



A PERIODICAL OF ANARCHIST THOUGHT, WORK, AND LITERATURE.

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CHICAGO, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1902.

WHOLE NO. 391.

"Holy Russia."

(From "Songs of the Army of the Night.")

Crouched in the terrible land,
The circle of pitiless ice,
With frozen bloody feet
And her pestilential summer's
Fever-throb in her brow,
Look, in her deep slow eyes
The mists of her sleep of faith
Stir, and a gleam of light,
The ray of a blood-red sun,
Beams out into the dusk.
From far away, from the west,
From the east, from the south, there come
Faint sweet breaths of the breeze
Of plenteous warmth and light.
And she moves, and around her neck
She feels the iron-scaled Snake
Whose fangs suck at the heart
Hid by her tattered dress,
By her lean and hanging teat.
Russia, O Land of Faith,
O realm of the ageless Slav,
O oppressed one of eternity,
This darkest hour is the hour,
The hour of the coming dawn!
Europe the rank, the corrupt,
Lies stretched out at your feet.
Turkey, India, lo all,
East and south, it is yours!
Years, years ago a Nation,
Oppressed as you are oppressed,
Burst her bonds and leaped out,
A volcanic sea-wave of fire.
Quenched at last but in blood,
Tho not before the red spray,
Dashed the Pyramids, the Escorial,
Rome and your own grey Kremlin.
That was the great sea-wave
Of a nation that disbelieved
Of a nation that had not faith!
What shall the sea-wave be,
Of this race of eternal belief,
This nation of passionate faith?

—Francis Adams.

* France.

The Monster.

Those who have been properly educated—that is those who, before they fell into the clutches of Gradgrind, had their faculties duly nourished with deeds of Monsters and Monster Slayers—will be apt to understand me, if I confess ascertain improper sympathy for the Monster. When you, for example, fellow sufferer from Gradgrind, were set to vindicate the Westminster Assembly's Catechism out of the New Testament, and read that exquisite comparison of the Lord to a potter, who having power, out of the same clay, to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor, was also "willing to show wrath and to make his power known"—did not you hear a voice behind you saying, "Devilish rough on the vessels of dishonor"?

Besides its seeming too bad—from the Monster's point of view—that Monsters should be made only to be slain; it seems clear, always from the same point of view, which sympathy, stimulated by imagination, is not slow to take—that there were reasons why the Monster should go on living and being admired—as he necessarily is for a time—instead of having some officious hero come and cut his head off with a sword of sharpness or impale him on an Ithuriel spear. There was Procrustes, for example,—the hospitable gentleman who kept a bed for travelers to repose upon, but required, as Dr. Parkhurst or Mr. Anthony Comstock would, that they should all be just the proper average size to fill it. Since nature had not so provided, Procrustes stretched the short fellows out and cut the long ones short, until Theseus came that way. He, instead of lying down on the bed, put Procrustes on it—whether he stretched or trimmed him, I believe is not recorded. Of course, from the travelers' standpoint, it served Procrustes right; but shall not the poor Monster be heard in way of protest? What good did it do, seeing that bed was not destroyed, but continues to be very sacredly guarded by all sound moralists?

The same Theseus pitched off a cliff another undeniable Monster, who had been in the habit of throwing his victims from it. Quite similar was the result of this experiment in Monster Slaying. The sea refused to receive him into its bosom; and the earth, having once got rid of him, would not take him back. So he stuck, like Mahomet, in the air, which certainly had some reason to complain of such an intrusion; and there, I have no doubt he may still be seen—a living witness against presumptuous haste in trying to abolish Monsters.

The list of Monsters whom I thus caught myself pitying, would be too long if I should try to name them all. I could have wept, for instance, over Medusa, as she lay headless on the sands, with her golden feathers all ruffled. Especially, after I learned how she came by her snaky locks, I wished she had bitten the head off Pallas.

But to make a long story short—the Suicidal Monsters were always especial objects of my compassion. The Welsh giant, for example, who ripped the hasty-pudding out of his own stomach after seeing Jack perform this trick upon a leathern one—he was a perfect Louis XVI among Monsters, whose simplicity should certainly have protected him. Then there was the Irish story of the

brigand who used to throw women down the Murdering Hole, after stripping them—how the last begged him to look away while she took off her clothes; and how he looked—down the hole, as you and I never would have been stupid enough to do. I need not conclude the anecdote, surely. It was meant to reward his delicacy as she did!

The Ambitious Frog was always a pet of mine; and Clown, when he sprang into the dragon's jaws in pursuit of Harlequin—and lodged there; and Harlequin himself, when he jumps down his own throat. But after meditation,—such as the gravity of the subject requires,—I give the palm of self-immolation to—the Kilkenny Cat. The duck from whose powers a newspaper fiction is called a *canard*, appears poor in appetite upon comparison; for what was his eating up twenty-three other ducks—cut into little pieces on purpose too—beside my cat's eating up the very cat which simultaneously ate him—all but his indomitable tail?

"O, I am a cook, and a capting bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a boson tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig!"

The hero of the Messenian war was saved from death when the Spartans threw him into a pit, by falling on his comrades who were thrown in first; and he escaped from the pit by holding on to the tail of a fox which had got in to prey upon the dead. Similarly, I was kept off the rocks of random Monster Slaying by my soft fall upon all these dear, dead Monsters; and I climbed out of the abyss dug for me by the Westminster Assembly, with the aid of the Kilkenny cat's tail!

I began my ascent "out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay," by realizing that when a Monster is slain—he usually leaves a tail behind him. Procrustes did so, and the Lernaean Hydra—only in his case, as in Charles the First's and many others, the tail was a head—and so on, up to the Kilkenny cat. Surely this was what the poet meant, who sang of a throbbed Monster—

"He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral,—and adorn a tail."

This, of course, is the argument against Monster Slaying. I have no doubt the Monster finds an axe in his neck or a bullet in his abdomen as much out of place as I would—if I were he. Then it should not be put there without a purpose; and *cui bono*, since the tail goes on wiggling like that of a broken-backed lizard? But this was old.

