



The Practical Application of It.

In looking over my late attempt to formulate "A Bit of My Philosophy," I have wondered, if my readers, like some celebrated character — was it Dickens? — would not insist on the importance of a "practical application." The idea was to teach the laboring poor, how they could supply their needs by their own endeavor.

Is this possible? I believe the research and invention of science has established the fact that it is possible. We know that light, heat, and motive power are educed from electricity; and the engendering and storing of this element is possible to all. We know the wonderful results of "intensive" farming; how a back yard may be made to produce what would require acres by ordinary farming. This knowledge and a system of co-operation and exchange might make a capitalist of everybody.

"If a boundless plenty be the robe,
Trade is the golden girdle of the globe;
No land but listens to the common call,
And in return receives supply from all."

Verily, a "consumation devoutly to be wished": social peace and plenty taking this place of want and poverty. And who would not be the gainer by such an arrangement? The pride and arrogance of wealth would be gone, and, with it, the envy and hatred of poverty. The luxury of idleness could not be indulged in permanently, for this would involve dependency. But a keener sense of enjoyment would be experienced in the knowledge that idleness was the needed rest from toil. And toil, doing something to add to the beauty and worth of the world, would take the place of idleness. Toil that comes in fear of poverty, is drudgery, but toil to produce utility and beauty is "the joy of creating."

"Nancy's fondness for the child she bears."

Comrade Byington, in last *Liberty*, makes an earnest plea for action. He says: "There is a great field for the man, who with all the Anarchists work as such." But all his trouble lies in the conception for a "substitute in government." Not that he loves liberty less, but order more; that is to say, there are so many things done by government, that ought to be done, and which seem to demand an organized force to do. He, as an opponent to government, feels that a substitute of some kind is necessary. Government to him is an evil only when forcing things done which ought not to be done. Of course, he sees the "greatest difficulty" — the drifting back into "more legislation passed" and more governmental boards appointed" by the admission of those "not Anarchists." And if

we could exclude all those not sound in faith, "the information we publish" would be used by them "for such purposes, and put our powder into the enemy's guns till we were disgusted enough to quit."

Now, while I echo our comrade's confession, "criticising other's failures to do great things, while I am doing nothing in this line myself," I also join him in believing the field fruitful for anarchistic activity, if the key to the problem can be found. There is surely a key, he thinks, and also that "to displace the government from its useful functions, by doing these things better," is surely very nearly the ideal way of establishing Anarchy. But, what our comrade fails to see is that, while organized power may improve on these "useful functions," no change of name can do away with its tyranny. Organisation is but another name for centralization — the creation of sovereign power; and to talk of liberty under these conditions is to adopt the argument of governmentalists, that liberty is vouchsafed by government, or, "to be free is to be governed." Surely, this key that unlocks government, is not the key we want, and any scheme of close communion will surely fail. Anarchist activity, then, must be the precept and example of liberty. Educate the hands to provide for its own and the mind becomes the glad assistant of its fellows. The real key to the problem is self-help, self-reliance and self-assurance.

While I applaud Bro. Byington, and bid his scheme of "free money" and "free competition" good speed, I turn to the great Proletaire whose one need is sustenance. This ever increasing majority, whose face is being ground past recognition by the grindstone of commercialism, has little hope of relief — of permanent relief in any change of the grinder. It matters little to him whether government or a voluntary organization turns the crank. Momentum is ever on increasing rates. The only hope in our commercial friends' scheme is that the governor being taken from his engine, the machine will run itself to death. Free competition, like a kite without a string, would soon come to the ground. But to teach the laboring poor self-maintenance:

"He, who depends upon his mind and limbs
Needs neither cork nor bladder when he swims."

And that feeling of independence:

"Let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare
Nor heed the storms that howls along the sky."

The striker against starvation-rates is forced to yield, being dependend upon the wages of

monopoly. Teach him how he can live upon his own labor, and he can snap his fingers at monopoly. Even the general strike might fail, as the monopolist has his garrison well provisioned, while the laborer's store is very limited.

