

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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Anarchy: A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty. — Century Dictionary.

THE WHISTLING BUOY.

Hoarse bellowing from the boundless deep
Where hurricans in their grandeur sweep,
Where the vast green billows rise and fall
Chained thou art in thy captive thrall!

The stately ships through the dark night ride
Bound inward at the turn of the tide;
The watchman hearkens to catch the sounds
That from thy brazen lip resounds,

When fearful storms in their cruel height
Drive down on the wild and starless night,
The wretch that sinks in the southwest gale,
Hears thy cry, too hoarse for a wail!

But when at eve on the harbour's shore
I sit by the drift the tide waves bore,
I hear thy sad voice sound low and far,
Sobbing across the harbour's bar.

And I think of souls by tempest slain,
Deep down, like thy links of rusted chain,
And thy knell a dirge e'er seems to rise
O'er maa that deep in ruin lies.

G. FRANK GOODPASTURE.

LABOR.

"DIGNITY of labor"—what mockery! By whom, do you suppose, was that phrase sprung upon the people? What was it done for?

The why is not far to seek. Every one likes to think well of himself. Interested parties found that the notion that "all men are created equal," that equality is inherent in men independent of outside appearances, flattered the rising ambition of hosts of ill-conditioned men. With the idea of equality rampant, the visible material inequality must be carefully explained into not counting for much in the make up of the man, or there would come a call for radical changes in institutions, or, far worse, for their total abandonment. If the toiler could be induced to "play" that his unceasing labor

was on a par for respectability and dignity with the leisure and unproductive business of his "more fortunate" neighbor, he would grub in greater contentment than if there were no mitigating circumstances connected with his lot. He has been charmed, or befuddled, into many years of cheerful and unquestioning "usefulness" by being denominated a "person", and by plentifully orating on his importance, and the dignity of drudgery—"n-a-w", labor.

Dignity of slavery! Can a laborer be free? —Never! "Hold, now, you interpose, how can we live without labor?" Could you, if social regulations were beneficent instead of inimical, live without drudgery? "Why—why, of course, but"—Render the DIGNITY out of labor, and you'll find the crackling to be drudgery, nothing more.

Labor must be dumped into the heap with slavery's other rubbish: priestcraft, professional murder, political lumber, profits, property and the like. The exertion for production can be made mere pastime, and such it must be made if we are to be free. Our industrial management, or rather mismanagement, drives nearly every one into a place where he is a woful misfit.

Distasteful or excessive exercise of brain or body is drudgery.

The commercial measuring, weighing and pricing of food, clothing, and tools, keeps every one everlastingly haggling for fear of being cheated; haggling over amounts of goods, places in which to slave, the time to be allotted to toil, and the payments for it all. And who misses being cheated?

So long as knowledge pertaining to the application of natural forces is kept, virtually, under lock and key, as it is now by patents, other privileges and privations, those who are locked out must truckle to the holders of the keys. They must swink and sweat until they gather courage to pick or break the locks, and stand against the monopolization or hoarding of knowledge.

Patent laws enacted ostensibly for the protection of inventors in certain privileges, have, as is usual with laws, filled and guarded the pockets of law manipulators.

Copyright serves as a foundation for immense publishing concerns; and the gross accumulations on brains it was calculated

world drift by way of copyright to the glory of "thinkers", has been ceremoniously switched into the coffers of "smart business men". A literal drudging of wits for other wits—more dignity!

If in the beginning it was any other way, the attachment of dignity to labor has at last simmered down to special branches, except that the words are spoken for vague generalization.

The lines of caste among our free drudges are tightly drawn. The feeling is not unlike that reported to have been displayed in antebellum days by the house slaves on large plantations to the field hands on the same estates, only, I should judge, the contempt and loathing of wage and salary slaves is considerably intensified.

