

# The Beacon.

DEVOTED TO THE SOLUTION OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

VOL. II.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, JULY 25, 1891.

NO. 18

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

## Her Experiment.

Alice had just been converted to the Christian religion and thought it would be very Christlike to visit the poor and at least be miserable with them.

A family in wretched poverty grew not far from her father's door, grew, like other weeds, with little excuse or encouragement to exist.

Alice thought it well that her charity should begin as near home as possible, partly because of the old maxim and partly because she was a labor-saving machine, in one sense, that is, she was very indolent.

When she was admitted to the hut that sheltered the Reed family, her smile was intended to be most gentle and winning. Possibly it was attributable to her inexperience that it was made up of five parts condescension, four parts self-satisfaction and one part real friendliness.

"Ah there," was the greeting of a little fellow about three years of age. His exuberant welcome was promptly suppressed by a slap from an elder sister.

"Never mind their racket," said Mrs. Reed encouragingly, "just step inside, if you want to, and set on this chair."

Alice observed in time that the proffered restingplace was covered with little finger marks artistically done in molasses and sweetly declared that she quite preferred standing.

"You are not very comfortable here, I presume," ventured the visitor.

"Well, do you care if we're not? You've lived up there on the hill all your life and I never seen you in this house before."

"But I am come now, at last, and it is my desire to do you good. Wouldn't you feel more comfortable, don't you

think, if everything about you, the wall the ceilings, the floors, the windows, the chairs, the children, everything, were perfectly clean?"

"Mabby, but what's the use of talk? They ain't clean and I can't clean 'em."

"Surely you can."

"Tell me how."

Alice looked about and pondered. She had never soiled her dainty hands with any sort of drudgery. Her ideas on the subject were vague, but she attempted something in the way of generalization:

"Why, people take soap, do they not?—and mix water with it and—and—they have brushes and cloths and brooms to apply"—

She was interrupted by an ironical laugh, followed by a very unwarrantable interpolation, considering the facts that she was a philanthropist and Mrs. Reed was a dirty woman in a dirty house with all the probabilities pointing toward the desirability of reforming both herself and the house:

"You needn't teach me how to use soap and water and a scrub-brush; I knowed all that before you was born; what you might teach me, mabby, is how to buy things without money. I hain't any soap nor any brushes nor any broom nor any money; it's wanting soap not wanting to know how to use soap, that keeps us all in the dirt like a passel of tumble-bugs."

"Oh," ejaculated Alice, not knowing what else to say and feeling her courage on the wane. To be sure she might buy them some soap, but could she undertake to furnish a family like that with a perennial supply of the complex apparatus of cleanliness? Somehow she had never thought before of the necessity for apparatus. A vision of her own elegantly appointed suit of rooms on the hill in her father's house, of the bathroom near at hand, of the unlimited quantity of towels and soaps and brush-

es and all the facilities for cleanliness passed swiftly before her.

"There's the rent," Mrs. Reed said after a pause, "we pay your father enough every year for this miserable old she'll to buy us a many a thing needed, a fine sight more than soap."

Alice felt the red tide of shame mounting to her face. Were her delights and refinements purchased by such an outlay of misery as this? Was she clean and dainty only because others were dirty and coarse? Who, then, were the barbarians? They whose earnings contributed to her daintiness, or she who took from them the means of purchasing soap, the civilizer? She had learned long before that cleanliness was next to godliness, now she wondered if the maxim could have been a satire on that godliness which robs people and then calls it charity to return them a pittance from the spoils. Impelled by such thoughts Alice left her neighbor's house rather abruptly and went to her father's office. Fortunately for the success of her errand she found him alone.

"Father," she said, while her shapely hands rested lovingly on his shoulders, and her soft eyes looked appealingly into his, "Father, will you grant me a tremendous request to day?"

"Unto the half of my kingdom," he replied, playfully balancing his cane for a scepter.

"Rash father, I shall not ask for half of your kingdom, but I do, indeed, want a very large slice of it. I want you to let the Reeds live rent free for one year."

"A strange request, truly; what does it mean? An experiment in sociology?"

"Yes, father, I want to try the relative values of rent-paying and soap-buying as civilizers."

"Very well, my daughter, have your will, but try not to be too sanguine. Remember, where there are several

(CONCLUDED ON LAST PAGE.)



