

# The Beacon.

DEVOTED TO THE SOLUTION OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

VOL. I. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1890. NO. 16.

## THE BEACON.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,  
AT 319 FIFTH STREET.  
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE,—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Expediency requires the adoption of the principle of non-aggression in all the relations of man.—CARL GLEESER.

## THE PASSIVENESS OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

BY FRANK FRANKLIN.

There is a disposition on the part of some revolutionary propagandists to stigmatize the advocates of "Passive Resistance" as timid teachers and "Quaker preachers." We are branded cowards by those who claim to be working with us on the same lines of progress and the same lines of "least resistance." These sarcastic slings would become the enemies of liberty, but do not add any laurels to the brow of its friends.

Courage is a good thing in its place when well balanced by judgment, but very much out of place when on a railroad track in front of a locomotive running forty miles an hour. This was the awkward and unreasoning position of the Irishman's bull who was attempting to butt the engine off the track by brute force. Pat exclaimed: "I admire your courage, but damn your judgment." I echo Pat's sentiments and apply them to all advocates of physical force, whether advocated by revolutionary reformers or governmentals.

I have not yet lost faith in the old saying that "he who is convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." I fail to see how we can establish equal opportunities until we have a sufficient number of people *educated to know* what equality of opportunities means. The hunter who wants a bear-skin first catches the bear. If he were to blow the bear to pieces with gunshot or dynamite, the skin would be worth-

less. We must first catch the ear of the thinking public before we can reach its mind. We must attract its attention, not by threats of physical force, which only serve to antagonize its combativeness and shut us off from its judgment, but by intellectual methods. In the meantime the present chaotic and revolutionary condition of society can be surely counted upon to furnish all the startling and sensational effects necessary to shock the unthinking portion of society into a consideration of their real position and relieve us of such a terrible responsibility.

If I understood Individualism or Anarchy to mean brute force, I would never have accepted it. It is because I believe it to be the opposite that I am inclined to endorse it and advocate passive resistance as the best means of accomplishing that object and the best method of reaching the minds of my fellow men. With my understanding of Anarchy, I maintain the principle that I do not want anything (not excepting happiness and government) *forced* upon me; therefore I do not want to force *my* opinions upon others. I have no use for physical revolution so long as free speech and the freedom of the press are not absolutely shut off by governmental authority. I know of no better method of propaganda at present than the educational one described. It may be slow, yet it has the virtue of being sure, and certainly should be rapid enough for any reformer whose impatience does not subordinate his judgment to his feelings. I would cease to be an Anarchist and become (in practice at least) a physical revolutionist if I advocated revolution by force. It is for this reason that I adhere to the principle of "Laissez faire" and passive resistance, even though I may be called a "coward" by my more brave and courageous comrades. I would rather rest under the charge of cowardice and timidity than to assume

the—to me—terrible responsibility of advocating that cruel old theological dogma "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," especially in the present uninformed state of the public mind.

Passive Resistance, to my mind, does not mean inactive submission to despotism. I quote J. Wm. Lloyd's idea in a recent issue of *Liberty*: "Passive resistance is resistance upon a higher plane than brute force." What that higher plane is, is partly explained in this communication.

This government is ceasing to be a government of the people for the people, and by the people, but is becoming a government of the classes, for the classes, and by the classes. This is not a paternal government. The farmers recognize this, and they do not want protection for their cabbages and eggs. They know that all the money and wealth the government has must come from the people by taxation, and any special privilege granted to a class must be by taxation, and at the expense of the whole people. While they bear the greatest proportion of the burdens of taxation, any special privileges for them would be in effect taxing themselves for the benefit of themselves, and equally as absurd as for a man to attempt to lift himself over a fence by his boot-straps. What they do demand is, that this government shall go back to first principles and have no privileged classes; and that every person shall be allowed to sell the product of his toil in fair and legitimate competition in the market that will afford him the best prices, and buy his necessities in the market where he can buy the cheapest. Abolish class legislation and the farmer will be able to lift the mortgage from his farm and supply his family with the comforts of life. Otherwise he must go to the wall.



## THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

'Tis coming up the steep of time,  
And this old world is growing brighter!  
We may not see its dawn sublime,  
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.  
We may be sleeping in the ground,  
When it awakes the world in wonder;  
But we have felt it gathering round,  
And heard its voice of living thunder.  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time,  
Foretold by seers and sung in story;  
For which, when thinking was a crime,  
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory!  
They passed, nor saw the work they wrought,  
Nor the crowned hopes of centuries blossom!  
But the live lightning of their thought  
And daring deeds, doth pulse earth's bosom,  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems, rot with age,  
But the great people's ever youthful!  
And it shall write the future's page,  
To our humanity more truthful!  
The gnarliest heart hath tender chords,  
To waken at the name of "brother."  
And time comes when brain-scorpion words  
We shall not speak to stint each other.  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Freedom! the tyrants kill thy braves;  
Yet in our memories live the sleepers,  
Though murdered millions feed the graves,  
Dug by death's fierce red-handed reapers;  
The world shall not forever bow  
To things which mock God's own endeavor;  
'Tis nearer than they wot of now,  
When flowers shall wreath the sword forever.  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity! love's other name!  
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being!  
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,  
As souls full statured, grow far-seeing.  
Thou shalt unfold our better part,  
And in our life cup yield more honey;  
Light up with joy the poor man's heart;  
And love's own world with smiles more sunny.  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Ay, it must come! The tyrant's throne  
Is crumbling with our hot tears rusted;  
The sword earth's mighty have leant on  
Is cankered, with our heart's blood crusted.  
Room! for the men of mind make way!  
Ye robber rulers, pause no longer;  
Ye cannot stay the opening day:  
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—  
The people's advent's coming!

## DISSENTING VOICES.

ASPEN, COLORADO, May 11, 1890.

MY DEAR DANIELEWICZ:

Copies of THE BEACON at hand.  
Thanks.

I see that you are still infused with the old-time fire. I fear, however, my dear comrade, that capital loves a shining mark too well to allow you to carry on the warfare very long.

Your advice to the disinherited to invest in homeopathic doses of dynamite will do more harm than good. The very persons to whom you address yourself would be the first to adjust the hemp about your throat. I prefer to rely upon the dynamite of thought rather than the mad attempt to overthrow existing institutions by force. Whatever the fu-

ture may develop, at present we are completely at the mercy of the powers that be, and whilst I fully recognize the justice of our cause, and am as keenly alive to the injustice we are subjected to, I must draw the line at forcible resistance to the wrongs we endure. Our oppressors are ignorant; as Jesus is reputed to have said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." One Danielewicz alive (and no one who knows you personally doubts that you are a very live man and a true and earnest reformer) is worth a dozen dead men. If I should hear, before this reaches you, that you had been sent to San Quentin, I would not be surprised. Would you kill the slave, because he was too ignorant to comprehend the cause that made him a slave? Come, comrade, let us use every fair means at our command to convince the dominant class of the injustice of our present false system; but, like Thomas Paine let us exclaim: "Destroy the crown, but spare the man."

I am sorry to differ with you, or comrade Lum, and I was equally sorry to dissent from the views held by Burnett G. Haskell, W. C. Owens, and above all J. R. Buchanan whom I loved as a brother, but I must, as near as I can, be true to my own honest and earnest convictions if I would be true to others.

Fraternally, J. ALLEN EVANS.

## FROM WYOMING.

I was not astonished to hear that our friend Danielewicz's advice to the unemployed workmen would be received with shouts of "Hang him! crucify him!" Before advocating the use of dynamite, I would certainly ascertain whether it can be handled wisely and legitimately. We cannot expect discrimination from ignorant and starving men. The first duty is to feed them; the second, to educate them. These duties, of course, devolve on the wealthy classes; woe to them, if their selfish blindness induces them to ignore the sufferings of others! For my part, however, I would never advocate desperate measures to desperate men. If we sow the wind, we will reap the tempest. Deeds of violence engender more violence and are sure to be followed by a reaction which throws reform a century back. Look at France and be wise, friend Danielewicz.

The author of a recent article in the

*Popular Science Monthly* offers this solution of the social question:

"First. Diminution of State interference with private liberty, including State restriction on trade and State encouragement of trade.

Second. Constant inculcation of the doctrine of personal responsibility and constant efforts to mold better individuals.

Third. An honest, vigorous and simple administration of justice."