Wage slavery would be unknown, and as we learned self-reliance, self-government would result,—and those activities of government essential to the needs of people would need no governor or organization. The need of co-operation would more readily be seen from the standpoint of self-economy. When each depends upon himself, a union of free souls could and would do all the necessary things, without the corrupting power of organization.

We slander mankind and belittle intelligence when we assert, that government or some organized substitute is necessary to force the individual to act to his own advantage. Let him learn to so act, or take the consequences. Just as the world has advanced in liberty, has intelligence and manhood developed. It is protection and restraint that stunts and dwarfs individuality. Anarchist activity, then, should be in the line of development. Let us remove the harness — take down the fence, and let nature rear the animal. Let us unbind — unchain the man, and place our trust in nature and humanity. Let our charity be justice, and our force education. Get the poor together. Let teachers be voluntary. Let speakers plant the movement. I believe that men of science — specialists in the various departments — applicable to industry, would gladly lend a hand, and men of wealth — those at least, whose sympathies for the poor is not overshadowed by that monster fraud "Business," would generously come to our aid. We should expect the politician, the churchman, and the commercialist to stand aloof; for these are advocates of institutions and hope for fame, for glory, and for profits. But to the true humanitarian, whose hope and trust is in the advancement and happiness of humanity, we earnestly submit our proposition and ask their kind consideration.

A. LEROY LOUBEL.

The cause of tyrants is one the world over, and the cause of resistance to tyranny is one also. — WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The old practice of man holding man as property is nearly exploded among civilized nations; and the analogous barbarism of man holding the surface of the globe as property cannot long survive. The idea of this being a barbarism is now fairly formed, admitted and established among some of the best minds of the time; and the result is, as in all such cases, ultimately secure. — Harriet Martineau.

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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*.

All delinquent subscribers are earnestly requested to renew their subscriptions if they wish to receive the paper. A blue pencil mark on the wrapper indicates that the subscription expired.

Attention!

Some comrades of this city intend to arrange a massmeeting this year in commemoration of the Eleventh of November, if possible in Cooper Union Hall, and all those who are interested in its success are cordially invited to attend the meeting at the Radical Reading Room, 37 Attorney St., on Wednesday evening, September 14.

By the Wayside.

According to reports, thru the efforts of trades unions over 50,000 workers in Chicago, Ill., had their hours of labor reduced from ten to nine with a gain in wages amounting to over nine million dollars, during the past year. If these figures are correct it is safe to say that the trades unions have accomplished more in a single city in one year than Social Democracy has effected all over the world during thirty-five years of political action.

For the sake of saving the "dear people" from perdition, two more political parties have been launched in this country, which, after the present political campaign, will sail under the names of the Jeffersonian Democracy and the Continental. Thus we will witness the sad and ridiculous spectacle of having the reformers divided into six parties against the solid front of the two old parties. When will the deluded people learn that no political institution can alter the nature of government—which is tyranny—and improve the conditions of the workers unless they themselves hold within them the knowledge which is to deliver them from wage-slavery and misery, and that, once they gain this knowledge, they will shape their future in spite of political parties?

"The abuse and not the use of it is responsible for its evils," says Eugene Debs in speaking of the ballot, which goes to show that even an honest and intelligent man cannot see the wood

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for trees when he is afflicted with the mania of politics. Aside from the observed fact that the belief in the efficiency of the ballot tends to fill the workers with illusions regarding the improvement of their condition which sidetrack them from the genuine factors of social progress, namely the improvement of mind and self-assertion, it is not the abuse of the ballot, but the thing itself is the abuse, to paraphrase Burke's saying about government; or, as our deceased Herman Eich said to the politician: "You may be honest, but your job is a thief." Furthermore, the ballot implies majority rule, the tyranny of the majority, and the protests of Debs against the present order of things is a living proof that he will not submit to this tyranny unless it is exercised by the Social Democrats. "Peace will only come when she comes hand in hand with freedom," says Debs in his "Labor-Day Greeting," yet he forgets that freedom is not compatible with rule of any kind, whether it emanates from the Russian czar or the hordes of Social Democracy.