## THE BEACON.

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SIGISMUND DANIELEWICZ,  
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CLARA DIXON DAVIDSON,  
Assistant Editor.

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The Tools for the Toiler; the Produce for the  
Producer.—"Chicago Alarm."

The office of the BEACON has been removed to  
1703½ Market St., to which place all communi-  
cations and exchanges must be addressed.

All matter written by the editors of this  
paper will be signed by the initials of their  
respective names; and they must not be  
held responsible for each others opinions,  
or those of contributors, unless expressly  
endorsed.

## Explanatory.

(The following notice was, somehow,  
omitted from last week's issue. It will  
explain that fearfully and wonderfully  
made-up paper's contents.)

The BEACON office has been struck by  
a "boom." An order came in for the  
printing of fifty thousand circulars, and  
requiring the use of so much type as to  
render us short on the paper. Rather  
than to again delay the publication of  
the BEACON we have decided to use  
"ready print" miscellaneous matter as  
a part of this issue. The financial aid  
this extra work will give us, we hope  
will induce our readers to accept kindly,  
the temporary charge. S. D.

The extortionate charges of railroad  
companies are almost driving N. Orleans  
molasses out of our markets. Little  
things like that do not so much as dis-  
turb one of the dreams of Man-Who-  
Owns-the-Earth, the railroad king.

I wish some sensible persons, like the  
founders of Yale college, would start a  
similar institution in which the sole  
qualification for admission shall be  
height of, say, six feet. It is quite as  
reasonable to exclude students from a  
college because they lack a fourth of an  
inch of being six feet tall as because  
they are women. Irene W. Colt has

been refused admission to Yale, sancti-  
fied by so many years of saying "Holi-  
ness to the Lord," their lord always be-  
ing of the masculine gender, and the sole  
charge against her is that she is not a  
man. This sets me wondering: "Isn't  
Vassar just as holy as Yale? Would a  
man be permitted to study there? If  
not, why all this outcry against Yale  
and never a word against the equally  
exclusive Vassar?"

Diplomatic circles are shaken from  
center to circumference whenever an  
American citizen abroad is treated with  
disrespect or injustice by a foreign power  
or any of its subjects. The papers are  
full of the outrage and sometimes war is  
threatened if the foreign power does not  
eat a large slice of humble pie. This  
fact is not at all striking or wonderful,  
but what does fill me with surprise is  
that people bear wrong with so much  
equanimity if it be inflicted by the pow-  
er of the government under which they  
claim citizenship. A man may be im-  
prisoned in Chicago, or any of our cities,  
three months, or more, to await trial,  
and then be "pardoned" when it is  
proven to be a case of mistaken identity,  
pardoned for not having committed the  
crime he was accused of. His pardon is  
not asked for the injury he has suffered,  
the case, nine times in ten, does not  
reach the general public, because the  
Daily Press does not betray its special  
protégés, usually, and, if it does, public  
sympathy is not aroused, little is said,  
and the wronged man, the State's toy,  
instead of getting redress is treated as if  
he had actually been a criminal instead  
of being the victim of a foul wrong. But  
let the same man, "An American Citi-  
zen," travel and be imprisoned unjustly  
for three months by some foreign power  
and how quickly the American atmos-  
phere turns blue with curses, how the  
diplomats dip their pens in fire, how pa-  
triotism outdoes itself, and begins to  
dust its blue coat and polish its bayonet!  
And yet, if I were to be shut away from  
the sunshine for three months I think  
it would be as endurable in one Bastille as  
another; if I were to be hampered by a  
policeman's club I would think more  
about the size of the club and the  
strength of the man who wielded it than  
about the name of the particular lump  
of earth I happened to be thrown upon  
in my fall. C. D. D.

## The Flag Insanity.

A late paper devotes nearly a column  
to accounts of alleged indignities offered  
to flags of different complexions. One  
man shot another because of supposed  
disrespect to the bit of rag he was dis-  
playing, another lost a consulship on  
account of loving his flag not wisely  
but too well, and several similar inci-  
dents were recorded. All this is very  
humiliating to an evolutionist, who  
must accept such facts as evidence, that  
the human animal has not yet passed  
far beyond the stage of development  
represented by bulls and turkey-cocks,  
which carry their preferences for colors  
to the extent of making violent attacks  
on the bearers of the red they so despise.

