

The Beacon.

DEVOTED TO THE SOLUTION OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

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NO. 17.

THE BEACON

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

METHODS---MENTAL RESISTANCE.

BY J. WM. LLOYD.

DEAR COMRADE DANIELEWICZ:

I want to say something in reference to your editorial in No. 9, not exactly in criticism, or reply, but to air my own theories as you may say.

As soon as a man theoretically accepts liberty, he begins to want to see society free, and the question of methods is sure to confront him, as I see it does you. He asks: Shall I try to make that old spider, Government, consent to strangle itself in its own web?—shall I fall back on my rights, refuse all obedience to the Government, and patiently endure all its retaliatory outrages, trusting to advance the cause most efficiently by arousing sympathy?—or shall I practice my acknowledged right of armed resistance, and with powder and dynamite make way for liberty? These are the three methods to which you refer, and, after passing them all in review, I understand you to incline to the last, as the most practicable.

You describe passive resistance a little boldly, I think, when you say its "meaning" is the "refusal of the people to pay taxes," but, as that is certainly a prominent feature, you are perhaps right enough as far as you go.

Now, I think it is admitted by all, that we have a right to use any and all methods to attain liberty, if by any or all we can attain it. Nor have I, at least, any doubt that all methods will be used, since men and convictions are many, and that all methods will be more

or less successful. But if I can show a method quicker than all others, more certain, giving less pain and waste in action—surely you will admit that method to be the best, the right.

Liberty is something that in the evolution of man is certain to come; the stream has commenced to run, and it is down hill, the line of least resistance, and everything must eventually favor it. It is in the direction of human happiness, and I am perfectly easy as to the final result. It is only a question of knowledge—it is impossible for men to knowingly work against their own happiness—and the attainment of that knowledge is only a question of time. Whatever we do, and even if we do nothing consciously, it is coming—but wise action will help.

There is a good deal of bitter controversy among Anarchists as to the relative value of these methods, a bitterness I am sorry to see, for it is not only utterly valueless as a means of convincing opponents, but to the last degree reactionary and injurious in its effect upon the propaganda of our cause. Combativeness is the most antisocial of the human faculties, and we shall make very little real progress in the attainment of liberty till we confine its action to the contest with non-human nature—its normal sphere. We have immense need of your "gentlemanly courtesy" in our debates.

But as to these methods—much liberty, perhaps most all of liberty, could be attained by political action, had we enough men, wise enough. Undoubtedly by the machinery of voting it is possible to reduce the number of rulers, put better men in office, and repeal many or all of the laws. Even a despot could put his people in a condition of almost perfect equal liberty, and, finally dethrone himself. It is the improbability of all this, not its impossibility, that discourages me, and then it is so contra-

dictory to use the tools of tyranny to attain liberty that I am repelled. Besides, I think I have a much better plan.

The sword can do much; it makes a quick untying of many a Gordian knot; it has cleft crowns, tipped thrones, abolished laws. It is a slashing tool, and no mistake. But there are many things about it I do not like. It is two-edged, and cuts friend as well as foe. It is not infallible, and a heavier blade will break it, right or wrong. There is something about the metal of the handle that poisons it, so that the hand that holds it is seldom good for much for useful labor afterwards. The glitter of the blade dazzles and affects the truth of the eye. Its clangor, and that of the martial music accompanying it, entering at the ear, affects the truth of the hearing, and penetrating the brain causes a sort of delirium or mania, renders those affected by it incapable of normal mental action—like dogs roaring and baying at the sound of catch words they do not understand, often without meaning, following anyone who will sufficiently feed, flatter and beat them, and tearing everyone at whom they are directed to fly. That the sword has some occult and mysterious influence can be easily proven by the following simple test—bring its blade to a binnacle-box and you will instantly perceive that the needle is deflected, moving here and there as directed by the weapon, so that no man may tell north from south, or which is the true course to steer. And it is a very common thing for those suffering under the sword-delerium to savagely attack and kill their friends and neighbors, even their own relations and the very physicians endeavoring to heal them. On account of this damnable witchcraft I shall always protest against the sword. I pray you, comrade, beware of it.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Int. Instituut
Soc. Geschiedenis
Amsterdam

THE RUSSIAN MASSACRE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

(Continued from No. 13.)

