

THE FIREBRAND

For the Burning Away of the Cobwebs of Ignorance and Superstition.

VOL. I.

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THE FIREBRAND

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MODERN TRADE.

As hares that from their burrows bound with speed,
Surpassed by no fleet hound in all the pack
Pursuing with long hot tongues lolling slack,
Where stretches the interminable mead,
And dowy grass bends low with scented seed,
Pursuers and pursued hold on their track,
As such poor hunted hares can never heed
Aught but escape, and how to double back,
So breathless on the path of modern trade
Men race, and see the dogs Necessity
From wildly started eyes of wild affright,
And know that if they view the dawn or night,
Or pause to gather beauty, they will be
Overtaken and flung dead by usury.

Miriam Daniell.

ANTI-COLONIZATION.

Colonial experiments in practically applying anarchist-communist theories are pretty sure, I think, to prove disappointing to the movers in the enterprise, for the reason that most of us are sluggish creatures, and are slow to see and take advantage of unaccustomed opportunities. Old habits have wonderful staying qualities. Besides a small community must be more or less at the mercy of the outside competitive world.

If our environment changes, so do we; but there is never an instantaneous and complete transformation. Some persons adapt themselves more fully and rapidly to new surroundings than do others, because they are more eager to do it, and because the mental equipment is more sensitive and susceptible to outward influences.

Take a kettle of hot water from the fire and set it on a snowbank in an atmosphere the temperature of which is registered below zero; the water does not immediately congeal. Collect a number of individuals from our society of force and fraud, of bossism and servility, of privilege and precedent, of profit and competi-

tion, and transfer them to a new land having a climate unlike that left behind, where new schemes must be resorted to to induce the soil to yield them sustenance, where old customs of social intercourse must be abandoned, and where there is a dearth of food, clothing and tools in their storehouse, these people cannot immediately lose all their habits of domineering, trickery, backbiting, etc., etc.—altogether the change is too great, and results can hardly be satisfactory. The obstacles equal if they do not overbalance the gains in social relations; at all events a "shining example" should not be looked for by those who anticipate humanity to be bountiously benefited by the adoption of anarchist-communist plans. We should not expect the outgrowth in one generation of the ill effects of ages of antagonism, even if the despotic institutions of the state, the church and of property be entirely demolished. We are infantile in our ideas of all that concerns life. It could not be otherwise when we have not thoroughly learned the primary principles of true human relationships, the necessity for universal self-reliance, and mutual or gratuitous aid if there be an occasion to call for it.

Masters and slaves, in accordance with their respective humors and powers, live to EAT, dress, ornament (or deform) their bodies, to make a display of their rank, or to "cut a swell"; indeed when we are in a position to exercise a choice, we are boyish in our misapplication of those things which are essential for mere animal existence. Still we need not be discouraged on that account for it is no small matter to have so nearly straightened out a single thread of Nature's illimitable entanglement, or what to the primitive untrained mind—or the civilized(?) mis-trained mind—is entanglement. To pull out the last kink in the twisted thread we must assert and reassert our right to ourselves, to places of abode, to the necessities and comforts of life now at hand, and to the means of re-stocking depleted warehouses. If, when we do this, we remain in the country where we are settled, we avoid the extra excitement and strain inseparable from a journey to a new land, where we must hear new tongues and are compelled to take up strange every day manners. The displacement of the environment of commercialism by the introduction of the one of voluntary association and co-operation will be extraordinarily trying, and will call for a vast amount of energy, quick wit, patience, and pioneer's capacity for substitution and roughing it.

The ideals of freedom are well worth exerting our supremest efforts to attain, but we cannot

afford to leave familiar faces and places, to go empty handed to some out-of-the-way corner of the earth to exemplify or experiment on our ideals. The land and the accumulated products belong to the public, but it will take almost superhuman endeavors to rid the people of their scruples which prevent them from possessing them.

Viroqua Daniels.

HUMAN DEVELOPMENT.