What insignificant insects we are,  
anyhow! Why do we divide the world  
into artificial slices and then become  
enraged if the colors representing one  
slice are permitted to be seen on another  
slice? Shall we never be able to say  
with Thomas Payne, "The world is  
my country?" C. D. D.

## The Drowned Seal Hunters.

Accounts of the drowning of several  
seal hunters off the Coast of Santa Bar-  
bara, bring out in vivid colors some of  
the inherent sadness of that barbaric  
thing which we sometimes miscall "civ-  
ilization."

It is sad enough that men go into dun-  
geon-like remoteness from centers of  
population and dig in the earth for dia-  
monds until they are more like earth-  
worms than human beings, when we re-  
member that diamonds are almost  
worthless except for an artificial value  
given them largely by persons with more  
brains in their toes than in their heads.  
It is sad that lives are frittered away in  
performing various useless services for  
useless people, but it is infinitely sadder  
that men should be driven by their ne-  
cessities to adopt a means of obtaining  
a livelihood which is full of danger  
to themselves and which involves the  
loss of life to the creatures they hunt.  
Surely, if natural resources were free to  
all so that they could select occupations  
dictated by their own tastes and judg-  
ments, no one would choose to kill even  
the lower animals for a living. C. D. D.

The secret pleasure of a generous act  
Is the great mind's great bribe.

—Dryden.

## Levy Acting Without Reason.

ALBANY, July 13.—Attorney General  
Tabor was asked this afternoon what  
he thought of Coroner Levy's assertion  
that he would subject the body of Smiler,  
the murderer, to an autopsy and hold  
an inquest upon it and compel the wit-  
nesses to the execution to tell all they  
knew and saw. He said:

"Coroner Levy can do no such thing.  
He has no more right to touch the body  
than he has to go into a cemetery in  
this city and drag out the remains of  
people buried fifty years ago. The office  
of Coroner is limited by statute, and he  
can only examine in case a complaint is  
made and he deems it suspicious. In  
this case, under the laws of the State,  
the man has been executed and physi-  
cians appointed under the law have cer-  
tified as to the cause of death. It does  
not matter, even if a man was roasted  
to death, as long as the warden complied  
with the law. The death certificate,  
with the result of the autopsy, is filed  
in New York county, and the Coroner  
has nothing to do in the case. No com-  
plaint has been made and he is acting  
entirely without reason. I don't think  
he will push the matter."—N. Y. Press.

The striking thing in the above is that  
it is all right to roast a man to death if  
you do it by process of law. Truly there  
is nothing else has such transforming  
effects as law. If John Smith, acting on  
his own responsibility, kills a man in  
the most humane manner he can con-  
trive, he is a monster, but if John Smith,  
acting as an agent of law and authority,  
kills a man in the most cruel and shock-  
ing manner possible to conceive, no one  
should interfere and John Smith is a  
good fellow. C. D. D.

## Prince George in London.

"LONDON, July 16.—Prince George of  
Greece arrived to-day by the steamer  
City of New York. The Prince of Wales  
placed a suit of apartments in Marl-  
borough House at his disposal."

The above Daily Press Dispatch,  
interpreted, means that the English la-  
boring people, the sewing-girl in her  
garret the hod-carrier in his unlit room,  
the peasant in his hovel, must all con-  
tribute toward the entertainment in  
luxurious style of a person who is ut-  
terly useless, not only to themselves but  
to the world. C. D. D.

There are all sorts of ways of explain-  
ing a fact which does not corroborate a  
popular theory.

—Hugh O. Pentecost.

## The Eternal Fitness of Some Things.

Hymen's brightly burning torch dis-  
pelled the gloom of the City Prison yes-  
terday; while Lena Steffan and Charles  
Druhm were being joined in holy wed-  
lock.

Lena ran away from her mother's  
home in Oakland several weeks ago and  
on Thursday she was taken into custody  
and booked for the Magdalen Asylum.  
Upon investigation Mrs. Steffan found  
that Charles Druhm, a barkeeper, 25  
years of age, was the cause of her daugh-  
ter's downfall. Prompted by her moth-  
erly instincts she begged Druhm to  
make right the wrong he had done. As  
the barkeeper demurred he was given  
the alternative of a prison or an imme-  
diate marriage. This was an offer that  
he did not long revolve in his mind. He  
preferred liberty with a wife to a prison  
without and hence his appearance yes-  
terday —Chronicle.