I reflected that the Monster who manages to have himself slain as such, is always, not only a Monster, but a Type. And now, like Dante, when he got out of hell by "swarming" up the bulk of the Great Boss Monster who had taken root there, I began to see the stars again. John Bunyan—dear old John! the creator of Apollyon, and Giant Despair, and so many other exquisite Monsters—says, in his sermon on "Reprobation," that, tho the vessel of dishonor was made to hold something else instead of the champagne, he has no right to complain of the potter, because champagne is not the "poison" to his own peculiar taste. As regards common vessels of dishonor, I might demur to the premise. But in case of this Monster, I have to admit it. He wanted to be a Typical Monster. He desired to be remembered for burning the temple of Ephesus, or the Alexandrian library, or Boer's houses, or in some other manner acting as no one but a Monster of his own idiosyncrasy would—and far surpassing all the other Monsters in that line. Well, he has his way. That is the Tail. "*A labore requiescentem opera sequuntur.*" Consequently, he really has no reason to find fault with the Potter—nor with the Monster Slayer; but for whom he probably might not be remembered.

Of course I did not fail to anticipate foolish objections—e. g. Why were Monsters made anyhow? "Such direct questions as dem, would upshot any system of metaphysics." Of course they would! And then I took the last step, and, emerging from Hades, stood fairly on the *terra firma* of these glorious truths that a Monster is always the embodiment of a System; and that every system is a duplex Kilkenny cat, devouring and being devoured until nothing remains but a tail. Would you never become a Monster? Then have nothing to do with Systems.

And how many of 'em there are! Materialism, Idealism, Egoism, Altruism, formulæ for "bodily health," etc., etc.,—you may extend the list *ad libitum*; but when you have done so, run it over. Then ask yourself what they all have in common with one another? Just what they have also in common with perpetual motion, or quadrature of the circle. Every one is an alleged solution of the impossible problem—to transcend the opposite termini of sense; to make Something Particular out of Everything in General; in short, to pick yourself up by your own bootstraps. Apply any of them, and you will quickly find it is the wolf Fenris, which can never satisfy his craving for the blood of actual tangible individuals till he eats the world, and finishes the meal by putting away Odin himself.

Because the last great devotee of a system thus inevitably develops into a typical Monster of some kind, there is, indeed, no use in being mad with Fenris (which might, for example, be orthodoxy), if you only put some other "clear and concise" notion in place of that which was his soul. You have but turned the Kilkenny cats about—Tom up and Jerry down:—they still fight till nothing is left but the longest tail.

There are, to be sure, some systems, such as Agnosticism and Pessimism, which partly recognize all this, and would destroy both combatants at a blow, like Carlyle's favorite

Monster—the ass, which was killed for drinking up the moon. What these abortive Monster Slayers fail to see, is that you cannot drink up the moon, but only the moon's inverted image in the poor mirror of your private pile.

A much better security against the claws of System is to know that all the above, and many more, are very old; that they long since produced, each its own typical Monster; and tore each other to pieces, and left their tails for a warning, strewn along the path of history. My friend, you are not the prophet who can call life into the dry bones of those tails.

Perfectly harmless, then, and also perfectly useless, is a dead Monster's tail. Let Monster Slayers never do like Alexander, of whom Dryden assures us that "thrice he slew the slain." Let us confine destruction to the Monsters which are still alive. Neither think to slay them with the tail of any that has gone before. There never was but one hero who could exterminate Philistines with the jaw-bone of a skeletonized ass. Therefore, if they say the man of destiny, who shall slay the living Monsters, is in the wilderness—go not forth; in the secret place—believe it not. "For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even onto the west" so is he always in the day of his appearing. The Monster, like that very worthy compeer, the genia in the Arabian Nights, arises out of the little brass vessel of a system, containing smoke; but, instead of mere smoke, he is a solid-looking mighty giant—still with something of both smoke and brass about him. He grows until he darkens the heavens, and makes the earth his footstool. Then, just as you begin to fear he will swallow the sun, comes the flash, perhaps small enough to emerge from a twenty-two calibre revolver, and, lo, when it is extinct again, like lightning, the soul of the Monster has vanished with his body, leaving nothing but a powerless Tail.

C. L. JAMES.

The Social Revolution.

It is easy to obviate dangers if we dare to face them. Never were the conditions of society more menacing than today, and scarcely ever have palpable evils been met with more inefficacious means. The ridiculous small, comical and inconsiderable measures by which it is thought to approach a solution of the social question, are nothing but new interrogation marks appended to this question, or dashes which signify thoughtlessness. Certainly, the propertyless have the right to demand everything, and the proprietors have the right to refuse everything. Yet both are equally wrong. But what comes out of this scuffling are untenable compromises, in the best cases short suspensions of hostilities, and in every case rendering the adversaries more acute. Two dogs fight for a bone, pluck each other's skin, and finally kill each other. Dust and smoke densely whirl around in this contest and darken the fair guiding stars: freedom and justice. For freedom is not systematized serfdom, and injustice cannot be the reverse simply because it is sanctioned. Only the spirit of intrenched and embarrassed cunning would like to make us believe this.

What can be seen in human society in its lovely working order, is much and little at the same time. There is above all the trouble of our industrial life, which, tho cast in antiquated forms, yet after all overflows, matures evil sproutings which are approached by innumerable laws, confused settlements, agreements, minutes of commissions, etc. Then come the voicings of a shallow policy, the sham fights of international diplomacy, domestic troubles, pettifoggings, and not last the hodge-podge of curiosity, vanity, brutality, and emptiness, of which the broth for the ordinary chronicles of events is prepared. But over everything lies an ensnaring charm, a gloomy and steadily growing discontent; a feeling seems to revive as tho we men on this earth are not at home, or at least do not understand to arrange ourselves commodiously on this beautiful homestead. Then we hear here and there the voices from the depths; bubbles rise and explode on the surface with sound and smoke. A mysterious feeling wrestles for expression, and its motions seize us with horrors in the anticipation of the future, the unknown.