Under the heading, "Settling a Mexican Strike," the New York *Commercial* points out that the Colorado method of settling strikes can be greatly improved. At Heupac in Sonora, Mexico, a number of miners formulated a protest against their hours and their wages and threatened to go out on a strike if their demands were not complied with. The employers scarcely had time to look over the demands made by the men when word came from the government in Mexico City to arrest the agitators immediately. Those who hailed from the United States were unceremoniously deported, and the Mexican miners continued their work. The *Commercial* evidently relishes such sweeping measures of settling strikes, but the more prudent papers in the United States abstain from advocating its application, as such bare-faced attitude of the government would be too much of an eye-opener among the wage-slaves as to its true mission—that of plundering its toiling subjects by means of brute force. But in spite of the politicians and the demagogues in the labor movement, the workers are beginning to see the truth which Proudhon uttered decades ago, that "without robbery and murder, property cannot exist," and once this axiom is conceived by the intelligent element in the ranks of the workers, the prop of property—government—will go to the wall.

Anent the brutal lynching of Negroes, the *Freiheit* remarks: "Lynching in America does not only increase more and more, but its atrocities become more and more hideous. Recently two Negroes in the State of Georgia, altho they had been legally—whether guilty or not—sentenced to death, were forcibly taken out of jail and burned alive, at which spectacle a large crowd of people behaved themselves like a horde of frantic demons. And the most detestable thing of the affair were the details of the monstrosities in which the press seemed to revel—monstrosities which far excelled those perpetrated by the Spanish Inquisition. Besides, if we take into consideration that such atrocities are perpetrated everywhere in this country with impunity, an indefinable horror creeps over every true man, and he is bound to ask, Where are we at? Are the Yankees really the most abominable creatures that have been produced

under the sun? And these are not exaggerated queries. The monsters of State and Church have formerly, and to some extent even now, perpetrated the most heinous deeds upon real or would-be criminals, but that was done in conformity with law—coolly and rigidly. The right to practise the most cunning cruelties as a sport has been reserved for the American mob. Should anything similar happen in China or Central Africa there surely would be (hypocritically) an international avenging soldiery sent to the scene. But so—well, it is only a matter of a national 'peculiarity.'"

* * *

In describing the display in education at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in the *Cosmopolitan*, John Brisben Walker, in an article, "The Art of Governing Peoples as Shown at the World's Fair," bewails the fact that "only the United States has seemingly misunderstood the purpose of the St. Louis Exposition, and has filled its costly buildings with great models of battleships, with displays of uniforms, and many other things which pertain to the ages of barbarism." He thinks it pitiable that there "is not a single exhibit in our national building showing intellectual activity in governmental functions," and then naively asks: "Was there nothing to show of our government which would teach the visiting nations what a republic means and should mean?" Such grossness as displayed by the United States' administration, which seemingly has not yet learned the art of concealing the true purpose of government, is certainly aggravating to a well-meaning patriot, who still harbors the age-worn idea that it is the function of governments to promote the intelligence and the well-being of its subjects. But the unbiased student of sociology will find nothing extraordinary in the crudity of the United States government, which may call forth a smile from the faces of the more refined ruling "gentlemen" of Europe, whom age and experience have taught to veil the true missions of government, which the arrogant upstarts in this country have not yet learned to appreciate. The student knows that there is essentially no difference between a monarchy and a republic, so long as there are propertied and propertyless classes in both, and that the sole mission of governors is to protect their own parasitical existence and the interests of the rich at the expense of the wealth-producers—the toilers. He knows that the untold millions spent for militarism in this country has only one purpose: that of conquest of new markets, and to resist the "unreasonable demands" of the workers; for there is not a power in this world which would venture to attack the United States, even if it had not a single warship on its waters or a single soldier in its domains. He knows, too, that governments have ever been a stumbling-block in the path of social advancement; that progress has been brought about in spite of authority, and that all that which is really beneficial and beautiful in society is the result of individual initiative, the promoters of which often suffer persecution by both the government and the public. In a word, he knows that the "intellectual activity in governmental functions," no matter what the form of the government, must of necessity confine itself to the maintenance of the established order of things—to protect the privileged classes and to strengthen the administration in power.

INTERLOPER.

Labor Day.