A case in point: A young man who had been engaged as type-writer and general knock-about (!) for certain state officials, was obliged on account of his health to move to another section of country. A "situation" not being procurable in the new location, his wife, less sensitive than he about grades in work, was struck with the happy thought of making and selling bread to keep the wolf away. The bread must be delivered, typewriter's sense of fair play crowded him into helping his wife supply her customers. To do it he must carry a basket on the street (horrible!) in sight of everybody! This menial position of bread vender humbled him so in his own estimation that he could not bring himself to search, except in a half-overt way, for pupils to initiate into the mysteries and refinements of short hand and typewriting. When he attempted to exhibit his skill before a school, the basket of bread tauntingly presented itself before him; he felt himself the meanest menial on earth, and imagining his audience was thinking the same way of him, his embarrassment benumbed his brain and paralyzed his fingers so that failure was the consequence. If his humiliation was so great at finding himself in a menial occupation, his scorn for others in similar callings can be readily surmised.

This example is no exaggeration. Silly as may his cause for suffering seem to some of us, hardened by customary servitude in acknowledged menial employments, where we have respected ourselves by some leg-

demain we called reasoning, convincing ourselves that we were the "equals" of our betters (bosses), ridiculous as this instance from life may appear, the opinion that wrought the torture of mind is common enough. Barring the distinction made in the class of vocations, counting a portion menial and the others respectable, the feeling of abasement was not so far from truth. Would that the consciousness of the littleness of serving others, in whatsoever capacity, and irrespective of the price received, might spread throughout the ranks of the laborers.

To be menials insures us the contempt of those we serve. They look upon us as inferior to their angust selves.

So long as labor is an ingredient of our social order there must be menials.

Drudgery stunts the body or mind, or both. If either are retarded in development, there is opportunity for improvement of conditions, and revolution is in order. An employment, like galvanizing iron, that poisons the employed can be dispensed with if no method can be discovered whereby the object can be accomplished without sacrificing human life. A genuine freeman can take no comfort while living on the blood of others; and blood is the essence a convenience costs, if its manufacture stunts the maker. All drudgery stunts.

Drudgery, labor, and slavery are synonymous.
Lake City, Cal. VIBROQUA DANIELS.

STRIVE TO DO GOOD.

This United States of America is quite a good sized piece of land; and it contains quite a goodly number of people. I have come to the conclusion that the person who insists that all other persons shall think and act on his lines, will have but little time to see to anything else.

Now, to be brief, I am a Socialist, a member of Section Rutland, S. L. P., and I want to say that we are doing all we can to set people thinking, and studying out for themselves the desirability of a co-operative mode of production. We are not State Socialists. We teach the injustice of capitalism, and the utter uselessness of trying to patch up this old, corrupt, unjust, damnable system; the folly of electing one man to office at a salary of \$50,000 a year, to serve the capitalists, whilst millions of poor people, all over our "Land of the Rich and Home of the Slave," are starving because capitalism deprives them of their natural right.

We teach the desirableness of common ownership of land and machinery of production; while, at the same time, we say that if there remains a person with a soul so infinitesimally small as that he shall desire to run his own little machine on his own hook—"root hog or die", there is nothing in Socialism to prevent him. It seems to me, from what I learn from THE FIREBRAND, that Anarchism and Socialism both, as taught by candid, thinking advocates, lead to the same goal; and it pains me to see friends of the cause quarreling. It drives from us persons who would commence the study.

Therefore I was sorry to see comrade Addis' article, "Anarchy and the Farmer," in issue of Dec. 8. It isn't right to say we overlook the farmer. We try to teach the folly of Populism,

"pure and simple," and the beauties of co-operative production and exchange. De Leon may not always be right; but he is a good worker, and a good fighter, and he is doing a good deal of good.

In THE PEOPLE, of Dec. 1st, he says, commenting on an editorial in the New York Press:

Socialism's main contention is that, owing to the economic law of value, the man with larger capital, can and does make impossible the existence of the man with smaller capital; that hence the middle class must go, and the proletariat cannot rise from wage slavery into independence; that machinery held in private hands hastens this evolution; and that the solution of the question is the collective ownership of the land and capital necessary to work with.