So far so good; but when the author tells us that the bottom of the social question lies in the natural deficiencies of one kind or other, which prevent people from adapting themselves to the world as it is, I enter my protest. "The world as it is," is very unsatisfactorily managed, and if we could adapt ourselves to it with humble submission, would necessarily grow from bad to worse. I would rather say that the bottom of the social question lies in the hands of a government too blind and too corrupt to be ever able to solve it.

A new organization of liberal women has been recently started and held its first convention in Washington last February. The President, Mrs. Matilda Goslyn Gage, formerly known as a co-worker with Mrs. Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, seems to be a very able and earnest woman. The members of the organization will concentrate their efforts against the church, and I hope against the Jesuitical and hypocritical Comstock laws. It is to be regretted that the association has taken the name of Women's National Liberal Union, thereby seemingly excluding from their ranks the most advanced thinkers among the men of this country.

Mono.

## CHEERING VOICES.

FINDLAY, OHIO, May 5, 1890.

EDITOR BEACON:

Your paper was welcomed, and I am glad to know that it is able to walk again.

All lines of reform work have my hearty sympathy, and I receive more papers than I have time to read. I desire to lend a helping hand to all my brothers and sisters that are struggling to elevate humanity.

When you returned my subscription, I remarked that if it had been a church paper that had suspended, it would have been money "loaned to the Lord," and I have my doubts as to whether I should ever have heard from it again. I was tempted to send the dollar back to you as your reward for reform honesty.

For the enclosed, enroll my name on your subscription list. Fraternally,

BELL CHESEBRO SHULL.

## CHEERING VOICES.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., May 16, 1890.

EDITOR BEACON:

I am proud to find you among Harman's defenders, while others—so-called true radical reformers—have treacherously gone to the aid of the enemy, and kneel before the god Fear. Surely a man, cleaner of obscenity in mind and motive than is Harman, never lived; a nobler, more rational and cleaner reasoner on the woman slavery question never walked the earth, and none more than he has ever made the convict's garb a badge of honor. It is said that women are cowards, but they have endorsed him far more numerously and earnestly than have men throughout all his war with the suppressors of free speech and press, that he might, unmoled, advocate the emancipation of the half of the human family held in bondage to the other. I find that many men advocate liberty for themselves only, and are no less zealous than are the Christians in doing what they can to foil every effort women make to free themselves and become self-supporting and responsible beings. No wonder that women atheists cling to the church and live the life of hypocrites.

Sincerely, DAGMAR MARIAGAR.

ESPERANZA, CAL., May 13, 1890.

DEAR DANIELEWICZ:

I had an idea you had a hard row to hoe, and that you would have to go to bed supperless many times in your attempt to publish THE BEACON. Therefore I send you the pittance of \$3 00 to help out the hash department.

My dear friend, you shouldered a hard task when you undertook the publication of THE BEACON. You are little fitted to be the editor of a labor paper; you have not half the cheek necessary for such an undertaking. You are so much in earnest that you imagine all are like you; and so you wear out your soul fighting against the heaviest kind of odds, while some of your fellow-reformers live on the fat of the land, the same being skimmed from the produce of the toilers, as a fee for advertising their cause.

I wish I could suggest something to help you in your undertaking. Do you think it would do any good to make a request on the California Socialists to subscribe a certain amount to be paid

monthly to the editor of THE BEACON, to assist him in making ends meet? If you think well of such a proposition, I will make such a request through your paper, at the same time heading a list with a certain amount, payable monthly. Supposing we could get fifty people to subscribe \$1 per month—which ought not to be such a hard matter—it would help you out very much, without its being missed much by the subscribers. Many could save that amount by using a little less tobacco or drink.

Our appeal might be made general through your paper; we need not confine ourselves to California. We might call it a proselyting fund, to be used in the conversion of ministers of the gospel and other sharpers, to the religion of labor. What do you think of it?

Give my regards to all the comrades, and believe me ever your friend.

C. F. KELLER.

LOGANSPOUT, May 8, 1890.

