control others—you are despots masquerading.

In the face of every evidence to the contrary, mankind has gradually grown to believe in external control rather than internal balance, as a means of keeping each other straight.—Sercombe Himself.

There was a man once, a satirist. In time, his friends slew him and he died, and when they were all gathered about his open coffin, one of them said, "Why, he treated the whole world like a football, and he kicked it." The corpse opened one eye—"Yes! I kicked it, but always toward the goal," he said.—Martin Martens.

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Vol. II

JUNE, 1907

No. 4

AMONG ENEMIES

By FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

*There the gallows, rope and hooks;
And the hangman's beard is red;
People round and poisoned looks—
Nothing new and nothing dread!*

*Know it well, from fifty sources,
Laughing in your face I cry:
Would you hang me? Save your forces!
Why kill me who cannot die!*

*Beggars ye! who hate the tougher
Man who holds the envied lot;
True I suffer, true I suffer—
As to you—ye rot, ye rot!*

*I am breath, dew, all resources,
After fifty hangings; why!
Would you hang me? Save your forces!
Why kill me who cannot die!*



OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

The legal farce now being played at Boise, Idaho, augurs nothing good for Haywood. When one considers the unfriendly attitude of the Court and the material from which the jurors are being selected to try the accused leader of the Western Federation of Miners, one involuntarily exclaims: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!" The most strenuous efforts have been made by the authorities to pack the panel with men specially selected for their dense ignorance, their narrow outlook upon life and their enmity toward the Western Federation of Miners. Mr. Richardson, one of the counsel for the defence, realizing the situation, has made the following protest to the trial judge:

"There are 6,000 votes in this county. Of this number 5,000 at least are eligible as jurors. There were 500 men in the parade at Boise on the last Labor Day.

"One hundred and sixty special talesmen have been drawn on two venires. It is a singular coincidence that only one union labor man was found in that number, and only two who actually work for daily pay. There are at least 3,000 day laborers in this county. None of them has been brought here.

"There is no reason why the laboring class, or even the union class, should not be represented on this jury. We do not ask the Sheriff to select that class, but we do believe the next venire should be more diversified."

"The Court has complete confidence in Sheriff Hodgin," replied Judge Wood. "The Court will have nothing further to say on this subject."

Even the capitalist papers, which can not be accused of sympathy with the Boise defendant, are forced to admit that the talesmen are a bunch of simpering idiots. The *New York Times*, for instance, has this to say of the stock from which the arbiters of Haywood's fate are being chosen:

"The fact of the matter is that most of the Idaho farmers have only the vaguest sort of an idea as to what a Socialist is. They seem to imagine that he is some sort of a six-legged, eight-horned animal of undefined but terrible proclivities, whose proper place would be in a museum of dangers."

One of the jurors selected to try Haywood has characterized his mental caliber by stating that he did not believe in capital punishment, except for Anarchists, whom he would hang on sight.—It is nothing short of murder

to place the fate of a human being in the hands of men so totally devoid of all sense of justice.

We repeat what we have said on previous occasions: Only energetic action on the part of organized labor will free the imprisoned leaders of the Western Federation of Miners.

* * *

Nothing enrages the bull like a red rag flashed before the animal's eyes. The red flag—symbol of the international revolutionary proletariat—has a like effect upon the pillars of our capitalist society.

The recent demonstrations, in which the red flag was carried as a warning to the masters of our Republic, have both frightened and enraged the sky-pilots, penny-a-liners and justice mongers. One of the last, by the name of Crane, has arbitrarily forbidden the red flag to be unfurled, characterizing the same as "objectionable, immoral and provocative of Anarchy."

This is highly pleasing to us. The revolutionary workmen of this country will pay no more attention to such prohibitions than do their brothers in France, Germany and Russia. The rage of the exploiters proves that the revolutionary spirit is making good progress in this Republic, in spite of the great liberties we enjoy on paper.

* * *

The *Appeal to Reason* has been indicted by the federal authorities for circulating "scurrilous, defamatory and threatening" matter. Fred D. Warren, the managing editor, has been arrested and held to await trial in November.

This is the Rooseveltian method of getting rid of "undesirable" citizens and publications. No doubt, the persecution is inspired by the mine owners, against whom the *Appeal* has been waging uncompromising war.—Censorship has ever been the handmaiden of dictators.

* * *

Thus spake Jesus to the rich man:

"Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, take up the cross, and follow me."

"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

And thus spake Archbishop Ireland:

"The very recognition of manhood in every man makes the multitude the rulers, and the multitude tends too readily to momentary excitements. The wild Anarchist, the would-be assassin, are the public enemies of society whom to tolerate is to tolerate open sedition. An enemy, too, of public order is the workman who, refusing his own labor, deters by violence a brother workman from offering his labor, as is even in a greater degree the strong and the powerful who override the law of the land in carrying out schemes of their ambition.

"Private property, the right of every man to own and dispose of the fruits of brain and of hand, must be regarded as SACRED AND INVOLABLE. It is the cornerstone of the social structure. Destroy it, weaken it, and you establish barbarism. Nor is private ownership to be merely for the individual himself. It is for those who are parts of himself, his children and those others whom by his own free will he chooses to make beneficiaries of the rewards of his labor of mind or of limb.

"That in the holding of private property there be inequality is a fact that is inevitable. MEN ARE NOT AND NEVER WILL BE EQUAL. Proposed Utopias which ignore the nature of men and the vital condition of human society, are an insult no less than an injury to the individual whom they fain would beguile by their will-o'-the-wisp glamor and deception."

Poor Nazarene! You were the original "undesirable citizen."



THE AMSTERDAM ANARCHIST CONFERENCE

By MAX BAGINSKI.

THE process—national as well as international—of "exterminating" us Anarchists has now been going on for several decades. Almost all "civilized" governments, republican as well as monarchical, have built high fences around their boundaries in order to keep out the dread "public danger." Whatever forms of violence human ingenuity could devise have been practiced upon the Anarchists. Russia and Spain torture them; they suffer in the prisons of France, Italy, Germany and Austria, while our free America subjects them to the tender mercies of her police hordes and deports them.

People charge us with being mere dreamers whose

ideals are purely utopian—lacking common sense and opposed to human nature. Humanity must become angelic—so we are told—before Anarchy would be feasible.

On the other hand we are pictured as veritable devils, whom only fire and brimstone will conquer.

The Anarchist Conference to be held in August at Amsterdam, Holland, will serve as ironic proof, so to speak, that the united governmental efforts have failed to “exterminate” Anarchism.

The Conference can accomplish, however, much more. The Anarchists do not believe in “binding resolutions,” nor in majority decisions. We expect much, however, from voluntary co-operation, and the international exchange of ideas, opinions and experiences. The “power to resolve” does not depend upon the number of ayes and noes. It springs from the free, rational perception of things.

To the Anarchists democracy is no less a tyrant than autocracy. Indeed, the latter has but one head; democracy, however, is a thousand-headed hydra that can not be guillotined as easily as a Bourbon Louis.

Much may be resolved upon that is never carried out, while many things are accomplished without preliminary solemn resolutions. Wherever free initiative is the outgrowth of certain conditions it will prove far more effective than resolutions passed by majority vote. Nor must we forget to consider the harmful effect of obedience as compared with the ennobling, broadening results of free solidaric action.

We may, therefore, safely ignore the objection that no Conference should be held by those who do not believe in the superiority of the majority. The Conferences and Congresses of politicians have for their principal object the eradication of all free initiative. The party has decided—that settles it! A gathering of Anarchists, however, is for the very purpose of reviving and strengthening the spirit of initiative. Laws and rules are required by people who want to dominate others. That applies to party leaders, for instance, whose power is endangered when their flocks leave the beaten path and ignore established custom. The same is true of governments, as well as of all mastery founded on force

and violence: subjection and obedience to statutes and paragraphs are vital to their continued existence.

The Amsterdam Conference will not suffer from any lack of subjects requiring thought and consideration. Political action, advocated by Social Democrats, is fast losing its attraction. The proletariat of Germany and France—leading countries in the political labor movement—is now entering other fields. The French workmen, more than those of any other country, have been loaded with the “blessings” of politics. The various government cliques, following each other in power, eagerly sought popularity with the masses, without, however, ceasing to serve as the instruments of oppression for the possessing classes,—it made no difference whether the servants of the people were labeled monarchic, moderate republican or radical republican. It is highly significant that the workmen of France have progressed further than those of any other country in the appreciation and application of the Anarchist weapons: direct action and the General Strike. The delegates to the Amsterdam Conference will not fail to draw useful lessons from past experience.

A few words in regard to the question of organization may not be amiss. In Germany some comrades are again trying the experiment of democracy. Their aim is to form a “strong organization,” with the customary dues, membership lists, committees, etc. Such a plan is highly inadvisable, even from purely practical reasons. Anarchism is still persecuted by all governments in the most arbitrary manner, without either reason or limit. The killing of some crowned or uncrowned tyrant—whether or not the act be that of an Anarchist—can be governmentally exploited against the Anarchists and the incident made to serve as an excuse for an international razzia upon us. Under such conditions it were sheer absurdity for Anarchists to supply the enemy with information and material for persecution. That could easily happen, however, if we were to have statutes, by-laws and membership lists.

It does by no means follow, however, that Anarchists are opposed to organization “on principle.” People of similar aims and congenial temperaments will combine in sympathetic co-operation irrespective of rules and

statutes. That is not only natural, but also very desirable. The united efforts of many self-reliant individuals will prove more effective than the activity of a solitary man. We welcome all organization based on free co-operation; indeed, on this very foundation we Anarchists build our hope for a grand future. On the other hand, we are opposed to the kind of organization which is but a multiplication of nobodies, represented by a more or less successfully masked authority.



AN UNANSWERED LETTER

December 26, 1906.

Gen. THEO. A. BINGHAM,
Commissioner of Police,
New York City.

My dear General Bingham:—

I have your esteemed favor of December 12th, 1906, and note that you say, "There is no intention in this department to interfere, except when laws and ordinances are violated."

I do not doubt that this is your personal intention, but it has not heretofore been acted upon by your subordinates. I call your attention to specific cases.

The Manhattan Liberal Club meets at 220 East 15th Street. The Club as such has nothing to do with Anarchism. It conducts a lecture platform with opportunity for free discussion of the lecture topics. Owing to this chance for propaganda, Anarchists often attend to avail themselves of the privilege to discuss their pet hobby.

At the door liberal and radical literature is sold, and among other matter *Mother Earth*, a magazine published by Emma Goldman. I am informed that your policemen have threatened the managers of the club, who are not Anarchists, with arrest and a dispersal of their meeting if they allowed *Mother Earth* to be kept on sale there. This threat, I am told, was made specific as to all future numbers of the magazine, the prospective contents of which no policeman could know, and which, of course, cannot in advance be determined to be a

violation of any law. I am unable to find any statute or ordinance which authorized your department thus to suppress a club not composed of Anarchists, for having in its hall literature that in itself violates no law. It is precisely such police lawlessness as this which breeds Anarchists of the violent type. Had you not better inquire a bit about this lawless interference with the right of citizens by your subordinates, and thus make your expressed intention operative in the department?

A second case of police lawlessness of a similar sort arose out of the following facts. After the Haymarket killing of police in Chicago a number of Anarchists were given life sentences on conviction of complicity. Later they were pardoned by the Governor of Illinois. In the lengthy pardoning message he made an exhaustive analysis of the evidence and reached the conclusion that all these convicts were innocent of the crime charged. His conclusion was not based upon a difference of opinion with the jury or trial court as to the preponderance of the evidence, but by a careful analysis showing that there was in fact not a particle of evidence directly connecting them with the offense.

Under these circumstances the Anarchists—not without reason, be it observed—infer that the conviction was the result of popular panic over Anarchism, and that those who the Governor said were convicted without evidence, served several years of imprisonment as “martyrs for entertaining unpopular opinions.” I submit that it is their right to so regard them, and publicly to express the convictions of the Governor of Illinois.

I am informed that for many years it has been the custom of Anarchists and some other organizations, here and elsewhere, to hold some sort of memorial meeting in commemoration of this alleged martyrdom. Never until this year, under your administration, have these meetings been interfered with in New York City.

This year I am informed that a line of policemen barred the entrance to the hall where it was proposed to hold this meeting. The reason assigned was simply that no meeting of Anarchists would be permitted, even for a lawful purpose. Of course, no policeman possesses the occult power of reading in advance the mind of those who were expected to deliver addresses. Without such

power of mind-reading no policeman could know in advance that any forbidden utterance would be indulged in. If your subordinates may thus with impunity and lawlessly prevent assemblages of Anarchists on suspicion, as to future events, they have the same right on like suspicion to close churches.

On two recent occasions the Brooklyn police likewise assumed to do some mind-reading and excluded persons from a hall where they came to hear a lecture. I can find nothing which makes it unlawful for any particular persons to hold meetings for purposes in themselves lawful. It seems to me that it is up to you either to find such a law, or to withdraw your statement that there is no intention to interfere except under the law, or to discipline your officious, lawless subordinates.

I can find no power in the statutes authorizing any such performance. If my information as above set forth is correct, then I do not hesitate to say that the conduct of your subordinates was as much a matter of lawlessness as the killing of Chicago policemen which is charged to Anarchists.

I submit to you, my dear Sir, that your love of fair play and your desire to preserve order should induce you to make some inquiry within your department, to the end that your men may not by their own lawless conduct provoke to violence those who may rightfully feel themselves thus wrongfully oppressed, but who are naturally peacefully disposed.

I assure you, I write only in the interest of that freedom of speech and press which I believe to be guaranteed by our Constitution, which it is your business as Police Commissioner, and my business as a member of the bar, and as attorney for the Free Speech League, to uphold.

Hoping that in my desire to be of service to you I have not allowed myself unduly to trespass upon your time by an over-long document, I remain,

Most cordially yours,

THEODORE SCHROEDER.

THE WORLD'S BEAUTIFUL FAILURES

By LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

THERE is no lack of praise for those who succeed. The whole world knows, applauds and points out as shining examples for coming generations to follow, those who have reached the object of their ambitions in any line. No one stops to consider what that success has cost—the success is the thing—the victor is the one important topic for consideration.

But I write of the failures of society, the beautiful failures who have died in obscurity and silence, leaving only a heart here and there the better and gladder for having known them. Dear, lovable, self-sacrificing failures, without whom even the successful would never have succeeded! Foundation stones of great achievements to follow! Living bridges upon whom happier beings cross to victory! How I love you and how my heart reaches out to you! I do not know your names, but I liken you to the few sweet, humble personalities who have come into my life, and names matter not. Perhaps you are among those who stepped down—myriads of you—into the river until your dead bodies formed a bridge over which more fortunate men and women passed to freedom. Perhaps, with your feet already upon the ladder, you stepped aside that a weaker brother might climb. Perhaps you counted the cost of success, and, rather than pay it, gave your soul its own and lived your own sweet, hidden life as you would. All honor to you, whoever and wherever you are!

In ancient times, when all laborers were simply slaves, there were here and there men who led revolts against the tyrants who oppressed them. They failed; for the idea of freedom was but a seedling then. But they paved the way for more effective revolts. Even Moses of inspired writings was a great failure. For though the work he undertook so ably secured him a place in that old wonderful conglomeration of history, fakism, poetry and mystery, he never did reach the promised land—he did not bring the Israelites safe into a country of their own, or establish them as a nation. Yet how the world re-

members this marvelous failure! Socrates, although his name has lasted down to the present day, was a miserable failure in life. He never had a cent to his name, he made but a poor, shiftless husband, and his last drink was a cup of cold poison. Yet how his pupils loved him!

Even Jesus Christ failed of his mission, according to what is said of him by both friends and enemies. If he aspired, as the Jews declared, to become their earthly king, he failed utterly to realize his aspirations. If he came to save the world, his most devout worshippers must acknowledge that he made a dismal failure of it, since but a handful out of earth's millions are likely to accept him and thus get into heaven. If he hoped, as some scholars claim, to establish a beautiful, brotherly, communal state of society here on earth, he failed again: since the brotherly element in his teachings died out before they were three centuries old. He succeeded, I think, as many another humble, nature-loving, unknown creature has done, in embodying a sweet, loving, simple, Christlike spirit, whose success consists simply in being. That quiet, non-resistant spirit of love, which he seemed to personify, has slowly grown and permeated the savage forces of society, until a foreshadowing of that future of freedom and universal solidarity is looming up before the world, and in this alone is that conception called Jesus Christ a success.

How many, many of the pioneers of political liberty have sorrowfully failed! Even where there have been short-lived victories, they have been drowned in seas of blood, and have been forgotten except by calumny. Only through their failures have they achieved a measure of success; they were cut off in their first enthusiasm for liberty, while yet sincere, uncorrupted, devoted and single-hearted, yet believing in the purity of their work. Had they lived and continued in their supremacy, they too would have become tyrannical, and other revolutionists would have been sacrificed to the cause of liberty against them.

Genius, it is conceded, seldom achieves success during the lifetime of its personality. How many great men have toiled in penury and want, through all their lives, striving to perfect some idea, or having perfected it, striving for recognition from the busy, unsympathetic world.

For the greatest men, those endowed with the best brains, and highest gifts, are not usually best fitted to fight their way in the commercial field and "make money" out of their own abilities. So they have died, conscious only of failure, but upon the broken fragments of their efforts others have built and attained success. How many millions of failures there are among the common toilers of earth: "They who finger Death at their glove's end" and who "feed him hungry behind their fires," who never know anything of the sweetness of life because of toil, privation, danger, dreariness and monotony throughout the whole of their existence. Yet they have made the world rich in the goods that make the lives of "Mary's sons" beautiful.*

And among those who in later days have taken up the cause of human freedom, are many failures as far as riches, influence and high position go. But what beautiful failures, and how lovable! Look at our own Louise Michel! Poor, homely, shabby, never even comfortable, she spent her whole life working for others, and died without having really achieved a single task that she had set her heart upon, without a dollar laid up, without an honor paid her by the powers that be. She had seen all her hopes and dreams of a better state of society fall in a chaos of blood and vengeance, yet she never ceased to hope and dream and work. To-day thousands revere and bless her name, and no woman was ever more dearly loved by those who had the fortune to know her personally.

John Brown was a case of splendid failure. Who was ever more maligned, humiliated and persecuted? He was a rebel, a violent, seditious character, a breeder of disturbances, and they finally hanged him—the most ignominious death they could inflict.

He had loved his fellow beings too well, and he tried to free them from an intolerable slavery. He failed, and they killed him. And yet, "His soul goes marching on," and there is no one now who would deny his self-sacrificing and lovable devotion.

And in the same sense were our martyrs of '87 fail-

* At this late date, Rudyard Kipling has remembered to recognize labor in a splendid poem called "Martha's Sons."

ures. They never acquired property—they had no time to make money—they had never attained high honors or influential friends, the beautiful things of life had been denied them because of poverty, the lack of success in business. They cherished the highest ideals for humanity, and—they failed in seeing them realized. Yet, their lives were beautiful and their deaths sublime. The world leaped ahead several generations toward the final goal of liberty and justice, because of their “unsuccessful lives.”

And ah! the many, many, silent, unknown, unobtrusive failures that we have among us to-day! In the sense that the average writer speaks of success, they are the worst of failures. They are plain, plodding, hard-working people, they live poorly, but few know them, and they are not likely to achieve results of any kind important to the world. But they are sweet and lovable spirits, true to themselves and their ideals, and, as far as circumstances will permit, they are free.

Thirty years ago, in Chicago, the radicals were few, and poor and very devoted. They were persecuted, lied about and ridiculed. They preached to the people on the street corners, or on vacant lots, or in little back rooms behind saloons because they were cheap. They walked miles after their day's work was done (to save carfare) to go to some meeting at which they spoke, and then put their hands in their pockets for the few cents they had there to pay the rent. At that time, none of them thought of trying to get rich. If they could “keep a job” and make a bare living it was as much as they hoped for. They failed in all that makes Rockefeller or Carnegie successful men, and they could see in those days no direct results from their work and devotion. But they were pioneers, and their labors prepared the ground for the seed afterward sown which has already resulted in the broad, radical, progressive thought which prevails in that city to-day.

After a while, many in that little group began to think it scarcely worth while to be so self-sacrificing and devoted. They began to think they could look out for their own interests and work for liberty too. Or, that they could “get rich,” and then be in a better position to help the cause along. Perhaps they were right, as it is

generally conceded that a "poor devil," one who has been a failure at everything else, can do little to advance the cause of human liberty, or any other cause. And so, to-day, out of that old group, one is a successful lawyer and real estate owner, another holds a political position which pays him well and gives him considerable influence, another is a popular and wealthy physician, and one is a successful journalist and writer. Some of them are dead, dead and nearly forgotten. But one or two of them forgot, in their enthusiasm for a cause, to look out for their own welfare, and all at once they looked around to find themselves almost alone, outstripped by even their old companions, old age creeping on and poverty and obscurity their portion. Yet they were brave and able and true; they have been industrious and upright; they have served their industrial bosses well, and according to Elbert Hubbard should have been received with open arms by capitalist employers as "angels of light." Rather than that, they are likely to be displaced by younger and more sprightly men.

Yet, these old workers have every quality that wins love and sympathy from those who know them well. They have preserved the very characteristics which almost invariably are sacrificed by those who rise to the top and give the price which buys success. To obtain great wealth, one must kill all generous impulses, the sense of equity and justice, the deep human sympathy with one's kind. To become famous, either in war or commerce, is to make one's self heartless and cruel; to win honor by some great invention, is to take to one's self the credit of what has been done by a thousand failures before. You may have one chance in a hundred to become successful and great by achievement in literary or artistic fields, without sacrificing your soul's integrity and freedom—but, barely that.

By the world's criterion, you are only successful if you accumulate great wealth, pile up the products of thousands of toilers under your own private control, or in some way win the approval of governments, of authority, of established institutions. To become thus successful, you must be unjust, tyrannical, narrow, or tricky, fawning, hypocritical, slavish. Is it worth while? Is it not better to keep out of the struggle, be true to yourself,

live your own free, simple life, to expand and develop all the sweet, social instincts of your being, even though it be in obscurity and poverty? Or even if it lead to ignominy, persecution and death? For the day will come when even the world will grow wise and cry aloud, "God bless our beautiful failures!"



THE INDIAN

By GEORGE E. BOWEN.

IN the destructive advance of new civilizations still am I an Indian.

Neither dead, nor yet choked with fear, nor with submission.

The sunshine, the storm, the far reaches of treeless plain, the majesty of the eternal hills, the bird song and the joy of living waters, the glory of sunlit day and the serenity of starry night, the beauty and sadness of the passing seasons—*all are mine.*

As I knew them in the fellowship of forgotten ages, they shall proclaim me comrade forever.

Before piracy, or protected privileges of plunder, my hospitality was open to the world, my honor hid not stealthily away in the two-faced mystery of "majestic," written laws, nor in the "sacred" security of barred and bolted treasuries.

Oh, untrammelled, generous Nature! Keeper of my soul, guardian of my heart's secrets, my guide, my refuge, my redeemer,—hold me in distance and in dignity from this commercial, cowardly Thing that pursues me in the name of civilization!