On the 23d of March the exiles congregated very early in the morning at the residence of Natkin, the place assigned by the Chief of Police, to await the decision of the Governor. They were very hopeful regarding the granting of their petition, because the new order of forwarding the prisoners was simply impracticable. To their great astonishment there appeared at 8:30 o'clock, one Oechuff, a Sergeant of Police, an incarnate enemy of the exiles, who had on many former occasions shown his bad will towards them. He told them sharply that they were summoned to Police headquarters to receive the Governor's answer. This still more surprised the exiles, because they had received the strictest, most unmistakable order from the Chief of Police himself, to wait at Natkin's residence for his appearance with the decision, and this was just the contrary. The exiles, perfectly satisfied that there was a mistake of some inferior officer in Police headquarters, declined to go, explaining the mistake to the Sergeant. The latter, without paying any attention to these explanations, turned simply around on his heel and was gone. "Oh, you resist! You won't go! That's all right!" was all he said.

After his departure the exiles looked at each other in a perplexed manner. What new trap was being laid for them? What did the contradictory order mean? Such were the questions the exiles asked each other, without being able to give a positive answer. They had no time left for meditation. To their horror they saw a troop of Cossack soldiers and police marching towards their meeting place in double-quick. There was no doubt the troops were sent to them for some mischievous purpose. When about fifty paces from the house, the soldiers started on a dead run, the house was surrounded in a moment, the gate and portiere broken down, the main entrance door smashed to pieces, and the room whereto the terrified exiles had retreated was soon crowded with savage looking soldiery. The invaders were led by Lieutenant Karamsin. Besides were present Major Vashonrin, Chief of the troops stationed at Yakutsk, and Chief

of Police, Sukatscheff. "Go to the Police this moment! this moment! this moment! will you?" cried Lieutenant Karamsin incoherently and very excitedly. Bernstein tried to explain that they were perfectly willing to go, but that they wanted no such military escort, like a gang of thieves; that they would have gone to the Police long ago, if they had had a proper order to do so; in fact, they had had orders to wait where they were, and so on. "Go now! go now!" cried Karamsin, still more excited. "What do you parley with them for?" shouted the Chief of Police. "Take them!" Then was suddenly heard a volley of shots—another—the heavy fall of the dead, the heartrending cries of the wounded, the screams of terrified women retreating like frightened sheep into one corner of the room. After this dastardly, cowardly, murderous outrage was perpetrated, the armed murderers left the room.

To prove the fact that this murderous outrage was planned the day before, it suffices to mention that the soldiers got their cartridges on the eve of the massacre. They were confidently told that there would be "some Nihilist shooting to-morrow."

After the murderous band had left the house they took their position in the yard, sending volley after volley of bullets through the wooden walls, the doors and windows. The now entirely terrified exiles dispersed into all the rooms. No safety; destruction wherever they went. An exile, wishing to stop the terrible bloodshed, ran out into the yard waving a white pocket-handkerchief. He had run but a few steps when he was killed outright by officer Karamsin. At this moment Vice-Governor Ostarkhin appeared on the scene. Exile Zotoff, crazed by the sight of the originator of this tragedy, ran ahead and fired twice at him, wounding him in the right shoulder. Now a regular shower of bullets was sent into the defenseless house. From inside the building came the groans of the wounded and dying and the despairing cries of the survivors. Major Vashonrin, terrified at last at the bloody deeds he had permitted as superior officer, ran like a madman, with his sword drawn, through the files of the soldiers and finally stopped the fire. The sight in the rooms was horrible. Scattered through the

