

The Beacon.

DEVOTED TO THE SOLUTION OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

VOL. I.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1890.

NO. 13.

THE BEACON.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
AT 319 FIFTH STREET.

SIGISMUND DANIELEWICZ,
Editor and Proprietor.

An Amendment to the Amendment.

Bro. McCready, associate editor of that excellent radical journal the *Twentieth Century*, in commenting upon the action or rather non-action of the San Francisco unemployed, suggests as a remedy for their helpless condition their taking possession of some vacant land and, in case of interference by our earthly god government, to bow in submission, leave the place and return after this semi-god government has disappeared, in order to be driven off again when it reappears, etc., etc.

Miss Voltairine deCleyre, in commenting upon it, calls attention to the fact that many of these unemployed would neither have the knowledge of farming nor, if so, the means for the purchase of the requisite farming implements and stock. She amends Bro. McCready's suggestion by hinting at the necessity for the abolition of the money-monopoly. Now, I beg to offer the following amendment to the amendment:

Let these unemployed equip themselves each with a dynamite bomb, the expense of which might not exceed ten cents. Let them then take quiet possession of that vacant land, as Bro. McCready advises, and go about their business on the land. If the semi-god comes along, don't let them run away like thieves or cowards, but let them straighten the slave-bend in their backs; let them stand up erect like men as did their revolutionary forefathers; let them give notice to this new-fangled impostor-god that a little over an hundred years ago a document was drawn up by a group of "ignorant foreigners" who had immi-

grated to this country, declaring the "inalienable right" of every individual to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"; also the "equality of man." Let them explain to that impostor-god that there can not be any "life, liberty and happiness" for ALL unless vacant land be free to whomever needs to use it; and that therefore they are resolved to insist upon this their equal right to the soil and will repel any invader. If, then, the impostor-god should not heed their warning, but attempt the ejection of these "sovereign Americans," let them give him or it a taste of dynamite. The result will not be doubtful at all.

The same remedy applies to the procuring of implements, provisions and stock. Let these unemployed start a company and issue notes for the value of such a quantity of implements, provisions and stock as they require, redeemable with the yield of produce off their land. Let them quietly march up to the respective warehouses and offer to purchase their necessities for those notes. If refused, let them appropriate the wares, leave their notes behind and go about their business on the land, redeeming the notes in proper time. Should they be disturbed in that transaction by the impostor-god, let them explain that they had helped to produce these articles and had been defrauded out of them by the trickery of profits, interests, rents and taxes; that they were in justice entitled to the result of their labor even without rendering an extra equivalent for it, and that therefore they were generous enough in offering their notes. If the semi-god should then choose to molest them any further and invade their rights to the result of their labor, let them use the dynamite.

As for Miss de Cleyre's objection that many of the unemployed are not farmers, I beg to suggest that it would not be absolutely necessary for them to be so. Land is needed by the mechanic, by the artisan and professional as well as by the farmer; we all must live upon it. Such a community would require the labor of the industrial worker as well as that of the agriculturalist.

But whatever is to be done, don't forget the dynamite. Not necessarily to use it, or use it indiscriminately when necessary, but to be prepared to use it when necessary. An unarmed mob is at the mercy of tyrants. Tyrants, uniformed ruffians, will never be persuaded to give up their positions by moralizing. Their argument is force. There is but one thing that will command their respect and cause them to keep off their unclean, bloodstained hands; it is the realization of superior physical power of their would-be victims.

SHAME!

That free speech, free press, the right of assemblage and the right to carry arms shall never be abridged, is one of the fundamental laws of this country, as laid down by our revolutionary fathers. In the face of such provision, however, the "servants of the people," had the effrontery, some three years ago, under the cloak of law, to murder five and imprison three of the noblest men who ever lived, two of the latter for life and one for fifteen years, simply for their attempt to arouse the people to a realization of their slavish conditions and to counsel resistance to tyranny. And now these our "servants" are following up their treasonous actions by throwing into the dungeon a good, old, white-haired man, whose whole life has been spent in the effort to purify society from corruption and hypocrisy.

Moses Harman, Editor and Publisher of *Lucifer, the Lightbearer*, in Valley Falls, Kas., goes to prison for having offended thieves and hypocrites in high places by publishing, in his journal, some matter which exposes the utter rottenness of the existing vicious system of legalized sexual relations, and which these high-toned thieves and hypocrites are pleased to call "obscene" and make a "crime."

Comrade Harman makes an addition to the list of our other imprisoned hero comrades, Fielden, Schwab and Neebe whose persecution should send a wave of indignation over this land powerful enough to open the prison gates of these heroes and wipe out forever the abomination of government.

Monopolistic Newspaper Chivalry.

