

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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FORWARD.

Go on! No heed to grief and pain.
Retreat not in the blackest night;
Work, struggle for the farthest dawn,
That shows in gloom a glimpse light.

While hand is strong and step is firm,
Keep hold of hope, though faint its light;
And in the name of Light and Truth,
Uplift thy torch to utmost height.

And though the multitude with scorn
And wrath thy name may toss about,
And send reproach, of malice born,
The hasty verdict of the crowd,

Go on, with never failing heart,
Thy path, though rugged, thorny, steep,
All storms, adversities of life,
With youthful valor try to meet.

Awake the mass in darkness sleeping,
The fallen lend a helping hand;
The living word of truth eternal
Thrust like a sunbeam on the land.

AUTHORITARIAN ATHEISTS.

In ancient history we read of the seven
wonders of the world, the greatest of which
was, perhaps, the Colossus of Rhodes.

Modern times have produced a still greater
wonder. We have heard of colossal ignorance,
but the wonder referred to is colossal
stupidity—atheistic authoritarianism.

It is excusable in one who has ever had
unbounded faith in the teachings of the
church to believe in authority, for "the
powers that be are ordained of God", the
church teaches. Having been trained to
believe in the total depravity of the race,
and consequent necessity of all manner of
restraint and punishment, they very naturally
fear the abolition of the State's authority,
seeing in it the danger of "hell broke

loose," or pandemonium.

But it is quite different with the Atheist,
with his repudiation of the god idea, the
Secularist, with his motto, "one world at
a time", and the Freethinker, contending
"universal mental liberty". For convenience
I will draw no distinction between
these three schools of thought, for the same
reasoning will apply to all. Pretending to
be free in their thoughts, they would make
bounds for other people's actions. Ridiculing
all who worship a divine church, an infallible
book, or pope, they reverently lift their
hat to the emblem of an all-powerful State.
Boastingly disrespectful of all sacred things,
they stand with awe and reverence in the
presence of an august court. They scoff at
the "unseen powers of the air", but are
staunch upholders of the unseen—those
powerfully felt—powers of the State. They
would rob the skies of their power and glory,
and enoble the State with God's mantle of
omnipotence. They pity the "poor fool" who
pays tribute to the church, and glorify the
man who always pays tribute to the State
without protest.

Strange and wonderful is the mind of the
infidel authoritarians. Blissfully ignorant
of the untenableness of their position, they
continue to ascribe all our ills to a belief in
God, and point with pride to "our glorious
government", as though it were the source
of all our happiness. They never weary of
holding up the law-abiding, tax-paying infidel—
especially if he be a robber like Lick, Sanford,
Girard or Westbrook—as a model of noble
humanity, and of denouncing the poor
religionist who dares defy the government,
when its decrees conflict with what he
considers his rights.

It takes a contortion of the mind to believe
in the right to govern when a "supreme
ruler" is not recognized. If there is no god,
no supreme ruler, or all-wise governor,
where does the right to govern come from?
States—governments—have always had their
authority for existence from God, directly or
indirectly, and the Atheist who advocates and
upholds government is in a condition of mind
that will furnish voluminous study for future
psychologists.

HENRY ADDIS.

Comrades, agitate for THE FIREBRAND!

ADDRESS TO GENTLEMEN OF LEISURE.

FRIENDS and believers in a common God:
The responsibility resting upon you at this time
is immense, as you occupy the same position in
this country at this time as that occupied by
our effete, aristocratic brethren of old Europe.
You are our best beloved, most angelic, god-
favored children. You have never raised your
snow white, unwrinkled hands in the counting
room of a banker, on the floor of the exchange,
or at a merchant's counter. Never have you
polluted your sunflower souls with the thought
of vile touch of field or workshop implements.

You spend your daytime walking along our
fashionable avenues sucking your goldheaded
canes, or driving along our boulevards and
parks; and in the evenings you wile away the
hours with the demi monde in private theatre
boxes, or society receptions with powdered ladies
of conventional manners, habits and virtue.