different apartments lay dead, dying and wounded, the latter suffering intensely for water. There was not a drop of water in the house, only lumps of ice. Some of the wounded put pieces of it on their wounds, many of them crying for revolvers and poison with which to kill themselves. Suddenly the message came: "Doctors and surgeons are waiting in the yard." The order was given to the exiles that whoever was able to walk should come outside; otherwise the dying and wounded should not be cared for. Some fifteen of the exiles, some unhurt, some wounded, appeared in the yard. Three exiles lay dead on the snow in the yard; they had tried to escape and met bullets. A deadly wounded exile was pressing lumps of snow to a ghastly, deep bayonet wound in his abdomen with one hand and with the other pushing snow into his burning mouth. The dead and dying were now carried out in a shocking, careless, brutal way. The half-dead Fundaminsky was dragged by his feet over the frozen ground by a single soldier to the sledges, where already a number of dead bodies were piled up like so many logs of wood. "For God's sake, he isn't dead! Take him down! take him down!" cried exile Bernstein, trying to throw himself ahead to enforce his will; but being surrounded by a cordon of soldiers he did not succeed. With the butt end of his rifle, one of the soldiers knocked him down, half senseless. After Bernstein, severely wounded, had regained some strength, he implored the Governor to give orders to take Fundaminsky away from the dead bodies where he would surely be buried alive. The Governor only scowled and turned his back to the petitioner. Meantime quite a number of private citizens had gathered in the yard, expressing in the plainest terms their indignation regarding the monstrous butchery. A rich merchant assisted with his own hands in procuring the sledges for the wounded. Finally sledges and prisoners were escorted to jail.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Down with tyranny! Death to the foreigners who are trying to rule and ruin this country under the guise of "government." Thomas Jefferson was an anarchist; neither he nor his associates intended to build up a centralized power in this country which was to hang over and threaten to destroy the liberties of the people. Abraham Lincoln said: "No man is good enough to rule over another."

ARISE!

"It shall be thus no more! too long, too long, Sons of the glorious dead, have ye lain bound In darkness and in ruin!—Hope is strong, Justice and Truth their winged child have found.—
Awake! arise! until the mighty sound Of your career shall scatter in its gust The thrones of the oppressor, and the ground Hide the last altar's unregarded dust, Whose idol has so long betrayed your impious trust!"

"It must be so—I will arise and waken The multitude, and, like a sulphurous hill Which on a sudden from its snows has shaken The swoon of ages, it shall burst, and fill The world with cleansing fire; it must, it will—It may not be restrained!"

SHELLEY.

DOGGED TO THEIR GRAVES.

BY DAGMAR MARIAGER.

The most vivid proof we have of the important necessity of woman's future self-sovereignty, and equality with man in industrial, moral and all matters, is the fact seen everywhere that under the present social and moral system the innocent are ever the prey of the unscrupulous, and innumerable crimes, to which she becomes an enforced party in her silent tolerance, are in glaring openness, daily and everywhere committed upon her in the name of virtue and justice, by her two deadly enemies—man and his law (or, more properly, her one enemy, man, who can but remain her enemy so long as he is free to make and wield law against her.) True, most of these many species of crimes never find their way to the courts. They are too well legalized alone in the sentiment that makes her the inferior of the criminal for her to have a hope of getting redress from that source, or aught but added abuse for her daring to complain. These crimes originate in the more or less open whisperings of her boastfully law-abiding, church and lodge-going, fiercely moral, vindictive and crafty jilted suitors, or tabooed aspirants for her society and affections, and find ready resource to growth and opportunity for fulfillment in the victim's helplessness and the executor's endless license. These men are all going to heaven. Let them go. Would that they might take the sad and cruel results of their vicious backbiting work with them, since the church and law have cursed their morality with an incurable disease. Would that they might leave neither their work nor any part of their doctrine behind them—neither a root nor branch of the

tree which has borne such poisonous fruit.

From every generation, thousands of innocent women are whispered into premature graves, there to have insult heaped upon injury in the public's slanderous regrets. And thousands more (hoping for the safety that untutored, lawless and Bibleless savages give their women in singleness) are forced into union with men whom they loathe, forced to raise children on whose faces are stamped the father's loathsome features, and in whose minds, the poor grieving mothers, compelled to live a lie every hour of the day, see stamped what were their own enforced bitter thoughts and destructive and generally criminal desires during the gestating period, placed there by the natural law of heredity, while the mothers, living under natural and humane conditions need impart to the new beings no criminal propensities wholly borrowed.