The San Diego *Union*, the organ of one of the most corrupt and unscrupulous monopolistic rings on this coast, published a sensational article about me after I had left that city, asserting that I had been tarred and feathered in the city of Los Angeles. The matter being purely an invention, I demanded a retraction, which, however, the chivalry of that scurrilous sheet did not permit.

To understand the real animus of that article it is but necessary to read its first sentence. Here it is:

"Sigismund Danielewicz, the wild-eyed anarchist who used to write dynamite articles for THE BEACON on weekdays and shave the faithful on Sundays, left for Los Angeles to enlarge the field of his usefulness."

It's THE BEACON, you see, these high-toned blacklegs are after. It is not the person of Sigismund Danielewicz, but "the wild-eyed anarchist who used to write dynamite articles for THE BEACON," whom they wish to persecute. During its existence in San Diego these cowards dared not attack THE BEACON. But directly THE BEACON suspended and Danielewicz turned his back to "bay-'n climate," the ass begins to kick the dead lion.

Well, the lion is resuscitated, and proposes to make it somewhat uncomfortable for the blackmailers and intellectual prostitutes everywhere.

In this connection it may be said that the impression of the low, vulgar and ignorant that the sole object and mission of the anarchist is to amuse him—or herself—by throwing dynamite bombs indiscriminately and blowing up anybody or anything for pastime is simply disgusting. While some Chicago official murderers or San Diego newspaper prostitutes may occasionally justly deserve the distinction of being dynamited, the stuff is really too valuable to be wasted upon such trash. Dynamite is worth about ten cents a pound, you know; hemp is much cheaper.

Intentions All Right.

Neglected friends and correspondents near and far, greeting! Time is slippery and flees, but I'll catch him sometime and square up accounts with you. In the meantime, don't be bashful, for I love you still.

MAY DAY.

In compliance with resolutions, passed by the Paris International Congress last year, the organized workingmen all over the civilized world concluded to make an exhibition of their numerical strength on May day, 1890. There was not the slightest proof that the workingmen wished to use that strength on that day—no! Their leaders, that is to say, those who were authorized to arrange the demonstration, have taken all that time particular pains to inform the world that all steps for the preservation of order were being taken. Yet the thrones of Europe and capitalistic order in the republics trembled and all possible measures were taken to dissuade the people from quitting work on May day. In Austria, where May day has from time immemorial been a general holiday, the workingmen were this time prohibited to participate in the way they wished, while England, where the people on every other day in the year have a legal right to assemble and parade through whatever street they might choose, this May day the authorities designated the lines of march to suit the convenience of the soldiery rather than the will of the people.

Why?

Only the student of history of governments can answer this *why* logically. He knows that government is based on the assumption that the people *cannot* govern themselves, and as long as governments exist it will be their interest to prove that they must exist, and the least show of possible governing by the people themselves must of necessity be suppressed. W.

Recruit Subscriptions.

In order to increase the circulation of THE BEACON and facilitate the labors of friends and comrades in gaining converts to the cause, I have concluded to establish a Recruit Subscription System, and will send printed application postal-cards to be filled out by the applicant with the name of any person, to whom he or she desires to have the paper sent for four (4) weeks. The price will be 10 cents for a single card and 50 cents for six cards.

Help the paper on by patronizing Our Barbershop.

A SACRED THING.

From "The Alarm" April 3, 1886.

There is but one sacred *thing* in capitalistic society, namely, property; there is but one sacred *person*, namely, the property-holder. He who has property has rights; he who has it not is a social outcast, the *proletariat*.

Since, then, the possession of property is the test of merit, of virtue, of excellence and of existence itself, it becomes a matter of paramount importance to the propertyless, whether they too shall have property or not.

Capitalism says it is only necessary to obtain property legally. Whether in that process helpless women, innocent children and stalwart men are starved, crushed, robbed, and deprived of food, clothes and shelter, it matters not. The law sustains and protects you. The State throws around you its shield and marshals its police and militia, against the raised hand of the victim.

Maddened by privation and oppression, and unable to place hands upon the persons of their despoilers, the victims of capitalistic disorder in their frenzy sometimes turn upon the representative of the modern Moloch, the Property Beast, and deal it a destructive blow. And why not? Do they not feel his insatiate cravings and witness his continuous devouring of them and theirs? Are not its bloody jaws forever crunching their bones and gulping the heart's blood of its victims, the poor?

And this hideous, voracious, never-ceasing monster, *private capital*—which grows with what it feeds upon, is the one sacred thing which priest and politician, church and state sanctify and defend, and command the poor to obey and respect! P.

Minority Representation.

Some of our progressive friends are very busy in the advocacy of minority "representation." I am sorry to see so much valuable time of well-meaning people wasted. This "representation" is a mere delusion. It does not mean that the *will* of the minority will be *enacted*, but simply that it will be *considered*; it amounts to about as much as the voice of a dog howling at the moon. All kinds of "representations" are a humbug, but this surpasses all.

