



An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

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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.

### Who is the Tyrant?

Who is the tyrant, lord or king  
That wields the dreaded power,  
Can put one isolated thing,  
And multitudes o'erpower.  
Is his the philosophic mind  
That loftily can tower?  
Or doth he with gigantic strength,  
The nation's pride lower?

If one refuse to bend the knee,  
Can he the knave chastise?  
If others teach him policy,  
How proves he to be wise?  
Who ere can tell his usefulness  
Or where his virtue lies,  
When starving millions ceaseless wail,  
Lo! Furnish him supplies.

If, neither useful, wise nor strong,  
He still can live and breed;  
It must be other's usefulness  
That supply all his need.  
Others their wisdom to him lend  
If wise his word or deed;  
And others lend superior strength  
When e'er his victims bleed.

Who nurse the loathsome viper's brood,  
Develop too their sting,  
Where superstition's cherished still,  
She darkly spreads her wing.  
Fell tyranny but lives and thrives  
Where men still to it cling.  
In pride of wealth and love of power,  
The chains of slavery ring.

J. LEE.

### Emotional and Intellectual Propaganda.

In our work of propaganda, it is always desirable to use such methods as will do the most to make a permanent impression of the one, or ones, sought to be impressed. How best to do this is a question we may well discuss.

In bygone days of the Labor movement, the Socialist movement and the Anarchist movement, it was thought to be the proper thing to appeal to men's sentiments, to play on their emotions. The orator who could depict with the greatest success the sufferings of the poor; who could awaken within his hearers the deepest sympathy for their fellow sufferers, and fire them with the most intense determination to avenge their wrongs, and the wrongs of their fellows: The writer who could describe in such words as inflamed the imagination, could bring sights and sounds before his readers that aroused the strongest emotions of their being, these were the great agitators. These were the ones looked to to lead the masses out of the wilderness into the promised land.

Years went by. Working people starved as of yore. Millions of workers suffered and died with no job, no ray of hope, no realization of fond dreams

to cheer them. Little by little this style of agitation lost its force. People grew weary of having their hopes for better things aroused only to have their hopes deferred. They learned to say, "we know all this, what do you propose to do about it? Then propositions as to what to do about it became thick. "Organize!" shouted the Trades Unionist, and then proceeded to depict the desirable results that he asserted were sure to flow from his organization. "To hell with the scab," he would yell, "down with him!" and thus he appealed to the emotions of his hearers, and excited them to action in that manner. The State Socialist came upon the scene and pointing out the apparent or surface cause of the worker's troubles, fell to denouncing the capitalist, and in advocating political action. "Seize the power of the State, and use it for your own good," he kept repeating, "and then the workers will enjoy the full result of their effort." Claiming to be the true advocate of the universal brotherhood of man, he teaches that we are engaged in a class struggle, constantly arraying one class against another, and depending largely upon his appeals to the emotional for recruits to his ranks.

In the early development of the Anarchist movement much the same methods were employed. Pity for the downtrodden, hatred for the despoilers of the poor, and glorious pictures of the "good time coming" made up much of the spurs to action in spreading the gospel of Anarchy. On the other hand the supporters of capitalism, and some who did not support capitalism, stood aloof and looked on the struggle with purely indifferent eyes. Looked on as a scientist does when studying a snail in his slow pace along the dusty highway, or the ants as they scurry about in their daily occupations. "This is simply the struggle for existence, a struggle in which the fittest survive. Pity the unfortunate if you will, but your pity will be wasted." Such is the argument used of those who discard all emotional sentiments and rely wholly on a purely critical, or, as they term it, intellectual view of the question. In the social movement in general, this attitude has not gained a very large following as yet, but is represented, and ably championed, by the Individualists, who poke fun at the sentiment-alists, and in many instances take a very cold and cruel view of life. This method of propaganda is doomed from the start to make but few converts, or else to make men as cruel as wolves.