The average man is an unscrupulous monster in his dealings with woman. She is robbed of responsibility in her daily fear of "losing reputation," and robbed of her every natural virtue in being the enforced puppet in the hand of a crafty man-made policy. This is what Christian civilization has done for men, for women, and for children, while the fiendish machine bewails the two surface facts it sees—that crime is on the increase, that marriage is a failure—and sharpens its instruments of torture for a more rigid enforcement of its satanic rules, and cries out, "Death to divorce!"

LIBERTY.

BY LIZZIE M. SWANK-HOLMES.

Liberty! It is a simple word and easily spoken, yet what volumes of meaning are contained in that little combination of seven letters! More than can be grasped in a short time, more than can be comprehended in its entirety without years of study, unless one is endowed with a quick, sympathetic intuition. It is like a science—to be unfolded only with close investigation, with new principles relating to it, always being discovered; or like truth, forever eluding us, forever turning towards us a new phase of beauty. Or like the great, silent mountain whose white peak glistens in the sun above the

clouds, and whose grandeur cannot be comprehended by the beholder who looks at it from a single, distant point of view. Sixty millions of people in this country say they believe in liberty. They do not know what they are talking about. The people that require ten thousand prisons, vast armies of soldiers and police, mountains of statute-books and piles of costly courthouses, well furnished with judges and juries to secure and protect their liberty, have not the slightest conception of the word.

We seldom meet with an individual who does not acknowledge the right of every person to do as he wills so long as he does not infringe on the same right in every other person; and yet how little he understands what this implies. In the same breath with such acknowledgement, he will be horrified at acts that concern no one but the party or parties engaged in them.

Many people see the beauties of liberty for a limited distance, but more liberty shocks them. Some see that kings or governments have no right to invade the realms of mentality; that thought should be free as the air, unshackled by legal enactments; and yet they cannot comprehend that industry also should be free, and that its one source, wherein all things are obtained, should be untrammelled with title deeds and grants. Some who comprehend the necessity of freedom to labor are shocked when their fellow-beings regulate their own social affairs to suit themselves, regardless of the laws which propose their regulation for them. Some who believe in freedom in all these, still believe a State—a government necessary to enforce liberty.

Freedom never yet was secured by chains. The moment freedom is fastened down by a law, it is no longer freedom.

No, we cannot grow higher until we learn to comprehend liberty; until, watching ourselves closely, we would see no artificial law restrain the natural actions of human beings in every relation in life. Equal opportunities, a free earth—already it is a bounteous one—are all we need to make us good—the more freedom, the happier and therefore the better we will be.

The list of heroes in the modern struggle for liberty is increasing. It stands now: Fielden, Schwab, Neebe, and Harman. Who is next?

THE BEACON.

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AT 319 FIFTH STREET.

SIGISMUND DANIELEWICZ,
Editor and Proprietor.

San Francisco, May 31, 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 space should prevent his commenting upon them.

COMPARE THEM.

Here are the expressions of one gentleman and a few boors:

THE GENTLEMAN:

If they (the Revolutionists) possessed a modicum of *usable* sense they would realize that one silent man who *does* is worth a hundred blowhards who threaten and bluster about what they are going to do or what someone else ought to do in the bloody arena of force, etc., etc.—*E. C. Walker, in "Fair Play."*

THE BOORS:

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.—*W. 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 porse. 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 1689 in England and 1789 in France; and some-

times 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.*

"WHAT A SPECTACLE."