The shelter of your storms is safer than the poisoned, perfidious bounty of the usurper.

I scorn the charity of his jeweled, blood-stained hand. Better the starvings of your famine than the banquets of his dishonor.

The wild beasts of my stately forests knew not the vicious cunning, nor the monstrous brutality infesting the jungles of the white man's city.

In the love of simple things to sustain my perfect strength, to feed my soul's hunger, to arm my unchained

courage for its sweet or serious duties, still proudly am I an Indian.

Shall I forget my feathers, or my beads, or the fantastic, fearless beauty of my painted original splendor? Shall you, captains of civilization and prophets of empire, forget your lacings and your pitiful plumage, your brass-dipped baubles and your drug store complexions, your stolen, disfiguring fashions and your pathetic imitations?

Yet I censure not—undisturbed, I leave you to your own devices, deceptions and corruptions. My service is to the reality of life, to the achievements of its greatness, its grandeur, its truth, its perfection. Growth is before me.

Your waste is intolerable, your waste of energy, of purpose, of manhood. I am satisfied to make sacred the common things of life, rather than destroy my soul before your vanities and your vicarious virtues.

You have come teaching me pride and perseverance and preference—likewise patience. Have come teaching me, an Indian. Rather have I discovered your perversity, your prostitution, your trickery, injustice and ingratitude.

Back of history my fathers' fathers counted pride in deeds, not dollars—deeds of valor, of integrity, of sacrifice, of fortitude, of splendid sentiment.

One day you came with perseverance, a gun, a flask of fire water, and some cheap calico. A brave outfit, a courageous combination. The buffalo was my friend, my comrade. Your rifle and your wanton perseverance annihilated and put him away from me forever.

The blessings of your bottle (with perseverance) burned out the conscience and the courage of the red man, and your cheap calico (with more perseverance, and many perversions of the truth) persuaded him that land titles are trash and sovereignty a snare and a sham. But the truth of this reasoning was not intended.

So all things are wrought with perseverance and purpose—even the emancipation of an Indian from his misfortunes. Patience has he not worn with fortitude—almost sublimely, as a spell woven of your sinister arts? And ingratitude has he returned with ingratitude?

But these are questions.

Alas! The Indian himself is a question. And you have *not* answered.

Then there was preference—for many things. For reservations—out of my vast estates—for styles of shoes, for shirts, for suspenders, for the shame of ignorance or the blessing of education.

Have I not named my preferences?

Yet you have preferred to despoil, debauch and destroy me, that, reverencing your power, I might manfully save myself.

Your crafty cunning can not read my stoic resolve—so blind you are with the bigotry of greed and of supremacy.

Do I wear lightly your harness of civilization? I do not care for its sores, its chokings, its restraints, its smart pretense. With it I shall drag or drive my destiny to freedom. I scorn your silly superstitions, your slavery, your servility, your seven-fold shame.

The spirit of departed tribes stirs my blood and lifts my vision to nobler things—the things of an Indian. Like Cæsar, you may not be there. You may not come within the joy of my victory. Yet I can accept it alone—as I have lived alone.

Keep your commerce, your petty politics, your coarse corruptions of social-service and of the state.

Keep your gold, your greasy glory of gain, your gnawing greed.

Come back! When your forces are spent, your conscience racked, your honor and your happiness wasted in the riot and revelry and reactions of your mocking civilization.

Come back, and learn of confidence, of fairness and of forgiveness the way of peace, the art of happiness, the beauty of life.

Of me, an Indian.



CHATTEL AND WAGE SLAVERY

By A. T. HEIST.

EVEN the habitual liar sometimes finds it advantageous to tell the truth, and the blindest fanatic sometimes sees the truth which antagonizes his financial interests. Where ancient prejudices and delusive hopes induce self-deception, man will emotionally discredit even the most logical of statements, if they come from those by whom he has been seduced into mistrusting.

It follows that to the average person even a most logical statement carries more convincing power when it comes from those who have some apparent motive for concealing the fact or for being blind to its existence.

For these reasons I think it worth while to republish here a statement affirming the practical identity of our past African slavery and our present wage-slavery.

In the beginning of our late anti-slavery agitation it was proposed by the slave-holders to exclude from the mails all Abolitionist literature, as we now exclude "obscene" literature. The United States Senate appointed a special committee to investigate the subject and especially to inquire if Congress had the power to exclude incendiary ideas from the post office. This committee, with the Hon. John C. Calhoun at its head, reported that in its opinion no such power existed. The report incidentally informs the country that chattel slavery is not so bad and, in fact, not essentially different from the prevailing wage slavery.

It is this statement, coming from some of the most conservative members of that most conservative body, the United States Senate, that I will now reproduce from a report there made on February 4, 1836.

The report in part reads as follows:

"The sober and considerate portions of citizens of non-slave-holding States, who have a *deep stake* in the existing institutions of the country, would have little forecast not to see that the assaults, which are now directed against the institutions [slavery] of the Southern States, may be easily directed against those which uphold their own prop-

erty and security. A very *slight modification* of the arguments used against the institutions which sustain the property [slaves] and security of the South [against slaves] would make them equally effectual against the institutions of the North, including Banking, in which so vast an amount of its property and capital is invested.

"It would be well for those interested to reflect whether there now exists, or ever has existed, a wealthy civilized community in which *one portion did not live on the labor of another*, and whether *the form* in which slavery exists in the South is not *but one modification* of this universal condition; and, finally, whether any other, under all the circumstances of the case, is more defensible or stands on stronger ground of necessity. It is time to look these questions in the face.

"Let those who are interested remember that labor is the only source of wealth, and how small a portion of it, in all old and civilized countries, even the best governed, is left to those by whose labor wealth is created.

"Let them [the interested, the rich, who live on the labor of other men] also reflect how little volition or agency the operatives [the laboring men] in any country have in the question of the distribution of wealth; as little, with a few exceptions, as the African, of the slave-holding States has in the distribution of the proceeds of his labor.

"Nor is it less oppressive," adds the Committee, "that, in the one case, it [the 'keeping back of the hire of the laborers'] is effected by the stern and powerful will of the government; and, in the other, by the more feeble and flexible will of the master. If one be an evil, so is the other. The only difference is the amount and mode of the exaction and the distribution, and the agency by which they are effective."

If this shall get into the hands of any conservative workingman, I again beg him to remember that this is the statement, not of a trade union walking delegate, not of an agitator, nor a demagogue. It is not even the statement of a senatorial "radical," nor even of a Socialist, nor an Anarchist. It is the deliberate opinion of a committee of United States Senators.

You laborers, think it over and see if it isn't true that you are just as truly a set of plundered slaves as were

the negroes of our Southern States. Then ask yourselves what you are going to do to emancipate yourself from the legalized robbery of our present political and economic systems. May be even Anarchism wouldn't be quite so bad for you. Think it over. . . .



A RAILWAY EPISODE

By JOHN FRANKLYN PHILLIPS.

ONE typical winter afternoon I was riding in a parlor car—from where to where is immaterial. I had been on the train a little over an hour, and at the last stop all the passengers had left my end of the car, except a young man who occupied the next chair to mine. Weary of gazing out of the window, I had just commenced the concluding chapter of "The Jungle," when I heard a voice say:

"Do you like Sinclair?"

"Yes," I answered abstractedly, "I consider 'The Jungle' the greatest literary work ever produced by an American. I——." The train was rumbling over a small bridge, and as I raised my eyes I found the young man looking earnestly at me. I must have shown my embarrassment, for he said:

"Of course we have not been introduced, but I think our tastes and views are somewhat akin, so it does not matter. I, too, appreciate the genius of Sinclair. 'The Jungle' is the work of an artist-philosopher. No improbabilities and absence of ideas, which we meet with in Dickens; no individuals without wills of their own, that Shakespeare portrays. Are you a Socialist?"

I had read the "Communist Manifesto," glanced through "Capital," and carefully studied the "Fabian Essays," and considered myself fairly familiar with Scientific Socialism.

"Yes," I replied, "but being a woman I fear I do little for the cause, although three of my men friends say I have converted them."

"Good! you are a comrade then. And how do you em-

ploy your time? From your appearance I discern you are not a wage earner." Without thinking at the time of the singularity of the question coming from an absolute stranger, I answered:

"Oh, I am essaying dramas."

"An excellent occupation. What kind?"

"I am afraid an inferior kind compared with the productions of Henrik Ibsen, who is my favorite dramatist. My attempts are not unlike Charles Klein's: a little realistic romance touching on the economic question."

"I see," he said smiling, "the innate feminine craving for romance. . . . I am glad you like Ibsen, the great Anarchistic playwright who first gave us the modern realistic drama. His productions are an admirable source of inspiration to draw from. . . . And," he continued, "what do you think of that 'brilliant but shallow satirist,' that 'insincere cynic,' Bernard Shaw?"

I knew little of Shaw except that I had seen one of his comedies and had read the conventional criticisms in the daily newspapers, so I replied:

"I believe he is more or less as you describe him, although I have seen only one of his plays."

"Which one?"

"Man and Superman."

"Yes, I know it is liable to leave the popular impression of the author which I mimicked, especially as the third act is left out; but the truth is, Shaw is so deep that he overtaxes the average intellect. The playgoers are blinded by his brilliancy and therefore unable to see his philosophy. In some respects, Shaw is even greater than Ibsen, as he has constructive ideas, while the older playwright could only artistically pen-paint the human soul in motion. Now, if I only had time some evening to thoroughly explain Shaw to you, you would undoubtedly recognize his merit and derive much pleasure plus profit from the old Socialist. May be you are better acquainted with Nietzsche?"

I confessed I knew him only by name.

"That is unfortunate," continued my companion, "or rather fortunate, as you have much satisfaction before you. You will find Shaw and Nietzsche come to similar

conclusions. Both have realized the irretrievable defects of humankind; the illusion of universal happiness; the existence of the 'will to live' with its blundering actions—and yet progressive intent. . . . Both have conceived of a race of Better People than the human race with its poverty, disease and crime. And to revolutionize conditions so that these Superior People shall evolve, these Supermen and Superwomen who shall be 'beyond good and evil,' is the aim of the Irish dramatist and was the work of the German philosopher while he lived."

He leaned back in his chair, completely absorbed in thought, as if he were considering some technical objection, and I was very glad that he had forgotten my presence, for, had I been expected to answer, I should not have known what to say. His talk on Shaw and Nietzsche was very strange to me. "The illusion of universal happiness," "to revolutionize conditions so that these Superior People shall evolve," "beyond good and evil"—truly I was in a mental quandary, and I had always imagined that I belonged to the advanced school of liberal thought. . . . Then I began to wonder: who, and what, is this young man? His conversation is more than interesting, although I cannot follow his ideas. He goes too quickly for me. If we should become better acquainted, and he would, as he suggested, more fully explain, I'm sure I could understand him. There seems to be something awful and—and good, in his objection to "human" aspiration. The train was slowing down to stop at a station. The young man got up, put on his overcoat unassisted by the porter, deliberately adjusted his hat and left the car.

I experienced an indescribable sensation. I think it was half fear, half regret. Was he gone? Had he left me? No, that couldn't be—he had not even said good-bye. We must become better acquainted, *he* must explain. . . . And how could I travel alone—without *him*? I seemed no longer to be an individual. I felt as if I were only a part of an entity, and that *he* was taking *something* away from me. I got up and hastily went to the car platform. The train was in motion again—no one was in sight. . . . I sadly walked back to my chair, into which I wearily sank and THOUGHT.

STOP-GAP CHARITY

By BOLTON HALL.

IT is estimated that fifteen million dollars is expended annually upon the charity work of New York. This is outside of the State and city appropriations. A careful calculation shows that there are about ten thousand persons who support our organized charities. That is to say, there are ten thousand persons who may be called "the charitable," and who give an average of one thousand five hundred dollars apiece annually.

When we consider that there are some New Yorkers who could afford to give the whole sum, and when we look at the long rows of brown-stone houses owned by men, hardly any of whom are real producers in any true sense of the word, think of the heavy expense of a "brown-stone family" in New York, which cannot be less than ten thousand dollars a year and often reaches one hundred thousand dollars, I think you will agree that we are not a charitable community.

But the rich are not the real givers of real charity. Some cynical clergyman has said that no man ever became poor by giving. He meant no rich man. The poor do not put their names upon subscription lists, but they do help each other, and they do give to an extent which puts those who are most occupied with philanthropic work to shame. And this last charity, the giving to those whom we know and for whom we care, is, I believe, the only charity that does not do more visible harm than possible good.

Let us look at a few of the samples of our systematic charities, beginning with the Fresh Air Fund, to which most of us, I fear, contribute; if you will look at the condition of the poor children of this city, I do not think you can possibly conclude that their comfort, their health, or their happiness has appreciably increased within the last ten years, since this charity became important. But even if it had a real effect in improving the health of the children, it would but increase the population, the value of land, and competition, and lower wages, and raise rents. Nor is there any logical limit

to it. Why should we stop at giving the children fresh-air excursions? Why not the little mothers? Why not the shop girls? Why not the hard-working mechanics? And why should we limit it to two weeks? It is one of those things which are never finished, and never can be finished, and of which the most liberal community could never say it has done enough.

Neither would emigration help, although it would temporarily lessen the population, for it would be only to create new centers, where population would quickly grow again.

Model tenements, such as the Tenement House Law approves, are a favorite device for "improving the condition of the poor." But if the more desirable habitations attract more people to the cities, they are distinctly an evil, and they unquestionably tend to raise the value of the land surrounding them and, correspondingly, the rents.

The fact is that whatever aid of an eleemosynary kind can be counted upon, it will reduce the rate of wages. Because where two men must bid for one job, he will get it who, other things being equal, can work the cheapest, and he will work the cheapest who is less provident and who avails himself most fully of charitable aid. The Poor Law experience of England proves this beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Whatever charity is occasional can but pauperize the recipient. "Then," says some one, "we may establish hospitals, so that at least the sick may be taken care of."

To me it seems that it would be better to abolish the conditions which make them sick. Anyone who has ever tried to get a patient into a hospital knows the necessary red tape that must be gone through, a requirement which is due to the fact that the hospitals cannot possibly accommodate even a percentage of those who are sick and in need. They are in every section of the city, they are all overcrowded. And still we are asked for additional contributions.

We have organizations for finding employment for discharged convicts. Under present conditions, they can only give one man employment by taking away the work of another, and it seems hard that the one so deprived should be an honest man, in favor of a criminal.

That is just like our free classes, where we teach women to do men's work and thereby reduce men's wages. For when there is competition, women, who almost always have some one who will help in their support, can afford to work at a lower rate than men. Even now, in the Sweating inquiry, we have complaints of philanthropic institutions, by the aid of which the charitable do piece work at rates upon which a sewing woman cannot live.

It is not possible in the space of this article to give even the leading objections to such work. If any are sufficiently interested to send their names to me, I would be glad to send them a more exhaustive paper upon the subject.

We have a lot of Fairs, Bazaars, Charity Balls, to call which "Charity" is an insult to common sense. They are attempts to cozen the miserly or the spendthrift out of money which they will not give for the sake of giving.

Prof. Richard T. Ely says that he sees the disadvantages of charities and has grave doubts of their benefits, but he asks what are we to do with those who are actually in need of food? The most efficient and cheapest of all relief is to allow them to cultivate the vacant lots near the cities. This is being done in about thirty cities. The experience heretofore has been that the money advanced to these people for seed, brings forth, the least of it, ten, some twenty and some an hundred fold. For those who cannot afford to await the crop it is easy to do, as the New York Committee is doing, pay them five or seven cents an hour and let them have an interest of half the crop when sold.

But as all our people cannot be so accommodated, and as the relief we give them secures them but a little better living, we must look for a more radical remedy. We must put them in the way to acquire *wealth*. We must put them in such surroundings as to induce them to acquire *wealth*. What is *wealth*? Any desirable product of land and labor and capital is but accumulated wealth. So that capital also comes directly from the land and labor. On the way here you passed over acres and miles of good land vacant, unfenced, untilled, but owned. Lands upon which countless thousands of the poor and miserable and unhappy in America could find sustenance, health and happiness. Why do they not do it?

Because the moment they begin to work the land, the owner comes, if indeed he permits them to work at all, and demands a part of the produce as rent, because those fields and lots, which ought to be covered with small factories, market gardens and farms, in which men ought to dig and mine and quarry and sow, are shut out from him and rendered unavailable for the employment of labor by the land speculator.

We must get this land back into use. It is far easier to get the land back to the people than the people back to the land, and there is a simple, practicable and just method of accomplishing it.

Let all the taxes for cities, State and national purposes be raised upon the rental value of land, exclusive of improvements. Let us cease to raise taxes on whatever improves our lot or our house or our farm, and let us raise them upon those who have valuable mines or coal shafts, or water powers or valuable business sites, or other natural advantages, whether they be used or half used or not used at all. That is the simple program. The Single Taxers at least know what they want and they know how to get it. We mean, by continual agitation and by legislative action, to abolish taxes on capital, on property, and on persons, one by one as opportunity offers. We mean to have the taxes increased upon land values in accordance with the present law of the State, until they are assessed at their full value.

We hear much about the union of reform forces. Here is a reform which, though it is not very pure Anarchy, can be accomplished without interfering with any other reform.*

Don't ask f'r rights. Take thim. An' don't let anyone give thim to ye. A right that is handed to ye f'r nawthin' has somethin' the matter with it. It's more than likely it's on'y a wrong turned inside out.—Mr. Dooly.

* We wish the Single Taxers all success; but to accomplish their reforms by legislative action seems to us a Danaidean task.—Ed.

LITTLE ALBERT'S PUNISHMENT

(Translated from the Jewish of Liebin.)

ALBERT is nine years old. He is little, thin, and pale. There was no place for him in school, so he has to stay at home. Very likely the hand of an overseeing Providence is in that, since Albert's being at home has been of much use.

Albert's father is a button-hole maker, but he will soon have forgotten all about his trade, for he has been out of a job for a long, long time. Day in and day out he goes about looking for work, drags himself around from morning till night, but—may the like not happen to you—no work is to be heard of. He is as blue as indigo, and life has no pleasure for him.

Albert's mother is a wage-earner; she takes in washing, and gets something like dry bread for it. Woman's wages.

Albert has, besides, a little sister, Emma. She is not a year old yet, and when she wants something to eat, or when she is cold, she screams for all she is worth. Albert is very fond of his little sister, and whenever he has a minute to spare he plays with her, kisses her, and warms her little hands in his mouth, for they are always blue and cold. In the evening Albert sells papers, and in the morning he goes out and gathers up coal and wood for the family.

Every morning, since the cold winter came on, Albert goes out with a basket on his arm. He goes around in the streets, his eyes fixed on the ground, and when he finds a bit of coal or a piece of wood, he picks it up: often, very often, little Emma is freezing, waiting for Albert's basket.

When Albert finds a coal wagon being unloaded, he reckons that as his good luck. He always waits till they finish chuting the coal, then goes up with his basket, and generally manages to gather several pieces at once.

Albert comes home completely used up; but his mamma kisses him, makes a fire; he sits down by the stove with little Emma and is happy.

Albert's last trip, however, was very, very unsuccessful.

ful. It was a cold, cold winter day. Though the sun shone, the frost mocked at it; he was king, and he bit and cut with the edge of death.

The mother would perhaps not have allowed Albert to go out in such a frost to pick coal, but little Emma was rather sick. She hiccoughed and shivered like a leaf, and it was very cold in the house. Though there was a little coal, it was too little to heat the room; nor was there any money to buy more. So the poor mother dressed her good little son in a mass of rags and sent him out with his basket.

Albert went out into the street.

The cold pierced through the rags, and embraced him with its bitter caress; every limb began to shiver; nevertheless he congratulated himself; for several times he met wagons, one after the other, chuting coal, and at every such meeting he made out not so badly. His fingers and toes began to sting bitterly, and he had already started to run home, carrying with him a "good bit" of coal. Oh, how cold he was! He felt that he was freezing; but just then his eyes caught sight of another wagon. The coal would soon be unloaded, and he need not wait long. He stopped and stood still, knocking one foot against the other.

The coal was in. Albert went straightway up with his basket, and began to pick up the bits of coal that were lying about. Suddenly some one gave him a hard kick. The frightened boy sprang up, trembling. Near him stood a big, coal-blackened Italian driver, shouting something at him.

Albert wanted to run, but the coal-man caught hold of him, pulled the basket of coal out of his hand, threw the coal out of it, and flung it half a block away. The child's heart gave a spasm of pain, and his eyes ran over with tears. He picked up the basket, made a face at the angry Italian from a safe distance, and went home crying: "Oh, little Emma will freeze."



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Previously acknowledged.....	\$376.36
Mrs. Ely, San Francisco.....	5.00
Mr. Teltch, San Francisco.....	2.00
Mr. Glochovsky, San Francisco.....	3.00
Proceeds from various Emma Goldman meetings in San Francisco*.....	101.55
Gruppe "Freiheit," Paterson, N. J.....	5.00
<hr/>	
Total	<u>\$492.91</u>

* The itemized San Francisco account is as follows:

Receipts.

Collected by Rose Fritz for E. G.'s coming to S. F.....	\$63.50
E. G. Meetings and Social of Liberty Club.....	74.55
E. G. Meeting, Socialist Local.....	12.00
Arbeiter Ring Meeting.....	6.50
	<hr/>
	\$156.55

Expenses.

Trip to San Francisco.....	\$35.00
Expenses in S. F.....	20.00
	<hr/>
	\$55.00
	<hr/>
	\$55.00

Net proceeds.....\$101.55

BOOKS RECEIVED

- L'Amour Libre.** Madeleine Vernet. Editions de l'Anarchie. Paris.
- Mutterschutz und Liebesfreiheit.** Pierre Ramus. Communistische Verlags-Anstalt. Berlin.
- Concentration: The Road to Success.** H. H. Brown. The Balance Publish. Co. Denver.
- On the Eve.** Leopold Kampf. International Library Publish. Co. New York.

NOTE.—All those who have received Tickets from Comrade Emma Goldman are urgently requested to make an account before the 20th instant.

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Vol. II

JULY, 1907

No. 5

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

Judge Rosalsky, of New York, is achieving notoriety by the equanimity with which he imposes the most brutally severe sentences upon—poor, friendless defendants.

Recently he sentenced a man to fifteen years, whose "crime," properly considered, was mere disorderly conduct.

Last October, when the mention of Czolgosz's name by some of our comrades created a panic among police and bourgeois souls, this same Rosalsky volunteered the information that if the arrested Anarchists were to appear before him, "they would get a fair trial; but if convicted, they would be punished to the full extent of the law."

A hangman in the garb of a judge! And yet a judge overflowing with consideration and mercy—when the right kind of defendants stand before the bar.

The theatrical trust, managed by Klaw and Erlanger, was charged with illegally suppressing competition, persecution of "obnoxious" actors and the suppression of unprofitable plays.

The charges were dismissed by Judge Rosalsky. The art monopolists, who deal in art as the butcher deals in meat, found mercy at the hands of the wise judge. Bring but rich, influential culprits before the bar and Judge Rosalsky will prove that his heart overflows with kindness, compassion and mercy for the unfortunate defendants.