Don't forget the recruit postal cards.

THE RUSSIAN MASSACRE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

On the 22d of March, 1889, on the main street of the city of Yakutsk, there took place a fight between a troop of soldiers and thirty administrative exiles. The losses on the side of the authorities were: One private killed; wounded, Vice-Governor Ostarhkin, the officer in charge of the troops (Karamsin) and one private. On the side of the exiles were killed: Sergius Pick, Sophia Purvitech, Panne Podbielsky, Peter Mukhanow, Grigori Shur and Jacob Nolkie, in whose rooms the massacre occurred. Wounded were: Leo Kohan Bernstein, Nicolai Zosoff, Joseph Fundaminsky, Joseph Mipor, Michael Gotz, Michael Orloff, Matthew Estrovitch, Sergius Kapher and Anna Zarossaroff.

These are the particulars of that terrible outrage. The newly appointed Governor of Yakutsk, Ostarhkin, took it into his head, without any apprehensible cause, entirely to change the former manner of forwarding political exiles to the far away eastern places of exile, Verkhoyansk and Kolyinsk. The proposed new order of forwarding meant for the exiles sure death from starvation on the road, and they asked the new Governor not to change the old rule; some of the exiles went personally to the Governor, who didn't pay any attention to them. After this the exiles made a joint written explanation to the Governor, from which it appeared that the new manner of sending them east meant death by starvation on the road. This petition was handed over to the Secretary of the Governor's office, Dobshinsky. For reasons of his own the Secretary did not accept the petition, and sent for the Chief of Police, Sukhatscheff. Meantime all of the exiles (thirty in number) had gathered together in the waiting-room of the Governor's office. The Chief of Police took the petition, promised to report the matter to the Governor, and asked the exiles to meet on the same evening in the residence of the exile Notkin, nearest to the office, and await there the answer from the Governor. The Chief of Police kept his word, bringing with him the decision of the Governor, according to which everything would be settled satisfactorily. The Governor had expressed his dissatisfaction because the exiles had

come in "a crowd."

According to the old rule the forwarding of the exiles took place in the following manner: The road from Yakutsk to Verkhoyansk and Kolyinsk was through an unsettled wilderness. As far as Alden, 240 versts from Yakutsk (a verst is three-quarters of an English mile) there are some signs of civilization. The stations are only from twenty to sixty versts from each other, and there are some catables for sale. Leaving Aldan, the distance to the next station rises at once to 150 versts, and further on goes as high as 300 versts. The stations are miserable earth huts, inhabited by natives who live in those hovels together with their animals, twenty and more living beings crowded together day and night. Between these so-called stations there are no settlements whatever. The natives, all nomads, are scattered all over the country for hundreds of versts from the road. The transportation of mail and the exiles is effected in some places by horses, and in other places by reindeer. The stations keep by contract from four to six horses, or the corresponding number of reindeer. The hardships of the travel beggar description. In many places, especially in passing the Verkhoyansk Mountains, the travelers have to walk. The ride on the natives' (reindeer) sledges is terribly fatiguing, because, on account of their peculiar, narrow construction, it is impossible to lie down or to sit comfortably. Every now and then they capsize, and the traveler is thrown out. As kind of resting or feeding places these are built between the stations so-called kitchens—mean barns, without windows or fireplaces. The cooking has to be done on the ground, while the smoke escapes through holes in the roof. Nobody lives in these kitchens, of course, and the traveler himself has to provide the fuel and do the cooking. For many years this route has been infected with smallpox, and almost the entire population has died or run away. A traveler found at one of the stations a dead man in one hut and a dying man in another. All the inhabitants had fled. It goes without saying that on such a route there is no chance of getting provisions, with the exception of Verkhoyansk, where one may buy bread and some other articles; but everything is horribly dear compared with Yakutsk. For instance,

black rye bread costs 7 to 8 roubles a pud (forty pounds), meat 5 roubles a pud, ten small boxes of matches 2 roubles, and so on.