Socialism made its growth during a city and state administration of "gentlemen." It was this that helped to teach the masses. They learned that reform or no reform by capitalists, the proletariat would always be held down, and the "reform" will never do the people any good until the working class itself takes hold of the broom-stick and then "reform" by sweeping capitalism out of existence.

It is hard to imagine how, under this condition, the farmer can be dispossessed of his farm; how it will ever be sold for taxes, or how he will have any interest to pay, or mortgage to meet

Rutland, Vt.

A. A. Orcutt.

REPLY.

I am glad comrade Orcutt has written the above. I was once a member of the S. L. P. I paid my dues like a little man, and strove to induce my Section to do something more than meet, pay dues, and go home. In a little while I found I was being denounced for not working according to the program of the party. To me the attainment of better conditions was more important than the success or failure of any party. That did not suit the leaders of the party, from De Leon down, and, as I would not sink my individuality and become a mere automaton, I found it more pleasant to withdraw from the party and its work.

If comrade Orcutt is not a State Socialist, and really favors allowing a person who is so "inferentially small as that he shall desire to run his own little machine on his own hook" he may "root hog or die." I think it is only a question of time until he, too, will find the program of the S. L. P. too narrow.

I have no quarrel with anyone who is working for greater freedom, but what I said about the attitude of the State Socialists toward the farmer was a correct statement of their constant teaching. De Leon has had columns of the most bitter and unfair arraignment of the northwestern farmers, in the PEOPLE, because the farmers proposed to try and save to themselves a portion of the value of their crop, which, without their united effort, would be gobbled by the elevator men and speculators. I have put the question direct, to some eminent State Socialists, and they all propose to nationalise the land, and that it shall be worked under the direction of a government committee.

I contend that there is a vast difference between collective ownership and common ownership. We now have collective ownership of many things, City Halls, Jails, Parks, etc. But who would say that they are common

property? On this distinction I base my opposition to collective ownership.

The S. L. P. proposes to continue the State. To "administer" i. e. govern, from a central authority, through an intricate and elaborate system of subordinate divisions and ramifications. This can only be done by compulsion, and opens the door to untold abuses and tyrannies. We propose the abolition of authority, and the formation of voluntary groups for production and distribution, their relations to be mutual, dictated only by common interests and necessities.

I did not intimate that under State Socialism the farmer would have to pay interest or meet mortgages, but that he would have to relinquish his land to the "Co-operative Commonwealth," and work according to the dictation of a committee. This intimation was based on a four years study of the workings of the S. L. P., in this country and Europe, and on the writings and utterances of its leaders.

Henry Addis.

NEW YEARS GREETINGS TO THE READERS OF THE FIREBRAND.

Where 'er you are, one and all, to you I extend my greetings. Silence on my part has not made my heart beat less warmly for you all. I have been in the harness for the last four months. I have opened my mouth once a week and sent forth the truth with all the ardor at my command, and have, I hope, sowed some seed that will germinate, and help to bring forth a harvest.

I find the soil in pretty good condition. People are walking up and asking what is the matter. Why this cold and hunger and want stalking abroad in our midst, and to find inquiring minds means a great deal. To answer these questions satisfactorily and clearly is fun to me, and I do it to a T. Y. T.

The Banks have me ordered off the sidewalks occasionally, and I am told to take a hall. I say, not on your life, what is the matter with the streets, and out I walk, while the talk goes on. This only occurred in five places.

Generally speaking, I am received very well, even if I do tell how to keep hell out of people, instead of keeping people out of hell.