Emotionalism is deplorable, uncertain and unreliable. Strict utilitarianism is revolting and undesirable. Where then is any grounds for propaganda work at all, some may inquire. If emotionalism is unreliable, and the playing on the emotions of others fail to bring the desired results, and the purely intellectual propaganda is too abstract and cold to make converts, how are we ever to gain any betterment of social conditions?

I have tried to show that appeals to the emotional can arouse to action but do not show what to substitute so as to avoid a repetition of what has been. On the other hand, appeals to those who have never become accustomed to doing much

thinking, from a purely intellectual standpoint, devoid of emotion or sentiment, is almost sure to prove futile. This should point out the best methods of propaganda. We are complex beings. We require a diversity. In order that Anarchist propaganda should grow it must bear within it a deep sympathy for the suffering, and paint a future society where joy and happiness predominate. But it must convey, too, a clear conception of the why and how. Those who accept the conclusions of Anarchist philosophy should do so from a knowledge of the said philosophy, and because their judgement approves thereof. May we never become dead to sentiments of pity, of love and of admiration, but all our actions should be under the guidance of our best judgement. When we see the appalling amount of suffering that now prevails, and realize how much we are deprived of, that we might enjoy, any action which was intended as a blow at present conditions seems justifiable, and if we are ruled by our emotions rash acts are sure to occur. The frequency and violence of such acts would, under these circumstances be governed only by the vigor and courage of those affected by sights and sounds of misery. But is it wise to act so? Can I not accomplish more by restraining these wild impulses and directing that energy into other channels? Calm judgement should decide. It is my opinion that at this stage of the game cunning, and independent economic efforts are very useful in propaganda.

To be successful, to be attractive enough to draw the masses and induce them to investigate its merits, Anarchist propaganda must contain some emotionalism, some sentiment, but it must at all times be intelligent, and able to meet the approval of man's best judgement. Intellectualism softened, warmed and glorified by high and noble sentiments: Emotionalism illumined, guided and directed by a clear intelligent understanding, that is the ideal method of propaganda. H. ADDIS.

### A Word in Season.

Many of those who have taken a keen interest in the common welfare of mankind are now disgusted with all their labors and begin to think that the world is going to the dogs. They think of the brave men and women who sacrificed their own welfare for the welfare of all, but to-day none seem to compare with them. "All good men are dead and gone now," is the general expression. And when ever a good old man passes away there seems to be another vacant place among the living and another noble heart added to the dead. We often hear some good men who have worked the flesh off their bones trying and trying to bring about the new era, the era without sorrow, poverty or tears—we often hear them mourn the decadence of our age. We often read some true but gloomy thoughts penned by the bravest and most conspicuous of our ranks. They tell us: "In 1800 we were a few millions of people and we loved liberty. In 1900 we are nearly a hundred millions of people and we love money. Moreover, individually and collectively, we have a great deal of money. Most of this money is invested in what are called corporations. From a handful of individuals

we have become a nation of institutions. The individual counts for less and less, organization for more and more. It is the idiosyncrasy of the age we live in."

In this and similar strains is our age being described and no one can doubt the truth of the descriptions.

We will not attempt to dispute the truth of these gloomy sentences; they furnish no reason for despair. Even though every nation subject to modern influences went in for money making leaving morality, philosophy and science go to the dogs, there would still be a redeeming point, there would still be reason to hope for improvement. It is true that in this century the better part of the race has bent its mind and energies exclusively to money making; but what of those wonderful inventions which have so enormously multiplied the productivity of human labor? What of those utopias of Fourier which the present age has realized? What of those ideals which have been made practical and commonplace? That there is still a tendency toward sordidness among our fellow men, no one dares deny; but this only tends to show that there is some loss to set off against the mighty gain. Whether we work by steam or electricity, whether men work for glory or for money, nature is bound to assert itself. In the long run, the tendencies of civilization must be realized. The student of history cannot afford to be disappointed at a natural phenomenon. He knows that the sinners of one age have often been the saviors of another. He knows that the destroyers of the old were often the creators of the new. He knows that as time rolls on the old things pass away and the new in their turn become old. In short, he knows that there is in the intellectual world, as in the physical, decay and growth, and ever by the grave of buried age stands smiling youth. A reaction from the prosaic is sure to come and we shall have ideals that warm the imagination and stir the blood, ideals which will cast aside this heartless war of money making, and will urge mankind to nobler, loftier and better occupations.