Our statistics as to the "wealth of the country"—the absorption of monster fortunes by individual families and corporations—remain incomplete if we fail to count in the army of victims sacrificed on the altar of greed and profit.

The following report from one of our industrial hells—Pittsburg—throws some light on the cost of capitalistic production:

"The grim and tragic side of Pittsburg's industrial supremacy, as reflected in the county coroner's log book of violent deaths, is beginning to arouse a feeling of horror at the frightful cost of the wealth which its millionaires are piling up.

"When the coroner closed his log for 1906 he found that in the year he had been called on to record a total of 2,660 deaths. Of these 919 were the result directly of accident in mill, mine, or on railroad, the industries most essential to the city's progress. Sufficient more of the total number of deaths in the city were indirectly attributed to the same causes to make more than 50 per cent. of all the deaths the cost in human life of the steel and money made in Pittsburg for 1906.

"Appalling as these figures are, the chances are that a new record will be established this year. Already in the five months that have elapsed, 1,095 deaths have been recorded in the coroner's log, and of these 344 came suddenly and violently in the mills and mines and on the railroads that gridiron the city. In the same period last year, the total number of deaths recorded was 1,015, and those laid at the door of the city's industries numbered 340.

"While in the aggregate these figures may seem abnormal they are recorded so regularly that their magnitude is scarcely realized. The average number of deaths reported to the coroner is about 250 a month, and there is little variation from this from year to year.

"Comparing the loss of life by accidents with the tonnage and production of the Pittsburg district, one life has been snuffed out for every 50,000 tons of coal that is shipped, and the annual shipment is about 50,000,000 tons. For every 3,800 cars that carry freight out of or into Pittsburg some soul has given up the ghost. This is exclusive of cars that are carrying freight through to other points.

"Every 7,600 tons of the 7,000,000 tons annual production of iron and steel have been put out at the cost of the life of one of the manipulators somewhere in its manufacture, and of the 800,000 tons annual output of steel rails every 87,000 tons have been put upon the market only after some one of its producers has laid down his life."

Such reports often read: "Burned by molten metal and died."

In what cause do these unfortunates suffer such a terrible death? Merely to prolong their poverty, to per-

petuate their own and their progeny's slavery. How much more noble and heroic—and more practical—were it if they would stake their lives in the cause of their emancipation from industrial slavery!

* * *

Canada is about to perpetrate one of the most unspeakable outrages—ostensibly in the name of civilization, in reality because of governmental violence and greedy land speculation.

Recent reports from Winnipeg state that the Canadian government has finally decided to expel the Doukhobors from the lands assigned to them in 1899.

The Doukhobors are splendid agriculturists; they have successfully cultivated a considerable part of the land, and now they are to be despoiled of their homes and the fruits of their labor, in the manner practiced by our own railroad and land sharks.

One is reminded of the story told by Frank Norris in "The Octopus": the fight of the California farmers with the railroads who are wont to claim the "right of ownership" as soon as the value of the land has become enhanced by successful cultivation.

But while the California farmers, conscious of their strength, resisted by force of arms the robbery of their land, the meek in spirit Doukhobors will be set upon and driven from their homesteads, like the lepers of old, without offering resistance.

Knouted and persecuted in Russia, victims of Cossacks and starvation—all because they refused to murder at the Czar's behest—they finally sought, with Tolstoy's assistance, a haven on Canadian soil.

There they toiled industriously and successfully, as farmers. But the government, greedy of the improved lands, stamped them as criminals. Their worst crime is thus described in a report from Winnipeg:

"One of their earliest leaders had taught that governments were unnecessary, all men equal, the hierarchy and the priesthood human inventions, the church and its ceremonies superfluous, monasticism a perversion of human nature, the conspiracy of property owners a disgrace to mankind, and the Czar and archbishops just like other people. They refused to pay taxes, and the matter was compromised by allowing them to do road work.

"They had been made exempt from military service, but they

refused to become citizens and take out patents on their land in the regular way. They were cleanly, industrious, honest, moral and religious, but the only Bible they believed in was scriptural quotations passed from mouth to mouth and such inspirations as they themselves thought they were receiving from time to time."

Thus the Doukhobors are to be despoiled and expelled by a Christian government for taking Christianity seriously and attempting to practice its precepts in their every-day lives. How unfortunate that they did not become good, hypocritical, automobile Christians—their desirability as citizens would then not be doubted.

Non-resistants, the Doukhobors will prove easy victims of governmental brutality. With fiendish refinement of cruelty Canada has chosen the coldest winter months for the expulsion outrage.

* * *

A word about recent strikes and how they should *not* be conducted.

It seems like the veriest irony upon modern, all-too-passive strike methods that the seamen declared a strike *after* the longshoremen, defeated, had returned to work. Are there any workingmen foolish enough to believe that their strike funds will ever suffice to successfully fight multi-millionaires along lines of passive resistance? What folly! The labor unions have but *one* successful weapon: economic pressure combined with the General Strike.

Lack of active sympathy and solidarity was responsible for the loss of the car men's strike at San Francisco. Union teamsters, for instance, hauled strike breakers from the railroad station to the company's barns and transported for the company the necessities of life, thus helping to break the strike. Mr. Cornelius, one of the organizers of the car men's union and now its President, personally assisted in taking a street car to the barns when the unskilled scabs proved incompetent to do so. Such leaders are traitors and the worst enemies of labor, and strikes thus conducted are doomed to failure.

The New York authorities are very much concerned about the city's health, but not to the extent of giving the city cart drivers a chance to make a decent living. Refuse lies rotting in the streets—but even at the risk

of an epidemic the powers that be will not grant the drivers' demands for humane conditions.

If the strikers, however, had shown more perseverance and had received the solidaric support of their fellow-workmen, they would have won the strike: the comfortable classes would speedily realize that their whole civilization would perish from filth, were it not for the work of their slaves.

* * *

It cannot be denied that even the dog days bring some consolation.

People and institutions whose habitual activity is a nuisance—when not positively evil—take their summer vacation, to the unspeakable relief of sensible men.

Legislatures adjourn, so that the growth of the ill-smelling refuse pile of law-making impotence is temporarily arrested.

In the courts only the "most important cases" come to trial—and Justice draws a sigh of relief: she is not to be prostituted so often by the hangmen of paragraphed legality.

Another advantage of the dog days is that the President makes fewer speeches. That's about the only occasion when he deserves well of his country.

Perhaps the greatest boon resulting from the hot spell is the fact that Benjamin R. Tucker has decided not to publish his *Liberty* till September. He thus stamps himself a man of great consideration, who sympathises with the troubles of mankind and is determined to do his best not to add to our intellectual misery.

It is to be hoped that the unusual heat will also moderate the zeal of the ethical Felix Adler. It were the better part of wisdom if he would consent to take a few months' rest upon the moral cushions of scientific ethics. He has earned his vacation, since he must have toiled long and hard to discover the great new virtue: self-aggrandizement. He recently eulogized Carl Schurz as the very personification of virtue. Schurz's forte was career making. 'Tis the newest virtue to secure as many sinecures and honors as possible. Felix Adler will go down in history as the founder of get-there ethics.

John Spargo's abortion: "Not Guilty." Dramatis personae: Haywood et al. Scene—Boise. Time—1907. The wisdom and integrity of the jury triumph. Accused free. General blowing of noses. The public melts in tears. Wet handkerchiefs. A priest intones "Te Deum." General thanksgiving. Amen.

The next drama of the Social Democrat Spargo will close with a cake walk in which Orchard, McParland, Governor Gooding, Archbishop Ireland and the leaders and dramatists of the Social Democratic Party will participate.

* * *

DOUGLAS, Arizona, July 1.—Manuel Satabia, one of the leading spirits in the former St. Louis junta, known here as Samuel Moret, was arrested yesterday and lodged in jail at the instance, it is said, of the Mexican Government.

Late last night an automobile occupied by two Americans was driven to the jail. The prisoner was delivered to them and was forcibly placed in the vehicle. The automobile and its occupants were seen a little later passing through the streets and several witnesses say that the prisoner was choked into submission.

This was the last seen of the automobile, but there seems little doubt that Satabia was delivered to Mexican officers at Aguaprieta.—*N. Y. Times*, July 2, 1907.

The people that go into hysterics over the crimes committed by the Czar of Russia should bear in mind that conditions nearer home, in Mexico, are in some respects even worse than those of Russia. It is also well to remember that the American government is aiding to the best of its ability the Mexican bloodhounds in their mad pursuit of innocent victims.

In our next issue we expect to speak at greater length of the terrible governmental outrages now being perpetrated in Mexico.

* * *

When the first Duma was dissolved, a member of the British Cabinet exclaimed in a fit of "liberal" enthusiasm: "The Duma is dead. Long live the Duma!"

Now the second Duma has been driven to join its predecessor. Liberalism and Parliamentarism are proving dead letters.

Is it not time to exclaim: "The Duma is dead. Long live the Social Revolution!"?

* * *

Severe prison sentences have been imposed by the Spanish Inquisition on several radicals, among them José Nakens, editor of *El Motin*, who has been condemned to nine years' imprisonment. They were charged with sheltering over night Morral, who had thrown a bomb at the imbecile Alfonso. Humane feeling was the offence of the condemned. Among barbarians hospitality was a sacred duty, but under Christian civilization it is the gravest crime.

* * *

The "revolution" of the vine growers of Southern France would seem to indicate that even philistines will kick over the traces when governmentally driven to starvation. They had heard of the State-enriched Panamites and of greedy speculators and promoters generously fed by the government. There was no reason, they thought, why they, too, should not be protected by the government in their profits. Poor simpletons, they soon learned through bitter experience that the State is the agent of the big thieves, but no protector of the common people. The social and economic maladies of the latter are governmentally treated with powder and shell.

THE HAYWOOD TRIAL

By MAX BAGINSKI.

THE social and economic causes and battles, which have resulted in the Idaho trial, are of far greater significance than the legal wrangle now in progress at Boise; the latter, considered by itself, is but a caricature of the world-drama and its social, psychic meaning.

It is to be hoped that Clarence Darrow, chief counsel for the defence, will lift the court proceedings from their low level to the higher phase of social-philosophic consideration. He is probably the only lawyer in the country intellectually equal to the requirements of the case and who, moreover, possesses that sincerity of purpose and sympathetic understanding which cannot be acquired by either study or calculation.

The trial is still in its early stages; we shall therefore attempt no more than to sketch its most characteristic features.

Let us glance, first of all, at Idaho's official justice and the means employed by the State.

The very soul of this justice is—Orchard. Anarchistic thinkers have long ago realized that the State—government—embodies a large part of those crimes and evils under the yoke of which humanity is being driven forward like a herd of cattle. The trial of Haywood abounds in proof supporting the opinion of Anarchists in regard to the true character of government. Orchard, coached and drilled by the State, is trotted out as the savior of social order. He, the many-time murderer, thief, counterfeiter and all around scoundrel, is in miniature what—according to Tolstoy and Kropotkin—the State is on a larger scale.

The State and its prize witness look uncommonly alike; indeed, they are worthy of each other. And what remarkable similarity in their motives!

The powers that be heard in the labor struggles of the West the passionate war cry of the exploited against the established order of economic robbery by fraud and violence. The Western Federation of Miners waged uncompromising war against the plutocratic robber system; their attitude was also inimical towards the governmental authority and politicians who, as the faithful servants of the possessing class, give their legislative sanction to capitalistic economics. As clear-sighted men—as Anarchists—we see in the State the mailed fist, the executioner's sword that flies from its scabbard the moment the rich feel the possession of their stolen property endangered.

This view is also justified by the Boise trial. Hawley and Borah are acting as the juristic agents of plutocracy; they have been assigned the task of destroying the powerful organization of the Western miners.

The State and the plutocracy are waging war against organized labor from motives of self-preservation: they feel their system of exploitation threatened by the awakening of the revolutionary spirit of the proletariat, which can neither be weakened nor corrupted—Hay-

wood and his co-workers are of a different stamp than the Gompers and Mitchells.

Motives of self-preservation are also actuating Orchard in his legend of blood and murder. He must sacrifice the defendants in order to save himself: he supplies made-to-order evidence, under instructions of the authorities and the Pinkertons. But his chief infamy is not in his murders and thefts; his greatest crime is his State evidence.

The incredible villainy of this degenerate reaches its highest triumph in his "conversion" to the "good," his faith in the forgiving mercy of the Christian deity. This miserable conversion comedy, heralded by priests and journalists as a great miracle, is the sign of a trembling villain-soul—clutching at the skirts of Detective McParland he utters prayers, Bible verses, denunciations and lies, all in one breath.

But the State is in full accord with this infamy; it has reared it and is drawing from it its exclusive evidence against the Western Federation of Miners.

Orchard is the rock on which the State wants to found its kingdom of justice.

How touching is the mutual understanding between the authorities and that fellow Orchard! In the course of the trial it leaked out that a convicted murderer—a cell-neighbor of Orchard—was pardoned by Governor Gooding a few days before the execution, by request of the prisoner Orchard. Again, Gooding lends the self-confessed murderer fifty dollars with the casual remark that he could repay the debt after his release. Former Governor Peabody "accidentally" meeting Orchard at a lawyer's office, the two almost embrace for joy. With the unctious manner of one converted at a Salvation Army meeting, Orchard solemnly avows his repentance and joy that the Governor was divinely preserved. The latter replies with true Christian humility that now all is well and all forgiven. There is perfect understanding between the chief executives of the State and the State's chief informer.

McParland was quite right in assuring Orchard that the State is always generous to its witnesses and would not disappoint Orchard's expectations. Conscious of his numerous crimes, haunted day and night by the sight

of the gallows, Orchard suddenly felt opportunity knocking at his door: acquittal, liberty, money and protection held out alluring hands to him—the conversion of the murderous Saul into the meek Paul was a foregone conclusion. 'Tis but a repetition of a common occurrence. It is our daily experience that the meanest scoundrels feel safest and best under the protection of the altar cloth. The prosecutor, Senator Borah, is certainly a pious Christian—there is a charge of land robbery pending against him.

So far no evidence has been forthcoming in support of the charges against the officials of the Western Federation of Miners, except the accusations of the Pinkerton-converted Orchard. The prosecution has no legs to stand on; the State's case is even weaker in this instance than it was in the case of Spies and comrades in 1886. It is only too plain that plutocracy, with the aid of the State, is straining every nerve to remove from its path its enemies, these incorruptible champions of labor; and yet, 'tis by no means safe to predict the acquittal of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, for Justice has sold herself, body and soul, like a prostitute, to the money power.

The Prosecutor and Court are the tools of plutocracy, and the jury consists, at best, of "desirable" citizens whose chief fitness, as jurors, is in the fact of their complete ignorance of the very subjects most vital in this trial.

The sole hope is in organized labor, whose advisers and true friends the accused are. Unfortunately, however, the great majority of workingmen are still sleeping the sleep of the innocent; yet there is a ray of hope shining from the West which leads us to believe that the great awakening is not so far distant.

That ray is to be found in the following report:

"The annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners has by a vote of 345 to 25 delegates deprived local unions under its jurisdiction of the power of making contracts with employers. The preamble and resolution adopted read as follows:

"Contracts entered into with the employing classes are of benefit only to the former. Such contracts divide the workers in their struggle with the exploiters; change one body of workers in subjection while war is being waged upon another body; often compel one union to scab upon another union; destroy the class instinct of the workers by a false sense of

temporary security to cease taking an active interest in the affairs of their organization while such contracts are in force, and have absolutely no place in a progressive labor organization. Therefore be it

"Resolved, By the fifteenth annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners, that any and all signed contracts or verbal agreements for any specified length of time that may have been entered into between any local union or unions of the Western Federation of Miners are by this convention declared null and void."

This step is a new departure; it shows clear comprehension of conditions and is the reflex of the determination to oppose the whole economic power of labor to brutal capitalistic exploitation. Welcome the conscious strength which will not be twittered away in useless bickerings and compromises.

Such shameful trials as the one now taking place at Boise can be prevented only by the strong, self-conscious attitude of labor. An intelligent proletariat which has advanced to a true understanding of its position and which has emancipated itself from the superstition of governmental justice and capitalistic economics will not suffer such trials.



ON THE ROAD

BY EMMA GOLDMAN.

(Conclusion.)

Denver. Those who fly high on the wings of imagination must expect to suffer an occasional fall.

The stirring history of Colorado's labor struggles quickened my blood with the thought of the revolutionary attitude of the workers since 1903. I was full of expectation. Had not the mine owners with the aid of their hirelings—the government—waged relentless war against organized labor? Had they not robbed and oppressed in the most merciless manner? Had they not employed the most dastardly means against the three friends of labor whom they could neither corrupt nor conquer? Surely the plutocracy of Colorado had committed enough crimes to cause a national revolution.

My imagination pictured united labor striving in soli-

daric unity in that great cause, their emancipation from the twin monsters of capitalism and authority.

It was a painful awakening! Whatever the feeling of the workers of Colorado may be at this critical moment, Denver has too much of the hospital atmosphere to permit of a healthy revolutionary spirit. Essentially a health resort, its patients are too much occupied with themselves to bother about the outrage now being enacted at Boise. Of course, there are the intellectuals, or the High Brows as they are playfully called: writers, editors and other professional men; but one would look in vain for revolutionary backbone among them. They hug their comforts and love material and social success too well to follow the example of their brothers in Russia who, at the risk of their own lives, carry the beacon of human emancipation into factory and field. No doubt the American intellectuals are also interested in the pressing questions of the day, but it is the parlor interest of men decked out in evening dress, sipping tea from dainty China cups. Fortunately, the world is full of exceptions. It gave me great joy to find two such in Henry and Lillian Thayer—true Americans in the best sense, in whom the revolutionary spirit of their forefathers has triumphed over the influence of a conservative New England rearing.

The meetings arranged by a solitary enthusiastic comrade proved quite successful, but as I said before, they bore a convalescent appearance. Our social, however, more than realized my highest expectations. In spite of the stormy night we had a most successful gathering of representatives of various schools of thought, united by a genuine feeling of brotherhood and common interest. The purely human side is always at its best at informal affairs.

Our comrades at large will be glad to learn that our old staunch friends William and Lizzie Holmes have awakened to a new interest and have joined the literary staff of *Mother Earth*.

San Francisco. The city I once called the American Paris looked like a graveyard upon my arrival. Not a fashionable cemetery with imposing tombstones, but like a gigantic refuse pile in which sticks and stones mark the last resting place of the social outcasts. But, then,

an uninterrupted trip of sixty hours under capitalistic management that landed me in San Francisco eight hours too late for the first of May meeting, is not calculated to make one see things in roseate colors. Three weeks' stay in the city has, however, not worn off my first impression. The earthquake—or the fire, as the natives prefer to believe—has left its lasting mark. Of course, capitalistic greed is striving to rebuild the city, but the new homes and structures being put up are making the Gate City even more hideous than the ruins still scattered about. No less hideous are the disclosures of the depravity of the local authorities, represented by Mayor Schmitz & Co. The good citizen is eternally drilled in the necessity and usefulness of laws and government, while his rulers are growing fat on the Mrs. Warrens, without even running the financial risks of Sir John Crofts or the Bishop of Canterbury. When one considers how few of our official rogues are ever exposed, one shudders at the demoralization of our public life.

The conditions during my stay in San Francisco almost seemed to bear out the charges of the yellow press against me. As if it were not sufficient for one woman to be responsible for the deaths of all crowned heads and most great strikes, I have now discovered that I am credited by science with having enriched surgery by a most interesting case—the result of the Czolgosz shot.

Two strikes really broke out after I set foot on the shaky soil,—shaky not because of the quake, but on account of the numerous quacks of the California labor movement, who are feeding the workers on patent medicine and pills. Nothing but quack treatment can bring about such results as the strike of the telephone operators and car men. The former have but recently awakened to the necessity of organization, which probably means to most of them more ribbons and ice cream; but the car men, familiar with the true purposes of trade unionism, should have long since realized that they are waging a life-and-death struggle. The attitude of the unions was simply ridiculous. They gave the company all opportunity to prepare for the strike and then looked on in passive resistance while their doom was being sealed. Nay, more, Cornelius, President of the car employees,

offered his services to the Mayor to preserve order, which under the circumstances meant the protection of the company in its successful strike-breaking.

The only satisfactory feature of the strike was the attitude of the public. The people refused to ride on the cars and walked singly and *en masse* to and from work; their sympathies were entirely with the strikers and the latter would have gained a splendid victory had they been blessed with sufficient sense to know how to handle the situation.

The general condition of the city made the preparations for my meetings very difficult, the more so as most of our local comrades live very far apart and were worn out by their daily long tramps. The work of arrangement therefore fell upon the shoulders of a few men. A number of splendidly attended meetings took place, and a large amount of literature sold.

Our farewell social brought the radical elements closer together and, though twelve different nationalities were represented, including our ardent Japanese comrades, all hearts beat in unison for one great, common cause.

Climate is known to have great influence upon human development; it is probably due to this that the Socialists of the coast are less dogmatic and authoritarian than their Eastern brothers. At any rate, I was invited to lecture before the San Francisco local and was treated in the most cordial manner.

Los Angeles.—Four weeks' continuous correspondence finally resulted in five meetings being arranged in the Sunny City. It was hard ploughing, but the harvest repaid the effort. As the readers will find a more detailed report from Los Angeles, I shall merely remark here that if I have accomplished nothing more than to rekindle the enthusiasm of our long-lost brother, W. C. Owen, my work at Los Angeles has been amply rewarded.

Few of our young readers and comrades are familiar with that name, but those of us who remember such intellectual towers as Dyer D. Lum and John Edelman will recollect W. C. Owen as one of the ablest and ardent workers in the movement at that period.

For reasons of his own, Comrade Owen has kept in the background. When my coming to Los Angeles was suggested, he was too skeptical of success to take an

active interest. I was therefore very glad to see him at every meeting and happy to learn that he became sufficiently interested in my work to continue it upon my departure.

I am also glad to state that C. B. C——r, well known to our New York comrades, has recovered his former intellectual breadth and is now actively participating in the work of the Social Science Club.

Altogether, my visit to Los Angeles proved a rare treat. My host and hostess, the breeze of the Tyrolian mountains in their natures; my meeting an old comrade who, in spite of his Socialistic opportunism, is really bigger than his work; and many other persons and incidents combined to make my visit interesting and pleasant.

Portland.—Philistine ascendancy seems to have ridden the local Anarchists of their Anarchism. Most of them have grown prosperous and do not want their neighbors to remember their "youthful follies." Others are busy saving the country from race suicide. Those who have some Anarchism left were willing enough to work, but lacked the experience. Still, three meetings have been held at Portland, and it is to be hoped that the ice crust covering the native heart and mind has been somewhat reduced in size. The *Oregonian*, a daily publication, aided my work by printing almost stenographic reports of my lectures.

Tacoma.—Nature has not been as generous to Tacoma as to Portland; it lacks the latter's brilliance and beauty. The city seems to be stagnant; it has not grown during the last eight years.—My first meeting was largely attended and very satisfactory. By request I remained for another lecture which, however, was not as successful as the first, owing to a large fire which broke out in the neighborhood at the opening of the meeting.