Considering all these facts, travelers have to lay in their supplies of provisions for the whole road to Kolyinsk in Yakutsk. I may at this place state that the exiles have to furnish food, for the convoy Cossacks, too, as they get only 7 copecks (3½ cents) a day for their sustenance, and without the aid of the exiles they would starve. Besides their food supply, the exiles have to provide themselves with warm clothes, sheepskin coats, felt boots, etc., and the expenses must be, of necessity, very great. According to the government time-table the journey to Verkhoyansk has to be made in ten days and to Kolyinsk in forty-eight days, and the traveling expenses are figured on this calculation. In fact, however, it takes three weeks to go to Verkhoyansk and sixty to eighty days to Kolyinsk. The reason of this miscalculation is, first, the erroneous account of the distances between the stations, and, second, the inadequate number of horses or reindeer. The same animals carry the mail, criminals and political exiles, and when a horse or reindeer becomes sick or lame, there is a cause of stoppage on the road, which may last one day or ten. The traveling in summer is still worse, because it is on horseback. Women cannot travel in summer at all, and, according to the old regulations, have to be forwarded only in winter time. The above-stated facts are well known to the government, but it never cared for a betterment or increase of traveling facilities. The old regime made the travel bearable somehow. The exiles were allowed five puds of baggage and five puds of provisions. The food money, according to the time table, was paid to the exiles one month before starting on a journey, so as to give them an opportunity to provide everything in good time. Besides this, they got the money appointed for their clothing for a year in advance; likewise, they received the pay for two months' subsistence in advance in consideration of the fact that the journey took really much more time than the official time-table allowed.

The new Governor was about to change radically all these regulations; he ordered no money to be paid in advance

FOR THE BEACON.

IN THE WATERS.

BY CLARA DIXON DAVIDSON.

Beneath the placid surface of the river,
There breathe and strive a myriad living
things;
Seldom a sound, a ripple or a quiver
Betrays to us their wildest frolicsings.

If e'er their fiercest and their deadliest striving
Provokes a ripple on the stream's clear face,
The mighty waters, moving, changing, driving,
Leave not a mark by which the spot to trace.

'Mid human seas the moaning and the laughter,
Make scarce a ripple as the great throng strives.
And time enfolds us all, before and after,
And swallows up the records of our lives.

SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

Against the social order of the day has arisen the black spectre of anarchy! The world stands aghast at the sight. The well-to-do fear for privileges endangered. The poor with terror of non-employment. The social heretic who thus faces the wrath of the contented and the ignorance of the discontented, like the long line of predecessors in religions and political reform, is threatened by statesmen with present gibbets, and by priests with a future hell. The very word acts as a mental bomb, and if it occasionally awakens thought, it too often provokes animosity. Let us however endeavor to see what it does mean, no matter what it may be called. The central thought is individual liberty, and the faint hearted may term it individualism, mutualism, or voluntary co-operation, as they may prefer.

But by whatever name it is called, it will be said, it opposes social order! What is the "order" of the social world that whatever opposes it must be dressed with horns and hoofs? The "order" we are called upon to adore counts more victims yearly than the bloodiest revolution yet ever heaped up. Is it where one obtains competence at the expense of thousands? Is it not cemented by the blood of the impoverished, built upon the wasted lives of millions? Does not every decoration, every ornament in our social structure represent broken hearts, wan and despairing faces, mothers' sighs and infantile groans? The prostitution of our cities, where our sisters and daughters are drawn into the vortex of hopeless

redemption as by a net to gratify pampered vice; the fever of speculative greed which renders hearts callous to others' needs; the desire for stimulants of overworked and jaded "hands," who have lost individuality in becoming the mere adjunct of a thing with muscles of steel; the lowering of social morality in the mad rush for gain; the anxiety displayed to secure some legal privilege whereby extortion may be legally practiced;—are not all these characteristics of the order ye vaunt?

The world has shuddered at the Reign of Terror in France because somewhat over two thousand lives were taken by the guillotine. Against that "red" disorder our wisacres can but point to the "White Terror" causing its myriad of victims under the order of Christian Civilization. The question is not one of more or less blood letting, but of crying out against injustice and the assertion of natural right. Two wrongs never made a right, and the White Terror of centuries never can justify the Red Terror of a day. But the relation between them is never one of human choice but of social cause and effect. Where privilege sows dragon's teeth in social soil it is idle to look for a peaceful harvest, though some of our Quaker friends and apostles of a dilettanti anarchy in their slavish shibboleth, "passive resistance," would fain make themselves and others believe.

The question of force may then be left one side as not coming under the conditions of choice. Abstractly we must admit that resistance to invasion of personal liberty is right; the policy of resorting to it must be left to individual action and the circumstances. The present duty is to point out the higher order with which we would supercede the White Terror of governmental order. Ideas must ever precede intelligent action, and we may well afford to wait in confidence the time when ideas begin to move muscles to remove recognized obstructions. We stand to point out the way in which violence may be averted, and even if we have no faith, our duty is still the same.

When we come to scrutinize the sources of legal privilege by which poverty is rendered an eternal Christian fac-

tor, we will find that their chief causes may be summed up in two: monopoly of land, the source of production, and monopoly of money, the medium of exchange.