The nineteenth century has been given over to the making of things. It is easily thinkable that the twentieth century will wake up and set itself the task of finding out how things shall aid and not hurt mankind. It cannot be long ere man shall realize the fatality of keeping millions under lock and waste that others might starve. Neither is it true that because of our having too much we must suffer. People are now studying the problem of the age as they never did before. They are asking pertinent questions and will soon find an answer, which will release us from misery, want and degradation.

The people will some day refuse to be soothed into satisfaction by eloquent orators who try hard to divert the labor movement from its ultimate aim. The starving under consumers will not be befogged much longer by such absurdities as that free trade, free silver or overproduction is the cause of all the evils which afflict the world to-day. They will invariably ask their masters some biting questions which politicians and priests will in vain try to obscure. Thousands of men, women and children are suffering the pangs of hunger; will not the people some day refuse to believe that it is from an overproduction of meat? People are freezing; how much longer will the people believe that it is from an overproduction of coal? Multitudes are in rags and nakedness; how much longer will the people be satisfied with the answer that it is from an overproduction of cotton and wool? These absurdities cannot much longer appeal to the masses. They will soon awake from their slumber and set themselves the task of solving the problem of the age, not by speculations, but by action, noble, sublime, good-like action. Not how to get rich, but how to be happy, is life's holy strife and those who suffer most in the present, themselves must strike the blow in the future.

Conscious of the absurdities which uphold the present system of exploitation, and knowing that all humbugs die of being found out, it is the duty of all earnest laborers to bring out all the evils of our institutions so that all might be able to see them and join the revolutionary cause.

Don't be disheartened at the sight of so many hundreds and thousands eagerly upholding that

which destroys their homes, their lives and their happiness. This only hastens the coming storm. No good can result from reforms. The system itself is the evil and unless it is utterly abolished, the laborers will have to support the idlers. That the people feel the painful results of our industrial and political organizations is shown by the many attempts they make to reform our system but they will keep on reforming in the hope that they might thereby better their conditions, but each new reform being a new miscalculation, the suffering masses will only be bitterly disappointed after the new reforms shall be enacted. It is our duty, then, to go to the masses and teach them the only remedy for the misery they are suffering, teach them the doctrine of liberty, now, to-morrow and all the time. We want liberty, the most priceless possession human beings can attain, for with it all other things are attainable.

Let us therefore continue our efforts of education till the monopolistic conspiracy against the welfare of the human race shall be driven from the face of the earth.

The more the people try to reform this system the more they begin to realize the impossibility of their task, and the more people know how useless it is to reform this social organization, the greater the army of those who will join our ranks and do all in their power for the triumph of Liberty, and Solidarity—the triumph of Anarchist Communism.

A Vagrant.

Boston, Mass.

### Clippings and Comments.

Voluntary association is unnatural and forced, while involuntary association is as natural as the flowing of the stream. Men are associated involuntarily under capitalism as can be perceived by the large bodies of men everywhere engaged in production and distribution. The same condition will prevail under public ownership; and men will go to work as naturally as they now go to breakfast when they have the chance.

—[White Slave.

Such nonsense would be unworthy of notice had not The Firebrand expressed hopes of the White Slaves becoming radical. Since Boss De Leon visited Omaha the editor of the White Slave has become more reactionary until now he tells his readers that free action is forced action, an assertion equivalent to black is white. When men try to write by pattern they are apt to say foolish things.