Home Colony.—It was my intention to spend a few days at Home Colony, better known in Tacoma as the home of "cranks" and "free-lovers." But fate willed it otherwise. I arrived at 8 P. M., and left the next morning, as time was pressing. I therefore do not know whether the colonists are either cranky or free; but this I do know, that they have accomplished wonders. Within eight years they have converted a wilderness into a beautiful

garden, and though numerous nationalities are represented at the Colony, they have successfully demonstrated that neither law nor government is necessary for their well-being. No doubt there is occasional friction and misunderstanding; but the colonists have conclusively proven that neither police nor jails are necessary in a rational social organization. As they gradually learn that true Anarchism means non-interference, friction will be minimized.

Seattle.—All is well that ends well.—The authorities and hall keepers became panic-stricken when my coming was announced. It was with great difficulty that we procured a hall.

I refer my readers to the more detailed report by A. H. I wish to state, however, that I regret very much that the proposed debate could not take place. It would have been almost too easy a victory to meet a man who shows his colors like Mr. Mills. The latter claims that Socialism “proclaims its obedience to the law and its desire to act always under and in accordance with legal forms.” If that be so, I fail to see the difference between Socialism and any other governmental theory. Or Mr. Mills misrepresents Socialism, and in that case he is but a typical politician.

Calgary.—“We are the people; the grandest people. We possess the greatest wonders of the world,”—such is the notion of a real, “desirable” American citizen.

After enjoying the perfume of New York's greatest ornament—the famous East Side—for eight years, I made my first trip through the West in 1897. When I beheld the majestic beauty of the Rockies and the California mountains, I too felt that nature was incapable of anything grander. But my journey from Seattle to Calgary, through British Columbia, the dreamland of Selkirks and the Glaziers has completely cured me of national arrogance. Never before had I seen such glory, such wealth of color and form, and never has man with all his boasted achievements seemed so puny, so insignificant as at the sight of those giants with the shimmer of gold reflected upon their snowy caps, immovable, inexorable and eternal as the firmament.

From these heights I fell into the mud of Calgary,—a town as gloomy as the priest's cassock. The great mass,

however, that thronged the hall Sunday, June the sixteenth, was as surprising as it was unexpected. Indeed ideas are like lightning: they travel with the same rapidity and strike hard when they come in contact with the human mind. They have reached even far-away, deserted Calgary. Unfortunately, I did not have a single brochure or *Mother Earth* with me. The Canadian Postal service seems to serve everybody but the people. Literature sent from New York on the sixth of the month did not reach Calgary till after the sixteenth. My trunk, containing books and pamphlets, having been negligently allowed to remain at Seattle, I could leave nothing behind me but an impression. However, the ice has been broken, and if the work is continued, good fruition will result.

Nobody should be expected to lecture or to attend a meeting during the hot Summer days. Winnipeg and Chicago have convinced me of this on my return trip. It was altogether too hot to remain indoors. Besides, the human mind refuses to be overtaxed. I was too fatigued and worn out to take much interest in the meetings in the above-mentioned cities. Still, I was glad to meet again our active boys of Winnipeg and the good comrades of Chicago.

When I left New York, March third, I believed that I could return by the first of May. I found, however, such a tremendous interest in Anarchism all through the country, that even four months' touring barely covered the ground.

Our grand old man, Peter Kropotkin, recently wrote to me, inquiring whether I could recommend some young American comrades for work abroad. I replied, in effect, that if we had such gems, we could set them here. Now that my tour is ended, I am convinced more firmly than ever that the soil is ripe and the seed good. What we need is sowers. I have met many genuine, clear-headed and sincere American Anarchists, willing and ready to help our work, once it is properly started. What they lack is initiative. Some day that, too, may be called forth when the call of the battle will ring loud enough in their ears. Then they, too, will realize the beauty of the open road and joyfully follow its beckoning.

"Listen! I will be honest with you,
 I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new
 prizes,
 These are the days that must happen to you:
 You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,
 You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or
 achieve,
 You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings
 of those who remain behind you,
 What beckonings of love you receive you shall only
 answer with passionate kisses of parting,
 You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their
 reach'd hands toward you."

ANENT THE AMSTERDAM CONFERENCE

The San Francisco Group "Liberty" and the Cleveland "Anarchist Group" have endorsed the suggestion of the Chicago and Winnipeg comrades about my going to the Amsterdam Conference; they have decided to cooperate in furnishing the necessary funds.

Groups and Clubs in other cities who are in sympathy with the project will please communicate with me at once. They are also requested to notify me of any particular subjects they may wish me to bring to the attention of the Conference.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

SEATTLE REPORT

It was good for sore eyes to see Comrade Emma Goldman again. We were unable to arrange a complete schedule—could get the hall only for three lectures, June ninth, eleventh and twelfth, at the Socialist Temple, where Emma Goldman spoke on "Misconceptions of Anarchism," "Direct Action versus Political Action," and "The Revolutionary Spirit of the Modern Drama." She spoke in Seattle to crowded houses and wound up by organizing the Social Science Club with about 60 members. The work here was not only successful financially,

but also served to kindle the dormant fires of the spirit of revolution and has created a basis for uniting the revolutionary forces and stimulating them to greater activity.

One of the causes of this success was the announcement of our amiable and enlightened Chief of Police that he would arrest Emma Goldman on sight. The natives took notice—for they have heard that Emma Goldman usually dared, and were anxious to see Greek meet Greek. I helped the ball along by issuing this gentle defy a week or two before Emma arrived: "Wappenstein, Chief of the Police Department of this city, has been quoted (I hope incorrectly) to the effect that if Emma Goldman will open her mouth here he will arrest her. This is wild talk. Miss Goldman has a perfect right to open her mouth at all times and places. The Chief of Police should be the last man to be guilty of such intemperate language. There may be some of us who have little respect for policemen in general, but I can assure Chief Wappenstein that it can not be increased by such behavior on his part." After this the Chief modified his plans and announced that he would arrest the speaker if she held open-air meetings, but as such meetings were not contemplated, his officiousness and impudence were entirely gratuitous. His back-down was sufficiently undignified to serve him as a lesson in all future attempts to suppress free speech.

Aside from the great success that attended the meetings there was one significant incident that deserves particular mention. The Socialists in this city are split in two factions, as a result of the "practical" methods that W. T. Mills, leader of one of the factions, favors for winning power as the representative of a "class-conscious proletariat." He is succeeding fairly well, to the angry disgust of the revolutionary (sic) wing. Were it not for the jealousy arising from this split it would have been next to impossible to get the Socialist Temple for the purpose of expounding Anarchist theories. We challenged Mr. Mills to debate with Miss Goldman, but as the latter could not stay long enough to meet Mr. Mills's convenience, the debate was given up and Mr. Mills contended himself by criticizing the lecture on "Direct Action versus Political Action." The Socialists

thought the "honors were about even," but as a matter of fact W. T. Mills was annihilated.

Not satisfied with the result, however, Mr. Mills sought "revenge." But realizing that he got worsted in an intellectual encounter where the odds were even, he decided to try conclusions under circumstances where he would be prosecutor, judge and executioner all in one, with nobody to hold him responsible.

In the *Saturday Evening Tribune* of June fifteenth, Mr. Mills shot off a two-column leader, in which he protests that it is high time for Socialist speakers and writers to express themselves on the question of Socialism versus Anarchism by a careful statement of the respective positions of these schools. We quote:

"There is a misunderstanding as to the relative position of Socialism and Anarchism; Anarchist utterances are often ignorantly cheered by Socialists, mistaking them for Socialist utterances; Anarchists are often violently denounced by Socialists who call it criticizing and discussing Anarchism."

We cheerfully concede all this, but question very much if incoherence expressed strongly is more harmful to a movement than suave ignorance tempered by subtle mendacity. Mr. Mills has not added to his reputation, either for fairness or insight, by the following performance:

"Anarchy has always stood for 'a universal revolution—social, economic and religious.' Its purpose is and has always been . . . 'to destroy all governments and all churches, together with their religions, political, financial, judicial, police, university, economic and social institutions.'

"Anarchism contends that the working class is incapable of emancipating itself. Anarchism declares only for revolution and refuses any statement of what it would do. Anarchism always relates itself to the present State, not as a good citizen seeking justice, but as a rebel promoting disorder. Anarchism is a program of destruction."

Aside from the first paragraph we deny these charges in toto; they are the baseless fabrications of a brain which, while thoroughly competent to comprehend the real situation, lacks the strength to meet it squarely and so resorts to insinuations and half truths to give a semblance of coloring to bolster up a watery eclecticism.

"Socialism, instead of seeking the destruction of the State, the Church, the family, the school, contends that it is the part of wisdom to enter into and to use the powers of the State. Socialism makes the ballot box the rallying point of its propo-

ganda, and proclaims its obedience to the law and its desire to act always under and in accordance with legal forms."

We deny that this has always been so, but admit that the Socialist parties are degenerating so rapidly that they will soon be what Mr. Mills thinks they are.

What, then, are the important differences between Anarchists and Socialists? Briefly, the Anarchists want to destroy the State, while the Socialists would be content if they could capture it. This brings about a variation in tactics that is far-reaching and is quite independent of what each desires to accomplish after the State is disposed of. As Anarchists have no favors to ask of the State, they can afford to indulge in honest criticism, without having to resort to strategy, chicanery or "practical" politics. This assures individual purity, disinterested motives and a revolutionary spirit. Kill these and you leave the labor movement to the hazard of a conflict between interested parties, either side of which is prepared to buy enough from the other to give victory to those who control the sinews of war. Mr. Mills and those who agree with him (and that means all those who are doing things for Socialism) enter this battle with ardor, vainly imagining that they are on the verge of great achievements where the proletariat will tumble *en masse* into the arms of parliamentary, authoritarian, regimental Socialism. The proletariat as a body is not disturbed and is quite unconscious of Mr. Mills's plans—but the energetic and active sympathizers of the revolutionary movement are hoodwinked by the siren promises of office, gold, power and perhaps political victory. Then come inevitable despondency, failure and collapse, and thus what might be used as a basis for fruitful work is nipped in the bud by a dead fatalism that kills everything it touches.

The Socialists will kill the Revolution by their lust for power.

A. H.



LOS ANGELES REPORT

EMMA GOLDMAN has been lecturing here from May 23d to May 26th. She came practically unheralded, only one evening paper containing any notice of her advent, and the *Times* refusing to insert the proffered advertisement of her meetings. A committee which worked most faithfully, but had many misgivings as to the success of the venture, distributed a number of cards, and the rest was left very much to chance.

May 23d Emma Goldman lectured on "Misconceptions of Anarchism." An admission fee of ten cents was charged, and every seat was taken long before the hour for opening. Burbank Hall, in which the lecture was held, seats about 700. Unquestionably many came from curiosity, and it was anticipated that the following evening, when the subject was "The Building of True Character," would show a decided falling off. Again even standing room was at a premium.

"Crimes of Parents and Educators" was the subject of the third lecture, given at a comparatively unknown hall. The admission fee there was twenty-five cents, and, contrary to expectation, almost every seat was occupied.

Sunday afternoon, a warm day on which the vast majority went out of town, saw another packed house at Burbank Hall, the subject being "The Revolutionary Spirit of the Modern Drama." In the evening, at the same hall, a debate was held with Claude Riddle, of the Socialist Party, on "direct Action versus Political Action." It is estimated that, at least, 1,000 persons were unable to get into the already crowded hall.

One most gratifying feature of all these meetings was the sale of literature, which was extremely large. Yielding to the strongly expressed desire that an attempt should be made to form a nucleus for further educational work, Emma Goldman consented to stay over Monday, and a Social Science Club was then formed, with fifty-five charter members, for the discussion of social and economic questions on the broadest, non-partizan basis. It is hoped that a library may be started, and correspondence, literary and lecture bureaus formed, the apparently unanimous opinion being that study rather than the

delivery of or listening to oratory is essentially the need of the hour.

On every hand is to be heard the loudest praise for the clear exposition of principles and tendencies in the lectures given, and they are classed as something distinctly higher than the ordinary agitation speeches to which this city has become weariedly accustomed.

WM. C. OWEN.



ON CONSCIENCE

By THEODORE SCHROEDER.

NO habit of human thought is more universal and more pernicious than that by which the social utility, or evil, of conduct is measured by the intensity and kind of the emotional states which we associate with it. Most of humanity still approves all human conduct which induces agreeable emotions, and likewise they assume that the degree of badness may be accurately measured by the intensity of the resentment which is felt toward those whose act is to be judged. This is moral sentimentalizing, though often it is characterized by pretentious names. Scientific or rational ethics is the very antithesis of this. Instead of measuring moral values by "moral" emotions, the scientific mind limits moral emotions by moral values, which are measured according to objective standards.

Individually and racially, according to its pleasurable or painful effects, men come to associate some conduct with emotions of approval and other conduct with emotions of disapproval. In these matters each individual is a law unto himself, except as unconscious sympathetic imitation induces the superficial appearance of similarity. As these emotional "moral judgments" become habitual by frequent repetition, the unreason of their origin becomes progressively less conspicuous, and when lost sight of humanity enthrones this moral sentimentalizing on an imaginary pedestal outside the brain, calls it "conscience," and now the emotional associations, perhaps founded on diseased nerves, are believed to constitute an innate and therefore infallible moral guide. Then "good people,"

over-confident in their inerrancy of their feelings, begin to regulate their neighbors' conduct, especially their sex conduct, because our emotional nature is more involved therein, and because upon the subject of sex ethics we have on that account been less accustomed to reason than upon any other. Here moral sentimentalizing is most natural and most pernicious, precisely because it is here sure to be least tainted by reason.

The mistake in all this lies in the fact that, like the insane, we ascribe to conduct those qualities which are mere associated emotional states of the perceiving mind. To cease the objectivizing of our emotional "moral judgments" is the beginning of rational ethics, and the highest degree of it will have been reached when all moral sentimentalizing shall have been abolished and each individual from his own perfect knowledge of natural law, in which I include natural justice, shall no longer have the desire to live contrary to it.

We will never be able to dispense with those mental processes which produce what we call conscience, but we will approach a higher and better humanity only in so far as we abolish from our own lives the authority of that conscience which is only moral sentimentalizing, and in lieu of that authority enthrone a pure cold-logic machine which, without artificial human restraint, shall control our self-regarding action according to natural law, and our social conduct according to the nearest approach to natural justice, of which our minds can conceive. When we have abolished moral sentimentalizing, have acquired exact and complete information as to what is natural law, and what is required of us by exact natural justice, and when we shall live in perfect accord with these acquirements, the millennium will be at hand, and government will cease to have any function to perform. Until then, we can only work with that end in view, each of us striving to promote the acceptance of that ideal by others, while endeavoring to realize it in our own lives.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

By SLOVAK.

BRAZIL.

A Terra Livre, our contemporary of Sao Paulo, Brazil, reports in its issue of May 10th that with the intention to meet more successfully the ever increasing necessities of the propaganda, and the uncertainty and difficulties of *Novo Rumo* of Rio de Janeiro, and *A Terra Livre* of Sao Paulo, the editorial groups of these two papers have decided by common accord to unite forces and to publish only one paper, and that as a weekly under the name of *A Terra Livre*.

Inasmuch as Rio de Janeiro is the most important center of labor, the future weekly will be published in the capital, which is most in need of libertarian propaganda. The advantages of such change, combined with the uniting of forces and efforts giving guarantee of a more frequently appearing and more effective publication, are so manifest that it is not necessary to enlarge on it further to the comrades and sympathizers.

The Biblioteca da *Terra Livre* will remain in Sao Paulo and be able to pay more attention to the publication of new pamphlets. The latest pamphlet issued is a social drama, "O Infanticidio," by Mota Assuncao, 51 pages, with an introduction by Neno Vasco.

Correspondence can be sent to the same address in Sao Paulo or to *Novo Rumo*, rua Tobias Barreto, 86, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. The latter paper reports effective trades union organization, causing the establishment of employers' associations, and a great number of strikes in many trades to obtain the eight hour day. Splendid May day celebrations by awakening labor are reported from Sao Paulo, accompanied by police outrages at Santos and Salto de Itu.

HOLLAND.

De Vrije Socialist, of Hilversum, publishes a strong appeal on behalf of the striking seamen in the Baltic and Northern seas of Germany. The appeal, signed by the *Seemanns Verband* of Germany, the central council of

international transportation workers, and the *Algemeen Nederlandschen Seemannsbond*, calls for solidarity in the strife and strict refusal to serve any German ships from Hamburg, Bremen and Bremerhaven. France also had an immense longshoremen's strike on hand, and similar strikes are reported from Rotterdam, Scotland, Cuba and the Atlantic ports of this country.

All over Holland protest meetings are being organized against the farcical peace conference and the colonial wars. A monster demonstration is planned for the Hague, to be addressed by Nieuwenhuis, van Erkel, Schermerhorn and Rijnders. Everywhere protest meetings have been held against the imprisonment of Ferrer. Good educational work is done in many of the unions.

Bulletin No. 4, published by the Arrangement Committee of the Anarchist Congress, informs us that the latter will take place 25-31 August. It publishes the following programme: 1) Anarchism and trades unions; speakers: Pierre Monatte, Paris, and John Turner, London. 2) Universal general strike and political mass strike; speakers: Enrico Malatesta, Italy, and Dr. Friedeberg, Germany. 3) Anarchism and organization; speakers: Amadée Dunois, Paris, and Gg. Thonar, Liege. 4) Antimilitarism as tactics for Anarchism; speakers: Marmanda, Paris, and Pierre Ramus, London. 5) Co-operation for production, and Anarchism; speakers: Gustav Landauer, Germany; Dr. F. van Eeden, Holland; Em. Chapelier, Belgium; J. J. Samson, Holland. 6) Lessons taught by the Russian revolution; speaker to be appointed by Russian comrades. 7) Alcoholism and Anarchism; speaker, Prof. Dr. J. van Rees. 8) Modern Literature and Anarchism; speaker, Pierre Ramus.

Communications to be sent to Joh. J. Lodewijk, Amsterdam, Corn. Anthonystraat 49.

BELGIUM.

L'Action Directe, the little intrepid fighter of militant Belgian trades unionism, published in Mons, has been cited in court for the third time since its existence, and Comrades Beghin, Kinif and Preumont were sentenced to four months' imprisonment and ten dollars fine each.

SPAIN.

The Minister of Justice has put before the administration a proposition for a new law to "Secure Peace and Oppose the Anarchistic Movement."

Some time since Eusebio Carbo was condemned to six years imprisonment for insulting the army. He fled across the frontier, but recently, when the government issued an amnesty touching similar offenders, Carbo took the opportunity of visiting his parents. He was seized, transported to Gerone under heavy escort with orders to fire at the first attempt to escape, he being so tightly handcuffed that his hands were terribly swollen. Such are government amnesties.

Concerning the numerous "finds" of bombs in Barcelona, the liberal papers are remarking that the particular bombs in question "are such as are manufactured by and for the government itself; and that if the fund which is raised for the purpose of rewarding revealers of bomb-plots be suppressed, the bombs will disappear as by enchantment."

The clerical press is especially vituperative in treating the case of Ferrer and Nakens, one of the Christian champions saying: "Every one who is teaching the freedom of press, the freedom of thought and the freedom of education, has contributed to the attempt upon the life of the king, and is therefore an accomplice in the deed." Thus the powers of darkness are reaching out to throttle the awakening spirit of the people, taking for pretext the act of an individual. How would it do to make that seat of darkness responsible for the deed of Ravailac or Guiteau, both faithful communicants in the alone sanctifying orthodox church, that would crucify a Jesus over and over again should he dare to whip the soul adulterers and money mongers out of the temple to-day.

PORTUGAL.

Portugal has joined the most backward nations by introducing press censorship, and by an attempt at supplanting constitutional government by an autocracy mitigated by slovenliness.

The proposed conference has been held at Lisbon and the "Anarchistic Federation of Portugal" founded.

ITALY.

Direct action or rather a passive resistance strike of thousands of agricultural workers in Argenta, lasting over three months and solidarically supported by organized labor all over the country (which took care of some 1,700 children of the strikers, as done before in Fourmies, Verviers and Richtersweil), is reported to have ended in a victory for labor.

On July first, a new fighter will be in the field—*Germinal*, to be published in Torino; address Sobrito Cesare, Via Nizza 17, Torino, Italy. Number eight of the seventh year of *L'Università Popolare*," published by our comrade and friend, Luigi Molinari, formerly in Mantou, now in Milan, reaches us with splendid articles diffusing knowledge hitherto monopolized by the ruling class. The review is doing the work of the social science clubs, making its readers the recipients and dispensers of wisdom and beauty. Number ten of the fifth year of the bi-weekly review, *Il Pensiero*, published by Pietro Gori and Luigi Fabbri, in Rome, contains good brain food, among other things a discussion upon the advisability of an Anarchist congress in Italy, which has since been held without governmental interference. *Il Pensiero* also contains a splendid translation of the chapter on association in Jean Marie Guyau's wonderful book, "The Non-religion of the Future"—a book which ought to be read more in this country, as it is suggestive and constructive, and to be had in splendid English translation.

GERMANY.

The bakers in Berlin, the building trades in the same city, and the metal workers in Frankfort-on-Main were on strike, the first named to improve their miserable unsanitary conditions, the latter locked out by the organized employers to break the backbone of the metal workers' powerful organizations.

TRANSVAAL.

The domestic workers in the mines are in a life and death struggle with their absentee exploiters, protected in their fleecing process by the native Transvaal government with police clubs and soldiery. Many casualties are reported.

CUBA.

In Cuba the ideas are in a state of fermentation. Through a tenacious struggle came a victory which proved a deception. But the energies did not remain dormant; the victor having shown himself a new oppressor, all efforts are directed against him and against the cause of all oppression. To give to the propaganda a rational basis the comrades arranged for a lecture tour of Abelardo Saavedra. The lectures terminated, however, in Guanabacoa by the arrest of Marcial Lores and Saavedra, who were ordered to be deported by Governor Magoon. The comrades are taking steps to stop the procedure, which is considered only a pretext for preventing a propaganda that might open the eyes of the ten thousand tobacco workers on strike.

CHINA.

Les Temps Nouveaux, of March, describes the revolution of Ping-Siang. The same paper reports that the outbreaks in Koung-Toung and Fou-Kien are incidents in the same direction, and that the Chinese revolutionists have adopted the following programme: 1) Overthrow of the government; 2) democratic organization; 3) suppression of individual property; 4) international peace.

Under the caption "China's Impending Revolution" *Der Revolutionär* publishes an exceedingly interesting report which contains the following: "What in Europe is at present conceived to be an ordinary insurrection only is in reality the beginning of a democratic revolution. Over the entire land countless adherents of the revolutionary party are rising up, especially in the Southern provinces. Secret societies, which co-operate firmly with each other, have devoted themselves to the spreading of revolutionary thought, their purposes being to drive out the present government, to bring absolutism to an end, to erect a republican government, to divide the land equally among the people, and to assure universal peace through the common brotherhood of man."

This is not Anarchistic, but it is interesting.



MOTHER EARTH SUSTAINING FUND

RECEIPTS.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$492.91
Liberty Club, San Francisco, per A. Wilbers....	28.75
Proceeds from Los Angeles meetings*.....	100.00
Proceeds from Seattle meetings*.....	150.00
B. Brooker, New York.....	1.00
	<hr/>
	\$772.66

EXPENDITURES.