PART II

OWNERSHIP & AUTHORITY VS. ANARCHY & USE.

Continued from last week.

THE individuals who seek for power and prestige over their fellows, show their shortsighted primitivism simply by the requesting or accepting of such privilege; the taint of animalistic environment evidently yet lurks within their organization. Rational individualism does not desire to own or to govern; it recognizes that at bottom the interests of the collectivity are one; yet it discovers that such interest can never become mutual while the arbitrary instrument of State finds recognition and support. The religious spirit, acting from a shortsighted, selfish prompting, and deceptive sense of superiority, is probably the first to announce the particular awakening of the ownership-authority system, oftentimes termed the competitive system, a delusive term when we consider the inequality of opportunity the system affords. Ownership once established, whether by forcible seizure or otherwise, matters little, for authority will inevitably arise therefrom, and attach itself thereto. An arbitrary or fortified standard of authority is seemingly a fundamental requirement of ownership; sooner or later, regardless of what form it assumes, this arises in order to determine and defend the vexed question of property ethics resulting therefrom. An authorized money standard and a criminal code are likewise necessitated in order to operate exchanges, which eventually make the crime of ownership a monopoly, while the criminal code renders the force of government more severe and more deceptive. About all the privilege a democratic form of government requires is a faultless constitution, and an arbitrary set of statesmen. With a patriotic emblem and a popular franchise, a supreme court and a supreme cannon, it is ready to plow its way thro' the living tissue of the producers. The criminal union of ownership with fortified statutory government,

adds the power of monopoly to the privilege of ownership. The difference in point of honesty between the two is, however, similar to that existing between sunlight and sunshine; the former finally necessitates the latter.

As regards money values, it is not necessary to refer to the authority of Judge Tiffany, and other government officials, to determine the fact that money is but the sovereign fiat of state authority, its material vehicle being a monopolized commodity, its intensified power, or value resulting therefrom, is yet but the embodiment of the sovereignty of law. Legal fictions are equally as criminal as illegal counterfeits; the value of both is mythical, non-existent value. The beneficiary of counterfeit money is a criminal outlaw; the beneficiary of fiatism is a capitalist by law. The monetizing of so called precious metals necessarily appreciates the commodity value of that portion of such metal not directly operative as money; as legal tender for debt, or for purchase. Money is but a creation of tyrannic state authority; simply an arbitrary privileged method of creating artificial capital, in order to control the wealth, and natural capital, of the producers. It is legalized, enforced robbery. The complete demonitization of the accumulated metallic currency, the absolute extinction of representative values, and all forms of legal fiatism, applied to each and every government existent, would undoubtedly open the eyes of the civilized producers. They would then abruptly discover ownership to be the foundation of this accursed system, and its beneficiaries to be the announcers and controllers of statutory government. They would discover that the fortified State exists as a bulwark to defend law and ownership, and to enforce the arbitrary levying of tribute.

With such defrauding institutions in vogue, asking the quiet consent of the producers to such murderous tactics, the product of displaced labor soon passes into the hands of such criminal parasites. This monstrous regime is at bottom an absolute despotism, though not apparently so to the victimized producers. Such a system must completely and finally embrace the monopolization of both natural and artificial capital—of both ownership and government. The intrinsic value of metallic money is the commodity worth, and whatever that value is can be ascertained only after they completely cease their money functions; this value will be small compensation for the labor expended in production and the enslavement resulting therefrom. The fictitious legal value, or fiat, connected therewith, is valueless, and forever dependent upon the producers blindness and the fortified State for its existence; its beneficiaries ever require these provisions in order to enable them to manufacture such useless capital, and force their purchasing fiat into circulation amongst the producer's essential wealth, and real capital, its invented utilities. This criminal purchasing power coupled with other forms of legal privilege, united with the crime of ownership in the earth's resources, is what gives capitalistic society its exploiting power; being united with, and dependent upon the fortified State for existence, privilege and monopoly must live and die together with the State. The producer's wealth is thus quite easily obtained and their functions completely