Free access to land, denial to any one to hold land under other title than occupancy and use is the chief demand now agitating reform thought. The affirmation of right to withhold any portion of land from use logically involves the right to withhold all that might control. It makes the accident of ownership the arbiter over the destinies of the non-owners, hence reduces such unfortunates to interlopers, the superfluous, "for whom no cover is laid at nature's feast," as Malthus expressed it. If absolute ownership of land is ethically right, not only is poverty right irrespective of desert, the subjection of non-owners to the privileged whims of owners, and even tyranny itself, but there can ethically be no limitation drawn to the exercise of such "right." Between one foot and a continent there can be no dividing line in equity. Hence, the assertion of free land is but the assertion of natural right and at the same time the denial of ownership in labor, through which alone can land be utilized.

Free land grants occupancy, but its full use does not follow while exchange of products is restricted to the measurement of an artificial medium. Exchange is just as much a matter of voluntary co-operation as insurance. The need of insurance has evolved its supply without governmental aid. So co-operation is abundantly able to supply through mutual banking a medium of exchange, and its rates, like those of insurance, would be brought to a minimum by free competition. Experience and confidence in the one case, as in the other, would readily determine merit and security. As monopoly of land taxes labor with the Land Lord's "standard of comfort" demands, so the monopoly over exchange adds interest and its sequence profits; both necessitating taxation, leaving labor but enough for subsistence.

But what of machinery? asks the Communist and State Socialist. Nothing. Equal opportunities being thus provided for all, the whole of nature would be open to the exploitation of all, and the expropriation of machinery could only follow by governmental interference. This is the sum of the gospel of Anarchy and its realization would be that of the Social Revolution.

DYER D. LUM.

FOR THE BEACON.

LES SEPTEMBRISEURS.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1792.

BY DYER D. LUM.

Rouse thee, Paris, from thy slumbers,
Brunswick marches on thy gates.
Breathing slaughter, strong in numbers,
Clothed in vengeance by the Fates.
Up! as one man standing
For your homes and wives,
Liberty demanding
At the risk of lives.
Ha! the tocsin pealing
Answers Brunswick's threat,
Freedom's sons revealing
Paying long due debt.
Quick, ye brave!
Country calls!
Come and save!
Who'er falls!
Though all tyrant kings unite
France will answer in her might.

Rouse thee, Paris, caitiff dastards,
Revel in thy prison cells,
Highborn lords and royal bastards,
Plotting halts, grape, and shells,
Think! O fathers! brothers!
Ere ye forward stept,
Daughters, sisters, mothers,
Shall they be bewept?
Pause not now nor falter
'Neath appalling fears
Of revengeful halter
Seen through blinding tears.
Up, ye men!
Dare and do!
Cleanse the den!
Crush the crew!
Who in revelry conspires
'Gainst your wives and aged sires.

Rouse thee, Paris, native, stranger,
Pity cease, let Justice deal
Swift, relentless as thy danger,
Though they cringe to thee and kneel;
Naught to thee be title,
Strike them swiftly down,
'Twould be thy requital
From the rescued crown;
On; e'er onward sweeping,
Pierce each traitor heart,
Let their fear and weeping
But new strength impart.
Strike again!
Cut red tape!
Heap the slain!
Let none scape!
Though the gutters ruddy run
Let the needed work be done!

Rouse thee, Paris, higher heaping;
Pile ye up the caitiffs slain,
'Tis the day of Harvest-reaping,
Let no o'er ripe grain remain;
Grain, and weed, and stubble,
"My lord and lady fair"
Who laughed at our trouble—
Reaped by strong arms bare:
Wheat in royal meadows,
Now but stubble reaped
Threshed in Death's dark shadows,

And as harvest heaped.

Men of mark!

Pallid brow!

Livid, stark!

Plot ye now!

Rank that would the wild winds sow
Rank where reapers whirlwinds mow!

Sleep thee, Paris, softly slumber,
What though Brunswick nears thy gates?
Stalwart breasts the foe outnumber,
Manly hearts defy the Fates;
Hearts in acclaim ringing
Thirst to meet the foe,
France as one man springing
In new harvests mow.
Death is not more fearful
For the high than low,
Terrors not more fearful
When ye reap than sow.
Terror, hail!
For thee room!

Lordlings wail!

'Tis thy doom!

Harvest fields e'en now are white!
Reapers, wake! The dawn is bright!

BLYTHEBOURNE, N. Y.

Patronize Our Barbershop.

It may seem strange at first glance that the San Francisco daily papers have almost as large a circulation in this city as some of our own great religious dailies. Yet it is probably a fact, and also that the San Francisco papers are constantly growing in favor. The cause in this case is, we believe, to be found in the unreliability of the news published in the papers in this city. We read in the *Union* that Sigismund Danielewicz, formerly a barber in this city, had been enticed into a vacant room in Los Angeles by his enemies, who shaved his head, applied tar and feathers and ran him out of town. Investigation proves that there is no truth whatever in the story. The article did Mr. Danielewicz a great injustice, for which he, being a poor man, can get no reparation whatever.—*San Diego Clipper*, Feb. 21, 1890.