Deficit covering April, May and June issues	
<i>Mother Earth</i>	\$150.00
Balance of debts paid.....	150.00
Invested in pamphlets.....	100.00
	<hr/>
	\$400.00
Balance on hand.....	\$372.66

NOTE.

For reasons of economy it has been decided to reduce *Mother Earth* to 32 pages during the summer months. The magazine will appear in its original size of 64 pages in October.

NOTE.

Owing to the delay of comrades in accounting for their tickets, the r—— has been postponed for two weeks.

* Figures quoted represent proceeds from meetings after traveling, etc., expenses have been deducted.

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Vol. II

AUGUST, 1907

No. 6

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

The confidence of the people in governmental justice is not very strong in these United States. The whole country, from Maine to California, is evidencing its surprise at the acquittal of William Haywood on the charge of killing Governor Steunenberg.

This general surprise can be explained only by the fact that the people at large are convinced that the will of the money powers is the highest law of the land, and that truth and right are the mere handmaids of that will. That is the sentiment of a great portion of the people—a sentiment perfectly justified and not very far from the Anarchistic conception of the State and its mission.

The acquittal of Haywood is by no means a rehabilitation of governmental justice; it can only be explained in the following manner:

The conduct of the trial by the prosecution was a dismal failure from the beginning. The methods employed to manufacture evidence were worthy of the worst possible police and juristic ruffianism—the Pinkertons, the Borahs and Hawleys did not seem to credit the jury with much common sense; they evidently thought that the most barefaced inventions were good enough testimony for a jury of farmers. The State and the Pinkertons had the audacity of employing as their chief witness a man—Orchard—whose total depravity was apparent to everyone familiar with the circumstances of the case. The

prosecution built its hopes of victory upon that very depravity. The impossible was expected from the jury.

The progress of the trial served to make this one thing clear: the Western miners and their organization knew exactly where they stood and what they wanted. For years they had battled against the conspiracy of law and capital; they had fought as men conscious of their purposes and aims, even to the extent of realizing that explosives had not been invented for the special benefit of arrogant mine owners. They fully understood that they could not rely upon the law and the machinery of politics—these were the tools of exploiters employed to stifle the rights of labor as, for instance, in the case of the eight-hour law. The oppressed workers could not find relief anywhere, whether in the Capitols of Colorado and Idaho, nor at Washington.

The Western miners soon realized that they enjoyed such rights only as their own power could guarantee them. They learned the value of solidarity and direct action; their battles were the school that cured them of their respect for law and government.

Those who have carefully followed the trial could not but realize that they beheld the vigorous birth of a new world—a world with a healthy new social philosophy, freed from the fetters of plutocratic traditions. Whether considered right or wrong, lawful or lawless—the proletariat stood there, in the full consciousness of its strength and purpose, determined to assert its right of existence and to defend it, if need be, by force of arms.

Neither friend nor foe could fail to appreciate the situation. The acquittal of Haywood was probably the result of the mixed feeling of respect and fear: it was not deemed advisable to drive those determined men to desperation by the conviction of their innocent fellow-workman.

The Idaho trial teaches the American proletariat a powerful lesson; namely, that it must depend only on its own initiative and strength, rather than on the State and its representatives.

* * *

Learning of the result of the Idaho trial, we wired the following messages:

"Miners' Magazine, Denver, Colo.

"A happy augury of Labor's coming greater and final victory."

"President Roosevelt, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

"Undesirable citizens victorious. Rejoice.

"EMMA GOLDMAN,

"ALEXANDER BERKMAN,

"HIPPOLYTE HAVEL."

* * *

Learning of Haywood's acquittal, the sovereign people breathed a sigh of relief: "The hangmen of the Republic were about to commit another crime in my name."

The Heavenly Father: "Wasn't that lucky! I was afraid I couldn't shake that fellow Orchard—would have had to reserve a special seat for him on my right."

Hearst Yellows: "And now, fellow-citizens of this glorious Republic, you surely realize who has achieved this great victory: it was Brisbane with his powerful editorials. Hearst took a determined stand for Haywood—after the verdict was announced."

The New York Times: "What is the use of trial by jury when labor organizations are not branded as criminal and its leaders sent to the gallows."

Conference of mine owners: "Trusts are a good thing, generally speaking; but they are not practicable in the detective business. Pinkerton has sold us a gold brick. There should be more competition in this trade."

Pinkerton Headquarters: "Here, McParland, take your wage and this dozen Bibles. Go down to the South Sea Islands and convert those heathens to Christianity. But if you don't succeed in this mission any better than with the conversion of Orchard, you need not call again."

The Social Democrats: "A wonderful opportunity to boom Haywood for our next President. Fine chance to make ourselves—ridiculous."

The President: "An idiotic jury! The guilt or innocence of an undesirable citizen should be left to me to decide."

* * *

The electrocution business at Sing Sing, the New York State prison, is prospering. "They that use the sword shall perish by the sword."

What a lie! The murderers of Cuban and Philippine

fame are not in Sing Sing awaiting electrocution. They are highly respected patriots, filling important positions in the government.

* * *

A great detective show is scheduled to take place at Buffalo on the first of September—the unveiling of a McKinley statue.

The high officials of the State and Nation which will congregate there will hardly feel at ease with the spirit of Czolgosz hovering over them.

Such monuments are a barbaric reminiscence of the past, the shame of the present and—the ruins of the future.

* * *

In olden times there was a forest in which dwelled numerous wolves. They were continually invading the neighboring fields and carrying off the stock. Finally the sheep and cattle became exasperated and threatened the wolves with bodily harm, and also to cite them before the court of the lions.

The wolves, realizing their danger, decided to sacrifice one of their fellows who had happened to make himself obnoxious to them. Thus it happened that they carried the victim to the fields and delivered him to the vengeance of the sheep and cattle, who forthwith fell upon the luckless wolf, rejoicing that there were still to be had justice and a square deal in the forest.

Henceforth the wolves continued to steal and rob in renewed safety.

That is the story of Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco.

* * *

Our freethinkers, pure and simple, enjoy the rare privilege of showing apparent signs of life, though actually dead.

One of them, in a series of articles in *The Truthseeker*, completely annihilates Max Stirner. The writer goes about it in a childishly simple way: he hurls Thomas Paine at Stirner, and lo, 'tis done! Stirner knows nothing and understands less, since he does not agree with Paine. That is quite "rational," but not rational enough.

A surer way to annihilate Stirner would be to prove that his teachings do not harmonize with the inscriptions

on the pyramids or with the philosophic views of Egyptian mummies.

* * *

Lucifer, the champion of woman's emancipation from sex bondage, has been transformed into a magazine, called *The American Journal of Eugenics*. Among the articles contained in the August number are: "A Study in Social Psychology," by the Rev. Sidney Holmes; "The Question of Population," by C. Gonnard; "Relative Sex Morality," by James Armstrong; "The Song of Maternity," by Lillian Browne-Thayer, etc. The last issue contains sixty-four pages, an increase of sixteen pages over the July number. Ten cents per copy; \$1.00 per year. Order of newsdealers, or of M. Harman, 500 Fulton Street, Chicago, or of *Mother Earth*.

* * *

Our readers will be glad to learn that a new Anarchist publication has been started in Tokio, Japan. The publishers are three Chinese girls who have courageously freed themselves from the heavy shackles of Occidental tradition, prejudice and superstition. "The Tragedy of Woman's Emancipation" has been translated for the first issue of the new journal. Comrade Denjiro Kotoku writes us that there is a great awakening taking place among the intellectuals of Japan. A hearty welcome to this new champion of a better life!

SOCIAL CONDITIONS UNDER FREEDOM

By WM. HOLMES.

THAT human beings, when left to the freedom of their own devices, with plenty of elbow room, unrestricted opportunities to exploit nature, and secure in the possession of their own productions, will conduct themselves according to the law of equal freedom, is attested by numerous examples in modern as well as ancient society. And it was undoubtedly the recognition of this Anarchistic fact that impelled the distinguished American, Washington Irving, to put into the mouth of his quaint old Dutch historian, in "Knickerbocker's History of New York," these memorable words:

"For my part I have not so bad an opinion of mankind as many of my brother philosophers. I do not think poor human nature so sorry a piece of workmanship as they would make it out to be; and so far as I have observed I am fully satisfied that man, if left to himself, would about as readily go right as wrong. It is only this eternally sounding in his ears that it is his duty to go right that makes him go the very reverse. The noble independence of his nature revolts at the intolerable tyranny of law and the perpetual interference of officious morality, which is ever besetting his path with finger posts and directions to keep to the right as the law directs; and like a spirited urchin he turns directly contrary, and gallops through mud and mire, over hedges and ditches, merely to show that he is a lad of spirit and out of his leading strings. And these opinions are amply substantiated by what I have above said of our worthy ancestors, who, never being be-preached and be-lectured, and guided and governed by statutes and by-laws, as are their more enlightened descendants, did one and all demean themselves honestly and peaceably."

And why not? Nature's laws are more binding upon the individual, more conducive to his welfare and happiness, more in the line of his eternal progress than are the laws and statutes which government imposes upon us. The first great law—self-preservation—points directly to human solidarity, and in this great idea is embodied nearly all there is to human progress.

Some years ago it was my fortune to visit the coast of Spanish Honduras and a number of the adjacent islands. One, the island of Utila, was formerly owned by Great Britain, and was ceded to the Honduranian government about sixty years ago. It is inhabited almost exclusively by the descendants of English and Welsh people who settled the country. The little town of Utila, overlooking the bay, is thoroughly English in appearance and character, and its population of eight hundred souls, notwithstanding the fact that they are now subjects of Honduras, cling closely to their mother country's traditions and practices. Such a village in England could not exist without its courts, its jail, its poorhouse, and a small army of officials, from mayor down to town crier, to enforce its laws and ordinances and punish its offenders. But here, under a semi-tropical sun, with common wants and necessities supplied by minimum labor; here, with opportunities equal, free alike from the exactions of monopolies and the restrictions of onerous laws, these people live, love and are happy; there are no courts, jails

or poorhouses, and the only visible sign of government is the Honduranian garrison, consisting of a Commandante or general, and three barefooted, bareheaded soldiers armed with ancient-looking muskets. It never enters the heads of these simple-minded Britishers to lock their doors, to waylay and rob their neighbors, or to attempt to corner the products of their fertile little isle.

Tristan d'Acunha, one thousand five hundred miles due south of St. Helena, is the smallest, loneliest atom in the British empire. It was garrisoned during Napoleon's imprisonment at St. Helena, and the inhabitants are the descendants of an English corporal, his wife, and two private soldiers who preferred to remain there on the withdrawal of the troops. Wives for the two bachelors were obtained from St. Helena, and the population has been increased from time to time by castaways and a few women convicts. The island is only eighteen square miles in extent; the population is now about eighty or ninety; tobacco and liquors are unknown; there is no government, except that the oldest male inhabitant is looked upon as a patriarch or father to his little community, and there are no laws. Communism is the prevailing practice, all things being shared in common and proportionately. Once a year the governor of St. Helena visits the island to see after its welfare and report thereon to the paternal government—a visit which the conduct and life of the simple islanders render absolutely unnecessary.

Other illustrations might be given of ocean islands and small secluded communities on the continents of Europe and America, showing how absence of restrictions always results in the greatest happiness to the largest number. It is not necessary, in order that people may enjoy to the fullest extent the products of their own labor and a free, natural society, that they be sequestered from the rest of the world on an ocean island or away from the busy hives of industry and social life. Such people are in the fullest sense civil and humane, not because they are exiles, but because their environment enables them to free themselves, or be free, from the petty exactions of government and law; because they are not over-ridden by monopolies and trusts; because they are free from the exactions of custom and Mother Grundy. Nature is bountiful to us on every hand; the earth is fertile and productive. Man's

skill and impulse to create are sufficient to provide every luxury. The productive capacity of society is far in excess of its consumptive capacity; therefore with normal conditions we should have abundance and to spare. All that we common people need ask—and we should demand this with all the force at our command—is that the non-producers, the leeches, the vampires of society shall let us alone; shall leave us free to give expression to those natural impulses which impel us to put in practice the law of equal freedom.

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THE LABOR MARKET

By T. H. POTTER.

The monopolists said: "If we can only cut the workman off from the land, we can employ him at about our own price."

And they did so.

Then they said: "If we can get his young son to work for us, the increased amount of labor on the market will enable us to get the two for about the price of one."

And they did so.

Then they said: "Now for his little girl; all three will only earn what the father did at one time."

And they did so.

Then they said: "Now reach for the mother." "But she has to take care of the baby." "Oh, we will pay one woman to take charge of twenty babies and scoop the nineteen."

And they did so.

Then they said: "We won't pay that one woman. Appeal to the public—'tis so charitable."

And they are doing so.

Then the foxy one lay awake nights to think of something the babies could work at, that he might coin a few pennies off the kids.

Make the Nursery self-supporting. You know, it would be so independent.

And they will do so.—*The Public.*

THE WORKERS MUST MANAGE FOR THEMSELVES

By JOHN TURNER.

A FEW years ago it was the boast of Social Democrats that they had the same principles and programme all over the world. Whether this was ever more than generally true is very doubtful. Certain it is that their programme could not be quite the same in all countries. For in some of the more advanced the political and economic conditions are very different from those where they are less developed. The political position of the United States, for instance, is totally at variance with that of Russia, in spite of the Dumas. And the economic and industrial development of each country has gone along such different lines, that the methods applied by the workers to deal with the situation, with a view to improvement, must vary very considerably.

Only in one thing have they been in absolute agreement. This was that the workers were to adopt political action as the means of emancipation. So much was this insisted on that the economic side of Socialism—and it is well always to remember that Socialism is really an economic theory—was pushed almost out of sight.

For instance, to be admitted as a delegate to the International Socialist Congress, it is necessary to represent a political Socialist body, or an organization of workers who believe in political action. But if you happened to belong to an ardent Socialist or Communist Society, which repudiated political electioneering as the means of changing economic conditions, you would be refused participation in the discussions. Exactly the same if you were a member of a trade union which only adopted direct action in the economic arena in its struggles with the exploiters. You would be denied admission. So while conservative workingmen who repudiate Socialism, but believe in political action, can take part in the International Socialist Congresses, advanced workingmen, who are ardent Socialists, but believe direct action against the capitalists is the most effective, are shut out.

In Germany this attitude is most pronounced. There, political Socialism has largely taken the place of political Radicalism of other countries, plus a Catholic conception of modern Socialism. In the mind of many German Social Democrats, Berlin takes the place of Rome. The party has in the past spent money in other countries to try and propagate the true doctrine according to Marx. I wonder how much the Avelings had here in the days gone by? Austria, Holland and Denmark have had their share. Probably no other political party has ever had quite such ambitions as this one.

Yet what other country in Europe can show such poor result in social legislation during the last twenty years? Can any one show what they have achieved? No wonder the German workers are turning more and more to their trade unions. After all, the attempt to build up a sort of political church on a material basis was sure to be a failure. Abstract doctrines and dogmas can only be expected to linger indefinitely when they deal with unknown mysteries. All the old dogmatic teachings of the party are already a heap of ruins—intellectually speaking. The concentration of capital into fewer and fewer hands is no longer contended for, except by a few benighted fanatics who have failed to inform themselves of recent investigation. It is evident that the growing strength of capitalism lies in the increasing army of parasites and the part they play in politics.

Yet it was undoubtedly on the notion that the capitalists were devouring one another, and were a rapidly decreasing quantity, that the political policy of the German Social Democratic Party was formed. The "iron law of wages," which pre-supposed free competition among the workers to secure employment, has been largely suspended by the steady growth of trade unionism securing a minimum wage in every industrial country. Even the "materialistic conception of history" is no longer accepted as presented by Marx, even by such an ardent disciple as Belfort Bax. Fortunately, the collapse of these teachings by no means affects the fundamental principles of Socialism. That lands and the means of production should not be the instruments by which an idle class can live on the labor of their fellows, is just as true, even if the capitalist parasites are increasing, political electioneering futile, the

standard of comfort for the workers slowly rising, and the mental and economic forces, by acting and reacting upon one another, account for the progress of society.

The fact is, labor has got to repudiate the legal claims of those who levy tribute upon it! Those who urged that the workers could do this by political action seemed to imagine that if they could transfer property to the State all would be well. But we find the State by no means a model employer. It is the French Government of to-day, with two political Socialists in the Cabinet, MM. Briand and Viviani, which refuses the right of the teachers and other State employees to form trade unions, or join the General Confederation of Labor.

We have seen a Labor Cabinet formed in Australia, and everything go on just the same as before. The only difference at any rate was that a number of political ex-workingmen took office and big salaries from the State, instead of political officials of the ordinary type, who have generally incomes independently, through exploiting labor in some form or other.

What permanent benefit labor can secure through placing political Socialists or men of their own class in power has yet to be proved. The only effect so far is to make these Socialist and labor politicians quite reactionary. Up till now every approach toward the position advocated by Social Democrats has been a dead failure. The workers have been betrayed again and again. Until they see clearly that Governments exist to keep things as they are; that society is held together by the social instinct in mankind; and that if they desire to alter existing social institutions they must take direct action and assume full responsibility for it; not till then will they be able to make any serious change in their economic position.

In the meantime, let every intelligent worker do what he can to rouse his fellows to action. They should fight and struggle all the time for the best possible conditions to-day. In active and energetic efforts the workers are learning their strength. They need not wait for election time to try to shorten their hours of labor or increase their wages. But behind all their activity let it be understood that nothing short of the complete emancipation of labor will satisfy the workers as a whole. This can be secured, not through placing any body of men in political power,

but by freely co-operating in the production of wealth, and refusing to recognize the claims of idlers to take the lion's share. The workers must manage these things for themselves. National and territorial Governments must be replaced by free associations of the workers. Till they are capable of this, neither Socialist nor labor governments can help them much.—*Voice of Labor.*



ANTI-MORAL REFLECTIONS

By MAX BAGINSKI.

THE ruler's and possessors also have hard problems to solve. How shall they fortify their threatened privileges? How strengthen the weakening faith of the people in the "justice" of the State; how lull their ever growing suspicion as to the corruption of wealth and power?

The faith and respect of the masses are indispensable to the rulers; without them no government is safe. They must therefore be artificially inculcated by the aid of the family, the church, the school, patriotic phrases, and the habits of mental indolence.

Formerly this was a much less difficult problem. The invention of printing, however, in spite of the wholesale spreading of prejudice and lies, was instrumental in aiding some revolutionizing ideas to gain currency—brave, noble thoughts disturbed the lethargy of the people and made them think. And with thought came doubt and the question: Are the "accepted truths" really true? Is current, official justice really just?

Ah, the good old days when priest and ruler could read the destinies of nations in the flight of birds and the intestines of cattle! In those times the people had more confidence in the oracles than they have nowadays in the integrity of legislatures, whose corruption is becoming daily more apparent.

The long entertained suspicion is gradually crystallizing into the firm conviction that our political, religious and social institutions are but the reins with which the pro-

ducing masses are kept "in order," to be exploited and oppressed at the will of their rulers.

This realization is fatal for the upper four hundred—they must look around for new ways and means to continue their slaves in subjection.

The power of religion is not nearly as effective as before. True, many thousands of churches are still making the earth hideous, like the tell-tale marks of a smallpox victim. 'Tis a land of religion and puritanism: the law-givers begin their work with prayers. But so do also certain Italian banditti, who consecrate wax candles to Sancta Maria, in the pious hope that their next robber excursion will prove the more successful.

In reality, however, religion has lost its influence upon our social and economic actions. It lacks the power to help the "good" and defeat the "evil." The good God is treated like some business partner who is often taken advantage of and cheated.

This form of piousness Clarence Darrow has fittingly characterized at Boise: "You may kill, steal, commit any crime known to heaven or to earth, and then you may turn and throw your crime on somebody else and your soul upon God."

Indeed, religion does not prevent the rich from robbing and oppressing the poor. On the other hand, however, it has fortunately ceased to serve as a barrier for the masses in the expression of their social and economic aspirations and demands.

Religion is thus ineffectual in conserving the masses in bondage. A substitute has become necessary. It is urgently demanded and found in—morality.

The moral precepts, like the religious, are authoritarian in character. True, 'tis not the old God that issues the commands. His place has been taken by the "moral conscience," "duty," "the inner voice;" the tyranny, before external, has now become internal. The religious fetters of faith in divine and earthly authority are growing weaker and threaten to break: morality must come to the rescue, that the aspirations of humanity, the cry of the masses for life and joy be stifled in its iron grip.

Education and literature are eternally multiplying the number of our "duties" and the demands made upon us. Every sign of awakening of the growing—or already

grown—individual is eradicated by a moral command. Our moral guardians are no less tyrannical and intolerant than those of law and religion. They even dare to prescribe moral precepts for science, philosophy and art.

Having put under its ban the free association of the sexes, morality has succeeded in fostering forced marriage, prostitution and venereal diseases. Men and women must not satisfy their physiological needs, except they are married; but as economic misery prevents marriage in a great many cases—and that at the very period when sex life is most imperative—nothing remains for them but celibacy or prostitution. Such are the blessings of our economics and morality.

Anarchism, negating compulsion in all phases of human activity, political, economic and social, is consequently also antagonistic to all commands of morality, which is but the masked instrument of subjection.

During the recent strike of the drivers of the New York Street Cleaning Department, the press and authorities denounced the strikers because they neglected their "duty," their "moral obligation" towards the city and the public.

An excellent example of bourgeois morality! Is it the duty of underpaid and ill-treated employees to keep the city's streets clean—especially the quarters of the rich? The same duty commands them to patiently suffer the filth of their misery and rot in their economic swamp, that the rich may continue their life of parasitic idleness. In truth, morality is a well-paying business—for the rich, the exploiters. But the poor were doomed to eternal servitude were it not for the happy circumstance that they prefer to be immoral.

In the same sense people prate of "moral satisfaction" in work well done. Are we not all familiar with the phrase, "the dignity of labor"? The hypocrites! The man of spirit and independence can but feel humiliated by his forced labor; far from enjoying "moral satisfaction" in his wage slavery, he can not help but be filled with hatred against conditions which degrade him to a mere tool for the accumulation of wealth—for others. The proletarian whose spirit does not rise in protest against his degrading bondage is a born slave, lacking all manhood.

Morality condemns encroachments upon property. It is the "moral duty" of the homeless one to pass quietly by the mansion of the millionaire. Were he to enter, to rest up his weary body, he would be branded a criminal, fit for prison. Morality is thus anti-social and unnatural. Morality shouts, "Stop thief!" when a hungry tramp has taken a loaf of bread, and then proceeds to bow before and worship the successful employer who daily robs his workmen of half the value of their product.

Morality is a practiced hypocrite, whom no free spirit may welcome.



FLASHES FROM THE FLINT

By VICTOR ROBINSON

Our thoughts are creators. Our abstract ideas become materialized into concrete realities. The thought is the prefix to the act. It is the pioneer, the pilot of the deed. I agree with Grant Allen: if people begin by thinking rationally, there is danger that they may end by acting rationally too.

Every institution is an Inquisition in embryo.