controlled by these magical processes; it is by such despicable methods that the wage and profit system is born and developed, hand in hand with government. The products of the wage slaves and producers of all classes, passing directly, else indirectly, into the possession of legalized brigands, through monopolization of the land and the machinery of production, which is accomplished through the creation of, and monopolization of fortified statutory government, and its legal product, artificial capital. Labor's produce now presents itself in its ownership garb as commerce, with a price attached thereto, and being but the wealth of the producers abstracted therefrom under the guise of a wage system, and as profits, rent, interest and taxes; this being the case commerce is best defined as alien property, that privilege and monopoly deducts from producers. It is the price that producers pay for legal capital and government. It is the spoils of ownership-authority.

(to be continued)

Correspondence.

I beg to call the attention of THE FIREBRAND comrades, and liberty loving men and women everywhere, to the fact that the friends of Alexander Berkman are getting ready to appeal for a commutation of the excessive sentence imposed upon him, in 1892, for attacking Frick, the superintendent of the Carnegie iron works, during the labor troubles of that time. Most of your readers will, no doubt, remember the outrageous treatment labor received at the hands of capital, during the Homestead strike; how Pinkerton's men were engaged by Frick, smuggled down there and armed with Winchester rifles, with instruction from this man Frick, to shoot to kill. Now these hired assassins charged upon a group of defenceless men and women, who were armed with nothing but their courage and honesty of purpose, killing eleven and wounding many more. As usual the attention of the strikers was directed to the poor scabs, who are ever through circumstances compelled to take their places, while Frick, who was directly responsible for the trouble, who gave the order to drive the sick wives and children of the strikers from their homes, and who expressed the desire to have the working men massacred, rather than to see them win the strike, was not in the least molested. Even the capitalist press joined with many law-abiding citizens in denouncing Frick, and sympathizing with the unfortunate workmen.

It was at this stage that Berkman appeared upon the field, July 23d., 1892. Though not a striker, and not suffering from the cruelty of Frick himself, he keenly felt the wrongs inflicted upon his brethren. Berkman, the noble youth, recognizing the man who was responsible for the sufferings of the strikers, determined to strike a blow at the cause of the evil, and the death of the eleven victims. The cries of starving mothers and innocent children gave him courage and will power to combat the enemy. He made an unsuccessful attack on Frick, slightly wounding him, but creating consternation in the enemy's camp.

By the light of subsequent events it is shown that the act was not altogether in vain; Plutocracy has never raised its head so proudly since.

Utterly terrified, fearing a similar attack from other sources, the authorities hurried Berkman away to prison, where he was forced to remain two months, after which time he was brought before a prejudiced judge and jury, without council, or the least chance to defend himself. He was, on the 20th. of September sentenced to twenty-two years imprisonment; such a trial being illegal and without a precedent in the history of jurisprudence.

Today, while Frick, in perfect health, lives to enjoy his ill-gotten wealth, poor Berkman is languishing in a dark, musty cell, shut away from his friends and from the world; never enjoying a stray beam of sunshine; still dreaming of a dawn of perfect freedom, and a day when labor will no longer be crushed beneath the iron heel of wealth. For behind his prison bars his big warm heart still throbs with the hopes and fears of the downtrodden; he still keeps watch on the events of our times, and when permitted to write to his friends still encourages them not to give up the fight. Though but a boy in years, he has shown the philosophy and courage of a man; no word of complaint has ever passed his lips in all these three years, although he has been subjected to even more rigorous discipline than prisoners usually undergo.

Lovers of justice everywhere, even if not in sympathy with the feeling that prompted the act of 1892, must recognize the injustice of such a trial, under such circumstances, and by such a judge and jury, and must agree with us that when, according to the law he was accused of violating, the extreme penalty should have been seven years, the tactics pursued in order to sentence him for such a length of time were unlawful, as well as unjust and inhuman.