But mostly it requires the assassins of kings and presidents to frighten us. We see the storm-birds of the social revolution floating along, and lightning flashes and quivers thru the air and abruptly illuminates an immeasurable ocean of hatred and torture. Then again a compassionate fog veils our senses and we grope ahead. But the events multiply, the social revolution makes its appearance, horrible in its presentiment.

The time is not far away when the capitalist order of things will have reached its climax. Thru thousands and thousands of channels the money, and with it the power, flows into the few but large basins, and the "will for power" of the individual looks helplessly at this irresistible rippling. And the proletariat grows and grows. But it is a mistake to think that only this, or even only thru the ideas of Anarchism and Social Democracy are united groups conscious of the fact that the prevailing order of things becomes more untenable from day to day. Right among the intelligent middle class, and particularly those of them who in degree and kind of their requirements, but hardly in their habits, distinguish themselves from the proletariat, is it most bitterly felt that their work is not adequately compensated; that this wide world has not enough room, light, air and nourishment for them, and that the infinite and ample means of support in modern evolution, which may transform bread into stones, are applied only as accomplices of the oppressors.

But harder perhaps than anything else does it press on this class of society, that besides the bread question a spiritual question is more and more despairingly craving a solution,—the question of individual freedom, of determining one's own destiny, to live one's own life. Not only money, but even mental capital flows to the small minority, the intellectual ten thousand. The modern State has no other use for the intellectual achievements than in nailing heavy new boards to the foreheads of its narrow-minded subjects. Never were the people less equal than today to the abundance of knowledge, education, ideas and all the men-

tal powers; never was the spirit of the times less responsive to the actual conditions than now, when the old, worn-out tablets have been broken, and on the other hand the Churches not able to embrace the herd. Therefore we have "natural right," Kant, Rousseau, Voltaire, the great revolution; then Wagner, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, in order to call to mind that we must not read this, publish that, walk here, nor spit there! Truly, the times were better when the individual only feared the power of the fist, when he was even more free in chains than he is now, when the poison of the belief in authority is mixed with his mental nourishment, all corners of his individual ground off, so that he may—agreeable to God and man—successfully wind thru all the barriers and fences with which society encloses its cabbage-beds.

Even in our spiritual life, then, stones instead of bread! Backward evolution seems to be the guiding dictum of our time. The third class is proletarian, at least mentally, and the saying of the "fat bourgeois" has long been nothing but a scorn.

Hunger is the pithy saying of our epoch: hunger of the body, hunger of the soul—both combined.

And what happens?

It is the stomach question that occupies the mind mostly—as the nearest thing and not because it is the most important question. To be sure, this hunger cries and implores loudly and all are bound to hear these complaints. The others, who are half-way satiated, also suffering by the all around insufficiency and thirsting for development, hardly whimper, the mass does not hear their sighs, altho it laments thousand-fold, and none ascends the tribune to preach to the people. But those who want bread, only bread and full stomachs, you cannot cajole them away from the rumblings of their stomachs. These will be the people who, with the elemental power of self-preservation, will break a way for the revolution. In theory the ways have been sufficiently worked out and differ very widely. To be sure, none of them may lead to Rome. Social Democracy looks for redemption in a more or less peaceful evolution, which is to lead us to the despotism of the Moloch State, the social commonwealth, and which would mean the greatest misfortune in the evolution of mankind, if its program could be at all realized according to the theory, as the gain of bodily necessities at the expense of crushed individuality would be altogether too costly. Of far greater significance for the true development of man are the teachings of *Anarchism*. With the formation of free groups in society, the members of which will determine their own affairs and give the individual the greatest scope for action, everybody must be in sympathy. Yet even here we must distinguish between theory and practise, but it is after all probable that the future will produce better men who will be able to fashion society as Bakunin and Kropotkin contemplate.—Dr. Victor Erschen, in *Neue Bahnen*, Vienna. Tr. by Interloper for FREE SOCIETY.

There is not an instance on record of any class possessing power without abusing it.—Buckle.

The Divorce Problem.

Mrs. Stanton's labor in behalf of the emancipation of men and women from ignorance and tyranny of State and Church extended over a period of more than fifty years. Her adherents and disciples represent the advanced thought of the age.

Thru her efforts the virtue of lawful wife-beating was converted into a crime on the statutes of most of the States. And, while the ecclesiastical "obey" of marriage ceremony was not abrogated, it has been brought into disrepute with all civilized and decent people. The demand of the hour is brainy men and women capable of constructing a formula of marriage that, regardless of the childish superstitions and imbecile dogmatism of a puerile past, holds as sacred and inviolable the dignity and self-respect of the people of this republic—a formula that, as the first step towards purifying the home, eliminates the slave mother—the drudge mother. No home that includes a slave, or a drudge with its inmates, can be a proper habitation for the propagation and cultivation of human beings. Obedience and submission are the necessary adjuncts of the slave; and likewise form the basic or fundamental elements of despotism. A despot, or a slave in a home, renders it fit only for the abode of wild beasts.

John Stuart Mill is the author of the statement that "marriage is the only legal slavery of civilization." Legalized enslavement of "free" men and women seems a hideous satire on the intelligence of the people of a republic.

The perpetuity of all that is worthy in the free institutions of the nation depends upon posterity. That the prospective parents of a prospective free posterity should be controlled in individual concerns, and purely personal matters by special laws mete only for abject slaves, that the children of parents may, as a sequence, be the right material for free citizens of a republic, is an anomaly not explainable upon any hypothesis of an intelligent mind. That children are prone to the vices, as well as the virtues of parents, few will deny. The mother who lives in constant fear of censure and reproach from her husband generally falls into those habits common to the regulation slave, viz: concealment, deception and falsehood; and need not be surprised should her children add to these vices that of cowardice, while no more pitiable object may be found perhaps than a slave wife and mother, unless indeed, it be a "hen-pecked" husband and father.

The clergy generally appear to deplore the "disgrace" of the fact that men and women sometimes repent choice of conjugal partners. That there is likelihood of grave mistakes in matrimonial selections, and especially with those not adepts in character reading, all must admit, but that these errors of judgement should be punished as crime, no sane person would believe.