I can truly say that while God has been generous
to all here present, his beneficence has been
showered on you with greater liberality,
with more lavish hand; for while the rest of us
have had to exercise our hands and brains at
times, such ungentlemanly conduct has never
fallen to your lot. Yet you cannot consider
yourselves independent of the friends in the audience,
for owing to the manner in which your
estates are tied up by legal chains, you frequently
run short of funds and are compelled to call
upon our friends the bankers and brokers for
slight accommodations—all sprigs of nobility
encounter these little pecuniary difficulties at
times, because of the enormous demands made
upon them by discarded mistresses, the roulette
table and the race track. Indeed I may express
myself in the words of Byron;

"You are young, but know not youth—it is
anticipated;
Handsome but wasted, rich without a son;
Your vigor in a thousand arms is dissipated;
Your cash comes from, your wealth goes to a
Jew;
And having sung, dined, drunk, gamed and
whored,
The family vault receives another lord."

You have inherited your wealth from shrewd
and industrious parents—it does not matter
how they became possessed of it so long as they
left it to you; it is yours, else the Lord would
not permit you to enjoy it. Your great interests
are threatened, and in self defense you
must join hands with your brethren here and
protect yourselves from the possibilities of law-
less distribution of your estates among the
hungry monsters who, like unchained tigers,
are roaring at your doors for food for their

starving wives and cubs. In order to avoid this you must contribute largely to the charitable fund now being raised by our far seeing plutocratic friends. Be sure and give in the name of God and sweet charity, that the working cattle may admire your generosity — may forget the wolf when they see but the lamb — for thus and thus only can you be saved.

I would also remind you gentlemen of the powerful influence wielded at present by the great newspapers of our cities, and the necessity of controlling their utterances, and this can only be done by a share of the gold you give. Understand me now, give in the name of God and charity to the starving, but close your eyes when much of the fund is given for blackmail, for indeed, my friends, these great enterprises are but blackmailing concerns. But as they enjoy the confidence of the ignorant masses to an unlimited extent we must make them the oracles of our thought and guardians of our interests, and by doing so there is little danger of emerging from this crisis in an impecunious condition.

Our creator has recognized our inability to labor in the field, factory and workshop, and in order that his holy will be enforced every influence must be utilized to widen the social chasm which separates us from the working population.

I am aware that the holders of the newspaper stock are the monied men represented in this audience and are consequently interested on our side of this question, but the writers must be made to regard our interests as paramount to all others. This can only be done by coercion or bribery, therefore let us employ both methods—coerce if possible, bribe if necessary. Nothing must be permitted to appear in the editorial or news columns that would arouse the thoughts of the masses to an investigation of the fundamental causes underlying these periodic famines.

We are living in an age of intellectual distrust and investigation. There is abroad in our land a desire to return to the social and theological doctrines taught by the school of philosophers beginning in this country with Infidel Paine and Monarchy-hating Jefferson, and continued by National Bank-detesting Jackson and Slavery-destroyer Phillips; and these pernicious doctrines are being taught today by Drury, McKay, VanOrnum, Gronlund, George and countless others of their hellish kind, and have doubtless permeated the writers of the press, and while we know that the great editors of the country at this time are as a rule an unprincipled set of mental prostitutes, there may be some fanatics among them whom power cannot silence nor gold purchase, and these are the most dangerous to our cause. To permit them to remain in an editorial chair or at a reporter's desk is out of the question — they must be silenced by immediate discharge. But while the great papers of the cities are under our control, let us not forget the countless country papers and trade-union journals, and at the first manifestation of rebellion against our interests let us seduce them with power or lucre when it would be too dangerous to bring them to the scaffold. As conservators of society, we are justified in resorting to any means within our power to reach our desired end — justified by the laws of our country, by the civilization in

which we live and, let us say, the God before whose throne we must some day bow our heads.

It has been written by one of the great proletarian poets, Shelley, I think, that:

"Reformers exclaim against sinecures — but the true pension list is the rent roll of the landed proprietors; wealth is a power usurped by a few to compel the many to labor for their benefit. The laws which support this system derive their force from the ignorance and credulity of its victims; they are the result of a conspiracy of the few against the many."