I hope to cross the continent and write a book entitled "From Ocean to Ocean, or 30 days in the Sweet Shops, and what I saw there." And when I stand on Boston Commons I hope to be inspired as Wendell Philips was when he agitated the chattel slavery question. I am quite willing to admit that the system he fought was unjust, still the chattel slave was fed, even if he was robbed, while the wage slave is both robbed and starved. We must destroy this system, peaceably if we may, forcibly if we must. And nothing short of the emancipation of the whole human race will ever satisfy me. You can no more stop the emancipation of the masses, from the legislative rule of the classes, than you can stay the hour of the dying night, or chain the wings of the morning light, or cause the hand on times dial plate to backward flee, or the earnest thoughts of the people to be still. No! I don't think it possible to stop the cry of people who know they are, and ever have been robbed of the products of their labor.

M. E. Squire.

REFINED CRUELTY.

Cruelty has been refined in modern society, its refinement keeping pace with the refinement of the "better classes".

On Thanksgiving-day Miss Helena Gould illustrated to what an extent the wealthy can find pleasure in torturing the poor—in a refined way of course. She got twenty poor little children, out of the slums of New York, took them to her magnificent palace, had them bathed and combed and comfortably clothed, showed them the splendor of her home, and when the new surroundings began to be appreciated by the children, had them taken back to the slums.

The horror of their slum dwellings, after a stay—be it ever so short—in the luxurious home of Miss Gould, must have been terrible. The wild longing which the sight of comfort and splendor awakened in them must have been intensely painful, and the contrast between what they had seen, and what they have endured constantly will long linger in their minds, and cause bitter regrets.

But still it may be that all this is not in vain. From this experience may spring an unquenchable desire for better things in the minds of some, and urge them on to unceasing and desperate efforts to attain them.

In Congress, just before the debate on the war issue, the Chaplin was called on to pray. Nice spectacle, isn't it? Men who are just about to appropriate a large amount of the wealth they have not produced, for the purpose of destroying human life, of filling the land with woe and sorrow, have their paid advocate to call down the "blessings of God" in the name of the non-resistant Jesus.

They know the suffering which such lavish expenditures will cause, and the horrors of war, and the anguish inseparable therefrom, but to give it an air of refinement, and of sanctity, they hire a "respectable" hypocrite to call down the wisdom and blessing of "Almighty God" on their deliberations.

Such refined cannibalism should cure the most ardent partisan of his worship of government. When, oh when, will the great mass of toilers see the folly of supporting such damnable institutions, and, rising in their dignity of manhood, fling their oppressors from power, and assert their freedom.

H. A.

CLIPPINGS AND COMMENTS.

It is thought to be a wise, patriotic, and prudent thing for the President to call upon the people to act unitedly, as one man, in the defense of what is called honor, even though the point of possible issue be only a few acres of land in Venezuela. The chief magistrate and Congress would be thought to be doing the very wisest thing if, in case a war grew out of the folly, they were to pour out the common treasure, and call upon the whole people to rise unitedly to repel or conquer a common foe.

As a matter of fact all the citizens of these United States are assailed day by day, year in and year out, by foes more destructive to human life, and happiness and honor, than England could ever dream of being. Hunger, thirst, cold and want are ever assailing each home and each life in the land. These are no fancied enemies. They are terribly real, and their aim is as deadly to the unprotected as a Gatling gun. But to call upon the people for united action in warding off these common enemies, laughed at as Utopian folly. And, of course,

it would be great folly for there would be "no money in it" for any one in particular.—[Socialist, San Francisco.

It gives me pleasure to reprint the above, as it is a refreshing contrast to the clipping I commented on last week—from the Twentieth Century. This has a socialistic ring to it, and shows the writer to have more humanity than patriotism in his make up.

H. A.

In reply to what I said about jingo Socialist editors, THE CO-OPERATIVE AGES says:

THE FIREBRAND man is an "amoosin kuss." He fails to comprehend that all the editors he names are fighting the Anarchists. His nerve system seems to have informed him that he is getting hurt. Step on a dog's tail, and he may not be sure the act is intentional, but he is not long to discover that he's hurt—accordingly, he howls forthwith.