Again thousands of workers have been celebrating Labor Day, seeking oblivion from their yoke, and joyously waving the flag of their masters. Like the Roman saturnalia, a round of holidays which were enacted by Roman emperors in honor of god Saturn, Labor Day was gracefully given the American slaves by their masters. In Rome the saturnalia was supposed to symbolize a millennial life — a life of freedom and equality — which according to old traditions mankind had enjoyed under the regime of vanished gods; and today Labor Day is supposed to symbolize the freedom and dignity of labor. But it seems as tho the evolution has played a trick upon the modern slaves. While in Rome the rest of the days of the year belonged to the rich, the oppressors and exploiters, and the toilers and slaves had to drudge, be silent and suffer, the conditions were reversed during the saturnalia. The slaves feasted at long tables, the real masters serving them and playing the role of waiters. These festivities lasted for seven days, during which time the slaves enjoyed unbounded liberty. The modern slave is permitted to feast only one day, must wait upon himself, and the police—the hirelings of the masters—are ever on the alert that the dignified toilers shall commit no “transgressions” which might evidence “the dignity of labor.”

Otherwise the parallel of the Roman slave and the modern wage-slave is perfect. After the ancient slaves had sobered up, then again the old life with its misery, its humiliation, and its degradation stared them into the face. The rich squandered as before the marrow and blood of their drudges, robbed and accumulated treasures, while suffering and misery increased, tho social conditions ripening more and more toward their collapse.

The old Roman slave holidays in reality had no other meaning than to hold up to scorn the poor and wretched toilers — to jeer at the oppressed and disinherited. And has the modern Labor Day any other meaning? Does not the press speak even openly in a deriding manner of Labor Day and thus scoffs at the rights and liberties of the millions of workers that suffer in wage-slavery? In theory the day is to symbolize “the high position labor holds in society”; but in reality it is the day for the demagogical betrayers of the people, who, while flattering them, put them to sleep, rob, and enslave them. On Labor Day some politicians and office-holders condescendingly participate in the parade and highly praise the “industrious workers” in order that they be more willing to be squeezed and exploited during the rest of the year.

The day which will really symbolize the freedom and dignity of labor is still to come. That day will not be set aside by the grace of government, but will be wrested from the powers that be by the stout hearts and strong minds of labor, — by men who realize that the interest of capital and labor are irreconcilable. So long as the workers will expect from government what they alone must do, so long will they remain slaves. Beggars cannot be free. To abolish wage-slavery and its humiliating and degrading concomitants, they must learn to look upon government as an institution which exists not upon its own merits and strength, or to preserve order,

but upon the weakness and ignorance of the people, protecting the rich in their ill-gotten wealth, and thus creating disorder in society. They must free their minds from illusions and prejudices regarding the necessity of government, the sacredness of property, and the efficiency of political action. They must learn that their employers will not surrender a single dollar of the loot they call profit if they can crush labor by brute force, and that so long as any man by virtue of a proper title is able to extort a single penny from the products of their labor, so long they are enslaved and robbed. They must have nobler aspirations than higher wages and shorter hours, and that is, to get rid of the masters and drones.

At the end of the eighteenth century the American people revolted against monarchy, believing that a republic would relieve them from the inequities and miseries from which society suffered, yet in the beginning of the twentieth century monarchy has no evils which we do not endure; and any form of government will produce the same symptoms so long as the institutions of property and exploitation remain intact. Make the land and the machinery of production and distribution the property of none, and their use the right of all, and then poverty and drudgery will have come to end. Then, and not until then, will people have the freedom to enjoy the comforts they produce, be free from slavery, and choose their own holidays. Then authority will stumble from its own weight and its ideas be relegated to the collection of antiquities. Then nothing will be regarded higher than the well-being and freedom of each individual in society.

INTERLOPER.

A Brilliant Comrade Gone.

It is with sore regret that I chronicle the death of Comrade J. H. Morris.

All who read *The Firebrand*, or the earlier Anarchist publication, *Freedom*, cannot but remember the brilliant, logical, and scholarly articles of Comrade Morris, and his sweet, plaintive poetry, full of tender emotion and lofty sentiment.