He who makes a journey to the home of truth, must drop many sweet illusions on the way.

What redeems like love? Whose face can beam like kindness?

Shelley, Burns and Byron lost the world for love. What sweeter fate?!

They tell us of the Mary who wept at the cross of Jesus, but ignore the bleeding Mary of to-day; they talk about the holy supper, while there are families lacking bread; they worship the crucified Christ, while humanity is stretched upon the cross.

Reason is the ladder by which we climb into the heaven of truth. Religion is the will-o'-the-wisp which leads us to the abyss of error.



A LITERARY NUISANCE

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

IGNORANCE and arrogance on the part of a critic, and the literary "innocence" of the editor or publisher make a combination which can be fitly characterized as a literary nuisance.

Such is the article "Modern Germany—Mad?", by George Sylvester Viereck, published in the June issue of the *Arena*. Supposedly treating of modern German literature, the writer succeeds only in displaying his own ignorance and arrogance.

These two qualities were ever characteristic of the legitimate members of the Hohenzollern house. If it be true that the Vierecks are the illegitimate offsprings of that house, it would seem to prove that illegitimacy does not always rectify the faults of legitimacy.

Of all ignoramuses the writing ignoramus is the most stupid. That is the fatality of the trade of writing. Since the literary style is one's innermost expression, a fool's writing necessarily betrays his emptiness.

Evidently Mr. Viereck did not consider that; else he would have left the pen alone: conceit would have saved him.

The modern literature of Germany is of nearly twenty years growth. Its most striking works have been written under the inspiration of the social revolutionary spirit of that period. They represent the high tide of the passionate aspirations and hopes for the regeneration of social and individual life along the lines of Socialism and Anarchism: social justice, economic freedom and the emancipation of woman from the fetters of home-slavery were its slogans.

The modern spirit found its strongest and most artistic expression in the dramas of Gerhart Hauptmann, as well as in the works of Max Halbe, Otto Erich Hartleben, and Frank Wedekind; Sudermann, however, identified himself with the stage rather than with life.

Whatever the valuation of the German modern literatti—as compared with their predecessors—it is unquestionably true that they have enriched and deepened our soul-

life. It was they who have voiced in a penetrating and unique manner the mute suffering of the underworld, the social aspirations which formed the undercurrent of accepted traditions.

These few and apparently irrelevant remarks are made merely to show that modern German literature is neither as "mad" nor as empty as the head of its critic, Mr. Viereck.

Let us now consider the *Arena* article in detail.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Viereck has named Marie Madeleine (pseudonym) as "the first and foremost" in the "literary madhouse" of modern Germany. It is because her subject matter is so closely allied to his own? And is she to be characterized as "indecent" by the psychopathic author of the "Haunted House"? While by no means the foremost of German moderns, one cannot read her "*Eine Priesterin der Aphrodite*" or "*Und es ver-rauschen und verklingen Tage und Tage*" without feeling that she has touched humanly vital chords. Her poetry is the cry of a soul that, in her own words, "*hat niemals ihr Ziel gefunden*"—if that is "indecent," what word in the English or even in the German vocabulary can fittingly characterize the following stanza of Mr. Viereck:

"To-night I feel the presence of the others,
 "Your lovers were they and are now my brothers;
 "And I have nothing that has not been theirs,
 "No single bloom the tree of passion bears
 "They have not plucked. Beloved, can it be?
 "Is there no gift that you reserve for me—
 "No loving kindness or *no subtle sin*,*
 "No secret shrine that none has entered in,
 "Whither no mocking memories pursue
 "Love's wistful pilgrim?"

Mr. Viereck absolutely ignores the real representative poetesses of modern Germany, such as Helene Boehlau, Frieda von Buelow, Clara Viebig and Hedwig Lachmann. True, he speaks of Margarete Beutler as "the most gifted poetess," but of course he regards her—who is no less a personality than she is a poet—as "depraved," because "she declares in her autobiography that she is tempera-

* The italics are mine. E. G.

mentally incapable of entering into permanent marital relations." Mr. Viereck stupidly reads into that sentence the desire of the poetess to advertise herself by a recital of her private affairs. With the same criterion he judges that tender poetic soul—Peter Hille—who, Mr. Viereck informs us, had said that "as a Westphalian he was a shameless liar, godless and without conscience." Our critic believes that this "confession" was made "to attract attention at any price." 'Tis a pity that Peter Hille was so frank and outspoken. His lack of discretion in this regard was not compatible with good business methods. No wonder poor, sensitive Peter Hille died destitute and forsaken in his miserable garret.

Not the least bad break of Mr. Viereck is his reference to Gustav Wied as "the alleged German Mark Twain." In confidence we will inform our well-posted critic that the satirist Gustav Wied happens to be a Dane.

Mr. Viereck has dropped his pose of the decadent, blasé beyond good and evil. His ambition was to play the rôle of a miniature edition of Oscar Wilde. That, however, proved impractical in the land of Comstock. It seemed more advisable to masquerade as the indignant moralist and censor of "indecent" German poetesses.

The author of the *Arena* article is morally outraged by Frank Wedekind (not Franz, as he is erroneously called by Mr. Viereck) and Erich Mühsam. The fact that such "vulgar" and "nauseating" writers are tolerated in the leading magazines of Germany conclusively proves, according to our critic, the literary rottenness of Germany. How fortunate that Wedekind is not an American writer—he would be confiscated by our Puritans. Yet this "vulgar" Wedekind is the author of that beautiful "*Frühlingserwachen*," a work that should be read by every mother and teacher, portraying as it does in the most tender and artistic manner the sex awakening of the child and showing the terrible crimes committed by parents and teachers against their maturing children.

Equally "impossible" Mr. Viereck considers Erich Mühsam. The latter dares to openly avow himself an Anarchist! He would not be permitted to tread our shores, much less to contribute to our leading magazines, which would be outraged—like Mr. Viereck—by the exposé of our rotten social conditions, as depicted in

"*Amanda*." It is owing to the literary honesty of the Mühsams, however, and the courage of German leading periodicals who publish such exposés (so much regretted by Mr. Viereck) that the consciousness of the world is awakened to the realization of the enormity of our social crimes responsible for the things portrayed by Mühsam.

"Tell me what amuses you," our critic exclaims, "and I will tell you what you are." Mr. Viereck strenuously objects to the "obscenity" of the *Simplicissimus* jokes and caricatures. They are very harmful, he thinks, since they expose the rottenness of certain social circles. He probably prefers *Puck* and *Judge*. There is nothing "indecent" in them, to be sure. Indeed, their vacuity and lack of wit can favorably compare even with the *Arena* article.

Fortunately, Germany is not quite helpless against this damnable literature. The good Kaiser stands guard over the morals of his people. His would-be relative has this to say about it:

"And so, too, much in the actions of Kaiser Wilhelm that may strike us as uncalled-for interference in matters of art, is due to the desire of his healthy nature to place a check upon things unwholesome and unclean."

Kaiser Willie's "healthy nature" expresses itself in art and literature by patronizing impotence and mediocrity, while artists and writers of real merit are made to feel his most sovereign displeasure. The royal megalomaniac recognizes only such literary efforts which foster national stupidity and flatter the Hohenzollern régime. His influence is positively harmful, encouraging writers and artists who are ever ready to sacrifice their own mental sovereignty for a royal smile or a cheap order.

I apologize for having charged Mr. Viereck with lack of talent. His reference to the Kaiser proves his considerable ability as a career-hunter and schnorrer patriot.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

By SLOVAK.

FRANCE.

Comrade Jean Grave, editor of *Les Temps Nouveaux*, Paris, asks for six hundred volunteers to help him get out an illustrated utopia, *Les Pionniers*, which old people will like to read, but which will especially appeal to the young, telling them in the form of an adventurous novel how persecuted militant comrades, stranded upon an island, are organizing labor, and the relations between individuals free from all authority.

Defensive and aggressive strikes, fermentation in the unions concerning forms and methods of organization and struggle, anti-militarist demonstrations, civil disobedience in the South, rather ineffective governmental suppression and revenge—these are the signs of the times that prove that the masses are becoming conscious in spite of guns and lullabies.

We have received the first number of *La Demolizione*, a bi-weekly organ of rationalist propaganda with the motto: Science, truth, liberty, emancipation. Address: Prof. Ottavio Dinale, Annemasse, France.

SPAIN.

The pedagogic review *Humanidad Nueva*, organ of the modern school of Valencia, Spain, devoted exclusively to rationalist education, has published a special issue to demonstrate the advantages of rational and scientific education, and to give palpable proofs of the great work accomplished by Ferrer, whose recent trial ended in acquittal. The issue will contain photographs of classes, class rooms, etc., of all the modern schools in Spain and of all those educational institutions that use the methods of the modern school of Barcelona and its text-books. The price of this special issue will be five cents. Address for this interesting document: *Humanidad Nueva*, Plaza San Gil 1, Valencia, Spain.

Barcelona has a libertarian monthly eugenic review of four years' existence, *Salud y Fuerza*, illustrated, published by the League of Human Regeneration under the motto, "Conscious and limited procreation." They have

recently published a series of neo-malthusian as well as general libertarian pamphlets, amongst the latter a translation of Clarence S. Darrow's famous lecture, "Crime and Criminals."

ITALY.

Luigi Molinari announces in his splendid *Universita Popolare* the proposed opening of modern schools of the type of those established by Francisco Ferrer in Spain. Portugal, Spain, Italy—one after another the strongholds of mediaeval darkness are infected by the germ of scientific rationalism.

The publishing house of Fortunato Serrantoni, of Florence, will publish in the near future an Italian rendition of Jean Grave's "Moribund Society and Anarchy," known to the comrades of America in translation by Comrade Voltairine de Cleyre.

Il Grido della Folla, of Milano, is again in the field. Address: Casella postale 1123, Milano, Italy.

SWITZERLAND.

In April of this year six Italians were prosecuted in the courts of Winterthur for having manufactured bombs. Two of the defendants were condemned, while four were acquitted from all complicity or even knowledge of the alleged crime. Nevertheless, these four were afterwards expelled from Switzerland for "criminal use of explosives and endangering the inner safety of Switzerland." This was done by the Bundesanwaltschaft, the head of the Swiss political police (created under the pressure of Prince Bismarck), and with the connivance of the Swiss parliament, from whose decision there is no appeal. The civil courts acquit a man. The protectors of law and order and guardians of the free people ignore the acquittal and violate the law and constitution to eliminate undesirable elements. Such are government and justice and a sovereign people under unappealable political police guardianship.

On June twentieth Comrade Sauter, editor of the Anarchist paper *Der Revolutionär*, Berlin, and Comrades Neumann, Varnisher, and Drewes, printers, were acquitted from the charge of having incited to violence by an article and some poetry in said paper. The Attorney of the State thus sustained a defeat in spite of the best inten-

tions of the court to find evidence sufficient for conviction.

The twenty-nine comrades who had been arrested at Mannheim, Baden, for participating in the Congress of the German Anarchists, have been acquitted. Congratulations!

RUSSIA.

During the three months of "service" of the stool pigeon of autocracy, called the second Duma, the freedom of press has been manifested as follows: 94 dailies and weeklies suppressed; 64 editors imprisoned, and preventive censorship, abolished by ukase, flourishing in many cities fiercer than ever. Only one paper of the Black Hundreds was suspended, and that only for a short while.

The strike of the longshoremen and seamen of the Caspian Sea is spreading. When the Government tried to bring seamen on board in the Persian ports of Enseli and Astrabad, the strikers sunk several ships with the Cossacks on board. Now the ship crews on the river Volga also threaten to strike, as well as the 50,000 workers in the naphtha district. The president of the seamen's association is arrested.

MEXICO.

Revolucion is published by the liberal junta of Mexico in Los Angeles, 660 San Fernando street, as successor to *Regeneracion*, of St. Louis, which has been suppressed by the federal authorities under pressure of Teddy's business partner, Porfirio Diaz. The paper is splendidly edited by Modesto Diaz, and gives details of the horrid fate of imprisoned men, women and children in the bastiles of Mexico. *El Amigo del Pueblo*, of San Antonio, Tex., reports that a certain Arredondo has betrayed over five hundred liberals to the Mexican Government. The scoundrel has been rewarded by a job in the army.

Over five thousand politicals are in the prisons and fortresses looking forward to a dire fate. Comrade L. Guttierrez de Lara, a refugee from Cananea and a brilliant attorney, has just published the first volume of a tetralogy of novels, "Los Bribones," dealing with the Green-Cananea atrocities, and ripping to pieces the Mexican brand of the sham of patriotism. The forthcoming volumes will bear the titles, "Amor de Tudesca," "Muyer Valiente," and "La Huelga" (the strike).

CUBA.

Our comrades Saavedra and Lores are still imprisoned at Guanabacoa, deportation pending. Our contemporary *Tierra*, of Habana, appeals in their behalf to organized labor, publishing stirring letters of our imprisoned friends.

The cigarmakers' strike of nearly six months' duration, comprising 15,000 workers, who did not give the police and governmental pinks any chance for forceful invasion, has been won by labor getting hold of and publishing a letter of Governor Magoon to the employers in which he refused interference on their behalf because he considered the claims of labor justified. We wonder if this is not an effort to sidetrack labor from the dangerous Anarchists sentenced to deportation. Or is the Governor a good Judge Magnaud reincarnated?

AUSTRALIA.

"Fifty-one years ago the first Eight-Hour League in Australia was established in Melbourne, and Parliament has not yet made eight hours a legal day's work. In this direction the unions have done more than Parliament for wage earners."—*Coast Seamen's Journal*.

In the *Socialist*, Melbourne, we read: "Mr. J. Praed, general secretary of the Australian Miners' Association, received the following letter from Mr. D. F. Boshier, secretary of the Ballarat Mine Owners' Association: 'No alteration will be made in the scale of wages, but we accede to your request to grant six-hour shifts to miners working where the temperature is 80 degrees or over, and also an increase to truckers of 6d. per shift of eight hours, working in the same temperature.' In regard to reduced hours, the concession made by the mine owners of the six-hour shift instead of eight, without reduction of pay, is significant, and indicates what will soon become general. Progress continues to be made by the Six-Hour-Work-Day Committee in their propagandist efforts in the Trade Unions. The demand for a six-hour day has recently also been endorsed by the Victorian Agricultural Implement and Machine Makers, while the Coach-builders' Union and the Melbourne Typographical Society have adjourned the debate upon the subject until their half-yearly meetings; it is anticipated that the proposal will be carried by an overwhelming majority.

By the time that most of the unions will have obtained the six-hour day by direct action, and the eight-hour day relegated to the dim past, Parliament will declare that the legal eight-hour day is an outrage, an impossibility, and unconstitutional; but labor won't give a damn!



ANENT THE AMSTERDAM CONFERENCE

La Question Sociale, of Paterson, N. J., reprints an article of Peter Kropotkin, of the year 1896, dealing with the much discussed subject of the advisability of Anarchist congresses. We quote:

“The International must work in view of a double aim.

In its every-day work it will establish the union between the men of various trades in every city, in every district, in every nation, and internationally between all trades.

And in its congresses it will do its propaganda work widely, outside of the ranks of its organization. It will disseminate its ideas with full hands in the midst of the entire population—before all amongst those strata that still keep away from the revolutionary advance guard of labor.

In these congresses the workers—always the workers—of the different trades and different nationalities will learn to know each other. They will learn and deliberate the methods to bring their strikes to good results by national and international mutual aid. They will learn how to paralyze the beast of capitalism by the force of their international attack. They will learn to press the beast to the wall with their shoulders and make it surrender before the united forces of the workingmen.

They will study at the same time the best ways to produce and exchange their products. By means of this continuous mutual understanding, renewed every year by the international exchange of ideas, shall the new form of the organization of industries work itself out, which is destined some day to replace capitalist production and the mercantile exchange of products.

And at the same time the regional and international congresses will serve as powerful means of propaganda

of Socialist ideas and for the working out of new ideas.

At each congress two or three important questions will be submitted for study, to be reported on at the following congress. These questions will be submitted for discussion, first amongst the groups of workers, then in the little regional and national congresses, and, finally, at the annual international congress.

People of good will are bound to prepare reports summing up the discussions of groups and regional bodies; and these reports will serve as basis for discussion at the following congress. Finally, published as reports, they will serve as arguments for discussions and for propaganda in the papers."

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The sum received so far will barely pay the fare, both ways. Not being in the grace of God I cannot be expected to live on faith and air. I must therefore ask the comrades and groups who have indorsed my participation in the Conference to continue their contributions.

During my absence all mail is to be addressed as heretofore, 210 East 13th St., New York.

EMMA GOLDMAN.



UNWELCOME PREY

By LILLIAN BROWNE-THAYER.

IT is a morning in early May. Spring is flinging out her intoxicating odors. The palpitating sunlight embraces the earth with passionate caresses. Nature, responsive, has burst into life in blade and leaf and flower. In the park geometric beds of tulips and crocusses and daffodils have sprung up in blotches of red and yellow and purple—mad, riotous colors in orderly array.

Across the boulevard the sunlight plays upon the red brick, ivy-patched walls of the Girls' High School. Through the open window comes the sound of a piano prelude; then the voice of the director is heard. There is a pause, and soon a chorus of fresh young voices floats out on the air. Passers-by slacken their gait to listen. The loungers in the park rouse themselves from their dozing as the words of an old anthem reach their ears:

"Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
Ye citizens of heav'n, O sweetly raise,
An endless Alleluia."

The words are repeated over and over—"An endless,

endless Alleluia." To an imaginative and romantic mind the old air would roll back the centuries to magnolia-bordered walks by cloistered walls—to vesper bells and a nuns' processional. But the loungers in the park are not imaginative, romantic natures. Idle workmen on strike have neither the spirit nor the culture to indulge in such mental luxuries. The dreadful present is all-absorbing. And yet the music seems to soothe their tired, discontented souls—

This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,
This is glad food and drink that ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia."

One of the men turned on his face and smothered an exclamation. His companions, half asleep on the benches and grass, are too weary with life to be cynical. They are older men than he.

An open carriage rolls into the east entrance of the park from the boulevard. The face of the occupant is concealed by a white lace parasol. The coachman draws rein in the shade of one of the horse-chestnut trees that border the driveway. The woman closes her parasol and leans back against the cushions.

"Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious one, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia."

She arranges a bracelet on her fat wrist and wipes the perspiration from her moist neck, carefully powdering her chin with a puff she conceals in her belt.

"While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
Forever, and tell forth in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory forevermore, to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia. Amen."

There is a stir and the big front door of the school swings back and the girls swarm out into the sunlight like bees from a hive. They separate in pairs and in

groups of threes and fours. Three of the girls enter the park, arm in arm. They are hatless and in light muslins. The woman in the carriage scans them critically as she opens her parasol. She leans forward and whispers to the coachman, who turns the horses into a side driveway. Both the coachman and the woman keep their eyes fastened on the three girls. Quite unconscious that they are watched, the girls part at the fountain with merry words. They feel their hearts swell with affection for the old school and for one another as the last days of their school life draw near.

One of the girls takes an unfrequented side path. The woman and the coachman do not allow her to get out of their sight. They follow her pink dress, concealed now and then by the budding shrubbery. She comes to the end of the path where it meets the roadway. As she crosses, the horses suddenly start forward. The girl is thrown. A faint cry of fright escapes her. In a moment she is on her feet but her ankle is sprained and sore. The woman reproaches the coachman for his carelessness, and alighting from the carriage she is all solicitude for the girl.

"Oh, my dear girl, are you much hurt?" she asks in her tenderest voice.

"Oh, no, only frightened, I think. I was so startled, you know. And my ankle does pain some when I try to walk," the girl added.

"Come into the carriage. I will drive you home. Home, Max. I will send for the doctor. Yes, yes," as the girl protests that she is not hurt seriously, "these sprains are dangerous if they are not attended to at once. You can have lunch with me while we wait for the doctor. Then we will drive you home."

They drive through streets unknown to the girl, till finally the horses are brought to a standstill before a large, dingy-looking building. The girl does not like the looks of the street nor the house, and she would turn back but her foot is too painful to walk upon; so she does not express her fears, but goes willingly enough into the house with the woman. She is led through a large hall into a room that is lavishly furnished though somewhat dingy in appearance. The woman tells her to lie on the sofa while she gets hot water and a basin, and telephones for

the doctor. The woman closes the door and the girl hears a key turned on the outer side.

She is on her feet at once, unmindful of the sprained ankle. She tries the door. It is locked. There are two other doors. She tries them with a throbbing heart. They, too, are locked. The windows, before which screens had been carefully arranged, are all barred. She is imprisoned!

The woman goes into the next room. A finely dressed man is pacing nervously up and down the floor.

"How long have you been waiting?" she asks him.

"Twenty minutes, my watch says, but my patience says two hours! What success?"

"The best," she answers.

"Is she pretty?" he asks.

"Judge for yourself," she retorts, as he takes out a roll of bills and hands her several without counting them. "And I believe she is sensible. I have not heard her cry out. Perhaps you can win her without force—if you are patient," she says in a hard voice. He laughs nervously and starts toward the door of the room. He turns the key and enters, not forgetting to lock the door behind him as he does so, and pockets the key.

The girl stands with her back to the door with clenched hands. He sees her lithe, graceful figure, and his heart is inflamed. He takes a step forward eager for his prey. She turns slowly toward him with a face determined but pale as death. His own face, eager, passion-flamed, turns suddenly pale as her own, as she gives a glad cry and throws herself in his arms. No lover could have asked for more abandon. He staggers and grasps a chair.

"Oh, papa, papa! you have come to save me and to take me away from this dreadful place."



BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Socialism, Positive and Negative.** Robert Rives la Monte.
Chas. Kerr Co. Chicago.
- The Right to be Lazy and other Studies.** Paul Lafargue.
Chas. Kerr Co. Chicago.
- The Pinkerton Labor Spy.** Morris Friedman. Wilshire Book
Co. New York.
- Appreciations.** Alfred G. Sanftleben. Common Sense Co. Los
Angeles, Cal.
- William Godwin.** Pierre Ramus. Leipzig.
- Los Bribones.** L. Gutierrez de Lara. Los Angeles, Cal.
- Die Gewerkschaft.** Emil Pouget.
- God's Principal Jokes.** Parker H. Sercombe. To-Morrow
Publ. Co. Chicago.



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SEPTEMBER, 1907

No. 7

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

Samuel Gompers, writing in the *American Federationist*, regrets the growing custom among workmen of spending Labor Day at picnics and in general jollification. He calls upon the unions to devote the day to demonstrations, reminding them of the "serious meaning of the holiday." Gompers should know, however, that Labor Day lost its serious meaning when it became legalized. The day chosen by workmen to express their hopes and aspirations was emasculated by receiving plutocratic sanction. And it is Gompers and consorts, preaching the lie of "identical interests of employer and employee," that are responsible for this.

Workmen of revolutionary spirit know that the first of May—not the capitalistically legalized holiday—is the true Labor Day. They know that labor demonstrations can have but one rational object: to unify labor and to remind the exploiters of the power of labor. But when the spirit of solidarity and co-operation and, above all, of conscious class interests is lacking, such demonstrations are a hollow mockery.