H. A.

There is but one way to the co-operative commonwealth; despite the well meant efforts of dreamers, and that is through the avenue of public ownership. Association must be involuntary and not voluntary as so many suppose.—[White Slave.

The above sounds like the ravings of a would be despot, or the drivel of a fool. "Association must be involuntary," is another way of saying, we must have slavery. Does the editor want to be a slave driver, or is he fool enough to be De Leon's slave? Such is party Socialism.

Mail cars on street railroads, under government by injunction, are a "sure enough thing" against strikes by employees thereon, as even to quit work, without permission of the corporations, would be "obstructing the mails," under the decisions of 1894. A cut in wages by order of Huntington may at any time take place, and employees will be powerless to resist.—[S. F. Star

And yet the Star has often advocated government (municipal) ownership of street railways. If employees would be powerless when the corporation simply had a contract with the government, where would they be if the corporation were a part of the government?

GREAT festivities attended the opening on October 25 of the co-operative glass factory, which has been put up by the former strikers of the Carmaux glass works. The strike, which grew out of the discharge of a member of the glass workers' trade union last year, was transformed into a lockout when the men notified the management of their willingness to return to work. Great excitement was caused by the incident throughout France, and efforts were made to induce the French minister to intervene in the dispute and secure justice for the workmen. The Paris municipal council voted large sums of money to support the strikers, and many other municipalities all over the country followed suit.

M. Landrin, of the Paris municipal council, at the

ceremony saluted the workers in the name of Paris. M. Henri Rochefort delivered a speech, and, with M. Jaures, the radical socialist deputy for Carmaux, who was prominently identified with the championship of the cause of the strikers, lit the furnaces. At an open-air meeting M. Jaures declared that the present movement had founded a social revolution and marked the downfall of capitalism.

\* \* \*

RESIDENTS of Maine who look to the New York and Boston papers for accounts of queer people and strange forms of government in different parts of the world could learn facts worth studying by coming to Norcross. The settlements of Eskimos on the coast of Greenland have their old men, the tribes of Africa have their chiefs, and even penal colonies recognize the authority of firearms and the lash. Here the law abiding people feel but one power—the hurrying, unsympathetic cars, which bring everything that comes to their homes and take away everything that goes out.

The distance from Milnochet bridge, which crosses the West Branch east of here, to Perkins' Siding, which is three miles west, is five miles as the railroad runs or the crow flies. At and between these two points are five settlements of new log and board structures, comprising about 40 buildings in all. Of these one is a railroad station, one is a small store, two are small hotels, one is a sawmill, six are good sized sporting camps, eight are frame houses, with shingles and clapboards on them, and the rest are primitive log cabins, with splits for roofing, spotted poles for floors and boughs for bedding.

One half of the male inhabitants are either guides or lumbermen, partly both, one-quarter are mill hands who saw spool bars and dowels at Perkins' Siding, and the remainder are section hands and other employees who work for the Bangor and Aroostook railroad. Though no census was ever taken of the place, there are about 200 people who live here the year round. Among them are some 25 women and nearly 40 children. This is when the population is at low ebb. In July, when the West Branch drive comes down the population swells to 400 or 500; and after open seasons for big game begins it often reaches 1,000 souls, besides Indians.

Having grown without governmental restraint from on a log camp to its present proportions inside of three years, Norcross has made itself the most anomalous community on earth. It is not a town. It is not even a plantation. On the old survey maps it is named Indian township, No. 3, so called by the surveyors to distinguish it from Indian townships Nos. 1 and 2. The name of Norcross signifies nothing. It was so called in order to locate a station for a railroad and a postoffice for the hunters.

Though property that cost \$500,000 is here and visible, the assessor and tax collector never visit the place. The children are born and grow up without seeing the inside or the outside of a schoolhouse. There are not 2 rods of bicycle and not 20 yards of cart roads in the whole township. As the nearest clergyman, lawyer and doctor are from 30 to 50 miles away, the people get along very well without them.