Has government then a clear record for character reading? If so, how does it explain crime in high places by trusted public officials? And while the sensitive Church writhes in anguish over the blunders of others, shall it not sometimes remember the tens of thousands of ministers it has ordained

who have been convicted of unministerial conduct?

It would appear that this whole matter of marriage and divorce law hinges on this pivot—this *combine*, namely, Church and government;—which thus forms a *trust* the most stupendous that any land can produce. A trust that deals not in food nor fuel, but in *people*; and these are seemingly graded and classified with reference to their greater use to the manipulators, and may be said to be as follows: first class, soldiers; second class, citizens; third class, women, and for convenience, we may label *refuse*, as many of this class have on bended knees implored government nearly fifty years for recognition as citizens, and have as steadily been refused! The first and second classes seem to be government's distinctive share in the deal, while the third class or "refuse," seems passed to the Church, who "wise as a serpent and meek as a dove," graciously, *gladly* accepts its portion and in the exuberance of joy exclaims, "Behold the *mothers* of the race."

"Let Uncle Sam have his soldiers; let government have its citizens; but to us—the Church, belongs the creatory for these United States, and *countless wealth is ours*."

As government must look to prospective soldiers to replenish depleting ranks in inhospitable lands;—and likewise the Church depends largely upon prospective increase of membership to reimburse the outlay of its treasury. Therefore may we not conclude that, tacitly or otherwise, a conspiracy of remorseless and insatiate powers inaugurates a crusade against the liberties of the American people and that thru aid of rightly directed law "carpentering," to the end that, regardless of quality of material, the demand shall meet with *unfailing supply*!

Not on earth this day exists more potent weapons, more formidable artillery for compassing this object than the *combine* of Church dogma and divorce law!

"See the blasting, burning shame of sex oppression now,
And with hearts and hands uplifted swear a grand and god-like vow;
That despite the fangs of custom, and despite the Churches' frown,
Womanhood shall wield its sceptre, womanhood shall wear its crown.
She hath borne with man his crosses, she hath worn with man his chains,
She hath shared in all his losses, she hath suffered all his pains.
She shall stand with him co-equal, on the pure exalted planes"

EMILY G. TAYLOR.

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There is but one protection against the tyranny of any class; and that is, to give that class very little power. Whatever the pretensions of any body of men may be, however smooth their language, and however plausible their claims, they are sure to abuse power, if much of it is conferred on them. The entire history of the world affords no instance to the contrary.—Buckle.

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Bachelor—I've great news for you. I'm engaged.

Benedict—Well, you needn't come to me for sympathy. I'm married.—Chicago American.

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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.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1902.

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If these figures correspond with the number printed on the wrapper of your FREE SOCIETY, your subscription expires with this number.

ATTENTION.

Farewell social and address by Emma Goldman, after which a grand ball will take place in Ruehl's Hall, 220 W. Twelfth St., Saturday, December 6, 1902, at 8 p. m. Admission 15 cents. Women free.

Notes.

C. L. James' "History of the French Revolution" is now at last ready, and all subscribers to the book will have received their copies before this reaches them. If any who have changed their addresses fail to receive their copies promptly, they should inquire at the postoffice. The book is printed on good book paper from large type, and is well bound. The price for cloth copies is \$1 postpaid, and paper copies 50 cents, postage 9 cents extra. All who have previously subscribed for paper copies will receive them for 50 cents.

There are still some subscribers who have not sent in the money for the books. They should do so at once if wishing a prompt delivery of their copies.

Comrade Emma Goldman is making a short tour in the interest of the Russian revolutionary movement. Comrades who are interested in the Russian movement, and desirous of extending the struggling Russians moral and financial aid, can greatly assist them by arranging meetings and entertainments. Communicate with Emma Goldman in care of this office.

To anyone sending us \$2 we will send FREE SOCIETY one year and Dr. Greer's "A Physician in the House." Also to anyone sending us one new subscriber and \$2 we will send the same. This applies to renewals as well as new subscriptions.

Boston.—Boston Social Science Club meets every Sunday at 4 p. m. at 724 Washington St., room 9. Free forum for all sociological topics. Anarchist literature for sale. Subject for December 14, "The Law of Equal Freedom."

Brooklyn.—The Social Science Club meets every Friday evening at Central Hall, 410 Stone Ave. Discussion free to all.

FREE SOCIETY

Chicago.—W. F. Barnard will speak before the Workmen's Educational Club on "Ideal Industry," Friday, December 5, 8 p. m., at Schwartz Hall, Cor. Jefferson and 14th Sts.

Sunday, December 7, Emma Goldman will speak on "Modern Phases of Anarchism," in Uhlrich's Hall, 27 N. Clark St. Admission 10 cents.

Dr. Walter Scott Hall will lecture in Schiller Hall, 109 Randolph St., Sunday, 11 p. m., on "How to Overcome the Difficulties of Life."

The Progressive Club will hold a meeting every Friday evening at 331 Walnut St. Friendly discussions will take place.

The Tolstoy Club meets every Saturday evening at the home of Dr. Mary R. Carey, 837 W. Adams St. Tolstoy readings and discussions.

Cleveland.—Sunday, December 14, 3 p. m., Emma Goldman speaks on "The Student and Peasant Riots in Russia," in Hungarian Hall, Clark Ave., West Side.

Philadelphia.—Social Science Club holds weekly meetings Friday evenings in Bricklayers' Hall, 707 N. Broad St.

New York.—Radical Reading Room, 180 Forsyth St. Lectures and free discussions every Sunday at 3 p. m. December 7, Jay Fox will speak on "Anarchism and Social Democracy: A Comparison."

Comrade A. Lopatiner will visit the delinquent subscribers, and we hope the readers will not let him spend time and carfare in vain.

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An Appeal.

An appeal to the Supreme Court of New Jersey is to be taken in behalf of Comrades Wm. MacQueen and Rudolph Grossmann, who were convicted and sentenced to five years imprisonment in Paterson.

The verdict against them is the result of newspaper spite, general prejudice and an itching desire to pocket fees on the part of the prosecuting officers.