* * *

The mollycoddle attitude of Gompers's organization, the Central Federated Union, in regard to the recent ukase of Commissioner Bingham, is disgraceful and disgusting. "Red flags prohibited," read the police order. Upon inquiry from the C. F. U., the Commissioner kindly explained that the new order was due to the dis-

play of red flags at the first of May demonstration—a spectacle which, the police say, aroused the indignation and fears of “good, respectable” citizens. Bingham condescended, however, to permit the unions to carry in the parade flags they had used for many years at similar occasions.

It is characteristic of the spirit of the Central Federated Union—supposedly representing the “dignity of labor”—that not a single delegate had the manhood to protest against the unwarranted interference of the Chief Policeman in the affairs of labor.

Has labor—the giant that feeds and supports the world—so little spirit, so little appreciation of its importance, as to be cowed by a policeman, or to be influenced by the exploiters’ fear of the red flag?

And what will capital, so easily terrorized by the mere sight of a red rag, feel when the black flag of hunger is unfurled in the streets?!

* * *

A capital joke was perpetrated by Yellow Hearst on Labor Day. As a sign of his special sympathy with labor he published a cable from the Pope to Archbishop Farley. In his message the Pope appeals to the American workingman to follow in the footsteps of Jesus, by practicing the divine example of “sweet toil.” Not a bad idea, indeed. As is well known, the Carpenter of Nazareth never did any carpentering, preferring to tramp with Mary Magdalene. But what relation is there between the alleged “sweet toil of Jesus” and the parasitic lives of priests, cardinals and popes?

* * *

Religious publications of various denominations are busily discussing the question as to why religion is suffering such perceptible weakening of its power of attraction.

We make bold to suggest that the explanation might be found in the fact that mankind is gradually beginning to realize that the Church has become a mere business, which exposes in its show windows shoddy wares at exorbitant prices.

True, the Church preaches to-day, as of old, the gospel of renunciation—for the poor; yet she herself renounces

neither secular power nor earthly possessions; on the contrary, she is eternally striving to have and to rule.

In the pursuit of her aims she combines and co-operates with the possessors, the rich. She fought their battles and preached humility to the subjects of princes, and the divine right of rulers to punish and murder. The serfs of the nobles she counseled to be content with their misery and bondage. To-day she preaches to the helots of field and factory patience to carry their heavy cross.

The Church is the agency of plutocracy; the latter employs priests for the same reason that it hires Pinkertons. Both agencies serve the same purpose: to perpetuate the slavery of the masses.

Many already understand this; unfortunately, not yet everybody. But it accounts for the fact that the churches constantly grow more empty, which is a hopeful sign.

* * *

R. A. Pinkerton, plutocracy's bloodhound, died a few days ago. He was the original desirable citizen. It is understood that the acquittal of Haywood broke his tender heart.

* * *

The labor mis-leaders now state that the strike of the commercial telegraphers has entered "the phase of endurance." In plain English it means that the telegraphers will win their strike when the telegraph companies will have been—starved into submission!

It is enough to state the proposition to expose its ridiculousness. As long as labor permits capital to grow fat on its toil, the employers are in no immediate danger of starvation. But the striking workingman *is*. The employers have learned the lesson of co-operation. The workingmen *have not*.

Were labor really in earnest about starving its exploiters into submission, there would be no more exploiters. And if the strikers were as sensible as they are hungry, they would not sit supinely at home "awaiting developments." The inevitable "developments" of such an imbecile attitude spell defeat. But if, instead of relying on the miraculous power of their "leaders" and on conferences with the enemy, the commercial telegraphers had tried to help themselves; if they had made their strike

a real strike; if they had organized a complete, general tie-up by calling to aid *all* union operators, then the telegraphic companies and the public at large would have speedily realized that the strikers are earnest and determined men. And such men always win.

But that means direct action and general strike! What would the mis-leaders say—the traitors who had doomed the strike in its inception by their cowardly opposition.

* * *

John F. Gaynor, a Federal prisoner, has been permitted by Attorney General Bonaparte to take a trip to a health resort, in company with his wife and valet.

Gaynor is the New York contractor who was convicted with Benjamin Green and Captain Oberlin Carter of stealing several millions of dollars in connection with the Savannah harbor contracts.

It is officially explained that Gaynor's "health is bad." Is every prisoner of failing health permitted to drive to the ball games, visit health resorts and have his wife and valet with him? I was not. Perhaps the right answer is to be found in Gaynor's thriftiness: he saved the money he stole. Now he uses it.

Prisons are the models of capitalism.

* * *

Two international gatherings have recently taken place: the Social Democratic Congress at Stuttgart, Germany, and the Conference of revolutionary Socialists and Anarchists at Amsterdam, Holland.

Characteristic of the spirit of the Social Democrats was the exclusion of English delegates representing organizations which do not believe in the political swindle.

The anti-militaristic proposal to the effect that, in case of war—as between Germany and France, for instance—the workmen of both countries should make common cause and voice their protest by a general strike, was voted down as "inopportune." The Stuttgart Congress marks the final evolution of the Social Democrats into a bourgeois political party, pure and simple. The workman can expect nothing from that quarter.

As to the Anarchist Conference, *Mother Earth* will publish original reports from Amsterdam, by Emma

Goldman. In the meantime we bring our comrade's first letter, written immediately after the opening of the Conference.

* * *

The capitalist press could not forego the opportunity of circulating the ancient bomb-and-dagger lie in connection with the Anarchist gathering at Amsterdam. The *New York Times* took special pains to inform its readers that "Emma Goldman made a violent speech at Amsterdam, urging a reign of terror as a means of readjusting social conditions in the United States."

In reply, I sent the following letter to the *Times*, published in its issue of August 29th:

"To the Editor of the *New York Times*:

It is, no doubt, very desirable for a newspaper to print exclusive news. The sine qua non, however, is—or should be—that the news be reliable, based on facts. News means information as to recent facts. A falsehood, no matter how "recent," is not news. Webster calls it a lie.

In the class of lies belongs the piece of "news" in yesterday's *Times*, to the effect that Emma Goldman, addressing the Amsterdam International Anarchist Conference, "urged a reign of terror as a means of readjusting social conditions in the United States."

You may not know it, but every citizen of average intelligence does know that Emma Goldman is too intelligent a woman to believe that social conditions could be readjusted by a reign of terror. A goodly number of your readers have, no doubt, heard Emma Goldman lecture at one time or another; or, perhaps they have heard other Anarchist lecturers and read Anarchist literature. And all of them know that they had never heard an Anarchist advocate a reign of terror to change social conditions. Nor have they ever heard or read any Anarchist advocacy of violence of any kind. On the contrary, many of your readers could inform you that Anarchism means the negation of violence; that Anarchists consider existing social conditions the reflex of existing false ideas, and, as such, to be combated by enlightenment and education, and not by a reign of terror; that, finally, Anarchists teach self-reliance, co-operation and mutual aid, in opposition to the existing institutions of authority and suppression, which are based on economic violence.

All this, and more, your readers could teach you. But are you really as stupid as you write?

ALEXANDER BERKMAN."

THE SITUATION IN AMERICA

[Report to the International Anarchist Conference at Amsterdam, 1907.]

PROPERLY speaking, there is no American Nation; what is usually called by that name is a conglomeration of members of all European nations, with a considerable proportion of Asiatic and African races. The ancestors of even the "genuine" Americans were themselves immigrants three or four generations back. It is due to the continual stream of immigration that the population of the United States has grown, in a comparatively short time, to eighty millions.

Between 1904 and 1905 the number of immigrants exceeded one million, the greatest proportion of which came from Russia, Italy and Austria-Hungary, while immigration from Germany, Ireland and Scandinavia decreased in comparison with former years.

The United States have ceased, to a certain extent, to attract the free, independent elements of Europe. The reason is quite apparent: plutocratic tyranny, aided by the political and judicial forces of the government, has proved itself no less brutal than the existing régimes of the old world. Equally repelling to the intelligent classes of Europe are the cold puritanism and formal piety dominant here, which have converted the country into a rich pasture for Pharisees and religious speculators.

The main attraction for immigration is a material one, wages being somewhat higher in comparison with European standards.

We have referred above to the fact that America has ceased to attract the free, independent elements of Europe. The only exception, however, is Russia, emigration from which country is the direct result of the unspeakable oppression and tyrannical persecution of the progressive elements of that country. They stream into the United States by the hundred thousands, to escape the Tsar's Black Hundreds and the pogroms.

The roseate hopes of the immigrants in numerous cases prove a severe disappointment. True, remuneration for labor is higher here than in Europe; on the other hand, however, the cost of living is also correspondingly higher.

The great mass of industrial workers are condemned to the life of a wage-slave, vegetating in conditions closely approaching barrack life. In certain industrial centers the very houses occupied by the workers belong to their employers,—a circumstance which gives the latter a terrible advantage over the workers and a weapon to be used, in the form of eviction, in times of strikes and lock-outs. Other industries are cursed by the company stores, an institution which serves to perpetuate the dependence of the worker upon his employer, and which represents the worst form of exploitation. The workers of an industrial center, living on the land and in the houses owned by their employers, and forced to buy all the necessaries of life in the company store (owned by the same employer) are thus absolutely at the mercy of their exploiters, who generally manage to get back through the company store every dollar paid out in wages. In certain coal mining districts, for instance, this exploitation of the worker in his two-fold capacity as producer and consumer has reached such enormity that in many cases the miner, at the end of a working year, finds himself the debtor of his employer.

These conditions, coupled with the brutally arrogant and irresponsible character of the American employers—as a class—have developed a situation closely approaching middle-age feudalism. The large industrial employers—be they trusts, millionaires, or United States Senators—are veritable lords, whose employees are regarded and treated as mere slaves, created for the special purpose of accumulating wealth without participation in its blessings. These conditions can be explained by the fact that a great number of the most important industries are localized outside the large cities; thus the employer is the practical owner of the whole industrial center, the inhabitants of which—consisting almost exclusively of the workers and their families—are his absolute dependents; they work in the mills and factories of their employer, they live on his land and in the houses which are his property, and they are, finally, forced to patronize his stores, as there are no others in the vicinity.

This intensive economic pressure is to a great extent responsible for the passivity and lack of interest in modern ideas which we meet with in the great industrial centers.

The revolutionary propaganda here encounters its greatest obstacle in the slavish spirit which permeates the entire population of this suffocating atmosphere. What further militates against the success of our agitation is the almost Babylonian confusion of speech in these centers. The multiplicity of languages and the consequent lack of mutual understanding keep the workers separated, to the great satisfaction of the plutocracy. This isolation of the various nationalities is responsible for the lack of solidaric feeling and action. Thus it can be seen that it is pure hypocrisy on the part of the employers when they "patriotically" shout against unlimited immigration. The American exploiter is the most greedy in the world; he is heartily in favor of immigration *en masse*; it supplies him with cheap labor and with material for strike-breaking; it enables him to foster race prejudice, to encourage strife among the workers, and to play the unintelligent element against the more conscious and intelligent, thus conserving the low level of the American proletariat. The national glorification of the wonderful American industries is an empty patriotic boast; the real producers are to a very large extent immigrant proletarians. The more illiterate and spiritless the latter are when they come to America, the lower their standard of living, the better pleased are the American industrial kings.

False inducements are held out to the potential immigrants by the press and other agencies of the exploiters. American conditions are pictured to them in rosy colors. They are impressed with the notion of how easy it is to acquire property and a home in the new world. This notion results in numbers of immigrants becoming victims of land sharks, who rob them of their last possessions: the captains of industry have, by the aid of corrupt legislation, long since accomplished the converting of the vast American territory into private property. There is no more "free land" to be had. It has already become a monopoly of State and Capital. Especially have the railroad companies enriched themselves by these land steals.

Were it necessary to adduce any justification for the propaganda of Anarchist Communism, conditions in America supply them. The beginning was made by the Christians, greedy of the new continent, despoiling the

American Indian, whose ownership of land was communistic. In a comparatively short time, the country in all its vast extent has become the prey of the monopolists, who partitioned the area among themselves. True, there still remain vast tracts not under cultivation; but even these are the private property of somebody, to which no workingman can lay claim as his home. The workmen are living in crowded tenement houses, with neither sufficient air nor space, under the worst sanitary conditions, the wage slaves of their industrial masters.

* * *

The remarkable development of the mechanical arts in the United States has been revolutionary in its effect upon the economic conditions of the country. The immediate result of that development has been two-fold: First, an almost infinitesimal division of labor, undreamt of before the invention of modern machinery; secondly, the resultant practical abolition of skilled labor. Capital did not fail to quickly foresee the advantages of this unprecedented mechanical development and, consistently with its nature, has practically monopolized all the benefits accruing from the same. The necessity for skilled labor being reduced to a minimum, capital has grown even more independent and arrogant, realizing that—especially on the occasion of strikes—the former skilled labor can be replaced by cheaper unskilled labor. 'Tis the irony of capitalistic civilization that the blessings of man's inventive genius result to the detriment of the people at large. But the saddest feature of our mechanical age is to be found in the "industrializing" of the woman and child, whom the curse of capitalism forces to come into competition with their brothers and fathers, thus intensifying the economic struggle, with the resultant lowering of the national standard, economically, intellectually and socially.

The boasted independence and freedom of the American woman, so much prated about at home and abroad, consist essentially in her forced "liberty" to join the ranks of the men as a fellow wage slave, to the detriment of both. For whether she does a man's work or less, she is never his economic equal in point of remuneration. She comes in direct competition with man in practically

all professions and trades, even supplanting him entirely in some of them. The direct result is the lowering of the economic standard and the increase in the number of the unemployed. Considerations of national well-being do not trouble the beast of capitalism: the health of our future mothers is a matter of no consequence in the eternal dance around the golden calf. And it goes without saying that our legislatures and Congress are in perfect accord with the plutocracy, even to the extent of declaring unconstitutional the law against women working overtime. Naturally, the "liberty" of the exploiter to convert women's blood and bodies into profits must not be interfered with.

The crowning shame of the typically American brand of civilization is the employment of children of tender age in mines, factories and sweatshops. Recent investigations have disclosed a terrible condition: children of the age of five and six years are regularly employed in workshops, toiling long hours under the most unsanitary and vile surroundings, their wages being merely nominal. These terrible conditions have at last aroused public sentiment, resulting in a great anti-child-labor movement which could probably accomplish some effective reform, but for the deplorable near-sighted policy which has selected the crooked path of politics for its activities.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR AMSTERDAM LETTER

Comrades:—I am writing in great haste, in order that my letter may reach *Mother Earth* before the September issue goes to press.

The International Anarchist Congress—the first ever held without molestation from the authorities—opened with a large meeting Sunday afternoon, August 25th. The gathering was addressed by the following speakers: Dr. Friedeberg, in German; Enrico Malatesta, in Italian; R. de Marmande, in French; P. Ramus, in German; Rogdaeff, in Russian; Christian Cornelissen, in Dutch; and myself, in English.

To-day, August 26th, after wasting considerable time in unnecessary preliminaries, began the reading of the various reports on the present condition of the Anarchist movement in Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Bohemia, Switzerland, Italy, Servia, Russia and the United States. As all the reports will no doubt be published, I shall merely say for the present that we have learned many interesting features of our movement, which I will discuss in the next issue of *Mother Earth*.

There are in all ninety delegates, representing Germany, France, Belgium, Bohemia, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Servia, Russia, England and the United States.

It is very significant that an Anarchist Congress can take place without governmental interference—in fact, without a single policeman at the hall entrance—in a monarchical country. Such a thing were impossible in “free” America. European delegates would find the gates of Columbia closed to them. O for the glory of our free country!

EMMA GOLDMAN.

Amsterdam, Aug. 26, 1907.



THE MCKINLEY MONUMENT

BUFFALO now has a McKinley statue. The unveiling has been characterized as a “national event,” participated in by “the whole Nation,” which has not yet recovered from the alleged great loss it had sustained through the shot of Czolgosz.

Our Republic has grown very unrepubli- can. The country our forefathers had in mind was to be the land of a free people, enjoying equality. To-day we are ruled by Cæsars and Crœsuses who have long since abolished the simple republican virtues. Of the old Republic nothing remains but the name; its essence is a plutocracy.

And the people? They are exploited and oppressed—in the name of the people. Their bondage is skilfully veiled by an appearance of independence and liberty. Modern governmental policy consists in hypnotizing the enslaved masses into the belief that they are sovereigns.

That is the character of our democracy. Democracy and Republicanism are twins representing the most refined political method of masking our social and economic bondage. Democracy is the triumph of the deception practiced upon the people; the web is spun so finely that the ordinary man fails to see its meshes.

It is not very difficult to arouse a people against a Nero. Yet what titanic efforts are required to convince the citizen that his paper sovereignty is but the rope with which his masters strangle his independence and the Nation's prosperity!

If the Nation and the people are identical, what interest have the millions of America in a McKinley monument? But if the money kings, usurers, gamblers and canned meat patriots constitute the Nation, then it has reason indeed to glorify McKinley: Was he not, as Chief Magistrate, their most faithful servant? It was the representative of the money bags that Czolgosz struck down. Let them, then, mourn his death, for they may truthfully say that in McKinley they lost an able and zealous protector. *They* have reason to mourn, to be grateful and to build monuments, to honor the memory of their good servant.

But the Nation, the people? Have *they* anything to be grateful for to McKinley? Has he ever championed *their* interests? Was he *their* President? Was he not ever willing and ready to suppress every manifestation of popular dissatisfaction? Was he not constantly at the beck and call of the capitalists, ready to put the army at their disposal whenever the "common" people endeavored to lighten their burden? He could be relied on at all times to aid his plutocratic friends to the extent of his presidential power, to still further oppress and subjugate labor. His régime, dropping all appearances, boldly revealed the conspiracy between State and Capital, for their mutual aggrandizement at the expense of the working masses. McKinley's mission consisted in the endeavor to remove the last barriers that stood in the way of the mopolists' complete triumph. And though such policy meant the life-blood of hundreds of thousands, did he care? Was he moved by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows, those countless

victims of King Greed, whose untiring and faithful servant he was?

The McKinley monument marks the final evolution of the Jeffersonian Republic into an imperialistic plutocracy. It symbolizes political corruption, judicial venality and a colonial policy of brutal violence, oppression and exploitation, as practiced on the Filipinos. It characterizes the greed for markets, land robbery and the worst commercial instincts that the McKinley régime fostered and encouraged. It represents Mammon, upon whose altar are daily sacrificed countless men, women and children, whose blood is shed for the greater glory of our Christian civilization. In fine, the McKinley monument is the symbol of Imperialism—the mailed fist of capitalism—whose mission it is to strangle independence and aid capitalistic exploitation at home and abroad.

The Buffalo monument is an insult to the American proletariat. The workingman who still retains a spark of manhood must turn his back upon this symbol of his shame and degradation.

The future historian, if free from prejudice and plutocratic influence, will stamp McKinley as the pliant tool of trusts and monopolists.

To-day the deluded still cry: "The King is dead! Curses upon his murderer!" But greater and more lasting than Cæsar's fame is the beloved memory of Brutus.



ENOUGH OF ILLUSIONS!

By Peter Kropotkin.

THE dismissal of the second Duma terminated the first period of the Russian Revolution, the Period of Illusions. These illusions were born when Nicholas II., appalled by the general strike of October, 1905, issued a manifesto promising to convoke the representatives of the people and to rule with their aid.

Everyone clearly recollects the circumstances under which these concessions were wrested. Industrial, commercial and administrative activities came to a sudden stop. Neither revolutionists, nor political parties in-

stigated and organized this grand manifestation of the people's will. It originated in Moscow and rapidly spread over entire Russia, like those great elemental popular movements that occasionally seize upon millions, making them act in the same direction, with amazing unanimity, thereby performing miracles.

Mills and factories were closed, railroad traffic was interrupted; food products accumulated in huge masses on way-stations and could not reach the towns where the populace were starving. Darkness and silence of the grave struck terror into the hearts of the rulers who were ignorant of the happenings in the interior, as the strike had extended to the postal and telegraph service.

It was animal fear for himself and his own that forced Nicholas II. to yield to Witte's exhortations and convoke the Duma. It was terror before the throng of 300,000 invading the streets of St. Petersburg, and preparing to storm the prisons, that compelled him to concede an amnesty.

It would seem that no faith should have been placed in the faint traces of constitutional liberties thus extorted. The experience of history, especially that of '48, has shown that constitutions granted from above were worthless, unless a substantial victory, won by the spilling of blood, converted the paper concessions into actual gains, and unless the people themselves widened their rights by commencing, of their own accord, a reconstruction along the lines of local autonomy.

The rulers, who had submitted on the spur of the moment, in such cases have usually allowed the heat and triumph of the people to subside, meanwhile preparing faithful troops, listing the agitators to be arrested or annihilated, and in a few months have repudiated their promises, and forcibly put down the people in revenge for the fear and humiliations they had to undergo.

Russia had suffered so much during the preceding half-century of hunger and outrage and insolence of her masters; Russian cultured society was so exhausted by the long sanguinary and unequal struggle—that the first surrender of the treacherous Romanoff was hailed as bona fide concession. Russia exultingly ushered in the Era of Liberty.

In a previous article we had pointed out that on the very day the October manifesto was signed, introducing a liberal régime, the wicked and treacherous Nicholas, with his consorts, instituted the secret government of Trepoff in Peterhoff, with the object of counteracting and paralyzing those reforms. In the first days of popular jubulations, when the people believed the Tsar, the gendarmerie, under the guidance of the secret government, hastily issued proclamations inciting to slaughter of Jews and intelligents, despatched its agents to organize pogroms and raids. These agents gathered bands of Hooligans, cut down intelligents in Tver and Tomsk, mowed down men, women and children celebrating the advent of freedom, while Trepoff—the right hand of the Tsar—issued the order “not to spare ammunition” in dispersing popular demonstrations.

The majority divined the source of the pogroms. But our radicals had committed their customary blunder. They were so little informed (and are yet to-day) as to the doings in the ruling circles that this double-faced policy of Nicholas was positively known only seven or eight months later when exposed by Urusoff in the first Duma. Even then, prompted by Russian good nature, men still reiterated that it was not the Tsar’s fault, but his advisers’. The Tsar, it was said, was too mild to be crafty. In reality—and it is now becoming a conviction—he is too malicious not to be treacherous.

While the secret government of Peterhof was thus organizing pogroms and massacres, and turning loose upon the peasantry hordes of Cossacks brutalized in their police service, our radicals and Socialists had their dreams of “parliament,” forming parliamentary parties, with their inevitable intrigues and factional dissensions, and imagined themselves in possession of the constitutional procedure that had taken England centuries to form.

The outlying provinces alone understood that, utilizing the discomfiture of the government caught unawares, it was necessary to rise at once, and, without consulting the abortive “autocratic constitution,” to pull down the local institutions which are the mainstay of the government over the entire extent of Russia. Such risings broke out in Livonia, Guria, Western Grusia, and on the

East-Siberian railway. The Gurians and Letts set a fine example of a popular insurrection: their first step was to establish local revolutionary autonomy.