Reared on a farm, he was stalwart and unflinching tho always deliberate and well-poised in all he did and said. He was never known to bluster nor to bluff; nor yet to recede from any position taken from fear of consequences.

Comrade Morris and myself published the first paper of its class ever published in the Pacific Northwest, and one of the earliest Anarchist papers in English, published in the United States. We called it *Freedom*, and its subscription list was the foundation of *The Firebrand's* circulation. When, owing to my temporary absence from Portland, *Freedom* was discontinued, Comrade Morris, in company with Mauritz Liden, published the monthly *Freedom*, for a time, and this periodical was a credit to the movement, and to the zeal, enthusiasm, and artistic taste of Comrade Morris. Comrade John Most, on his visit to Portland, remarked that monthly *Freedom* would have been a credit to New York City.

It was in the job print shop of Comrade Morris that *The Firebrand* was established and published, until we had to make other arrangements on account of a series of adverse circumstances.

During the years of struggle and privation

thru which all connected with *The Firebrand* passed, he toiled away, uncomplaining, cheerful, and philosophical. After others had joined the group, and it looked as tho there was abundant help, he turned his attention to other matters, but when authority laid its heavy hand upon us Comrade Morris promptly rejoined the group and faced the same fate as the rest of us, even tho he had not been “spotted” by the sleuths and could not legally be connected with the “felony” we were charged with.

Having been brought up on a farm he knew the struggles of the tillers of the soil, and a number of his poems are on that theme. One “Farmer John and Mary,” pictures the ceaseless grinding toil of the farmer's wife so graphically as to moisten the eyes of any sensitive person, and “Toil's Victim” is characteristic of his poetry. It is here given:

Fold the weary hands—they do not tremble now, —
Blue-veined upon her breast and smooth the wrinkl'd brow;

Close the tired eyes; lay stark and strait the form —
So in sleep's disguise, as if't were limp and warm.
Now, the dead is mine. Alas! the face, once fair, —
How chang'd! Sunk the eyes, silver'd the golden hair.
Fair I lov'd and won, with tale of love and joy,
Home and happy days — pleasure without alloy.
Then, the world was bright — the smile of love was mine,

And a gentle hand to guide, and eyes to shine.
Alas! we lovers twain knew not what life would bring

Toil and mortgages, in summer, fall, and spring.
Wife, thine eye is closed, when, but for hopeless toil,
The ceaseless treadmill, a farmer's wife's turmoil
It and thy fair face were left to beam and smile,
And thy thirty years had passed in youth the while.
Death has chosen thee; the mortgage claims the place;

Toil has bent my form, and now beside thy face
With resignation I fain would lay my head,
And leaving life behind, gladly join the dead.

His death was sudden and unexpected. He was working at his trade (one of his trades) — carpentering, finishing the inside of a hop house, when the scaffolding gave way, precipitating him twenty feet or more with another man who fell on top of him causing immediate death.

Thus one of our most brilliant comrades, and one that we all loved, has gone from our midst. He leaves a lovely wife and a baby boy.

I regret that I am unable to picture more clearly and correctly to all of FREE SOCIETY's readers the character and labors of Comrade Morris, but the extreme intimacy that existed between us for years so endeared him to me that I cannot write from a purely historical, unemotional point of view, and feel myself utterly incapable of rightly performing the task I undertook in attempting to write this obituary.

Altho he had not been using his pen for a few years, his views, sentiments, and emotions had not changed, and it is to be hoped that no comrade will think for one moment that he was any the less a comrade because of his silence. Long may his memory be cherished and his work for the cause be appreciated.

HENRY ADDIS.

It seems to me that when our actions are not in harmony with our principles, we can come to the conclusion that these principles are not strong in us yet. — GEORGE SAND.

All government—indeed, every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act—is founded on compromise and barter.—EDMUND BURKE.

From a Christian Standpoint Again.

The older one gets, the less ready is he to assert that he thoroughly understands anything. I would, therefore, bow gracefully to Steven J. Byington's doubt as to my understanding Anarchism, and gracefully accept his confession that he has, none the less, found me "not utterly ignorant." And now, for an answer to his questions.