This is a sample of the obtuseness of which I accused such editors. I had nothing to be "hurt" at. But as he has put the cap on, it surely fits him. His "argument" would make a mule laugh. He either fears to really discuss the question, or else is unable to distinguish between billingsgate and reason.

H. A.

THE WAY to disarm Socialists and Anarchists is to furnish a government so beneficent and wise that no one will want to change it.—BOSTON TRAVELER.

Very true, but if the TRAVELER can devise such a government it will display more wisdom than all the statesmen and sages that have lived since time began.

Yes that is the way to disarm Anarchists, but until such a government is furnished, which is an impossibility, or until the government does the wiser thing, ceases to exist, the Anarchists will continue their activities.

H. A.

Literature.

BASES OF ANARCHY.

This book has just been brought out by E. H. Fulton, Columbus Junction, Ia., as per announcement in notice of Liberty Library. Under that head a full description of its artistic merits appears.

Comrade Holmes deals with the subject from three distinct standpoints: Historical, Philosophical, Economical. He begins with the revolt of the arch-angle against Jehovah, and traces the constant struggle that has been going on between authority and anarchy; between the effort to control and enslave on one hand, and the effort to resist and be free on the other. In this description he vividly brings before the mind the great struggles that have marked the great history making epochs of the past, and points out, unerringly, the undying effort of oppressed humanity to shake of the shackles that bound them, and gain greater freedom, and closes with a brief account of the modern movement. In the first paragraph of this account he shows that Josiah Warren elaborated his philosophy prior to the publication of P. J. Prudhon's works, thus making Anarchism an American, rather than a foreign philosophy.

In the departement devoted to the philosophical bases of Anarchy, he clearly points out the distinction between Society and the State, and quotes from Thomas Paine, W. E. Channing, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Washington Irving, Buckley and Herbert Spencer, all of whom

clearly announce the philosophy of Anarchy. He leaves no philosophical ground on which to build a government.

In part three he treats the economical phase of the question, not as an advocate, but as a disinterested philosopher. In this part he shows how monopoly, created and sustained by government, is at the root of all our economical, and nearly all our social ills, and the cause of nearly all crime. He shows that the abolition of government would make monopoly impossible, and reconstruction would then take place on terms of equity. He gives the Individualist's plans of reconstruction, and the plans of the Communists. His presentation of each theory is clear, fair and concise.

It is a fine book for propaganda work, especially amongst those who have a false conception what Anarchy means, and it would be well for every comrade who can spare 25 cents to get ten copies and "loan them around" in his locality.

LIBERTY LIBRARY.

No. 1 of Liberty Library is out, a consignment of them having reached this office. It is a neat artistic pamphlet of sixteen pages, printed in fat minion type, on fine book paper, and nicely bound.

It is unquestionably the cheapest pamphlet, quality of paper and elegance of workmanship considered, that I know of. The sixteen pages of this pamphlet are equal to about forty pages of our London comrades' pamphlets. It is a matter with which all the comrades in the United States have cause to congratulate themselves that we have one among us who is able and willing to bring out so nice and so cheap a series of anarchistic pamphlets, and every effort should be made to give them a wide circulation.

No. 2 of Liberty Library will be an edition of "God and the State", uniform in every particular with No. 1, except that it will contain 32 pages. So cheap an edition of this book has never before appeared, and comrade Fulton has not money enough to bring out a full 10,000 edition. In ordering a supply of No. 1, send in an advance order for No. 2, if you can, thus enabling comrade Fulton to run off 10,000 copies of this splendid book while the type is set. I can not too strongly recommend the issues of Liberty Library to the comrades, for no better instrument of propaganda is at hand.

They may be ordered from THE FIREBRAND, or direct from E. H. Fulton, publisher, Columbus Junction, Iowa.