Unfortunately these revolts found no support either from their neighbors, or from Central Russia and Poland. And even where the villages revolted in Central Russia they were not sustained by the cities and towns. Russia did not do what was done in July, 1789, when the insurgent town populaces of Eastern France abolished the crumbling-down municipalities, and, acting from below, began with the organization of districts, ordering the town affairs without waiting for royal or parliamentary laws. Even the Moscow rising did not awaken active aid in the masses and failed to put forth the usual revolutionary expedient—an autonomous municipal commune.

Diligent inculcation of German ideals of imperial centralization, of party discipline, into the minds of Russian revolutionists bore fruit. Our revolutionaries heroically joined in the struggle, but failed to produce revolutionary mottoes. Even if they were vaguely surmised there was no one to formulate them definitely.

The individual revolts were crushed. Trains carrying the Semenoff regiment were allowed to pass to Moscow while the revolutionaries were awaiting "directions" from some source. The punitive detachment led by Meller-Zokomelsky left Cheliabinsk and reached Chita unmolested: in spite of the strike on the Siberian railway it was permitted to proceed! The brutal inroads of Orloff raged in the Baltic provinces, but the Letts could elicit no help from the West and Poland. Guria was laid waste, and wherever the Russian peasants stirred the Cossacks beat them down with a ferocity like that of the Terrible Ivan's bodyguard.

In the meantime the naïve—foolishly naïve—faith in the Duma was still alive. Not that the Duma was regarded as a check to arbitrariness, or capable in its narrow sphere of curbing the zeal of the Peterhofers. O, no! The Duma was looked upon as the future citadel of legality. Why? "Because," reiterated our simple-minded intelligents, "autocracy cannot subsist without a loan, and foreign bankers will lend no money without the Duma's sanction." This was asserted at a time when

the French and even the English governments were backing a new loan, not without guarantees to be sure, for it was desired to draw Russia into a contemplated conflict with Germany.*

Even the dismissal of the first Duma and the drum-head courts-martial did not sober our simple-hearted politicians. They still believed in the magic power of the Duma and in the possibility of gaining a constitution through it. The character of the labors of both Dumas shows this.

There are words—"winged words"—that travel around the earth, inspire people, steel them to fight, to brave death. If the Duma did not pass a solitary law tending to renovate life, one might at least expect to hear such words. In a revolutionary epoch, when destructive work precedes constructive efforts, bursts of enthusiasm possess marvelous power. Words, mottoes, are mightier than a passed law, for the latter is sure to be a compromise between the spirit of the Future and the decayed Past.

The Versailles House of 1789 lived in unison with Paris; they reacted upon each other. The poor of Paris would not have revolted on the 14th of July had not the Third Estate, three weeks before, uttered its pledge not to disperse until the entire order of things was altered. What if this oath were theatrical; what if, as we now know, had not Paris risen, the deputies would have meekly departed, as did our Duma. Those were words, but they were words that inspired France, inspired the world. And when the House formulated and announced "The Rights of Man," the revolutionary shock of the new Era thrilled the world.

Similarly we know now that the French King would have vetoed any law about the alienation, even with recompense, of the landlords' feudal rights; moreover, the House itself (like our cadets) would not have passed it. What of that? Nevertheless, the House uttered a mighty summons in the first article of the declaration of prin-

* As if Turkey, ten times bankrupt, did not procure new loans, even for war purposes. As if the Western bankers do not exert themselves to reduce as many countries as possible to the condition of Greece and Egypt, wherein the bankers' trust, as a guarantee of debts, seize upon state revenues or state properties. As if the Russian looters would scruple to pawn state railways, mines, the liquor monopoly, etc.

ciples on the 4th of August: "Feudal rights abolished!" In reality, it was mere verbal fireworks, but the peasants, consciously confounding declaration with law, refused to pay all feudal dues.

No doubt, those were mere words, but they stirred revolutions.

Finally, there was more than mere words, for, availing themselves of the government's perplexity, the French deputies boldly attacked the antiquated local institutions, substituting for the squires and magistrates communal and urban municipalities, which subsequently became the bulwarks of the revolution.

"Different times, different conditions," we are told. Indisputably so. But the illusions precluded a clear realization of the actual conditions in Russia. Our deputies and politicians were so hypnotized by the very words "popular representatives," and so far underestimated the strength of the old régime that no one asked the pertinent question: "What must the Russian revolution be?" However, not only the believers in the magic power of the Duma were misguided. Our Anarchist comrades erred in assuming that the heroic efforts of a group of individuals would suffice to demolish the fortress of the old order reared by the centuries. Thousands of heroic exploits were performed, thousands of heroes perished, but the old régime has survived and still does its work of crushing the young and vigorous.

Yes, the era of illusions has terminated. The first attack is repulsed. The second attack should be prepared on a broader basis and with a fuller understanding of the foe's strength. There can be no revolution without the participation of the masses, and all efforts should be directed toward rousing the people who alone are capable of paralyzing the armies of the old world and capturing its strongholds.

We must forge ahead with this work in every part, nook, and corner of Russia. Enough of illusions, enough of reliance on the Duma or on a handful of heroic redeemers! It is necessary to put the masses forward directly for the great work of general reconstruction. But the masses will enter the struggle only in the name of their direct fundamental needs.

The land—to the tiller; the factories, mills, railways—to the worker; everywhere, a free revolutionary commune working out its own salvation: at home, not through representatives or officials in St. Petersburg.

Such should be the motive of the second period of the revolution upon which Russia is entering.



THE PALE WORKER

By MORRIS ROSENFELD.

*Lo! yonder I see the pale worker,
Stitch, stitch, without pause, without stay,
Since first I remember him, stitching,
And paler and weaker each day.*

*The slow months roll on in their courses,
The years are as days that have been,
And still the pale worker, bent double,
Fights hard with the cruel machine.*

*I stand and I gaze on his features,
On his face with the sweat and the soil,
Ah! it is not the strength of the body,
'Tis the spirit that spurs him to toil.*

*But from dawn till the sunset and darkness,
The tear-drops fall heavy and slow,
Till the seams of the cloth he is stitching
Are wet with the vintage of woe.*

*I pray you, how long must he drive it,
This wheel that is red for a sign?
Can you reckon the years of his bondage,
And the end—that grim secret—divine?*

*Too hard are such questions to answer,
But this I am bold to declare—
When Death shall have slain the pale worker,
Another will sit in his chair.*

AN INTERVIEW WITH GOD

By MARGARET GRANT.

IT was an inspiration. I am sure any fair-minded person would call it so. Of course the thing has been done before: Buddha did it, and Jesus and Mahomet and Dowie and Moses and—oh! several persons at one time and another; but for the most part they had selfish ends to promote. It was not so with me. I had some serious questions of general public interest to ask of the Almighty one. It is true that I offered the manuscript to various magazines, but that was not for the money I would get from it. I may say that I would have had no trouble in disposing of it, only that I refused to submit to the condition which all of the magazines attached to acceptance, which was that I should have the proofs revised by Mr. Roosevelt. My invariable answer was, No. I am prepared to be made a member of the Liars' Club, but I will not run the risk of having my manuscript revised by a rival of the personage interviewed. It would not be fair to either of us. Besides, consider the confusion that would result; the reader couldn't tell from either matter or manner which were the words of the one and which of the other.

I am not what you would call a strictly orthodox religious person, myself, but my friend, Sarah Warner, is. She knows to a nicety what others ought to do, she is very severe in her judgments, she always refers to Sunday as the Sabbath, and her infallible rule of wrong conduct is doing what she wouldn't do. You can understand then why I went to her for help.

"Sarah," I said, sitting down near her in the room where she was sewing, "I want to have a talk with God, and I don't know just how to go about it. You know I haven't been on the same terms with him that you have, but I do want to talk to him."

"Margaret," said she, rolling her eyes upward as she finished her stitch, "you make me very happy. Go to your closet and there commune."

"Oh! my closet! But, Sarah, my closet is so small and stuffy that for a long interview I don't think I could stand it. May I use yours?"

"Certainly, if you wish," she answered, staring at me a little.

"And you do think a closet is the place?" I asked.

"It is always recommended," she answered with a superior smile. "It was there I found Him."

She said it with the air of having cornered Him there. But that was like Sarah; she always spoke of God as my God, for all the world as if he were personal to her. She spoke of Henry in the same way: my husband. It was always a surprise to me that she consented to use the masculine pronoun in connection with her deity. Sarah is what is known as a strong character. Her personal convictions are to her general truths.

Of course I said nothing like this to her, but went into her closet, first putting my hat on, naturally enough, having read so much in the papers about the impropriety of going where God was with a hat off; though I confess I had no notion of why God should be offended with a woman's bare head and not with a man's. But if I run on like this I shall never come to the interview. As it is I shall have to condense it, for, as the editor says, there is only so much space to fill.

"Almighty God!" I began, remembering very well the invocatory form of address, "I wish a few words with you about some important matters, and would like you to come here. If you please, I don't care for the burning-bush idea, or for the still, small voice."

"All right, Margaret! I'm here," came the answer with a suddenness that I will admit brought my heart into my mouth; "but I want to say that the still, small voice is the peculiar property of Conscience, though what's the use of a voice that is still all the time, I don't know. As for the burning bush, either Moses saw things red that morning, or it was a pure fabrication. Now, what is it you want to know? Hurry, please, for there's going to be a massacre in my name over in Russia somewhere, and I want to be there."

"Why, I thought you were everywhere at once," I cried.

"Did you? Well, go on thinking so; it may scare you into doing what your ruling class wishes. What do you want to know? Hurry, please!"

"You'll get me all flustered if you hurry me," I re-

monstrated. "Let me see! I'd like to know who's right in that nature writer controversy, Long or Roosevelt?"

"What do you mean by putting Long before Roosevelt? Don't do it again. I won't meddle in that affair, won't give an opinion. It wouldn't be according to etiquette for me to criticise Theodore. Anything else?"

This wasn't the leisurely interview I had counted on, and I was at my wits' end to know what to say; so I fired off my questions haphazard.

"Did you really give those coal mines to Mr. Baer?"

"Don't you know the old adage? God helps him who helps himself. Of course we're in partnership. The rich need me as much as I need them."

"But it's the poor who support the churches," I objected.

"They support the rich, too, don't they? Go on! What else?"

"What is the sex of the angels?"

"Don't you know there is no marrying or giving in marriage in Heaven?"

"Yes, but I thought that might mean free love."

"Free love? Not if I can help it. Why, the churches would go to pieces in a minute if they didn't have the marriage superstition so firmly fixed in people's minds. You can say for me that angels are neuter."

"I don't want to seem to argue the matter," I said humbly, "but it seems to me that that statement doesn't quite fit with the story about the Holy Ghost and Joseph's wife. You know——"

"There! there! that will do! you've said enough! Let me tell you that ever since that episode the Holy Ghost has lost standing in Heaven. The thing was badly managed, or it would never have got out. Something else, please! And hurry!"

"I'd like to know something about Mr. Comstock. Is he doing your work the way you want it done?"

"To be frank with you, I don't know what to say. I can see that the Devil helps the man all he can, but on the other hand the priests tell me that they must keep folks in ignorance or their whole scheme will go to pieces. I wash my hands of it. What next?"

"Who will be our next President?"

"That's out of my department. Ask Theodore. He sometimes encroaches on my territory, but I'll play fair. No, it's no use to ask any more questions; see, it is three o'clock, and allowing for difference in time, that massacre is due, and I ought to be there. Sorry, but I must go."

And I was alone.



INTERNATIONAL NOTES

By SLOVAK.

ENGLAND.

Recently an "Industrial Union of Direct Actionists" has been formed in London, comprising a federation of unions who are adherents of the principle of direct action and the general strike. It is reported that a number of unions have asked for admission to the new organization, which stands upon the basis of modern revolutionary syndicalism. The syndicalist weekly, *Voice of Labour*, is publishing their appeals.

Socialist papers report the election of the first Marxist, a certain Mr. Grayson, to the Lower House. The great event happened July 22d. Is it not a terrible blow to capitalism?!

GERMANY.

The publishers of our contemporary *Revolutionär*, Berlin, had to dismiss their printer, Arthur Donat, because, in true Pinkerton style, he has betrayed the comrades by furnishing proofs and first copies of the paper to the police department of Berlin.

The Anarco-Socialist Dr. Friedeberg, who, having been an active member of the Social-Democratic party and a member of the municipal council of the city of Berlin, elected on the Socialist ticket, has evolved away from the pure and simple political propaganda and is now on trial, facing expulsion from the party. In a recent public meeting he stated his position with regard to the charges brought against him; his opponents give him credit for his sincerity and good faith, but claim that his defence proves him guilty of the charge of heresy; a committee

of arbitration, composed of opponents, is in charge of the judiciary farce to decide his elimination.

At the same time the German government is charging our comrade with high treason for allowing his preface to the German translation of Hervé's anti-militaristic pamphlet, "The Fatherland of the Rich," to be printed in Switzerland. Hervé calls upon the soldiers of France to refuse to serve, should they be called to arms against Germany. To demoralize an enemy is high treason in Germany, according to this judicial gem of logic. Why does he not come to America to get decorated like our "brave" General Funston, the "honorable" hero and treacherous kidnapper of Aguinaldo?!

A stone lion, representing civic manhood, and for over 30 years undisturbed on a war memorial in Bieberich, has been officially castrated under the pressure of the German Comstocks. This castrated lion is the only fit symbol for desirable emasculated citizenship.

FRANCE.

Recently comrade Louis Matha was arrested, the police claiming to have found a lot of counterfeit money in the office of *Le Libertaire*, edited by Matha. Proofs are coming to light, however, which show that the whole matter is a police plot, its object being to keep Matha in prison during the visit of the kings of England, Norway and Denmark, and to ruin *Le Libertaire*. Incidentally, the communistic colony of Aiglemont is also to be drawn into the police plot, as a pretext for its forcible disbanding by the government. The imprisoned comrades will benefit by the blind zeal of their brutal persecutors, for the public conscience has been aroused by the conspiracy being unmasked.

BELGIUM.

The anti-syndicalist prosecutions in France are readily aped by Belgium of Cleopold's grace. The death of a scab at the hands of a man, who confessed to the act, served as a pretext for the mine owners to prosecute 15 active syndicalists, and to condemn the confessed murderer to 15 years of forced labor; while the president of the miners' federation and a member of the executive committee were sentenced to 20 years each for

having been the "spiritual cause" of the deed; and a total of 115 years was imposed upon nine of the prosecuted syndicalists. Serious lack of solidarity on the part of labor is charged in this struggle, allowing the prosecution to make the most of it against the victims of mine owners' wrath, because the miners' union is not affiliated with the party or the conservative unions, but stands for direct action.

The independent trades unions of Belgium, who refuse to be under the guardianship of the Socialist party and desire the trades union movement of Belgium to be of the same character as that of France, independent from political parties, met in convention on June 16th, some sixty delegates representing a membership of 12,000, to work out the organization of the Confederation Syndicale Belge, similar to the Confederation Generale du Travail of France.

L'Action Directe, the syndicalist organ of Belgium, has been transferred from Gilly to Liege. Address: Henry Fuss-Amoré, Herstal, or Leon Joassin, 85, rue Basse-Wez, Liege, Belgium.

ITALY.

Il Pensiero, of Rome, brings interesting reports of the Italian Anarchist Congress, held June 16th to 20th, at Rome. One of these reports defines the attitude of the Communist Anarchists towards Max Stirner's individualism. A recent issue of *Il Pensiero* gave a fine analysis of the undercurrents and fermentation going on in the minds of many of the adherents of the movement of more sentimental or narrowing doctrinarian and sectarian character; the measles and whooping cough of our young movement, often rendering the work tedious and sterile. Similar significant articles have recently appeared in our contemporaries of France and Holland. The disease is not quite unknown in this country, either.

Our contemporary further publishes other reports submitted to the Italian Anarchist Congress and the resolutions passed, defining the attitude of the Anarchist movement towards religion, the young people, Socialism, Stirner's individualism, anti-militarism, masonry, individual and collective action, the International Anarchist Congress at Amsterdam, and the press.

The Italian press has much to say about the anti-

clerical movement, dwelling upon riots, disturbed processions and stoned prelates. It forgets to mention, however, that at the bottom of these recent militant demonstrations of a hitherto faithful people is the discovery of horrible wholesale manifestations of sexual degeneracy in the ranks of the "celibate" Catholic clergy, victimizing little children and syphilizing little tots five years old, which forced the government to suspend the Order of the Salesian monks and nuns and to arrest the sanctimonious officers of the Order, the hypocritical hyenas whose foul lust and greed were devouring little children.

In view of the fact that prisons, jails and penitentiaries are built to keep the people in subjection, the bricklayers and other building trades of the city of Mantoa have gone on a strike when ordered to build prison extensions; bad enough that they have to build mansions for their masters, but they draw the line at jails for themselves. The workingmen of Italy are congratulating the strikers on this novel expression of class-consciousness.

The anti-militaristic propaganda is bringing good results, according to figures published by the ministry of war. In the year 1901 there were about 600 deserters; in 1906 the figures rose to 6,771; and, besides that, not less than 39,894 refused to show up for recruiting.

Some 40,000 agricultural workers in 14 communities of the provinces of Ferrara and Copparese are on strike, supported by sympathetic strikes in the province of Rovigo and a general strike in Venice. Partial local concessions have already been won, in spite of 12,000 troupes called out by the government to support the landowners.

ROUMANIA.

The courts-martial of Bukarest have condemned fifty-eight soldiers to lifelong penal servitude for the "crime" of having refused to shoot upon their fathers and mothers during the recent agrarian revolt. God save the king!

The government is taking advantage of the agrarian disorders to crush the Socialist and the trades union movement by persecutions. Under pretext of administrative irregularities the books and funds of organized labor of Galatz were seized by the government, and labor has answered with a general strike in this important city of the kingdom.

BRITISH INDIA.

The police courts of Calcutta sentenced the editor of a native paper, *Ingantar* (The New Time), to one year hard labor for having advocated an armed revolution. The sentence has embittered the population. Many natives in Eastern Bengal have been sentenced for acts tending towards boycotting and destroying British goods, as advocated by the so-called National Volunteers.

The government of Nepal has suppressed three native papers for inciting the people against the British, and all the Bengali and other foreigners in the government employ have been warned not to enter in relations with the Hindoo agitators.

PERSIA.

Even far-away Persia is using the general strike as a weapon against privileged class parliament and grafting officials. There has been a general strike in Ispahan, the former capital of the empire, to enforce the recall of the reactionary and criminal governor general Masud Mirza. Troops were sent to suppress the movement. The traveling Shahs are not the only ones to profit by Western lessons.

PERU.

Strikes of weavers in American factories in Lima, Calera and Victoria; of railroad workers of Trujillo; of stevedores in Callao, have ended mostly favorably for labor, in spite of governmental atrocities, arrests of Socialist speakers, and the arrogance of Yankee foremen and employers, thanks to the solidarity of all Peruvian labor. Higher wages, regular pay and better sanitary conditions were the demands, most of which were won.

ARGENTINE.

A unity convention of organized labor in the economic field, as represented in the political centralistic federation and the non-political association, both strong bodies fighting in solidarity in the economic field though disagreeing in politics, resulted in a marked victory of the libertarian wing and the withdrawal of the minority charging unfairness in the procedure. May the case be so or not, the facts tally with similar tendencies in organized labor in this and other countries.

TO OUR COMRADES

Friends:—We are living at a time of great social unrest. The simple democracy of former days has been changed by capitalism into a despotic imperialism. The people feel their bondage growing daily more unendurable, but fail as yet to understand the cause or the cure.

Social quacks and professional politicians are busy exploiting popular dissatisfaction for their personal aggrandizement; they seek to pacify the people by palliatives, in order to continue safely riding on their backs.

Dissatisfaction with existing conditions is finding its strongest expression among the working class. The man of toil begins to understand that there is no hope for a radical change under the capitalist régime. He is gradually realizing that the methods heretofore employed by labor are ineffectual and not designed to improve his economic position. He is embittered by the regularity of his defeats. He is fast losing confidence in his so-called leaders, in whom he is beginning to see the friends of labor's enemies.

Comrades! Let us not fail to properly appreciate this crucial period in the history of American labor, and let us prove our appreciation *actively*. We have an all-important work before us. It is for us, as Anarchists, to point out to the workingman the real cause of his dissatisfaction, misery and oppression; to impress upon him the inefficiency of trades unionism, pure and simple; to convince him of the dangerous uselessness of parliamentary methods. We must discover to him his natural weapons and the powerful means at hand to make himself free; we must point out to him the methods so successfully being used by his European brothers: the revolutionary tactics whose final destiny it is to free labor from all exploitation and oppression, and usher in a free society; the modern, efficient weapons of direct action and general strike.

The best medium for introducing these battle methods to the workingman is a weekly revolutionary paper. Our magazine, *Mother Earth*, is doing excellent work. But it is a monthly, and, as such, it must deal with the various manifestations of our social life; it cannot devote itself exclusively to one particular phase. The pro-

jected weekly, however, is to deal entirely with labor, its battles, hopes and aspirations.

To *Mother Earth*, whose work is theoretical, literary and educational, must be added a practical weekly, a fighting champion of revolutionary labor.

We must carry our ideas to the men that toil.

Therefore we appeal to you, comrades. If you have the cause of Anarchism seriously at heart; if you want the workingmen to learn our ideas; if you realize how all-important is the propaganda of direct action and the general strike, then come to our aid by financing the project of a weekly revolutionary paper.

Comrades! It is for you to decide whether we, as Anarchists, should take our stand in the midst of throbbing life or remain on the philosophic by-ways.

ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

HARRY KELLY.

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

GEORGE BAUER.

P. S.—The comrades are urgently requested to act without delay. For obvious reasons it were desirable to begin the publication of the weekly paper on the 11th of November. All communications and contributions for this purpose should be addressed to Alexander Berkman, Box 47, Station D, New York.

NOTE

We take great pleasure in informing our readers that with the next issue MOTHER EARTH will again appear in 64 pages.



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A. C.—Do you remember Kriloff's fable of the diminutive doggie barking furiously at the elephant? "Why do you, insignificant thing, bark at the elephant?" queried a friendly canine. "Oh, if people see me attack such a big fellow, they will think me, too, of some consequence," was the reply.

Kriloff, no doubt, had in mind the editor of that obscure little new German publication which is indulging in an indirect denunciation to the police of our absent comrades. 'Tis an aggravated case of envy and jealousy. They are beneath our notice. A. B.

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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?

* * *

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.

* * *

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.

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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"!

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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."

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"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 Torragon, 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 cooperated, 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.

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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.

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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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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: *Germinal*, 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 venturesome 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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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
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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.



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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 Friday, 8.30 P. M., at Terrace Lyceum, 206 East Broadway.

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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," unctiously 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 grewsome 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

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Haverhill, Mass..... 12.00

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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
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J. Soyez, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	2.00
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Group Worker's Friend, Syracuse, N. Y., per M. Slive	10.00

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MEETINGS

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Every Friday, 8 P. M., at Fraternity Hall, 100 W. 116th Street, cor. Lenox.

Lyric Congregation

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.

Chicago Social Science League

Every Sunday, 8 P. M., Room 412, Masonic Temple.

San Francisco Liberty Group

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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

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 phophet. 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, Ildfonso 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.



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.

* * * * *

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.

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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.

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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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