Comrade Grossman has such a well-established alibi that it is believed the verdict of a befuddled jury will be overthrown in the Supreme Court. The verdict against Comrade MacQueen is based largely on testimony of police officers, and prejudice against Anarchists, and there is a chance that it also cannot stand. The prosecutor laid special stress on the fact that these were Anarchists, and it is a case of Anarchism on trial.

These are active, able and energetic comrades, and their imprisonment means a serious impairment to the movement. No stone should be left unturned in their behalf. Let all comrades who are able send in their mites to the defense committee.

Send money to Fermino Gallo, 90 Straight St., Paterson, N. J.

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Splinters.

For quite a while we have been enjoying a vacation from the "Anarchist plot" story. Now all at once the swindle has bobbed up again, either thru the imagination of a lying reporter, or else from the disordered brain of an insane woman and a stupid pastor. If the readers of metropolitan dailies had a

modicum of sense, they would not tolerate such continual insults to the intelligence of a child.

• • •

It is amusing to see Socialist papers claim that the votes cast for the Socialist Labor party were intended for the Socialist party, and were cast for the former unintentionally. According to the this, then, these people are intelligent enough to understand the principles of Socialism, but do not possess the sense to recognize the party name on the ballot when they see it there.

• • •

In California the Socialists have already relented their "uncompromising" attitude, and made a virtual fusion with the Union Labor party. While I do not pretend to give the motive of all those who are responsible for this action, there is one fact worth mentioning in this connection. The Socialist party, tho a small one in San Francisco, has, owing to the city charter, already tasted of the sweets of office as a third party. It may be possible this fact has nothing to do with the fusion; but it has nevertheless been an observed fact that wherever success is sighted on the political field, principles go overboard and the politician comes in. It will be interesting to observe the phenomena in the Socialist camp.

• • •

"Free speech," guaranteed and "protected" by government, is a rather unsatisfactory affair. The speech remains "free" about as long as the speaker says nothing that the "protectors" are offended at. To step beyond this line at once becomes "abuse" of free speech. This sort of "free speech" we have in every land, always of course provided the speaking is satisfactory to the ruling powers. Here in Chicago a few police captains do not like the idea of Emma Goldman speaking, so hall proprietors are intimidated and threatened, which is in many cases effective. Last Sunday the meeting announced for Emma Goldman was suppressed by a little police czar. Another attempt will be made to hold the meeting next Sunday. But whether the meeting is held publicly or not, it is certain the idea will not be suppressed.

• • •

Mayor Hinchcliffe of Paterson, after a lot of strenuous work in "doing" Anarchists, (according to his own boastful declaration,) is traveling in the west for a "rest," the report saying "that even so healthy and husky a man as he was fagged out before the battle was won." If he has been quoted correctly, he told a reporter of the Los Angeles Herald in an interview which appeared on November 16, 1902, that they "did" the Anarchists, and that the latter have left Paterson. Either the mayor, under the debilitating influence of his "tired feeling" is having visions or stretching the truth pretty widely, for the Anarchists are still in Paterson, and have no intention of leaving at the behest of this arrogant boaster. The methods pursued are also interesting. He told the police, he says, that if Emma Goldman attempted to speak there, and nothing happened to justify her arrest, "to make something happen." How they "made something happen" we all know thru the

MacQueen-Grossmann farce recently enacted at Paterson. Hinchcliffe, it appears, is an Irishman, and is anxious to vindicate the national character, so he positively asserts there are no Irish Anarchists. The patriotic mayor doesn't know what he is talking about. The Anarchist philosophy is confined to no nation. If he would look over our subscription list, we could soon convince him of this. JR.

— o —
By the Wayside.

"Constitutional, compatible with the American spirit, is everything that serves to enrich the despoilers of the people," observes the Chicago *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. "All endeavors and tendencies which are against such mania, are positively unconstitutional, and are to be considered as being opposed to the American spirit."

The *Evening Standard* of New Bedford, Mass., takes the police of Providence, R. I., to task for forbidding Comrade Emma Goldman to speak in that city, and comes to the conclusion that it will have the same effect as the driving of the Christians into the Catacombs had in Rome, that is, the very opposite from what the authorities intended. The editor also intimates correctly, that if the American people fear the arguments of the few Anarchists, it is practically a declaration of bankruptcy of their own faith in their institutions.

The world is coming to an end, at least the reign of capitalism and despotism. After the militia in New Orleans refused to be the tools of capitalism, the members of the New York militia are "neglecting their duty," and the national guard in Switzerland objected to aiding the street railway magnates in the introduction of "American business methods," some of the dailies have forebodings which make them tremble and quiver. But there is consolation in the thought that it is only the conscious-smitten parasite who gnashes his teeth.

Speaking of the dogmatic attitude of the Socialist parties toward other schools of thought, Ernest Crosby gives them the following pill to swallow:

"It is this kind of dogmatism which keeps the Socialists in such a small minority. Most of them have thrown religion overboard altogether, the wheat as well as the chaff, but at the same time they set up a rigid economical creed with an infallible pope and scriptures to boot. They are the Calvinists of the reform movement with their predestination, their calm consciousness of being the elect, their sectarianism and their intolerance. And we find in them the same inconsequence too. The Calvinists claim that the number of the saved is ordained from eternity and yet they are no less energetic in missionary work, while the State Socialists insist that Socialism is inevitable and that the trusts are bringing it in unaided, and at the same time they are enthusiastic over their little party and its propaganda. They have no doubt whatever of the exact course which history is going to take and no idea that there are cer-

tain limits of knowledge beyond which a slight degree of agnosticism and modesty are not out of place." INTERLOPER.

— o —

Kate.

There is a satisfaction in having known Kate. I call her Kate because she preferred to be called by her first name by everybody, and by this name she was known all over Cedar county by young and old. She liked the visits of comrades with whom she could exchange her ideas, hear new ideas and the various experiences from those who had been "kicked all over creation," as she terms persecution and imprisonment by governments. Had she had the means, she would have invited to her hospitable home every comrade she had ever heard from; in fact, her hospitality knew no limits, and several times while questioning me about comrades she knew by name only, she remarked how nice it would be and how much more solidarity and satisfaction there would be if all would know each other personally. I suggested that this would in many cases cause more disappointment than joy, but she thought it worth while to have the experience.