Each issue is brought out at the uniform rate of 5 cents per copy, or 2½ cents in lots of ten or more, at one time, to one address. Send orders for quantities direct to the publisher.

THE BANKER'S DREAM.

We are in receipt of a copy of "The Banker's Dream," by Thomas H. Proctor. It is published by the Progressive Book Publishing Co., Vineland, N. J., price 25c., paper; cloth \$1.00.

In this book Mr. Proctor shows the schemes and conspiracies of the bankers, their ambition and the cruelty into which it leads them, and then sends his hero into dream-land, where he foresees the effects of their manipulations—violent revolution.

In many respects this book is like "Caesar's Column." There is not the power of descrip-

tion displayed, nor the appeal to the emotional that Donnelly has thrown into "Caesar's Column," but there is the same tendency to drag "God," or the "Divine Law," into the wildest scenes of carnage, revenge and slaughter.

Mr. Proctor shows a great knowledge of financial methods, and the perfect interlocking of capitalistic and governmental interests; the tendency to concentrate wealth and power more and more, and the inevitable consequence—revolution. In my opinion he overestimates the endurance of the people, and under rates their ability to reorganize industry and provide themselves with food and clothing.

Like Donnelly he makes the people endure the most untold miseries and oppressions, before they revolt, and then go to the uttermost extremities in destruction when they do revolt.

Unlike Donnelly he does not fly away to Africa, and have his people wall themselves in, but stays in the United States, and leaves the people in a condition of freedom, but direful poverty, owing to the terrible destruction, to work out their own salvation.

The poor banker, once the financial king, wanders, a tramp, along the coast of Massachusetts, until he finds a town where "law and order" had been maintained, hoping to find "prosperity" enough for him to get a square meal, in exchange for some of his gold, but ends his miserable existence in the slaughter-house, for, as a man on the outside of the "honest money town" had told him, before he entered, "don't go there, for there has been lots of healthy people disappear suddenly around these parts, and I have no doubt in my mind what became of them; for people who will be guilty of using military power, and adopt a robber gold bases for forty years, will do anything."

There is no doubt but that any town, left entirely alone by all outsiders, no matter how much gold it had, would soon be depopulated, or reduced to cannibalism. But here too, the author over estimates human endurance. People would not cling so tenaciously to any theory as to be reduced to such straits.

On the whole the book is well worth reading, and I can recommend a careful perusal of it to all those who support the present social and economic arrangements.

He discerns very clearly many of the forces at work in society today, and shows how the government is simply the tool of the capitalist class, but overlooks one or two forces that are gaining more and more influence in society. While seeing the results that must flow from the complete monopolization of production and distribution, he seems quite ignorant of the influence of the liberal and radical literature, and the propagandism of Anarchist-Communism, that is permeating every corner of the land, and gives new hope, and fresh energy, to the mechanics and farmers of the land. With these forces at work, such destruction of property, as he depicts, could not occur, if the revolution is postponed until 1912, the time designated in this book.

The longer the revolution is postponed, which cannot be very many years, the more widely will anarchist ideas be spread, and the less destruction of life and property will occur. The destruction of all records—evidences of

ownership and indebtedness, is a foregone conclusion. But instead of destroying railroads and other public utilities, the toilers inspired by anarchist ideas, will simply take possession of, and use them.

H. A.

Correspondence.

PROPAGANDA PROPOSITION.

I should like to suggest to our comrades who are interested in the Anarchist-Communist propaganda, to start a general fund for the purpose of sending speakers, in the English language, from time to time, to places like Waterbury, New Haven, Hartford, and other cities in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. I can say that in a place like Waterbury, where there is a population of probably 20,000 working men, there should be some movement. But I am sorry to say there is none. There are here a few Jewish comrades who are doing all that is in their power, but mostly in vain. That is, they can't get the sympathy of the Americans, because they can't afford to have Mowbray or Miss V. de Cleyre, or some other prominent speaker, so as to cause the American workmen to move a little, in this place, as well as in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, etc.