The latest development of the growth of tyranny in this country is the arrest of E. H. Heywood, the brave and consistent advocate of Liberty and Justice whose journal, the *Word*, published in Princeton, Mass., was lately suppressed for sending what the "censors" call "obscene" literature through the U. S. mails. In commenting upon the action of comrade Heywood E. C. Walker in an article in *Fair Play*, headed: "How Shall the Enemy Be Met?" says: "The precipitation of a fight over the right to use a few words which have long been obsolete in current printed speech was ill-timed, of no practical value, rash, suicidal." Mr. Walker who in another column of the same paper is so anxious to expose the "chaotic nature of the thoughts" of other people, seems to be rather mixed himself on this occasion. He appears to forget that it is not the "obsolete words" which are involved in the fight, but the principle of liberty, the shingle over his paper. Mr. Walker should remember that whenever he makes the slightest concession to the enemy he is reduced to the level of the rotten politician. "What a spectacle" these "cool-headed, earnest humanitarians" are making of themselves!

"I do not make an arbitrary proposition, but I only draw my conclusions from the course of history up to the present day when I declare that such a great social transformation cannot take place without the appearance of violent actions."—*John Most, in Twentieth Century.*

BRAVO!

From Chicago comes the report, that an attempt had been planned to blow up the police monument on the Haymarket. Comrade Most and other comrades think it was a plot of the police. All honor to the police if they have arrived at the conclusion that a monument to tyranny is a disgrace to the country. Go ahead boys!

GRUMBLERS.

Some of the comrades and friends of THE BEACON have declared their dissatisfaction with its dynamite policy. One of them objects to the "homeopathic doses," another thinks there is no virtue in the "stuff;" its strength is overestimated, he says. Well, I am not infallible, and my opinion and information upon the subject may be incorrect. I am informed that one small dynamite bomb upon one particular occasion disabled quite a number of uniformed murderers in the city of Chicago who interfered with a peaceable meeting several years ago. Yet this case may have been exaggerated as were other things in those days. However, everybody ought to use his or her own judgment in these matters. If "homeopathic doses" will not do, use aopathic doses. If aopathic doses are too weak, use a ton. If dynamite has not the necessary "attraction," use mellinite, or some other more powerful explosive. But be sure and get something *effective* wherewith to resist and expel the usurpers of your equal rights.

"The history of America is short. There have been but two great events. One was when America wiped out English domination, the other was the abolition of black slavery. These two events occurred not through voting, not by petitions, but by the sword. We now have white wage-slavery, and I hope the third great event of American history will be the abolition of that."—*John Most, in Twentieth Century.*

CORRECT.

"Deliver me from my friends, the enemies I can take care of," is an old pertinent prayer. Were I a pious man I should feel inclined to add to the first sentence: "particularly from those intellectual giants and marvels of modesty who imagine that they 'will be called upon and expected to rush to the rescue of the 'stornbirds' who have deliberately flown right into the cage they saw the governmental fowler preparing for their reception." It is a serious question in my mind which is the severer punishment of the two, the "cage of the governmental fowler" or the love of these "cool-headed, earnest humanitarians!" Verily, certain things are in the highest degree "nauseating and disgusting."

AN OFFSET.

A boorish, insolent private letter by a certain editor of a so-called reform paper which was so much more poisonous as it *claimed* in the outset to "like me personally" caused the palpitation of my heart, to which I have been subject for years, to such an extent that I have only with difficulty been able to work for the last two days. In the face of this fact it was balsam upon my wounds to receive some rose leaves in another letter by comrades from a distance whom I had never known before and who thus expressed their sympathy with and appreciation of my humble efforts.

In this connection I also beg to acknowledge the recent reception of a similar present from some other comrades in this State.

Thanks to all of you, friends! One tiny flower outweighs a great deal of physical suffering and revitalizes the relaxed energies in the struggle against foe and "friend."

WAIT.

The space of this paper being limited by the demands of the printer who charges so much for the composition of every additional argument, it is impossible for me to answer in detail the attacks of our "friends" upon my methods of resistance. I am therefore obliged to postpone my reply until the conclusion of the article by J. Wm. Lloyd, begun in this issue.