Apparently, Mr. Byington, like many others, is possessed of the "demon of names." Seizing upon the casual statement in my article, that I am not an Anarchist, he has, most curiously, in spite of the spirit of that article, grasped the idea that I must, therefore, be entirely the reverse. "How," he asks, "does he make out that it is Christian to uphold the continuance of the reign of violence?" My reply is, simply, that I have not in the least sought to make out any such thing. On the contrary, I am entirely opposed to the reign of violence. But why, on this account, I should call myself an Anarchist, is more than I can see. As a matter of fact there was opposition to the reign of violence before Anarchism, as such, was ever heard of, and I can see nothing in the least remarkable that my opposition to violence should be on purely Christian grounds. I would, indeed, be opposed to it had there never been any Anarchist movement at all. If my friends choose to say, because of this, that I am an Anarchist, they have a right to their opinion, but, as for myself, my convictions and my ideal are so essentially the product of Christianity, that it would be decidedly dishonest to call myself anything, but a Christian, nor can I see the need of any other name.

I think it will now be sufficiently evident, that I do not either literally or metaphorically "take to the club to make my neighbors do as I think they ought," and therefore have not the impossible task of squaring such a course with Christianity. I confess that I find it hard to realize how Mr. Byington can so grossly have misunderstood my attitude, when in the very beginning of my article, I have expressly stated that I am one, "who finds in the life and teaching of Jesus an ideal of love and freedom, intimately related to that promulgated upon an entirely different basis by modern libertarians."

I presume, however, that what he really desires is to know why, with such ideas, I do not, like him, call myself a Christian Anarchist. Now beyond the fact that I have already pointed that to do so would be decidedly dishonest, in my case, where the opposition to violence, organized or unorganized, is a direct product not of Anarchism, but of Christianity, I believe there is much to be said against any such combination of terms, in any case, — and this from both the Christian and the Anarchist standpoint.

From the Anarchist standpoint there is the same objection that Belfort Bax once made to the term "Christian Socialism" ("The Religion of Socialism," p. 92 et seq.) viz., that Anarchism, as such, knows no distinctions either of whether, or not, Anarchists have ever made such an objection, but it seems to me it would be well founded — quite as well-founded as the objections I see frequently taken by Anarchists to other qualifying epithets.

From the Christian standpoint there is the objection that in so far as Christianity and Anarchism represent the same ideal, the term "Christian Anarchism" is redundant; and in so far as they represent opposite or different ideals the term is incorrect. Moreover, Christianity inherently and inevitably (just as Anarchism) demands the allegiance of the whole man, and admits of no external theory of life or conduct, therefore, somewhat out of harmony with its character to use the term "Christian" as an adjective prefix to the name of some other system of religion or of philosophy.

If it be said that to call one's self simply a Christian, is to not make it sufficiently clear that one is opposed to "the reign of violence," I would reply that if one wishes the term he applies to himself not to be misunderstood he had

better give up at once, and have no label at all.

It seems to me that among intelligent men only harm and misunderstanding can result from the misuse of terms. So long as I call myself a Christian, I may demand the respect and confidence of Anarchists, who sincerely differ from me, but who find some bond of fellowship, of ideas or of spirit; but if I choose to call myself a "Christian" Anarchist, I bring upon myself the opposition of those, who not unjustly object that Anarchism is not "Christian." If, on the other hand, I protest that Anarchism is Christian, is it not quite enough to call myself such? One might, on this basis, speak with as much appropriateness of "an American New Yorker," or "a Canadian Torontonian," as of a Christian Anarchist.

As an out-and-out Christian, I have sought to candidly answer Mr. Byington's questions. The out-and-out Anarchist may differ greatly from me in fundamentals, but I fancy he will agree with my contentions as regards nomenclature.

Should the so-called "Christian Anarchist" cling to the use of the term, and find me, in accordance with his conceptions, more anarchistic than he expected, he is free to deduce his own conclusions. As for myself, however, I shall claim to be nothing but a Christian. I strongly sympathize with those Anarchists who hold to an unpopular and misunderstood name because they believe that it is the right name — the honest name to apply to their conceptions. Personally, I do not like it, only because it does not express my attitude; and much as I shall be misunderstood in calling myself a Christian, I shall continue to adopt that term because its application to my conceptions seems to me both honest, and all that's necessary.