And another great poet of the time has stated the issues of this coming struggle much more clearly:

"The masses are poor, ignorant and disorganized, not knowing the right of mankind on the earth, and never knowing that the world belongs to its living population, because a small class in every country has taken possession of property and government and makes laws for its own safety and the security of its plunder, educating the masses, generation after generation into the belief that this condition is the natural order and the law of God. By long

training and submission the people everywhere have come to regard the assumption of their rulers and owners as the law of right and common sense, and their own blind instinct, which tells them that every man ought to have a plenteous living on this rich earth, as the promptings of evil and disorder. The qualities we naturally fear and dislike in a man are those which insure success under our present social order, namely, shrewdness, hardness, adroitness, selfishness, the mind to take advantage of necessity, the will to trample on the weak in the canting name of progress and civilization. The qualities we love in a man send him to the poor house—generosity, truthfulness, friendliness, unselfishness, the desire to help, the mind to refuse profit from a neighbor's loss or weakness, defense of the weak. Our present civilization is organized injustice and mental barbarism. Our progress is a march to a precipice."

Imagine the mental condition of John Boyle O'Reilly when he penned the above indictment of our age, and imagine if you can the blazing torches, the flashing swords, the dynamite bombs, the rivers of blood—our precious blood, —if these teachings are ever accepted by the masses and we attempt to resist them by force alone. What awful scenes and results can we not contemplate? A different policy must be ours. For the present we must assess ourselves as heavily as we can afford to.

Ten per cent on your incomes would not be too much, and this, combined with the other money raised, will give one meal of mush a day to the starving and a bribe the newspaper writers, as you understand the newspapers must pronounce in favor of our soup house schemes and applaud our generosity.

Gentlemen, you may consider this an extravagant way of protecting yourselves. You may argue that this is not necessary because of this splendid combination of class interests of which you are a part; that when you have the pulpit, the law, the money power, the newspapers, the soldiery, the police, the great labor leaders and nigh twenty centuries of Christian education on your side, there is no danger to be feared. But, gentlemen, I warn you of the probable results of such reasoning! It is true that all of these influences are on your side — priests, lawyers, merchants, landlords, politicians, bankers, military men, labor chiefs, and all who live or hope to live at the expense of

others. True that your possessions are enormous, your acres countless and your tenement houses many; but there comes a time when all these count for nothing against the demands of hungry millions who, like the barbarians that invaded the oldest civilization, have no respect for palaces, churches, courts, workhouses or prisons. At such times the animals want bread and must have it. Your possessions may be seized and distributed amongst the hungry, your contracts with your farming tenants be repudiated and the crops held as compensation for the labor expended in the corn fields and vegetable gardens; your city lodgers ignore your claims for rent, and all this on the plea that your possessions are but the proceeds of your plunder, and your titles to land ownership as inequitable and bloody as those of pirates and highwaymen to their booty. And if the sixteen millions of toiling slaves throughout the cities and country should take this position, all is up with us! The uselessness of our depending on the military to subdue them must be apparent to all; not only this, gentlemen, I call your attention to the ease with which they could demoralize our interests and destroy our — not their—civilization.

You are aware that the great cities are the centers of this civilization; that within their limits are the palaces of the merchant princes, famous lawyers, leading ministers, popular statesman, brainy editors, great railroad kings, well known bankers, brokers, and men of leisure. Here also are the great stock exchanges, commercial buildings, churches, jails and police stations.

But here too are the hordes of the ignorant, dirty faced workmen, with their starving wives and emaciated brats, numbering ninety-eight per cent of the population—for the small traders are in sympathy with them—while we number but two per cent. If twenty-five per cent of the caneille would accept the advice of that German scoundrel, Karl Marx, "Workmen of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains," and then resolve to take to their homes two pennies' worth of lamp oil and a few matches, and on some windy night start their conflagration, where would our possessions be in the morning? Why, Gentlemen, if only three or four thousand of these vagabonds get to work in such cities as New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco or any other of the larger cities, there would be nothing left to meet our eye when the sky lark soars to pay his morning tribute to the sky, but burnt prairie. Our metropolises would have disappeared, our possessions have vanished, while the workmen, having "nothing to lose but their chains," would have as much of this world's goods as when they landed here, and the native born among them would be in the same position in which they found themselves when they started out to make their fortunes. Yea, more! if we wanted to restore our loss we would have to employ them to rebuild and so much building would be required that there would be work and wages for all. Having been accustomed to hovels, they could live, laugh and be happy; while we, being children of the kindergarten and products of the palace;—I fear we should die.

Another point, gentlemen. Having de-

stroyed existing institutions, and with them their chains; would they consent to be wage slaves again? I fear not! Therefore I ask you men having a common interest in our cause to awake to your interests and avoid the threatened calamity.