DEAR COMRADE:

I saw in *Lucifer*, that you are publishing an Anarchist paper. As I am a revolutionary Anarchist, I aim to agitate for an entire overthrow of the present social system. I have not a college education, but it does not require a prescription scholar to understand the principles of Anarchy. I am determined to work for Anarchy as I understand it, viz: equal opportunities in all conditions, with individual liberty, in harmony with natural laws. I am satisfied that equal opportunities without restrictions of man or woman, each depending upon his or her own exertion, to produce what they desire, would allow every one to enjoy all the happiness that mind can conceive.

Please send me a few copies of THE BEACON: I will distribute them. I am too poor to buy any now. I have spent four years agitating and have at last come to poverty. But if I am living from hand to mouth, I shall keep on agitating.

Most sends me ten copies of *Freiheit* every week, which I distribute.

I get the *Twentieth Century* and the *Word*, and used to get the *Anarchist* from London, England, the *Parole* from Paris, France, the *Arme Teufel* from Michigan, and many others. But I am now financially exhausted. I have a family and a little home, 40x140 lot.

While this lasts I shall do my best for the principles of Anarchy or No Government. Therefore I say to you, comrade, continue agitating the destruction of State and Church. The time is now here for action; the war is at hand; we must expect an outbreak soon. The revolution is being forced now rapidly.

The circulars accompanying this letter are partly my thoughts. "Free Speech, Free Press" is my own exclusively. I have a small hand press and print circulars whenever I can and give them away. I am not allowed to speak on the streets. Oh! what a "free country" this is! Out! down to oblivion with such murdering conditions!

Fraternally, LEWIS YORK.

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 10, 1890.

FRIEND DANIELEWICZ:

You may continue to send me THE BEACON. Will forward subscription shortly.

I am an old man, an *Atheist* and an *Anarchist*. I am an admirer of Dyer D. Lum. I loathe and despise and hate with every fiber of my nature the Harisons, Blaines, Wanemakers, Comstocks, Crosbys and Crafts; and I think all the people, when they get their senses, will say amen!

I am taking the best of Atheistic papers, but most of them contain too much of what they are pleased to call *Spiritualism*; and about one-half their papers are devoted to what a woman can do in her shirt-tail under favorable circumstances. I do not know that I shall stop them, but they are disgusting. *Death ends all*, and when I die I mean to stay dead and not bother anybody.

WM. E. RENWICK.

OKLAHAMA, I. T., May 12, 1890.

DEAR COMRADE:

It was indeed a pleasure to me to see that once more THE BEACON light was brightly beaming, sending forth its radiant gleams of truth and hope to the tempest-tossed mariners of the ship of State. I hope that THE BEACON may be the means of enlightening the people, and continue to illuminate their pathway. I believe if the people would only follow the precepts imparted, they would go sweeping through the golden gates to peace, prosperity and happiness. I remain yours fraternally,

RICHMOND SWAILE.



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

SIGISMUND DANIELEWICZ,  
Editor and Proprietor.

San Francisco, May 24, 1890.

Recruit Subscription Postal Cards will be sent to any applicant to be filled out with the name of any party to whom THE BEACON is to be mailed from this office for four weeks. Price of single cards, 10 cents; six cards for 50 cents.

Some of the San Diego Subscriptions have expired. Subscribers whose copies bear pencil mark will kindly renew.

The editor should not be held responsible for all the utterances of correspondents, even though lack of time should prevent his commenting upon them.

If the working people realized how they are being robbed they would rise and overthrow this system in twenty-four hours.—Adam Smith.

"PEACE IN WARSAW" betrays intellectual stagnancy. In Nihilism lies the hope of the human race.—Wendell Phillips.

IT IS PEACE we advocate and aim at, but we shall not get it save by war.—Garibaldi.

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.

Let us be frank with words. The capitalist who steals the reward of labor is a king as well as the man of blood. The king mounts himself on the horse. The horse is the people. Sometimes this horse transfigures himself by degrees. At the beginning he is an ass; at the end he is a lion. Then he throws his rider to the ground and we have 1643 in England and 1789 in France; and sometimes he devours him, in which case we have in England 1649 and in France 1793. That a lion can again become a jackass, this is surprising but a fact. Not to be a slave is to dare and do.—Victor Hugo.

FIELDEN, Schwab, Neebe and Harman are in dungeons for having advocated Truth, Honesty, Justice, Purity, Liberty. The ignorant don't care, the intelligent don't dare, and the brave aren't there, what are you going to do about it? "evolute?"