The beautiful moonlight evenings I spent on the porch of the old farm house with Kate, her companion Sam, and her sister Isa, and the children, belong to a past which will never be forgotten. And the watermelon feasts:

Lo, upon his porch the farmer rests
From weary toil in summer's heat;
But see, instead of Markham's hoe
He holds a dagger in his hand,
Bent on assassination of a—
Watermelon.

Anyone who had been in the company of the Austin family once, desires to meet them again. While we can do so little for each other during life, what can we do for the one that has followed the countless army across the mythological river Styx? Nothing but to cherish the memory of the dear one departed from us so early. Those who were more or less acquainted with her privately may muse over this or that, over what she should have done and should not have done in order to be still among the living, but it is all in vain, for we all choose our own road to the same place, the grave. However, for the benefit of others I desire to state the following observations I made.

Consumptive people, especially while in the first stage of the disease, are inclined to think lightly of it and often neglect it; later on, when the disease becomes troublesome, they consult a doctor, then it is generally too late. Two years ago, Kate was advised to go to a more suitable climate, but did not go. Six months ago, when coughing and weakness increased on her, she consulted a well known and able doctor in the east, but this treatment by mail at a distance of over a thousand miles is something that seems to me, at least in such a case, irrational.

No matter how good and experienced a doctor may be, he can never treat and diagnose his patient at a distance as he can when he can see and observe his patient from day to day. And when at last she decided to go to Colorado, I argued with her in vain to take the railroad instead of

going there in a covered wagon; she was not strong enough, but she insisted she was.

Then she took half an hour's walk in the fresh morning air and smilingly tried to contradict my arguments by saying: "You see, I don't feel tired at all!"

Poor Kate, we all sometimes like to deceive ourselves in strength and ability.

A lovely rose has faded away, a good and true comrade is resting. CARL NOLD.

— o —

Here and There.

To all those concerned it was an open secret that in the boiler-house of Swift & Co. an explosion and the wholesale destruction of human life were to be anticipated. The engineer pointed it out to the superintendent of the company, declaring that the help was incompetent. The danger which hovered over those in and near the boiler-house was so well known that the workmen often discussed the matter in their homes. Only the inspection officials, who are supposed to watch over the safety of such establishments, do not seem to have known about it.

The company management was aware of it, but with them there was a different reason which prevented them from taking action. They could not avail themselves of taking preventive measures against the menacing dangers, for they had in the first place to be on the alert for high profits and dividends for the company.

The murderer of the employes who perished thru the explosion is called capitalistic "economy," inconsiderate greed. The management tenaciously closed their ears against the complaints, because the employment of skilled labor would increase the expenses. Money had to be saved and in turn human life sacrificed.

The engineer demanded relief, but he did not dare to do this energetically, because, as he has said himself, he was in danger of discharge if he annoyed the officials too much with his complaints. Put before the alternative: either to be in permanent danger or without bread, the perished victims chose the danger, which millions of their fellow-workers have to do every day.—Ex.

The Trades Assembly of Shenectady, N. Y., representing over 12,000 members, has unanimously voted for the expulsion of all members of local unions who belong to the national guard.

In Lancaster, Ky., the sheriff sold three colored tramps at auction. The man who had been sentenced to twelve months' labor was acquired for \$7. The two women who also were to perform hard labor for one year, were sold for \$5 each. When such penalties are inflicted upon human beings for being poor no appropriate comment can be made.

SWITZERLAND.—The Swiss authorities are emulating the American courts. For writing and speaking on the general strike, the Anarchists Bertoni, Steinegger, and Croisier, were tried for "inciting to riot" during the recent street car strike. Bertoni was sentenced to one year imprisonment, while Steinegger got six and Croisier three months, which sentence of the two latter will only be executed if they do not "behave" during a term of five years.

The End of the Road.

She might have been beautiful at one time. The soft gray eyes looking out from the prematurely aged face, were neither very large nor brilliant, yet a light burned in their depths that shone from no others in that room.

Her withered form, despite the many angles, might have been rounded; her thin neck, seemingly much too long, when she threw back her head that she might cough the easier, was not good to look upon—yet her almost colorless lips and abundant gray-black hair, gave one the impression that she had been beautiful.

Poor Joe! that must have been long before she came here to work, toiling up the long flights of stairs each morning to take her place in the corner and turn over the heaps of woolen rags, shaking them thru a screen that they might be freed from the bits of dust and cotton, which at each breath she was forced to swallow; while the hot sun beat down thru the skylight: for by some odd arrangement this work is done in summer.

She was forewoman, if the place had one, and none there envied her the position; it was not pleasant when it became necessary to return a bag of work; the grumbling of the worker was not in the choicest language. Joe had worked here seven years; very few were the bags returned by her; but many could remember when it was different. She was cheerful, too, and did not interfere with them otherwise—and compassionate fear glanced from the eyes which met each other across the room, when the cough she tried to believe was a slight cold, grew harsher.

Day after day Joe's cough grew worse; her fingers were less active, and she found it necessary to pause for breath as she came upstairs. Then it was that first one, then another of the workers left off their own to help Joe each day, lest there be complaint about her work.

But at last it came—the day when she could no longer meet the demand upon her strength, and she traveled the long flights of stairs only to sink in a heap at the top.

The women carried her into the dressing-room, and made a bed of their clothing. Everything they could do was done for her. Even poor deaf Martha, who had five little mouths at home, waiting for the food that would come with her at the day's end, insisted on paying her share of the doctor's charges.

And poor old Cummings, who had so far to go herself, would not rest until she had seen Joe safe to her home.

Poor Joe! how often had her face lit up as she neared home, and smiled a glad response to the welcome of the invalid seated ever by the window. A tall man, whose sad dark eyes seemed searching forever beyond the life of things—who never moved from his chair, except when she helped him onto the bed at its side. He was there, as he always was, weaving baskets; but there was no lighting up in her eyes as they rested on him now, only a look of helpless misery, as she realized that hereafter the burden must fall wholly upon him.

She dismissed Cummings at the door, and moving across the little room, bowed her head on the knees that could neither move

nor feel, and wept out her helpless misery.