Berkman does not petition for a pardon, nor for a new trial, but simply for a reduction of sentence. Comrades and friends that feel interested in this poor prisoner will bear in mind that money is required for every effort of this kind, and will help us all they can.

Those desiring further information, or desiring to contribute to the fund, should address, until further notice, Charles Schneider, 82 Hill street, 12th Ward, Alleghany, Pa.

Emma Goldman.*

Comrades:—The Journals of Europe have the defect that they do not give us an exact idea of the revolutionary movement in America. In order to be up to date with the progress of the emancipation of the people, it becomes necessary to read the papers in their original language. I subscribe for your paper, and the amount of subscription will be sent as soon as the paper is received.

Markeloff.

Rustchuk, Bulgaria.

* All our Exchanges who favor justice will please copy and request others to. The comrades everywhere will do well to exert themselves in Berkman's behalf. Get your local papers to mention this effort to free Comrade Berkman.

THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT.

IN FRANCE the movement goes on as usual. The social democrats are trying to destroy the idea of a general strike, and center all effort of the proletariat in their hands, and continue to vote themselves deeper and deeper into slavery. But the Anarchist propaganda is spreading with wonderful rapidity in spite of all opposition.

IN ITALY the movement is, from mere outside appearance, not encouraging, for Crispi—the Ex-revolutionist—has won in the last elections by force, fraud, intimidation and coercion. But the fact that out of 1,600,000 electors 700,000 abstained from voting clearly points to the conclusion that the workers of Italy are rapidly coming to the conclusion that political action is a futile method of trying to gain freedom. What would be gained by the election of Cavallotti anyhow? He may be more honest, personally, than Crispi, but he voted for the coercive laws thinking to help crush the Anarchists. These laws are now used against him.

At Rimini, Ferrari, who was elected by all sort of trickery and corruption, has been assassinated, while Barbato, sentenced to eighteen years of penal servitude at Milan, has been thrice elected by the opposition. The election of Barbato each time was simply an expression of sympathy for the condemned Anarchists and a rebuke to the government. Thus we see that the revolutionary movement and Anarchist propaganda are growing apace in Italy.

IN HOLLAND the revolutionary movement is growing stronger every day. The Anarchist spirit is spreading rapidly in the ranks of the Socialist party, and the time is near when there will be no social-democracy in Holland.

Unlike the Socialists of Germany and elsewhere, the Dutch Socialists are not trying to capture the political machine. They don't take part in the elections, knowing how useless it is. Strikes are frequent; last month four important ones took place in Amsterdam. Bakers, carpenters, cigar and tobacco workers, and diamond cutters went out successively, all of them gaining their full demands. In nearly every case they came in conflict with the police, an almost daily occurrence anyhow, and pitching the police into the canals—so numerous in Amsterdam—has become so common that they now take swimming lessons, by order. In Frazee they now hold Socialist and Anarchist meetings in churches. In St. Ann's parish the church wardens are all revolutionists. The Clergyman has been dismissed and the church henceforward put to the service of the revolution.

IN GERMANY the defeat of the coercive law caused a little jubilation among the social-democratic leaders, but otherwise was hardly noticed. One poor soldier, however, was so overjoyed that he cried: "Three cheers for Social-Democracy," and got four months for his impudence. Anarchist propaganda is being carried on quietly, and a new paper, to take the place of Der Sozialist, is soon to appear.

IN RUSSIA, despite the supposed non-existence of a labor movement, and the strictly underground character of all revolutionary tendencies, in Odessa 3000 hack drivers struck, a new phenomenon in Russia. The immediate cause of the strike was an ordinance, lately passed by the City Council, compelling the

hack drivers to remain where they had discharged their last passenger until another customer employed them, thus preventing them from moving to a quarter where they would be more apt to catch a customer. All unexpected by their employers, they had a fund on hand, and so went on strike. They watch all scabs who attempt to go to work, and cut the harness. At Jaroslavl 10,000 weavers struck. Strange as it may seem, money is being sent from other cities, all over Russia, to support the strikers while they are out.