## A PROTEST.

MUSCATINE, IOWA, May 16, 1890.

I hereby enter my most earnest protest against the imprisonment of Mr. Harman, who is condemned to five years' confinement in the penitentiary and \$300 fine for sending "obscene literature" through the mails.

Is it possible that in this boasted land of freedom and Christianity people can be committed to prison for defending wives and mothers who are victims to the passions of rapist husbands, aye, slaves to lust made legal by barbarous statutes called laws?

By a few words and sentences written on paper and called law, women are sex slaves. Then by a little more "law," bearing the proud title of Comstockism, it becomes illegal to send through the mails the published truth in defense of suffering women who are slaves to legal lust, as set forth in the Markham letter.

O, that there were more such brave and noble defenders of womanhood as *Lucifer*—those who dare do right, who dare attack the citadel of wrong and injustice bolstered up by that old tyrant, Authority!

"Show me authority in honor's garb." The same spirit that nailed a Jesus to the cross, burned Bruno at the stake, buried in a living tomb and hung A. R. Parsons and his comrades—I say that same spirit to-day is trying to silence by imprisonment those who have the courage to publish the unvarnished truth in behalf of the freedom of woman. Yes, it is the identical spirit that has ever been on the alert to stop Progress by knout, lash, pillory, stake, prison, dungeon, guillotine and gallows. The path of progress has ever been stained with the blood of its martyrs. "Still it moves." MRS. ANNA E. WALTON.

The above protest was sent to me for publication. It was accompanied by a private letter of a friend of the author, in which she says: "The agitation in favor of Mr. Harman must be kept up till he is released. It involves not only the question of free press and free mails which ought to be sacred to every American citizen, but the question of sexual slavery which ought to be fearlessly denounced by every true man and woman the world over."

I am in hearty sympathy with the cause of comrade Harman. As a matter of fact a resolution of sympathy has been drawn up and is being signed by friends at the office of THE BEACON. I never consented more readily and never was more anxious to publish anything than I am to draw the attention of the people to this infamous outrage, this crime committed by the earthly god, government, against the person of Moses

Harman. Think of the situation. A brute in the shape of a man forces a poor sexually sick woman whose flesh he owns by virtue of a legalized wrong called marriage license into sexual intercourse. Moses Harman, editor of *Lucifer, the Lightbearer*, a journal the special object of which is the freeing of the public mind from sexual superstitions, hears of the outrage and cites it as an instance and illustration of the pernicious operation of the marriage-laws. Instead of the government protecting the poor, sick woman and punishing the fiend who commits the rape on his own wife—which it would certainly do, were its mission really the protection of the weak as its supporters claim for it—it permits the brute to go scot free but sends Moses Harman, the publisher of "*Lucifer*" to prison for five years and fines him \$300 for violation of the postal laws in sending his journal through the mails. The villain who assaults the poor, unprotected, sick woman goes free, and her benefactor, the noble man who sounds the alarm and tries to take her part, must suffer a severe penalty for his humanitarianism!

Esthetic language is too weak adequately to express the contempt for institutions which are productive of such subversion of the last semblance of equity!

But what can be done? My esteemed correspondent advises to agitate until comrade Harman's release is effected. Evidently she is forgetful of recent occurrences. Our five comrades in Chicago, Parsons, Spies, Fielden, Engel and Lingg were murdered by the government in spite of a whole year's "agitation" and in spite of petitions for pardon signed by hundreds of thousands of all classes of citizens. Our comrades, Fielden, Schwab and Neebe are still in prison in spite of four years' continual agitation and in spite of the positive knowledge of their innocence by the majority of the people.

There is no pardon for abolitionists. Their cause involves the downfall of the rotten political machine of oppression, government; hence the government is the deadliest foe of abolitionists; it must extirpate them in self-preservation. There is no middle ground to stand upon. It is war to the knife between two principles: *Tyranny* and *Liberty*. No petitions, no agitations, no protests will avail. The only logical position of the abolitionist who fights for Liberty is in the dictum of our immortal comrade Albert R. Parsons: "THROTTLE THE LAW!"