He did not try to stop her; he knew she would feel better for this; and bending his head until it touched hers, he kissed the worn cheeks and weeping eyes, he whispered words of encouragement, just as she had done, when in the first realization of his own helplessness, he would have killed himself.

He was young and strong then, in the full power of health, he had slipped from the scaffolding on a building, where he was at work, and fell to the ground. It was not much of a fall, and he continued to work, but the pain in his limbs grew worse, and one morning he awoke to find the use of both limbs gone. So at thirty-three years of age, life had ended for him.

In the first flush of hope, the little money they had saved was eaten up in doctors' bills; then he had learned to weave baskets, and for thirteen years that chair by the window had been his haven.

The next day, Joe felt better. She would have gone to work, but he pleaded with her to stay; and in the afternoon the same painful cough racked her slight frame.

Her cheeks lit up with a red flush, her eyes grew bright, too, as the day passed, and she thought she was getting well. One day she was getting well—so well that she walked down to the shop. And the next?

The next day all was over—she lay quite still, with her withered hands clasped, her eyes stared straight up at the ceiling, the red flush had left her face, and a peaceful smile hovered about her mouth.

And thus he found her, when he awoke, seated in his chair, which stood by her bed now. He made no outcry, but bending over, kissed the smiling lips; and when he raised his head there was a harder gleam in his eyes.

And once more he watched her leave the house, but this time two men carried her.

And he saw the hearse drive off, and her old father and the few neighbors enter the one carriage, which followed.

The next day—his eyes had grown bright, as tho he saw farther, beyond the life of things. He told the old man, Joe's father, when he gathered the baskets to sell, that he would not rise today—he felt tired, he said. The old man understood; he too was tired, so tired, and he had waited so long; so he left the house, locking the door as he was told: and in the evening when he returned, the shutters were not open, the fire had not been lit, it was dark—and so cold.

For life, pain, injustice,—were as things past, to the silent sleeper in the darkened room.

MARY HANSEN.

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Anarchism and Socialism.

Of course I mean State Socialism, there is none other but non-State Socialism, which is Anarchism. And while true Socialism is Anarchism, it is well to line up our forces as Anarchists.

The final battle will be between the forces of Anarchism and State Socialism. Let us hope that those Socialists who do not like to have their Socialism qualified by the word State, will drop politics and acknowledge themselves Anarchists, for so long as they hope to compass their ends by the use of politics they are, and must be, State Socialists.

And I want to draw the line right here between Anarchists and all other reformers: Whoever engages in politics is, in so doing, no Anarchist.

The forces of government are fast being absorbed by Socialism, and a Socialist government, or as they prefer to call it, an administration, is quite possible in the near future. This does not depend upon Socialists altogether; it is the evolution of government.

Still it seems just now as tho this evolution was to be hurried up a little. Our late election shows a tremendous increase in the vote of the Socialists; and the moment politicians realize that Socialism is a winning card, they will rush into the game and play that card for all it is worth.

Industrialism, or more properly commercialism, is forcing the people into Socialism, by centralizing industry, with the aid of labor saving machinery, destroying competition, by combining the captains of industry, reducing the laborer to a wage slave, its mighty machinery and factories destroying the efficacy of trades.

The Socialist, seeing the great benefit these captains enjoy, and the economy of their system, would substitute government for the captains, and by retaining their system turn the great profit into the pockets of the people.

He would cure the trust by turning it over to government. He would cure monopoly by a greater monopoly. He would destroy wage slavery by making government the only employer. He would capture the powers of government, and turn their forces to the advantage of labor instead of capital. He would keep the party politics of Socialism up to date, and full of fun.

Centralization, the main principle of Socialism, is beginning to dominate the old parties, especially the party in power, while their scheme of government ownership is advocated by both parties, especially the Democratic.

Of course the Socialist contends that their centralization and their "municipal ownership" is something very different. The fact seems to be the Socialist presupposes a difference in individuals. The individuals that run their administration will be *good men* and do it for the *good of the community*.

The Anarchist takes no stock in any institution, knowing that human nature is about the same all around. He knows that any scheme for the good of all must be run by individuals, and *their good* will be looked after first.

He takes no stock in any government. It must be run by individuals, who, being human, must consider self first.

The government is simply a political trust. When it absorbs the industrial trust, it may be more trust-full, but the Anarchist wouldn't trust it.

He takes no stock in monopoly, whether private or public. Monopoly is the result of government protecting capital and giving it advantage over labor. If Socialism, capturing government, turns their advantage to labor, would conditions be better? The object of government is to give certain parties advantage. Under Socialism laborers would become officials. Under present conditions we have capitalistic aristocracy

Under Socialism it would be official aristocracy.

The Anarchist takes no stock in politics, believing it based on the principle of war. Its object is to get an advantage over its opponent, its ballot is simply the bullet of force. It is idle to talk of balloting for principles instead of men. It is men we have to elevate to power. It is men we have to trust to introduce and execute those principles. And the whole science of politics is "how not to do it." I know our Socialist friends propose to have a system under which men will be mere instruments, devoid of political power. And tho their methods in capturing the powers of government are very similar to ordinary politics, when once they get control they will subordinate men to principle. But will men do this? We know they subordinate principle to political advancement. Will Socialist politicians do different?

I believe it is a fact that most, if not all, the foremost advocates of Socialism, are in reality Anarchists in theory, but are blinded by its unpopularity to the real dangers attending the success of the Socialist party. I appeal to them to consider the danger of centralizing power in the hands of individuals, before the Socialist party saddles the country with its system.

When a political party is fairly launched its increase is in geometrical progression until its object is accomplished, and power to control the destinies of the people is received. Then it begins its decay; power always degenerates. This is the history of all parties, and the Socialist party will be no exception. Still there is a danger in the Socialist program not found to such an extent in any other party. That is centralization. If it succeeds in establishing a system such as its advocates dream, its career will demonstrate a gigantic slavery, and it will die hard.

The Anarchist takes no stock in "the science of politics," nor in "scientific Socialism." Emerson said, "Politics signifies cunning, intimidating the State, to be a trick." Politicians are men devoted to policy. The question with them is what policy will best advance the interests of our party, and incidentally, of course, advance my own standing.