The result of these strikes is not yet known, but such news is very encouraging, no matter what the outcome may be, as it shows that the struggle for freedom is taking new form with fresh vigor in the hand of the "Little Father."

IN ENGLAND the comrades are active in their street-corner agitation, as well as in the Trades Unions and are preparing to see if the Social-Democrats will be able to exclude the Anarchists from the coming International Congress, which they have announced their intention to do. The May Day celebrations in London showed that the Anarchist sentiment is much stronger than the Social-Democratic sentiment, and the comrades may yet teach Dr. Averling that he does not control the revolutionary movement in Great Britain.

Here in the United States the conspiracy of silence among the Associated Press is so complete that news of the revolt in the various sections of the country can seldom be had promptly, thus making a comprehensive review of the revolutionary movement necessarily always behind the time of the events which indicate the growth of the revolutionary movement. The most important indication of the growth of the revolutionary spirit was the lack of patriotic enthusiasm on the "Nation's Birthday." Everywhere immense official parades were indulged in, but nowhere was there any popular demonstrations.

In Baltimore the Socialists tried to have a demonstration, which turned into a political rally, addressed by by the Socialist candidates for Mayor and Sheriff; fitting men to orate on Independence Day, of course. Everywhere labor, organized and unorganized, was conspicuous for its absence in the columns of parades. Religious intolerance manifested itself in some places, in Boston causing a row, in which blood was shed, between the A. P. A's and the Catholics.

A great coal mine strike is in progress in Virginia; the militia has been sent to the scene of trouble, but the reports are very meager as to the actual condition of affairs. In Spring Valley, Ill., 300 coal miners have gone to their bosses and offered to go into absolute slavery if the bosses will provide for them and their families. Their former president, now president of the American Federation of Labor, McBride, has said he sees nothing for them to do but lie down and die. In the Couer de Aline region, the miners prepared to celebrate the third anniversary of the blowing up of the Bunker Hill mine, on July 18. The papers told us that all the A. P. A. men had been sworn in as special Militia to prevent the miners from parading, but they have not told us if they did prevent it, so we take it for granted that the miners celebrated as they had planned.

All over the state of Washington the secret

organization and drilling of the disinherited is going on, while the Labor Exchange movement is engaging public attention.

Here in Portland things move on as usual. The official Fourth of July Celebration made its appearance just as a heavy shower of rain was falling. It had a blondee with decidedly Hebrew cast of features, for the official Goddess of Liberty, while a half dozen or so unofficial Goddesses were to be seen in the procession, among which was Miss Nettie Olds, high priestess of the Secular Church, clad in what looked like a sleeveless nightgown, and a pasteboard crown. On the float with her were the children of the Secular Sunday School, and the leading members of the church, among whom could be seen a couple of pretended anarchists. They all sang "the flag that makes you free" and waved the old rag, but no applause broke from the crowd of spectators.

The merchants who have felt the influence of Bank domination of finances, are kicking like bay steers, and want a "revolution" bad. They know they are hurt, but do not realize the full import of the on-coming revolution.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

The railroadmen have struck; this time with no exception. The engineers as well as the track walkers have laid down their tools, with the resolve not to touch them again until their demands are granted.

An effort to run a train with a scab crew resulted in its annihilation. The bridges have been destroyed, all telegraphic communication has been cut off as well. It is every industrial center for itself. Not a wheel has turned for a week. Martial law been declared, the militia and regulars are patrolling the town. Their overbearing manners create constant friction with the workmen, who are becoming too irritated to be restrained much longer by the law and order peace howling leaders.