I trust that I have made my attitude sufficiently plain, and that these words will be understood not in any controversial sense, but simply as an effort to be entirely candid with one who has read my former article apparently sympathetically, but (pardon my saying it), not as intelligently, as I might have desired. I thank him, however, for the opportunity of this further expression of my position. W. E. GILROY.

Broadview Church, Toronto.

Public School Problems.

The Boston Evening Record says: "A 15 year old Bennington, Vt., girl commits suicide, and this act, coming so soon after the self-destruction of a 16 year old Melrose, Mass., boy in Maine, ought to stimulate sociologists and medical experts into an investigation for bringing out what defect there is in our modern educational system."

Well, the sociologists, at least, have been bringing it out for some years that the public school system of such countries as Germany, England, and the United States are productive of such a strain that the young are only too easily persuaded that death is preferable to its prolongation.

Herbert Spencer in England and I in this country have called for total public school abolition as the only salvation for the young; but we are considered lunatics, and the slaughter and suicides go merrily on. The Record would hardly publish a letter from either of us, but it knows that mere exclamations are popular and cheap.

"The Public School system near the Breaking Point." That was the heading of a chapter in the Brooklyn Eagle by a public school principal. It gave the views of college presidents Draper, Jordan, and Schurman.

President Andrew S. Draper, of Urbana, Ill., was the most emphatic on the line. What is "breaking" the school? Their friends within, with their humbuggery, and their foes without with their exposures.

Henry Clews, the New York banker, says the schools unfit a boy for the work of life. In this he echoes the finding of the old French philosopher, Montaigne, who said of the school off-

shoot — "There is nothing living so unfit for employment."

Admiral "Bob" Evans, upon seeing the imbeciles offered him at Boston, said, "I almost had in my heart the hope that every high school would burn to the ground and every boy and girl would be compelled to work with their hands to make a living, as their parents did before them."

Rabby Hirsch, of Chicago, says of the schools that the moral balance is lacking and that without it education is not only a failure, but too often an evil success.

Judge Fenton, of Boston, who has been disgusted with literate criminals that have been brought before him, delivers himself accordingly, and concludes: "Education is ready for a complete revolution."

Edward Bok tells his million of subscribers every month that of all the institutions that deal with children, the public schools are the most faulty, the most unintelligent, and the most cruel.

Principal William E. Watt, of Chicago, has been giving the schools a terrible scoring. He says: "Hosts of public school children are killed off by school anxieties and agitation, and many others are crippled for life." He sustains Edward Bok who said 50,000 were killed yearly and double as many more injured more or less for life.

Herbert Spencer's friends in England are organized for total public school abolition.

FRANCIS B. LIVESEY.

Attention.

COMRADES:—It is my intention to visit the east the coming fall on a tour of propaganda and especially to try to put in circulation the "Life of Albert R. Parsons," as I believe this book is one of the greatest sources of educational work along anarchistic lines extant. It is the one desire of my life to get it among the masses.

I will be in the east about the first of November, and will remain for four or five weeks, intending to address commemoration meetings of the 11th of November. And if groups desire me to do so, I will also address trades unions. My subjects will be "Trades Unions and the 'Open Shop,'" "The Struggle for Liberty," and "Anarchist and the World-wide Propaganda."

Comrades will please bring this matter before trades unions and groups, and communicate with me regarding the result as soon as possible, so I can arrange my affairs here accordingly.

LUCY E. PARSONS.

1777 North Troy St., Chicago, Ill.

Progressive Stage Society.

Friends,—An important meeting will be held on Saturday, September 10th, 8 P. M., at Colonial Hall, One Hundred and First street and Columbus Avenue, fifth floor.

The early success of our movement depends now merely upon the interest you display and the increase of the membership, which lies in your hands. Aid us in our work; be present at the above meeting and bring your friends with you, as well as names and addresses of those who are interested. JULIUS HOPP.

203 East 114th St.

When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle. The people never give up their liberties but under some delusion. — EDMUND BURKE.