In the City Prison, the place most ap-  
propriate of all places for such a cere-  
mony, one Charles Druhm and one Lena  
Steffan were sentenced for life to incar-  
ceration in the Bridewell of Wedlock,  
the "holiness" of which "goes without  
saying" any thing about it as soon as  
the circumstances of the case are known.  
Marriage, at its best, is a monumental  
insult heaped on love by the unnatural  
hands of minions of Church and State;  
but a marriage of force is an outrage  
which it is quite horrible to contem-  
plate; as also is all the gross imperti-  
nence of those who interfere in the rela-  
tions between the sexes. Seduction is  
almost always a mutual affair, and if it  
is not, it should be. The innocent are  
the ignorant. The virtuous have knowl-  
edge. Let mothers open to their daugh-  
ters the doors of knowledge with gentle  
and loving hands, and one-sided seduc-  
tion would be, if it is not so now, an  
impossibility. These two lovers, being  
unwed, had intercourse; the attraction  
between them was, probably, mostly  
physical; yet there was an attraction,  
and while it lasted, perhaps some little  
beauty in it; but to the girl's mother it  
appeared necessary to beg the man to  
"right the wrong he had done," which  
means, that she thought that as soon  
as the man wedded the girl, the fact of  
their previous intercourse would imme-  
diately cease to be a fact. That which  
was, in reality, right, was wrong to her,  
and that which was, in reality, wrong,  
was right. Well, the ex-lovers preferred  
a life-long slavery of husband and wife

to a short timed slavery of prison, and  
so it ended. "What fools these mortals  
be!"

And now, who is so conventional as to  
say that marriage could sanctify such a  
union? Can a mere ceremony make a  
union pure? A few words, and a mar-  
riage is performed, and that which is  
immoral becomes moral; again, a few  
words and a law is made, and that which  
is moral becomes criminal; and yet again,  
a few words and the wafer is blessed,  
and that which is bread becomes flesh;  
and an act which was that of a vegeta-  
rian becomes that of a cannibal. And  
this is the age of reason! In civilized  
lands, young girls, by thousands, cove-  
tous of wealth and social position, are  
offering up the white doves of maiden-  
hood on the altars of vanity, by marry-  
ing rich and titled rones, well knowing  
that their natural appetites must be  
appeased by the remnants left from the  
bacchanals of harlots: and marriage  
makes holy all these? What need is  
there of any extraneous chains to bind  
two persons already bound by mutual  
embraces, who, melting in the white  
heat of love, like chemical affinities,  
mingle and compound new life? Then  
all parts that touch each other, kiss;  
they look into each others eyes, and  
their very thoughts kiss; the great bond  
of sympathy which binds them to man-  
kind at large is strengthened; their ca-  
pacity for appreciating that which is  
beautiful in life is enlarged; the poor  
and unfortunate are kindly remembered.  
So long as such love lasts, to bind them  
with legal fetters is unnecessary; and  
when it ceases, to do so is immoral.

When will people learn, that, for the  
mating of humankind, the laws of love  
are stronger than those of politicians,  
the blessings created by Nature, rarer  
than those of bishops, and that the  
songs of birds make sweeter music than  
church choirs and organs? When will  
human beings be as free as the birds  
are now, to eat, and mate, and build  
them nests? H. C. B. C.

If all mankind minus one were of one  
opinion, and only one person were of the  
contrary opinion, mankind would be  
no more justified in silencing that one  
person than he, if he had the power,  
would be justified in silencing mankind.  
—John Stuart Mill "On Liberty."



(CONCLUDED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

mouths to feed and backs to cover, a little additional money to spend each month will make no perceptible difference in the condition of a family."

And so she found it. There are other robbers besides the rent robber. There was the profit fiend who took sixty per cent of Mr. Reed's earnings in the exercise of his sovereign right as employer of labor, and there were the thousand other profit-takers who took most of the remaining forty per cent in consideration of their offices as "middlemen." And Alice's experiment proved so discouraging that instead of peering deeper into the un-mysterious mysteries of sociology she gave up altogether and fell into the usual habit of surface-thinkers and beggar-livers: She subsisted by the toil of others and doled out, cautiously, suspiciously and grudgingly, infinitesimal charities to infinitesimal dots that had not intellect enough to be ungrateful.