In spite of the threats of the police and soldiery, a popular Anarchist agitator mounts a box at a street corner. Soon a large audience has gathered around him, and while he discourses on the evils of government, and pictures out the beauties of the coming society, the patrolwagon drives up with a squad of police to arrest him. The assembly refuses to make room and resists the efforts of the officers to secure the agitator. Clubs and revolvers were drawn, when all at once several loud explosions shook the surrounding buildings. After the smoke has cleared away, the patrolwagon and its defenders are no more. The audience for the time being stunned soon rallies.

Bombs were handed around, several accounting parties sent out to await the militia and regulars, which were soon seen marching in doublequick. A detachment of cavalry charged down the street, but the scouts, advantageously placed, threw bombs among them. The few remaining alive lost control of their horses which turned and charged on the infantry, creating confusion; dynamite bombs exploded among them, some officers were killed, the militia, panicstricken fled towards the armory, carrying the regulars with them. Some old veterans took charge of the crowd, divided them into regiments, surrounded the armory

from all sides, put guards on the bridges and ferries.

The excitement spread like wildfire, men were coming from all sides. Soon the cry arose, down with the rich, down them! The banks made haste to shut up their buildings. The well to do sought escape in flight, but some of them were caught; "hang them," the crowd howled, "hang the son of a b—, hang them."

The courthouse, city hall and jail were discovered to be burning. The prisoners were released and all those building were reduced to ashes in a short time. The excitement continued to grow, women were soon seen carrying banners with inciting inscriptions, and others urged their men on in their work of destruction. Some Anarchist raised the red flag, "down with all government," he cried, "down with government," the multitude echoed. "All the insults, misery," cried the multitude, and toward the armory they surged, to be received there with a deadly fire from the gatling guns, placed on the roof. A howl of rage arose, but the old soldiers again soon brought order out of the chaotic mass. Cannons were procured, catapults built to throw dynamite bombs, and movable protections constructed.

But let us leave this interesting picture for a while and go out to the country. Farmer Jones who is just getting back from town, having seen the sight and heard all the news, and when in sight of home, waves the late issue of *THE FIREBRAND* aloft and yells like a commanche indian, so that the team came very nearly running away, and his wife rushes out to see what is the matter. "Holy pumpkins, old girl, come here and hold me or I'll bust. Gee wittaker, whoop!" "What is up Abe, you have not been drinking, have you?" "No, nothing of the kind, but I am full just the same, full of good news. The mortgage is paid, mother; no more interest, no more slaving from morning till night to keep the old homestead from the money sharks; no more scraping around for taxes." "But what has happened Abe, I don't understand." "Why the revolution, about which the papers have been talking about, for ever so long, has come and gone, and we did not know anything about it. You know I drove to town to sell some potatoes, to get money to pay the interest on the mortgage. But there was no chance to sell anything, every thing was in an uproar, such as I never saw before.

They were just blowing up the armory with dynamite when I got there, and all them tin-soldiers in it went to glory; golly that was a sight. The city is burned upsidedown, the workingmen are on top. The Courthouse and City hall with all their records wiped out, burned down. The rich have fled or hunted their holes, and for the time being the people rule. They have declared the co-operative commonwealth, and from now on they are going to run things to suit themselves. You remember I was always apposed to these Socialists and Anarchists, but I don't know about it now, it strikes me rather favorably, we can keep our farm, have no more taxes or interest to pay and I think I'll stay with the boys." Why of course, Abe, what better could you do, we can go and work now, with a heart and live again as we did, when we got married and the farm was free of incumbrances. But what have you