Some say those ideas will do for the Old World, where kings and emperors oppress the people, but not for America. However, I take the official statements, and I find some 3,000 millionaires and 10,000 other capitalists possessing two parts out of three of the wealth of the United States, *i. e.*, sixty thousand million dollars, the production of all the rest of the people, and I ask: are these millionaires simply lucky? No, they are the representatives of modern tyranny, and the politicians are their tools, and all the rest of the people are slaves, and will remain so until they are ready to free themselves.—*John Most in Twentieth Century.*

Patronize our Barbershop and Laundry office.

THAT CONUNDRUM.

EDITOR BEACON:

In your issue of the 24th inst. you attempt to answer a few questions I had dotted down for your paper. I expected that you would at least seriously consider them. In this I have been mistaken. I did not put them down as a conundrum. I understood that you were absolutely able to answer the questions satisfactorily from a revolutionary Anarchist standpoint. In this, too, I have been mistaken.

My principal aim was to have you explain why a revolution was necessary in order to bring about a state of what you call Anarchy. I thought you would in the course of your answer disclaim any intention of establishing Anarchy by revolution and maintaining it by force. I thought you would claim the necessity of a social revolution for the purpose only of *abolishing* present government systems. The development of such thoughts upon Anarchy by an Anarchist in an Anarchist organ would be of interest to many. It was for that purpose that I dotted down the questions you call a conundrum.

Liberty has a relative understanding. In nature it does not exist. He who needs warmth and shuts himself out of the reach of the rays of the sun, is taking the liberty to do so to his self-detriment. He who needs warmth and is forcibly shut up in a room, takes liberty to break through a wall to his self-interest. In the first instance the man is using liberty wrongly; in the other he is using it rightly.

The idea that the liberty of one man ceases where the liberty of another commences is only a plausible definition, not a true one, since our social relations are such that the least abuse of liberty by one invariably works evil to other fellow beings. Hence the liberty to do wrong should not be, in my opinion, insisted upon.

The time will undoubtedly come when all mankind will be able to distinguish between right and wrong and when it will be to the interest of every man to do what is right only. Then government, except such as *all* would *voluntarily* agree upon for the better management of public affairs, would cease, and in proportion as we are approaching that true millenium, existing governments

are losing their coercive character. The more intelligent a nation is, the less coercive is its present government even. Those who preach Anarchy and look for its coming through education and agitation are at least consistent. They do not believe in force and do not wish to impose Anarchy on people who believe in government. Those who preach force cannot claim consistency; for abolishing present government does not mean giving the individual an understanding of right and wrong, and as long as he lacks that, conflicts among individuals are bound to take place and be settled by a *third individually disinterested party*—which means government.

M. S. WAHRHAFTIG.

FROM WYOMING.

The President of the Moral Educational Society of Chicago, Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler, sent to *Fair Play* a series of resolutions passed by the Society against Mr. Harman's sentence. She is the first woman who has taken such a step; all honor to her and the Moral Educational Society.

The two bills introduced by Mr. Plumb in the Senate, one in favor of an organization to be called "The Grand Army of Labor," and the other to establish a public farm in every county, will incline everyone to the belief that the Senators in general, and Mr. Plumb in particular, are nearly demented.

Lizzie M. Holmes has an article in the last *Individualist* on "Sentiment and Economics."

The great objection of many people to Anarchy, that "best misunderstood word in the English language," is that it appeals to selfishness, not to sympathy and human kindness. Whatever may be the faults of the believers in Anarchy, it would be unjust to attribute them to the principles they represent. Anarchy does not mean anything if not equity. Each according to his work, is certainly a different postulate from "each according to his needs," but it does not follow that, in order to be consistent, Anarchists must close their eyes and ears to human sufferings.

Mono.

MEETING NOTICES.

The Topolobampo Club and Co-operative Society will hold a meeting at 909½ Market street, to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, at 1 o'clock.

Rabbi Freuder will hold his discussion meetings (People's Lyceum) at 909½ Market street, to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon, at 2:30 o'clock.

The Anarchist Club will meet at the office of THE BEACON to-morrow, Sunday afternoon, at 5 o'clock.

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