But where is our great mother, the State? The State, which claims our allegiance, which seizes our substance for its revenues, which drafts our brothers into its armies, which punishes our treason even with death! Shall the State, then, demand our all and give back nothing? We who make the State, how long shall we appeal to it in vain!—"Speaking of Ellen" by Albert Ross.

By patronizing Our Barbershop you are assisting the publication of this paper. For particulars see last page.

EVOLUTION SIMPLIFIED.

All students of Herbert Spencer will be grateful to Mr. F. Howard Collins for the close "Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy" (Williams and Norgare), into which, after five years of hard work he has succeeded in condensing the chief theories held by this master of evolution and sociology. Spencer is a master-mind in philosophy, and this bird's eye view of his whole system is a work that will assuredly shorten the labors of those who enter upon the study of his teachings. Mr. Spencer has traced the redistribution of matter and motion in the material, the animate, the intellectual and the social world, and has found the law of development universal. Mr. Darwin, the greatest naturalist, corroborated the speculations of the greatest philosopher of the age. It is not to be forgotten that before the doctrine of Natural Selection had been written Mr. Spencer published his own theory of the survival of the fittest as the great mode of evolution in living beings. Any country may be proud to have possessed two such contemporaries, elaborating and placing on a sure foundation the most important theory of the nineteenth century. Necessarily there are points of manner and substance in which other thinkers will disagree with Mr. Spencer. There are people, for example, who will think that to define life as "the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations," or as "the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences," leaves out the thing to be defined—life itself. But there will be none who really study this work, or, better still, the originals, who will not be impressed with their profound significance. If the law of development be the law of the universe, then Herbert Spencer has laid the foundation of the philosophy of the future.—*London Daily Telegraph*.

When a person of the "better class" errs in the conception of mine and thine it is called "cleptomania"; when a person of the "lower class" does so, it is called theft.—*Vorbote*.

The total wealth of seventeen members of the Senate is estimated at seventy-eight million dollars. What a lot of work these people must have performed in their lives!—*Freiheit*.

CHEERING VOICES.

GRINNELL, IOWA, NOV. 30, 1889.

EDITOR BEACON:

Comrade:—I regret to hear of the suspension of your paper, as it is in my opinion essentially necessary to the success of our cause that a *true revolutionary* press should exist in this country corresponding to the "prohibited" press of Russia, Germany, etc. The *Alarm*, and *Freiheit* are about the only representatives of that type that we have had in this country. I think THE BEACON, if it could have lived, would have been most useful. I am quite aware of the merits and real usefulness of papers like the *Denver Individualist*, *Twentieth Century*, etc. They reach a class who will not read anything more radical, and they plant the germs of thought in places where our propaganda cannot yet go. They do not reach the men who go at night to miserable shelter and wretched food, after long hours of toil. These are the people I want to reach, and they can only be reached through their feelings. They are in no condition for fine-spun theories about "vacant land" and "single-tax" and sermons on "moral suasion." They need a paper that will keep vividly before them the two great factors of the social problem, viz: *wage-production*, and *wage-absorption*—a paper that understands and reflects their wrongs and miseries, and is not afraid to declare that it means war to existing social conditions. I sincerely hope that you will prosper in your effort to again issue THE BEACON, and that you may make it the ideal paper for the "spread of the light" in the dark places where the poor dwell. If I can aid in any way, I shall be glad to do so. Truly and fraternally,

DR. MARY HERMA AIKIN.

ASPEN, COLORADO, Aug. 21, 1889.

EDITOR BEACON:

Comrade:—I would be criminally derelict in my duty if I failed to acknowledge the receipt of at least three copies of THE BEACON. Long may she wave and give forth light in dark places, such as San Diego seems to be. Once more you are in your element with pen and type in hand. I know your kindly hand sent THE BEACON to me. I congratulate you, and hasten to say for your encouragement that, notwithstanding the op-

position of professed friends, to say nothing of our enemies whose gibes and slurs we have become accustomed to, you have friends and sympathisers in Colorado; and I shall endeavor to procure you a few subscribers at an early date. Yours for Liberty,

J. ALLEN EVANS.

KIRKVILLE, IOWA, Aug. 25, 1889.

SIGISMUND DANIELEWICZ:

THE BEACON finds its way to me every week, and I must thank you and tell you how much I appreciate its courage, sacrifice, faith, and typographical beauty. To take it up after reading one of the great dailies is like turning from a dusty highway into a daisy-strewn meadow.

Fraternally,

CLARA DIXON DAVIDSON.

In Pursuit of Mr. Syshtom.

Pat, (excitedly to approaching stranger): "Oi say, shtranger, cin ye plase tell me fwhere Oi can foind Misther Syshtom?"