got in the wagon?" Well, let me talk for once and I'll tell you everything. After driving around a while, I was directed to the food committee, which has charge of all the provisions on hand, and coming in. They told me to leave my potatoes with them and I could take anything I needed. They gave me some groceries, we had to have in the house anyway. I picked out a pair of shoes for myself and some calico for a dress for you, and then I thought I had about as much as the taters were worth, and started to drive home, but they stopped me and asked if I did not want a new cultivator plough, harness or some thing of that kind, you bet I do, sez I. Well then take it along, old man, they said, and put it in the wagon; we have no use for it here in town and you have. And here is something for you, Sally, here wrapped up in paper. "What is it Abe?" "Look and see for yourself." "Why the idea a new fashionable bonnet, just the thing I wanted, you better put up the horses Abe, while I run in the house and try on the bonnet." "I knew that would strike her," said the old man "but where is the hired man?" "Hey, Ben, where are you, come along and help me to unhitch the team, what have you been doing?" "None of your business." "What's up." "Nothing only I read *THE FIREBRAND* and know what is going on. I am going to leave you and move on to the old Kearny place; I talked with the neighbors about it and they said I was entitled to it, being so long around here, and what is more your daughter Lizzy is going to keep house for me." "Well I'll be blowed," gasped the old man, "and not even ask my permission or nothing?" "We are all equals now, and you might as well act according to it. I like her and she likes me and that is all there is to it."

"Well, well, Ben, I did not think of that, this comes kinder sudden; will you please help me then with the team and you'll stay for supper anyway, won't you?" "Why of course, now you are talking, go in and rest yourself and I'll tend to the stock." Old man Jones strokes his whiskers meditatively and goes up to the house where he finds his wife trying on the new bonnet.

"Do you know the latest news, Sally?" "No Abe, what is it?" "Ben is going to leave us and Lizzie is going with him." You don't say so; Lizzie, never! Why he hasn't a thing to name." "O yes he has, he is just as rich now as we are, he's going on the Kerny place." "But it isn't his." "O yes sally, occupancy and use are the only titles to land from this time on." Who is going to marry them, Abe?" "Nobody, no use of marrying; they live together as long as it pleases them, and quit when they feel like it." "For shame, how can you talk that way, Abe?" "Well, mother, there is no use of complaining, you might just as well give in. There is no government any more; we are free now, and I for my part like it; I don't see why I should object to Lizzy living with Ben, she is a grown woman, and Ben is a steady man, besides that I can't keep her from going with him. Every body is a law unto themselves from this on, and we might as well get used to it. I am going to give them one of my teams. I'll have no use for it anyway; and some cows and pigs as well. Furniture and tools he can get in town for nothing

and he can go to work like the rest of us." I think I'll attend the Alliance meeting to-morrow evening and then we farmers can talk it over, how to adjust ourselves to this new condition.
Zeak Slabs.

A SYMPOSIUM.

THE FIREBRAND has been chosen as the arena for the discussion of a number of questions as to Anarchist-Communism, by a number of the best known Anarchists writers and their answers to these questions will appear under this head successively. All the comrades wishing to, are invited to take part in this discussion, but we request that they make their contributions short and to the point.

RECEIPTS.

Portland, Or., H. A. K., 25c.; E. J. L. 50c. Sales of papers \$3.35. New York, Rev. Arbeiterbund by C. Masur \$5. Tacoma, Wash., A. Klemencic \$2.50. Seattle, Wash., R. T. Dykman 25c. Sheboygan, Wis., L. B. 25c. New York, J. Rubash \$1.

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ANARCHIST JOURNALS.

THE TORCH, 127, Ossulton St., London, NW
FREEDOM, 7, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

LIBERTY, 7, Beadon Road, Hammersmith London, W.

THE ANARCHIST, D. J. Nicoll, Broomhall St. Sheffield.

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LES TEMPS NOUVEAUX, J. Grave, 140 Rue Mouffetard, Paris.

LA SOCIALE.—E. Pouget, 23, Rue des trois Freres, Paris, France.

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FREIHEIT, John Mueller, P. O. Box No. 346 New York City.

DER ANARCHIST, Nic. Mauer, 174 E. Third St., New York City.

FREI WACHT, 522 Berk St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ARME TRUFEL, No. 6 Champlain Street, Detroit, Mich.

DIE FACKEL OF VORBORE, both No. 28-30 S. Market St., Chicago, Ill.

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Comrades, agitate for *THE FIREBRAND*!