Once in its history, when a murder was committed near here, a sheriff from Dover spent a week in reaching here and getting back home. The chances are it would take something bigger than a murder to bring him here again.

The person who reads this description of Norcross and thinks the inhabitants are degraded or immoral will make a great mistake. A mail four times a day brings letters and papers from everywhere. An enterprising and considerate railroad carries away all the people have to sell and brings in all they buy. Divine Providence does the rest. The men are industrious and moral. The women are model wives and excellent cooks. The children are bright and well dressed. If Norcross were formed into a plantation or incorporated as a town, the residents would have to pay municipal, county and state taxes. Now they pay no taxes, they do not vote, and every man is as good as his neighbor. The place is fairer than Utopia and sweeter than the dream of a nihilist. It has no counterpart on earth.

—[New York Sun.

We are all lovers. Some are money lovers, but they are very, very few; much fewer than is generally supposed. More are lovers of power, and still more of praise. A few are true lovers—lovers of all that is beautiful, grand and noble.

H. A.



## Ye Psalms of Samuel.

A GOVERNMENT COW had a two year old calf,  
(Now it may have been two years, or two and a half)  
That calf was a butter for government tit  
Who butted regardless of time, miss or hit.

The fodder was green and the water was fresh,  
But that butter was busy and took on no flesh,  
For the government cow had gone dry and was fat;  
And this butter was scornful of trifles like that.

So come all ye voters and butt the old cow,  
We've done it so often, we know the way how;  
Come show all creation we're not the "unfit,"  
We'll fatten the bosses and get a dry tit.

SAM FONOGRAP.

## Note and Comment.

IN last week's issue we had a note concerning an article in the Age, a daily paper of Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, in which it was stated that the Age had a circulation of one thousand. It should have read ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND. It is well worth our while to get a statement in a paper having so large a circulation.

THE love of praise causes people to dress gaily and to conform to fashion. It also prompts to many acts of valor, or daring. It may work harm, or it may do much good.

THE lover of the beautiful, the grand and the noble is the one who leads onward and upward in the progress of the race toward happier conditions and better arrangements.

MANY people say that love must redeem the world; that love alone can save us from the things of which we complain. That depends on what we love. Love of money, of power, of praise, has filled the world with the institutions we now deplore. So we see that not love alone, but love joined with knowledge—love of liberty coupled with a knowledge of what liberty is, is necessary.

THE love of money destroys all other loves when it becomes predominant. It destroys all appreciation of the beautiful, and makes a miserable self-starving miser of the one it dominates. It is the most deadly love of which I know, destroying the happiness not only of all others, but even of the one it controls. The piece of sculpture representing Egoism, by the famous Russian sculptor, should be called "the love of money."

THE love of power is extremely baleful in its influence often destructive of the lives and liberties of immense numbers of people, and some of the happiness, the liberty or the life of the one controlled by it. It is the main spring of the action of all would-be rulers and all rulers, from the petty politician to the emperor. It is that which impels most money getters to strive as they do for accumulations of wealth. It prompts men to risk their lives on the field of battle; to have those who are near to them to be put to death. It impels to the greatest enormities. It fills the world with woe.

It seems that E. Z. Ernst considers consistency as a quality of small minds. He constantly decries depending on political action, legal tender, and so on, and points to the Labor Exchange as the only method of gaining better financial conditions. In fact his reassertion, again and again, that it is the ONLY way so often, that the assertion looked quite dogmatic. Now he fills two columns of the Progressive Thought with a Bill he has gotten up to be presented to the next Kansas Legislature. It would seem from this that his faith in the efficacy of the Labor Exchange is gone, or else he is inconsistent. Which is it brother Ernst, do you need the help of the State, after all?