The Anarchist sees no difference between the politics of our present partyism, and Socialism, except that the latter be the most dangerous of the two, as it proposes to extend the powers of government.

"A plague on both your houses," say the Anarchists. We will trust no man with power. We ask no favors, and we grant no privileges.

"Go tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw
The proud surges that sweep o'er the sands that con-
fin'd them:

But presume not again to give freeman a law,
Or think with the chains they have broken to bind
them!"

A. LEROY LOUBAL.

— o —

The Thing as We Make It.

I, Bub-el-Shikar, by the favor of God sent to do justice, relate the Thing as it Was.

Before me came Ramd Dhass, a miner, crying that he was abused, as were also those other poor men, laborers of his village, servants of the Company.

"The Presence is the Protector of the

Poor," he said, "but the foreman is of the Sons of Satan, for he weighs out for us 3,800 pounds to every ton, and we cannot complain, lest we be discharged, and our little children starve."

Then the foreman bowed himself down and said: "The Sahib is my Father, and my Grand-Mother, but the Manager is an eater of dirt, whom God curse; for causes the output of the mine to be compared with the wages paid in it! and if the output passes not that of the Pit Burg mine, he will take my wages from me, companion of thieves that he is, saying that he cannot sell the coal, seeing that it costs too much."

Now the Manager was brought to me, and he wept and said: "I also am a poor man, tho I live in the Company's bungalow, for I have many children, as arrows in a quiver, O my Lord, but expensive to keep in trousers and in food; and I must keep ponies and give feasts to the rich, lest I should lose my caste, for the directors require much profit from the mine, and if I fail to give it them, another, moved by greed, stands waiting for my place."

Next came the Directors, who explained to me that they lived in penury and it was not true that the profits of the mines were great. But that seeing that the eye of their Benefactor is as the headlight of a devil-carriage for penetration and for seeing into their Report, they would tell the truth—it was necessary to make a hundred per cent., for the risks were large and their leases of the mines would expire next year and they could not tell what royalty the Land Owner, glutted already with gold, but still unsatisfied, might then require of them.

So I, moved with compassion for those at the bottom of this pile of men, was wroth against the Land Owner: but he, when he came, said that my beneficence was the wonder of the East and that he had paid for the land tens of lakhs and now received for it, according to the laws, less than he could get for his money from the usurers of the bazaar.

Then I called them all before me and asked them who made the laws. And they answered, "We did, my Lord; that is, we chose out the wise men from among us to make laws, and of our stupid men we made soldiers and police to enforce them."

I asked also if the things whereof all complained were according to the custom and the law, and they answered: "Yes, my Lord." Then I thought how each one seemed to have justice on his side and how each was oppressed with toil, save only the land owner, who ate bread in idleness; to which all seemed to consent. And I gave command to drive them all forth with blows, saying: "Ye slaves! ye heads of dead fish! ye jackals, eating one another and coming to me to complain of the pain! Go to, all of you, unmake your foolish laws, or at the least defy them all!"

And I, Pub-el-Shikar, ruler of men, by the favor of God sent to do justice, do bless the Most High who has given his servant sense enough not to make laws to hurt himself.—Bolton Hall, in the *Rubric*, Chicago.

— o —

A party is like a small sausage machine; it grinds the heads altogether in one mash.—Ibsen.

Teach Your Children.

Teach your children the facts you know. If you do not know, say so. Be as honest as you are ignorant. Do all you can to develop their minds, to the end that they may live useful and happy lives. Strangle the serpent of superstition that crawls and hisses about the cradle. Keep your children from the augurs, the soothsayers, the medicine-men, the priests of the supernatural. Tell them that all religions have been made by folks, and that all the "sacred books" were written by ignorant men. Teach them that the world is natural. Teach them to be absolutely honest. Do not send them where they will contract diseases of the mind, the leprosy of the soul. Let us do all we can to make them intelligent.—Ingersoll.

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Rainbow Chasing.

Dean Swift, in his satirical romance, "Gulliver's Travels," tells of a philosopher who spent a lifetime trying to discover a process for extracting sunshine from cucumbers, his plan being to bottle up the manufactured sunshine for use in cloudy weather. Humanity, for several centuries has been engaged in the effort to extract social happiness and personal benefit from legislation and government; and it hasn't succeeded any better than the fellow with his cucumber-sunshine experiment. Possibly this was Swift's intended application of his satire.

• • •

Anarchy has got to be stamped out. The "Honorable" J. H. Bromwell, of Ohio, distinctly so proclaims. Having profoundly astonished the Universe with this bit of information, the "Honorable" J. H. Bromwell proceeds to unburden his preponderous thought reservoir of the secret of how it is to be done. Congress is to do it, like little George Washington fixed the cherry-tree—with its little legislative hatchet. He wants a law enacted making it a capital crime to advocate the abolition of government. You can see at once the brilliant originality of his plan. The "Honorable" J. H. Bromwell is a statesman of rare intellectual attainments, and the profoundness of his profundity in elucidating this illuminating solution of the long-sought "cure for Anarchy" entitles him to all the cakes, with the bakery thrown in. Let him go up to the head of the class.—Winn's *Firebrand*.

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LETTER-BOX.

Morrison I. Swift.—We are glad to see you come over to our side. Will be pleased to receive more from your pen.

A. C. Pleydell, Sharon Hill, Pa.—Thanks for advance sheets of Bolton Hall's new book.

A. J. Ault.—Your article of twenty-two pages is entirely too long for publication. Less than half a column of space would be more than sufficient to bring out the one point.

A L., New York.—The community at Independence, Minn., has been broken up because Comrade Rowell, the founder, is under the indictment for having mailed "obscene literature."

M. Kaplan, City.—Nobody denies that men are interdependent. But that is not the issue between Anarchists and Socialists. The question is whether or not majority rule, or any other for that matter, or restraint, must be added to the interdependence of man, which we emphatically deny. When authority in society is abolished, the individual is then "absolutely independent," altho not in a metaphysical sense.

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