Now to do this we must have money, and this can be done by having a general fund, for which money could be got from the comrades everywhere, and from sympathisers.

I hope the comrades, and the readers of THE FIREBRAND, will think the matter over. Propaganda is necessary in the smaller towns, as well as the big cities, and this can only be done by a general fund, exclusively for that purpose.

I also hope this will be a great help for our papers, and other anarchistic literature. I hope to hear from some of the comrades on this question.

C. Louis.

Waterbury, Conn.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

In response to your call for aid *) we send you 75 cents in stamps, which another comrade and I have donated. Should we be lucky enough to keep our employment through the winter, we will each send you at least 50 cents a month, and the same to the REBEL. If all comrades would do likewise, that is, send in as much as they can spare, if it is only 10 cents a month, the "F." and "R." could soon be on a solid foundation. There are thousands of comrades in the States, even if most of them are of foreign birth, and we should not be able to publish too papers in the English language?

If all comrades, no matter of what nationality, would conclude to keep up the papers, the little expense would easily be covered.

Every reasonable comrade must admit that the movement in the English language is most important, as we live in an English speaking country. Therefore, let everyone do his or her best, and surer will be our reward.

G. L.

*) We did not call for aid, but simply stated that, if those who have been reading the paper without paying anything, would pay a little on their subscription we could enlarge the paper.

H. A.

WALDHEIM DISCUSSION.

I wish to set myself right, as to my position on the Waldheim question. I do not care whether the bodies stay in Waldheim or not.

My sole object in the discussion is to arouse the working people in general. If the working people of Chicago are willing to leave matters as they are, well and good. I have no reason to exert myself.

C. L. Bodendieck.

The Letter-Box.

J. K., Priam, Ill.—If in Switzerland "reigns freedom, prosperity and happiness," because they have the Initiative and Referendum, will you give the readers and the "editors"—as you call us—of THE FIREBRAND an explanation of the prisons, poor houses, charitable institutions, strikes etc., and the relatively great emigration from Switzerland? The historians of that country give us quite different facts about the economic conditions. Why don't you, as a Socialist, enquire of the Socialists of Switzerland about their "freedom, prosperity and happiness? You may be sure that your letter, even if written in our native language, will be answered.

C. P., Chicago, Ill.—All right. We are always on deck, but since we were building a house, and had in the mean time to make fuel in the woods, THE FIREBRAND was always late. From now on the paper will appear on time.

C. C. S. Omaha, Neb.—LUCIFER is published in Topeka, Kansas.

A. W., Glenwood, Wash.—We are glad to hear from such old pioneers.

H. A. K., Boston, Mass.—J. G. B., of Providence, is supplied, beginning with No. 48.

J. G. R., Littleton, Iowa—You are credited on our books with 50 cents, but through a mistake it has not appeared in the receipts.

L. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Your letter addressed to W. E. Jones, but intended for us, reached us yesterday. The paper is sent regularly to Kislink, but Menkin is not on our list. All communications should be addressed to, and all money orders—P. O. or Express—made payable to THE FIREBRAND.

SEMI-ANNUAL REPORT

OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES.

We received from June 1st 1895 till January 1st 1896 in cash and stamps \$216.41

Expenditures:

Bought type etc.	\$55.05
Composing table and stone	2.50
Racks etc.	5.30
"Office" rent	6.00
Paper and printing	80.30
Fuel and light	4.90
P. O. Box	2.50
Postage	13.93
Stationery	3.05
Incidental	3.60
Hired help	2.20
For our own use	31.90

\$212.23

Cash on hand 4.18 \$216.41

RECEIPTS.

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AGENTS FOR THE FIREBRAND:

Chas. I. Bodendieck, 1140 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.

C. C. Schmidt, 412 S. 13th str., Omaha, Neb.