Ah, friends, you little dream of the power of these fellows if they once learn how to use it! It is their ignorance and race prejudice that saves us and we must do every thing in our power to shut out their mental light, that their race and religious passions may be still further developed. We must play on these as the violinist does on the strings of his instrument, making them respond to every whim of ours. These are the tactics we must employ and on our success depends a future that means the conserving of our special interests or the equality of all men, and the equality of all men means our death; for live we could not, once deprived of those privileges enjoyed by our classes for so many generations.

Think of it, gentlemen! we would have to live in cottages, without servants, or flunkies, coachmen or ministers; drive and groom our own horses, wait on ourselves; confine ourselves to our selected wives and work for our own living; we who escaped the lance of the abortionist and the pills of the physician; born of weak and tender mothers, too refined to suckle us: well-bred, finely educated—we who figure as the state, compelled by necessity to work in the garden and workshop with grotesque, horrid farmers and greasy mechanics. Oh God, avert such a calamity!—[From "A Secret and Confidential Address to the Professional Classes," by Father Gavroche.

The Letter-Box.

A. R. S., Lisbon, Portugal. — Glad to hear from you. The desired copies will be sent. Our best greeting to our young comrades over there. We bid them a hearty welcome to our ranks. Let them use the opportunities they have as university students for the welfare of their less favored brethren.

F. Fox, Esquire, Tampa, Fla. — We try to please everybody if possible. We will furnish with pleasure THE FIREBRAND to set your town afire.

C. L., Chicago, Ill. — We are glad to get your letter and learn of the work in Chicago. We publish a review of the prospectus you sent, but had not room for the circular itself.

L. P. C., Arcadia, La. — You may bet we will. Let us hear how you like THE FIREBRAND.

I. T., Chicago, Ill. — The four addresses you sent have been put on the list. Send us more if you can. Send us a good report of Mowbray's meetings.

F. W. R., Battles, Ala. — You shall have THE FIREBRAND in your new location. We hope, for your sake, that you may succeed with your new associates.

WHETHER in chains or in laurels, Liberty knows nothing but victories. — Wendell Phillips.

MORALS are of no sex. What is right for one sex is right for the other.

NOTES AND CRITICISMS.

Why did the "cops" look so scared and the deputy city attorney get so excited in the police court when Comrade Isaak was on "trial"? Because there were some Anarchists in the room.

THE sound of the word Anarchist is a terror to the police officers. So much so that when I took the witness chair the clerk of the court wrote my name William, although I gave it as Henry.

THE fear of the Anarchists displayed in the police court must be the outgrowth of a false opinion of Anarchists, a belief that Anarchism is simply formulas for making explosives, coupled with a recognition of the Anarchists' courage and lack of fear.

THE moral supervisors of the city, the police court and its lackeys, are so conscious of their own depravity that that consciousness blinds them to any good in any one else and causes them to look upon all actions as springing from bad motives, to be held in bounds by them. "Good Lord deliver us!"

"OUR flag above the cross," is a favorite emblem and stock phrase of the Secularists. Which is responsible for the most bloodshed, suffering, starvation and misery during the last fifty years? asks a friend. It does not take a wise man to answer that question.

PLACE the skull-and-cross-bones, grinning and ugly, but harmless, except to those who are easily terrified, on the cross; then place an owl-wise judge issuing his injunctions and passing sentence, and a hangman, militia man, sheriff and policeman, ready to obey the commands of the court, on the flag, and you have the difference between them. One, the ghost of past power and tyranny, the other, the emblem of present power and oppression.

THE close alliance between the Secularists and the powers that be is shown by the fact that a prominent "leader" in secular work is now on the Portland police force. Let us pray to Grover for his blessing and swear by the Truthseeker(?) to remain faithful to the end!