Stranger, (meditating): "Mr. Syshtom? Shystom? No, 'm very sorry; I aint very much acquainted 'round here. But what makes you so excited, my friend?"

Pat: "Ehoi, thish feller is the cause ev all me throubles an mesfarrtunes. He's roond me famerly an moisel', an Oim goin to foind the son ev a gun ef et takes me a whoul day ta hunt far hem."

Stranger: "Indeed, that's too bad. But what did this man do to you, pray, my friend?"

Pat: "Wall, moi dare shthranter, Oive jist came from Harry Gearge's maten, an he says: 'This Syshtom,' he says, 'as took all the land away from the poor,' he says, 'an robbs iverrybody in ginerral.' I knowed all the time, seme-one's been a robbin es, shthranter, but Oi couldn't catch the thafe, ye know; but sure now Oi've got him dead, an dead he'll bay, be jabbers, ef ever Oi get a bould ev 'm. Harry Gearge says, hay'll tax 'm out ev existence. Fiddle-shsticks! Yer palertishons don't tax now rich men. Foive cints worth ev doinamite es sure to make quick an carrtin work ev 'm, shthranter."

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A reduction of the hours of labor can not be of the great benefit, materially, which we desire it to be. The worker will be required to, and in many instances will be prompted by his own slavish impulses, to crowd as much labor into eight hours as he formerly did into ten, so that the same vitality of force or life will be expended; then, too, the capitalist will manage to fleece the worker as a consumer and "get even" in that way for his "loss," sustained by the reduction of hours; moreover, the ever-increasing tendency to invention and consequent introduction of new labor-saving machinery will leave the relative condition of the wage worker the same as before, if not render it worse. Thus the only solution of the labor-question lies in a radical change; in a total abolition of the wage system, and the entering of the disinherited workers upon their own estate, the creation of their own industry, the result of their own labor as the sole owners and managers.

Yet I hail the eight hour movement as a sign of the growth of independence and self-reliance of the workers. I hail it as a sign of their awakening to the realization of the fact that they have nothing to expect from any power outside of themselves. I hail it as a sign of their recognition of the necessity for the energetic resistance to and the final removal of existing injustice to labor.—[Albert Currin at a German meeting in Irish-American Hall, April 29.]

Bred in the Bone.

So totally disregarded as a factor in human affairs has women grown to be during ages, that even reformers can not outgrow the habit of using man as the subject of illustrations in matters which equally concern both sexes, and it is most singular that women themselves in speech and print are guilty of the same offense.

We who are in the front rank of progress, or, at any rate, think we are, should not be disheartened. There will come dark hours and blue days, no doubt, when Hope droops her head and Fear and Care invade the brain and heart. But Courage must not fail and Good Cheer must not be dismissed.—[Hugh O. Pentecost in *Twentieth Century*.]

Patronize Our Barbershop.

except the sum appointed as food money for the official forty-eight days only. Further on he ordered that even this sum should be paid, not one month, but only one day, before starting. He allowed to take along only five puds of baggage and provisions instead of the former ten puds. He changed the time of forwarding the exiles, one at a time every fourth night, to seven days, which meant a double stoppage on the stations and a useless consumption of the scanty provisions, without making progress on the journey. It is easily seen that this change meant positive starvation on the road for the exiles. In the first place, they did not get time and money enough to supply themselves with provisions and warm clothes for a three months' journey. In the second place, the longer stoppages on the stations would surely infect the exiles with the small-pox, whose ravages had already depopulated the whole route.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"And they shall build houses and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat."—*Isaiah*

We remind the workingmen that their well-being is absolutely incompatible with the existence of capitalism, and that no amelioration whatever is possible as long as the present political and economic system prevails.—[Extract from an article of La Revolte, Paris, on the 1st of May demonstrations.]

Respectable morality, popular morality is only skin deep. Like the fabled apples of Sodom it is fair and beautiful to the sight, but break or cut the rind and you find nothing but bitter ashes.—*Lucifer*.

Handbook of Freethought

This is the title of a book of 381 pages, published by W. S. Bell, San Francisco. It is full of intellectual pearls. The following extract will prove that it deserves to be read and studied even by those radicals who are principally interested in economic and political emancipation:

"Freethinkers are the prophets of this age, proclaiming justice as the right of all, and predicting a day of wrath to those who trample upon the rights of a long-suffering people."

REVOLUTIONARY WAR SCIENCE.

Governments, whichever they be—republican or monarchical—are all alike as governors—devils when they are the stronger, angels when they know themselves to be the weaker. Let us be men!

We have in Europe four or five grand autonomous powers, who compose, together, what they call "the European equilibrium," and they dictate the law to the other powers, being themselves without law or reason, without heart or conscience; true pagans, in spite of their professed Christianity; having never been able to constitute among themselves one common justice, one arbitrary tribunal; knowing—like the barbarians, their fathers—only the sword as the weight of their balance, and having no other rules than this beast of prey's cry—this morality of *Mars*' sons, of the she-wolf's progeny:—"Væ victis! Woe to the defeated!"