H. E. FULTON was once an enthusiastic advocate of the Labor Exchange, but since he has been going to school to B. R. Tucker for awhile, he has found some errors in the Labor Exchange that he proceeds to show up—or attempts to show up—in the Age of Thought. Instead of the Labor Exchange he now advocates Mutual Banking. This may be mental evolution, but it looks to me like retrogressive evolution. The Mutual Bank would be an improvement on the present banking system, but it is based on the present commercial ideas, and in that respect is not up with the Labor Exchange. Both of them are mere expediences, and can only serve to remove the superstition of legal tender money.

BENJAMIN R. TUCKER is peculiar. Ordinarily he

ignores the Labor Exchange, the only reason I can see for such action is his advocacy of the Mutual Bank, or else that the promoters of the Labor Exchange are not readers of Liberty. The evidence of the last conclusion is the fact that a man in St. Louis, a reader of Liberty, if I mistake not, started a Labor Exchange, and Tucker gave his undertaking quite a lengthy and favorable mention. Tucker claims to be an Anarchist—to not believe in authority of any kind—but he evidently desires to be recognized as the head of the Anarchist cult, the recognized authority as to what constitutes Anarchy. His attitude clearly is, "I am the man: agree with me and you are all right; disagree with me and you are no good."

THE American Federation of Labor, and the Wisconsin State Federation of Labor and the Bicycle Worker's Union of Kenosha, Wis., unite in asking all friends of organized labor to vigorously assist us in our effort to make the Seig & Walpole M'fg. Co. recognize the Union, and ask you to appoint a committee to visit the dealers in your city and request them to purchase their supply of Bicycles from firms that are not on the unfair list:

The following have been declared unfair:—

Windsor, Stokes, Field, Matchless, Mapleleaf, Missouri, Pacific, Arena, Hersay, Kenosha, Geo. Washington, Martha Washington, Kenosha Crib Co, Milwaukee High Grade.

Manufactured by Seig & Walpole Manufacturing Co., of Kenosha, Wis.

We are in receipt of a Talk and Medical Comm. use. In looking it over I find that the three article. ring in The Firebrand, one entitled "A plain Talk about the Sexual Organs," in No. 36, one "The Sexual Organs," in No. 37, and one "The Cause of their Disgrace" in No. 40, over the name P. Smith, are copies—almost word for word—of the essays on these same subjects in Dr. Foote's Work.

It was rather gaily on the part of P. Smith to plagiarize so completely from so well known a work, but it may serve the purpose of bringing the work, which the extracts show to be a splendid work on the sex question, to the attention of some of our readers who were previously unacquainted with it. Further comments of the book will appear in future numbers. H. A.

## John Turner's View of the American Labor Movement.

THE following is taken from an interview of John Turner with a representative of the Alarm, London.

"Did your tour equal your expectations?"

"Well, upon the whole, yes. Owing to a succession of mishaps the first week or two were dull, very dull, but afterwards things went on splendidly. From the time I left New York, for the first time on my way West we had a succession of fine meetings, all well attended. The night I left New York for Boston, en route for England, I debated on Free Silver with a Mr. Cook, a prominent member of the Bryan party, before an audience of over one thousand people."

"How far West did you go?"

"A long way beyond Denver" but this farthest point was only to visit my brother's ranch. When I got down to Denver I was enticed into a debate with Henry Cohen, a Denver disciple of Tucker, but cast in a more tolerant mould."

"You put in a lot of time lecturing and debating?"

"I spoke at about one hundred meetings, nearly all set lectures. The others were mainly debates. Single taxers were my chief antagonists, and many an enjoyable tussle I had with them. I spoke at large meetings in most of the big manufacturing and commercial circles, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Chicago, etc. I was invited to Chicago by a committee composed of trade-unionist, Anarchists, Socialists, and spoke there fifteen times, and always to thoroughly American audiences."

"What is your impression of the general labor outlook in the States?"

"Very hopeful; but one of the chief obstacles is the average leader. Many of the most useless and conservative are being shaken off, but a number of those who remain, know about as much about the true causes of the workingman's dependence and oppression, as a Crow knows about Sunday. Mowbray is doing some good work for his union, of which he is now general organizer."