WE are in receipt of the prospectus of "The Co-operative Institute of Chicago." It shows the present tendency to combine and destroy competition, and proposes as a remedy for the evil effects of these combinations the formation of "The Co-operative Institute," which they expect to make "a greater combination than was ever before attempted." By their plan they expect to "make an absolute provision for every member against want or the fear of want, not only for themselves, but for their families while they live." They claim, "This is no scheme whereby a few are benefitted at the expense of the many. Every member stands on a perfect equality with every other, labor performed being the only measure of rewards. There are no stocks to draw dividends, no bonds to draw interest, no salaries to officials." Comrades who desire further information should apply to W. H. VanOrnum, Room

20 Staats Zeitung Building, Chicago.

H. A.

FOR the benefit of our German readers we announce with pleasure that "Der Socialist", the organ of the German Anarchists, made its reappearance August 17th. As we mentioned some time ago, it was suppressed by the government confiscating its mail and subscription list. Of course the workers on the paper, from the editor to the compositors, were periodically arrested, but their places were immediately supplied by others. Such a small matter as being imprisoned for a year or two did not in the least abate their enthusiasm and zeal for the cause. But confiscation made it impossible to continue the struggle any further. State Socialism, you see? They see their way clear for awhile anyway, since the failure of the government to pass the Umsturz bill, to reissue the paper. Address, Wilhelm Spohr, Berlin, P., Frankfurter Allee 105, 1 Treppe, Buchdruckerei, Germany. Subscription. \$2 a year.

FREDERICK ENGELS, one of the best writers for the cause of Socialism, died at an advanced age in London recently. Though an avowed enemy of Anarchism, he could not help but acknowledge that after society was rearranged on a Socialistic foundation the necessity for government would fall away and it would therefore be abolished. Among his numerous works I mention "From Utopia to Science" as a good exponent of his views.

THE historian Carlyle says: "A man who is willing to work and not able to find employment is without doubt the best illustration of the unjust division of wealth under the sun. Man pushes himself to the front to be harnessed like a quadruped to a cart. Queer world this! Not even a horse goes voluntarily to work, and gets his feed and what he needs otherwise, while the biped worker has to beg for an opportunity to slave. And besides, they tell us this biped worker carries with him an immortal soul!"

"Go to work, you lazy cusses!" is the answer given by the rich man to the tramp who asks for a little assistance. Such people should be made to read the following, taken from the official labor statistics;

"It has been found in regard to lack of employment, that there are, since last three years, 2,500,000 people out of employment in the United States, and about 10,000,000 depend on these again for subsistence."—[Vote.

Now what I want to know is, how these people can depend for subsistence on those who have nothing themselves?

OF the citizens of the United States, 84½ per cent own no real estate: 15½ per cent own every square foot of the land and have the power to collect tribute from all the rest of the population for the right to occupy the land. This is the beneficent effect of government, which alone makes land ownership possible.

WE have received a prospectus of a new Anarchistic journal to be established in Boston under the appropriate name, "The Rebel."

As a future contributor is mentioned, among other well known writers, a certain "Prince" Kropotkin. I have heard that he was at one time a subject of the czar of Russia and held the title of prince. But since he became an Anarchist, since he considers himself the equal of any and all men, he has voluntarily renounced all class distinctions and become our much loved comrade and fellow worker, Peter Kropotkin.

It seems to me, though I hope I may be mistaken, that the comrades in Boston are affected with the same feeling that many of our American girls suffer from—title worship. To have a genuine prince among their contributors was a temptation to which the founders of *The Rebel* had to succumb. But of course it would not be charitable now to make unkind remarks about the women of this country who buy themselves a prince or a duke simply for the sake of the title.

We comrades in the wild and woolly West would feel rather small but for our delusive ideas about the equality of men, when we compare the writers for *The Firebrand* with the prospective writers for our new helpmate, *The Rebel*. We have no princes and professors among us—only "common working people". Comrade Morris, for instance, is a printer, Addis a painter, Pawson a woodchopper, Squire a corsetmaker, Virroqua Daniels a farmer girl in the mountains, and the writer of these lines a gardener.

In consequence of our being plain, common-sense people, we had an idea that our Anarchistic theories might just as well be tried now, whenever and wherever we had a chance, and therefore started *The Firebrand* on the basis of a free association with voluntary co-operation, and have through it become convinced that this is the only way to work and make the paper live. If we had chosen some one as editor, the rest of us would have depended on him for the success of our enterprise. Not having delegated any authority or even labor, each one of the comrades feels equally interested in the success of the paper. If one is for some reason prevented from doing his usual share, the others step in and make up the deficiency.

I ADMIT that the paper is not perfect, that it can be improved on, but taking the environments into consideration under which we labor, I dare say it is a success. It is an undeniable, constant proof of the correctness of our theories. And I sincerely advise our comrades in Boston to try to put in practice what they preach—voluntary association and co-operation.