C. D. D.

The intelligence of the American people revolts at the idea that marriage is an indissoluble tie. It disputes the aphorism that marriages are made in heaven, for the logic of facts is against it. It believes that men and women should make every possible effort to get along in the married state, forgiving and forbearing even until seventy times seven; but it does not and will not consent to the proposition that any one person should have the legal right to ruin the life of another with no legal remedy or means of escape for the unhappy victim.—S. F. Chronicle.

True liberty of conscience is impossible where the mind is in bondage to a religious faith. Every creed is a halter around the neck of truth. Faith is the executioner of fact. When a man believes, he has shut his eyes and ears to the universe. There is nothing that so enslaves the soul of man as reverence. It makes him the serf of error, the subject of imposition. The conscience cannot be free when the brain is in chains. The Bible is a halter that chokes the breath of freedom. Doubt is the sword that cuts the fetters of faith. Doubt is the declaration of independence and leads to freedom and truth.—Investigator.

### Money.

Money is used solely as a medium of exchange. Money as such is only the representative of value. Money may possess a value of its own, but it is still a representative of value. Being used as a representative, it is not necessary that it should possess intrinsic value; it is only necessary that it be secured by a certain amount of wealth, which it represents and which forms its value.

Mr H. A. Spencer of New York recently addressed the Central Labor League of Dallas upon the subject of "Banking without Money." Although Mr. Spencer allows himself a Single-taxer, in the address mentioned he put forward a plan of money and banking somewhat similar to the Anarchistic plan of mutual banks. For instance, he remarked that, as money is but the representative of wealth, it can make no difference as to the form or kind of wealth, neither in whose possession is the wealth. In other words, whoever has wealth may, under a proper system, issue for circulation, such representatives or notes as may be secured by the wealth which they represent. Under this system, while banks would not be absolutely necessary, expediency would bring them into general use and preclude the issuing of money by individuals.

The object of banks should be to facilitate exchange. But of course the stockholders of a mutual bank would be entitled to remuneration for their services in providing a medium of exchange. The remuneration would lie in the rate of interest, which would be fixed by supply and demand, which in turn would be regulated by competition. Under such an arrangement money would be free, which would make possible free exchange. With free exchange co-operation in production and distribution would destroy profit; money being free, interest would fall to the minimum, and with free land, rent would cease. Thus in the abolition of interest, profit and rent, justice would be established among men and the social problem be solved.—ROSS WINN. Dallas, Texas.

Religious superstitions are injurious to the stomach, for where they exist the stomach is apt to be empty.—Hugh O. Pentecost.

### A Prophecy By Lincoln.

CHICAGO, July 12.—A prophecy made by President Lincoln in a letter to a friend near the close of the war is being circulated in printed form among the labor organizations of the city. After speaking of the struggle which was drawing to an end, the President said: "It has indeed been a trying hour for the republic, but I see in the near future a crisis arising that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war corporations have been enthroned, an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed. I feel in this movement more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of the war. God grant that my suspicions may prove groundless." Thousands of slips have been printed, and postal cards with the prophecy on them have been sent broadcast through the mail. No one seems to know who is the author of the movement, but all the labor organizations are flooded with the slips and cards.—Daily Press Dispatch.

What estimate are we to form of American journalism and statesmanship when we remember that there are 3,000,000 idle men seeking employment and millions of our people suffering for food, clothing, fuel and shelter, while said journalists and statesmen are trying to find a market for our surplus products, the very thing our own people are suffering for, but are too poor to buy? The truth is that class legislation has placed labor at such a disadvantage that the wages received for producing wealth are wholly insufficient to decently support the laborer.—Indianapolis Leader.

Over twenty-two million acres of soil in the United States are owned by Europeans. This vast acreage owned by aliens is equal to nine states the size of Massachusetts. The alien English landlords in Ireland, who are charged with nine-tenths of the miseries and oppressions endured by the Irish people, do not own half as many acres there as alien Europeans own in this country.—Boston Globe.