"Now, I'm just dying to hear about Anarchistic things in America."

"Thank you."

Mrs. Turner here intervened with a cup of tea, and Jack leaned back to collect his thoughts.

"I am convinced that the American Anarchist movement is still a thing of the future. In all big towns, and in many small ones, you will find Anarchist groups, and The Firebrand circulates widely, but it all lacks a common focussing point. The next few years will see a big change. The foreign Anarchist movement in America is in a first-rate condition. There are scores of Anarchist papers in German, French, Italian, Russian, (? Firebrand) Dutch, Spanish, Bohemian and Hebrew, published monthly, weekly and daily—yes daily? In Chicago there is the famous Arbeiter Zeitung—Spies' old paper—which appears daily. The paper has had quite a history. After the cruel execution of August Spies, the paper fell into the hands of immigrant German Social Democrats, who pretty well ruined it, and not even imported journalist from the Fatherland could revive its decaying energies. It has now however reverted into the hands of the Anarchists once more, and it is rapidly reviving. John Most still issues "Freiheit" and is a famous character in New York. Among the New York Anarchists a some quite well-known characters. There is plugging away with untiring Emma Goldmann, battling away with untiring gy. She was selling "The Alarm" at my last meet in New York. There is also Miss —, formerly a Fabian, but now a convinced Anarchist. She is the head clerk of a big legal firm. I was told by her a story about Hyndman which you might like to hear. She was visiting down at his house in Kensington and found he had just arrived home in a very perturbed state. The reason was soon made clear. He told her he had just returned from an elocution class which he was conducting in Chelsea, for the purpose of training speakers for the S. D. F. The tone of his voice, and the wring of his hands, were most pathetic as he said. "I'm sure it's most disheartening. No sooner do I train a few young fellows as speakers than they are almost certain to either revert to the old political parties, or go over and join the Anarchists."

We laughed in concert.

And then turning back to seriousness:

"How is the memory of the men of Chicago kept green?"

"The number and size of the commemorations increase every year, and the words of August Spies are rapidly becoming true 'Our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle to-day.' Besides, a curious thing: in Chicago there are two monuments, one in the Haymarket, raised by millionaire contributions, in memory of Degan, the policeman who was killed by the explosion of the bomb; the other, in the Waldheim Cemetery, built by means of the painfully gathered pence of workmen, and enshrining the recollection of Parsons, Spies, Engel, Fischer, and Lingg. Now, the Haymarket one is getting worn and dilapidated, is falling in a shocking state of disrepair; so much so, in fact, as to become a nuisance. An agitation is going on for its removal. When I last saw it, the navvies working on the road, had filled the railings etc., with their clothes, tools, and odds and ends of rubbish. The other monument, the Waldheim one, is as bright and fair as when first raised. Loving hands keep it untarnished, and every year bigger and bigger crowds pay visits to it on Nov. 11th. Last year, the crowds got so large that the authorities interfered, and allowed only a small delegation to enter the cemetery."

From this point the talk went on, and I grew too interested to take notes. Turner's opinion of the "Silver War" was that it was simply a contest between two sets of capitalistic labor sharks. On the one side were the Eastern bankers and "gold bugs," and opposed to them were the silver mine-owners of the West. His forecasts of the elections have been powerfully verified by the course of events.

## Correspondence.

REPORT FROM PITTSBURGH.

I often wished for news to write to you about the movement in Pittsburgh and Allegheny City, but since the imprisonment of our brave comrades Nold and Boner, very little has been done here in the lines of propaganda. Even when comrade John Turner was here the meetings were not successful. To my pleasure and the dissatisfaction of our enemies, we had a lively time two weeks ago, during the visit of our comrade Emma Goldmann. She has been on a lecturing tour and has done very good work in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and she offered to come to Pittsburgh if we would furnish the rail expenses. We had no money and as much as I liked her to come, I had to explain her how



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