We have received the prospectus of a new Anarchist Magazine, to be called "*The Rebel*," to be published in Boston, Mass. The first issue will appear about October 1. Voltairine De Cleyre is to be editor, C. W. Mowbray, associate editor and H. M. Kelley business manager. Kropotkin, Malatesta, Owen and others of national and international fame are mentioned as contributors to the first number. Subscription 50 cents. Address H. M. Kelly, 100 Hudson street, Boston, Mass.

Correspondence.

"THE VILLAGE COMMUNE."

I WAS gratified to see that some one besides Mr. Clemens and myself had actually read Ouida's "Village Commune".

When I read W. C. Owen's article "The Novel in Propaganda", in *THE FIREBRAND* of August 11th, I exclaimed: "I would like to shake hands with that gentleman." I sincerely hope Mr. Owen's mention of the book will be the means of bringing it more generally into circulation, for it certainly is the book best calculated to open the eyes of the prejudiced, and is a complete education in itself. He would be a hardened wretch indeed who would not be moved by its pathos. I got hold of a copy a number of years ago, published, I think, in the Seaside Library. Up to that time I had given these subjects very little thought. I looked upon the police as heroes—owing I've no doubt to their star-spangled uniforms—but these even, lost their charm when I looked upon Ouida's vivid paintings, and saw only brutal autocrats "clothed in a little brief authority". It is possible for a good man to become a policeman, but impossible for a policeman to remain a good man. All will agree with me who will read Ouida's "Village Commune".

STELLA M. CLEMENS.

Topeka, Kansas.

AMONG THE STUDENTS.

You will please send, if possible, one or more copies of each issue of your periodical, *THE FIREBRAND*, to the group, "El Indefinidos", under which name we meet.

The group is composed of young men new in our ranks, for the most part academics. They desire to possess all the anarchistic publications, in order to form a "Library of Sociologic Works", for the purpose of making propaganda for our ideal.

Direct to D. Belmonte, Poco Novo, No. 11 (aos Poyas de S. Bento), Lisbon, Portugal.

Comrade Jeau Grave, of Les Tempes Nouveaux, of Paris, can give you information concerning us.

BELMONTE.

Lisbon, Portugal.

PEACEFUL SOLUTION IMPOSSIBLE.

I will be glad to receive your little paper. C. F. Lindstrom is, I believe, a sincere reformer, but he is illogical. I believe in the education of the masses fully as much as he does and have urged the "spreading of the light" by never ceasing stream of propaganda, many times.

The conspiracy of silence on the part of the Church and press renders a peaceful revolution most improbable. While the masses, men and women are dominated by super-

stition and priest-ridden to the degree that they are today, a peaceful solution seems impossible.

I should suppose that Mr. Lindstrom's past experience as a "colonist" and also as editor of a progressive little paper, would be sufficient to prove to him that the least possible government is the best government.

CLINTON LOVERIDGE.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTICE!

THE receipt of copies of *THE FIREBRAND* when you have not ordered it, is an invitation to subscribe. If you want the paper and can send us 5 or 10 cents, or more, we will be glad. If you can not send us any money, but want the paper, let us know and you shall have it just the same. All we ask is that you try to get us a subscriber or two. If you do not want it, and will not hand it to some one who does, please inform us; we cannot afford to send it where it is not wanted.

MOWBRAY'S PROPAGANDA TOUR.

C. W. Mowbray is now making a propaganda tour of the various cities of the country. He wishes to visit all the more important cities. All groups and comrades everywhere who wish him to visit their city should address,

H. A. Koch, Secretary,
16 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

ANARCHIST JOURNALS.

THE TORCH, 127, Ossulton St., London, N. W.

FREEDOM, 7, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W. C.

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

THE ANARCHIST, D. J. Nicoll, Broomhall Sheffield.
All of England at 50 cts. a year.

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

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

LA VERDAD, T. Carlo, Correo num. 228, Rosario de Santa Fe, Argentina, S. A.; subscription voluntary.

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EL DESPERTAR, 51 POPLAR PL.—BROOKLYN, N. Y. \$1.50 a year.

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FREIHEIT, John Mueller, P. O. Box No. 846 New York City.

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