That Christianity in which they glory to have been baptised, has not even moistened them,—not even cleansed them of their barbarian grease, of their original vice and craft, force, dirt and blood!

They are still more pagan than their subjects. Yes, the modern State is a hundred times worse than the citizen; with them the collective is inferior to the component, their war more savage than the duel.

Either war is a duel, a struggle in which the rules, the laws, are the same in relation to the individual contests as they are to the collective contests, or it is an appeal to force, with all its consequences, its destructions, its devastations, its horrors,—the logic of events, the *ultimo ratio*, where there is no more right, no more law but that of force, no more justice than the reprisals.

In the duel, war is made between two regular armies—with arms if not equal at least agreed to—without the evil that those whose territory is chosen for its seat shall be troubled otherwise than by military occupation. This is the war of Roeroy,—courteous, chivalrous,—where the duelists greet each other before killing.

The other war is that of opinionated attack, without mercy or pity, where extermination responds to the invasion, resistance to the conquering, insurrection to the provocation, force to force, ruse to ruse, devastation to devastation; where

men, people utilize, for attack or defence, all their aptitude, all their resources; where there is no other law than to relieve themselves of the enemy, no other duty than to vanish. It is the war of *Brennus*, where the conqueror knows no other arbiter of justice than his sword, no other cry than, again, "*Væ victis!*"

The crime in this war consists not in the actions of war; it is the war itself. Until now, we have made that first war to those who made to us this second one. We HAVE BEEN DUPES! Well, let us, too, be less Christian, less sheep-like, less stupid; let us no longer offer the right cheek after the left one; no more resignation, no more prayings, no more tears, and no connivance! We have the right, we have the power; defend it, employ it! without reserve, without remorse, without scruples, without mercy.

It is, between them and us, the blind furor of Hannibal against Rome; it is the *delendo Carthage* of Cato against Africa; it is the fatal sermon made to the gods of destruction, to the Latin Belona, to the Syrian Hercules. It is the genius, the pagan demon of extermination; the war to the extreme, to the knife, to the teeth, as in the time of Cynegire; a question of life or death, for one of the two shall rest on the spot. It is the antagonism of caste, the repulsion of atoms; a struggle more than human, more than animal, more than instinctive; . . . physical, natural, elementary; an antipathy, without pardon, without reason, without pity, without truce or forgiveness; without other end than the death of one of the two adversaries; democracy or royalty, revolution or feudalism, liberty or servitude, civilization or barbarism! It is a holy war, a war of principles and defence. . . . *Salus populi*. For the good of the people, iron and fire—all arms are human, all forces legitimate, and all means sacred.

We desire peace, the enemy wants war.

He may have it absolutely. Killing, burning—all means are justifiable. Use them; then will be peace! FELIX PYAT.

Government makes and enforces law. Science discovers self-operating law. The former is the State, the latter Anarchy. The first is artificial, the second is the natural condition of man. The substitution of the statute or manufactured for the natural law has brought upon mankind the inevitable penalty of misery and despair.—*Alarm*, April 3, 1886.

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Expediency requires the adoption of the principle of non-aggression in all the relations between man.—Carl Gleaser.

The Old Guard.

I wrote an editorial introductory notice to Dyer D. Lum's first article in the last San Diego issue of THE BEACON, but unfortunately it was crowded out by the cruel "typo." Yet comrade Lum hardly needs an introduction. His noble efforts in behalf of our martyr comrades, his subsequent brave stand as the editor of *The Alarm*, his various publications and contributions to the radical press, his activity in the movement, and above all his unflinching devotion to his convictions even in the darkest hours of reaction have endeared him to the heart of every revolutionist. It is therefore with pleasure that I give publication to his able contributions. I am confident that with such coworkers this paper can not fail to gradually reunite the old guard and inspire it with the old fire and enthusiasm for the love of Justice and Liberty.

Another Good Man Gone.

Edward Fair, an old pioneer in the cause of human liberty, is dead. He suffered for years from cancer, had his left hand and subsequently the arm amputated some months since, and finally, after much suffering, succumbed to the disease a few days ago.

The following extract from one of his letters, directed to me to San Diego is the best proof of the loss the proletariat sustains by the death of this good comrade:

"I wish I was rich, your BEACON should never go out for lack of oil. I have believed for many years that this coast should maintain one live, fearless outspoken paper, a paper that can tell all the people the mischief which has been worked all along the ages by those twin monsters, god and government."

Anarchists, Attention!

A meeting of Anarchists will be held at the office of THE BEACON, 319 5th St., next Sunday evening, 7:30 o'clock. All comrades are invited.

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