## A TIMELY PROPOSITION.

Comrade C. F. Keller of Esperanza, in a letter published under "Cheering Voices," offers to issue a call to all sympathisers with the cause of THE BEACON to insure its continuation by monthly subscriptions of \$1. The condition of the paper is such that I concluded to bring the matter before our friends at once without any further regular call, which after all is but a matter of form.

It must be patent to friends that a paper of the character of THE BEACON has a hard stand. No paper can live on regular subscriptions alone; even the most popular papers depend upon advertisers for success. It is impossible, however, for this paper to get advertisements. The monopolist will certainly not advertise in it; and its very sympathizers who would like to advertise, are in fear of being "suspected" and ostracized as radical revolutionists. Hence THE BEACON depends upon subscribers solely.

Now, while I appreciate comrade Keller's proposition, I am inclined to think that a regular subscription of \$1 a month would be too high a tax, as many of our friends are poor. I should therefore suggest to set the amount at 25 cents a month with the privilege of those friends who are able to subscribe as much more as they feel justified to. In fact I should not discard even as small an amount as 10 cents a month, for "every little helps," and I am not proud at all.

I am not backward in making this proposition, for it is not done in a spirit of gaining pecuniary benefits. All I desire is to keep the paper afloat. I have been sending out hundreds of copies free of charge for agitation purposes and shall continue to do so as long as I can publish it. Poverty shall not debar anyone from receiving the light THE BEACON may be able to shed. It started and shall remain a paper of the poor, by the poor and for the poor.

This is a frank statement. May it meet with prompt action of those friends who think THE BEACON deserves to live.

Anarchists, Attention!

A meeting of Anarchists will be held at the office of THE BEACON, 319 Fifth street, next Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock. All comrades are invited.

## A SPONTANEOUS GROWTH.

My good old friend M. S. Wahrhaftig, the able ex-editor of the defunct *People* dots down the following "conundrum" for me:

"Will you please to explain how Anarchy could possibly be 'established' peaceably or otherwise? If it could be 'established,' how could it be 'maintained?' and if it could be 'established' and 'maintained' what else than government would it be?"

Anarchy means Liberty. Liberty can not be "established" or "maintained" any more than the sun could be "established" and "maintained." But as the sun may be prevented from shedding his beneficent rays upon us by some obstruction placed in his way, so may Liberty be prevented from her benevolent operations by obstacles. And as we remove obstacles which separate us from the light of the sun, so we must remove the obstructions which interfere with Liberty—Tyranny. Indeed, Liberty need not be "established" or "maintained," for, in the beautiful words of Freiligrath, as cited before court by our illustrious comrade Samuel Fielden, who is now lingering in a Joliet prison cell:

"tho' ye caught your noble pray within your hangman's sordid thrall,  
And tho' your captive was led forth beneath your city's rampart wall:  
And tho' the grass lies o'er her green, where at the morning early red  
The peasant girl brings funeral wreaths,—I tell you still—she is not dead!"

The Standard Oil Trust has secured a controlling interest in the Chicago Gas Trust, and intends to supply the city with natural gas from Ohio. The Dressed Beef Trust, the Street-car Trust and the other owners of Chicago are somewhat alarmed at this new encroachment of monopoly. However, in case of extortion the members of those trusts that are not engaged in the lighting business have always a remedy. They can form a new trust, pledging its members to go to bed in the dark.—*Examiner*.

The best way for you to assist this paper is to send for Recruit Subscription Postal Cards. The best way to kill it is to be indifferent and do nothing for it. Choose ye.

Patronize our Barbershop and Laundry office.

Look out for the next issue. It will be an extraordinarily interesting one.

## GOD'S LATEST UKASES.

Our earthly god—government—has ordered another visitation upon his naughty children. This time it is the prohibition of the *Word*, published in Princeton, Mass. The *Word* is the plainest and most outspoken paper published in the world on matters pertaining to sex reform. God's postal superintendent, the Postmaster-General excluded it from the mail "privileges." This is a "free country," you know!

In this city god's mail superintendent prohibited the mailing of newspapers in street letter-boxes. The naughty children who have papers to mail will henceforth be obliged to take them to the postoffices.

These cases are particularly recommended to friends to ponder over who are the sworn enemies of competition. Do they think such regulations or ukases could exist under free competition?

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If you are a resident of San Francisco and want to see THE BEACON live, come and patronize Our Barbershop and Laundry office.

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