The Firebrand.

For the Burning Away of the Cobwebs of Superstition and Ignorance.

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The Patriotism of Bondmen.

BY J. M. MORRIS.

The land of the free, you have called it -
The land of the brave and the true;
And proudly have sung, "Hail, Columbia!"
And cheered for the red, white and blue.

We have marched and worshipped after all,
And chanted the names of great men;
And while ye have worshipped and chanted
What they gained ye have lost again.

Patriotic are ye, as they were,
And true to the emblem they gave:
But flags mean little or nothing
When rooted in treachery and base.

And the robin has wended your baneful
About their treachery and lies,
And the stars pull the bars have hallowed
Their doings in your foolish eyes.

Patriots! thou halt of the death-trap!
These lies of loyalty to kings,
That lendest the steps of the millions
Into deep, calamitous things!

How long wilt thou hold thy possession
Of the minds of the hosts of toil,
But they cheer the power that rules them
Of midnight, the hill and the hill?

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These lies of loyalty to kings,
That lendest the steps of the millions
Into deep, calamitous things!

Patriots! thou halt of the death-trap!
These lies of loyalty to kings,
That lendest the steps of the millions
Into deep, calamitous things!

But when the skies are ascending
The crowds of the laborious rise;
The toil of the mother and children
Who mourn without food, without fire;
When rich men know that what they earn
And poor men not that which they earn;
O then and for justice I utter
The thoughts that within me burn!

Why call this a land of freedom?
That which it is, nor was,
Nay, nay! know ye not that freedom
Exists not by virtue of law?

For where the law is, there is terror;
Aye, "governed" a "governor" needs,
And to sustain the law and the ruler
The governed, the laborer, bleeds!

Truth about Switzerland.

Being present last week at a meeting of the so-called Academy of Socialism, I was agreeably surprised when the speaker, Mr. L. A. Ward, announced that after the United States shall have adopted the system of the Initiative and Referendum everybody in this country will be happy. Furthermore, he said that the republic of Switzerland has adopted this system and consequently has reached the same of economical happiness.

I do not want to contradict so distinguished a speaker as Mr. Ward, but in the face of this assertion of his I can not help reflecting wonderingly on the statistical fact that many Swiss yearly emigrate to other countries in order to better their economical condition.

I consulted an eminent Swiss historian, who gives us the following facts in regard to the question:

The population of Switzerland was in 1884, 2,826,103, including the foreigners; of these 234,045 live in foreign countries, leaving in Switzerland a total of 2,616,057. This small population has from tourists a yearly income of 52,860,000 francs through hotels alone, not including private houses, restaurants, etc. Add to this the income which steamship, railroad, and other transportation companies must necessarily derive from the same source and the sum must be more than doubled.

In spite of this exceedingly rich source of revenue, which if distributed properly should ensure a comfortable living to the masses, eleven hours constitutes a legal working day, and when last year the laborers of Zurich went on strike for shorter hours and better pay, they were brutally maltreated and clubbed while parading the streets. Last year an election was held on the issue, "The right to work." The proposition was resisted. How is it that for a beneficent result of the initiative and referendum?

I quote again from the historian cited above:

"The arts and sciences are widely and zealously practiced. The state, indeed, has done very little, so far, but much is accomplished by voluntary association.

Again he says:

"After all Switzerland, in consequence of the stoppage of several branches of industry and the over-indulgence of the agricultural classes, [(Concluded on 8th page.)]"
A New Island Story

Once there were a number of people living on a sunny island in the sea. The island was their world, for the great rolling ocean was like no other space to them, seldom bringing them anything but waves and seaweed and balmy breezes. A storm or a ship sometimes happened, but at very long intervals. So these people lived their own lives, uninfluenced by the conditions and characteristics of other races. They could read and write, and a country newspaper was actually published somewhere on the little spot of ground in a primitive way, very satisfactory to all parties concerned; they cherished a sort of traditional religion which time had mellowed into a practical mixture of idealistic Christianity, Pagan mysticism and natural ethics, and they never disagreed as to points of faith or the orthodoxy of doctrines. They knew nothing of politics. They must have been taught it some time in the past, but they had become fearfully enlightened in this regard as time went by. They had no elections; they had forgotten that a governor was necessary, that they were in the depths of chaos and confusion without a secretary of war, secretary of state, treasurer and lord high executioner. An old flag, of a nation important among other important nations but of little moment here, floated from a flagstaff over the unused landing. A legend of a regularly appointed ruler prevailed and a few coins with a face upon them lay in the museum or office of the traditional governor. But this was all these people knew of government. When they wanted a thing done they came together and agreed upon the best plan of doing it. Otherwise they tended their gardens and goats assiduously, traded produce with each other without interference of any outside power, and never thought of quarreling. Few could remember when anything had been stolen; but the last story was of a man who pilfered his neighbor's garden rake and did not bring it back. Before noon the use of twenty rakes had been tendered him with apologies that his luck had been overlooked. There was little need of money; but pieces of paper promising the bearer a bushel of wheat or whatever else he might want were on demand, circulated among the simple Islanders. Often mere verbal promises answered every purpose; for when things needed for consumption were plentiful no one cared enough about accumulating them to withhold them from anyone who might need them, and in time of scarcity none could be happy when some of their neighbors might be needing the necessities of life. When a genuine scarcity of productions occurred the custom was to hold a convention, determine just what the supply was, just what the actual demand would be, and apportion it out with equal favor to all.

No one was wonderfully rich, though some possessed silks and jewels so old as almost to have lost the story of their origin; but these were looked upon as articles of curiosity, which every inhabitant was privileged to look upon sooner or later, and which afforded about as much pride and pleasure to one as to another. Goatkins and goat hair furnished the raw materials for their clothing; their houses were made of bamboo and palm leaves; their food was the fruits, vegetables and grains easily grown on the island.

And so these people lived, loved and were happy and peaceful. Their social life was free and cheerful — poetry and romance entered into their lives as naturally as the breezes, the beautiful, boundless ocean, the radiant dawns and lovely sunsets. There was no tax gatherer, assessor or rent-taker to come and make them afraid.

But one day a great armed ship, floating a flag similar to the one at their harbor, swept into view and bore down upon the quiet little island. It sent a boat load of uniformed officers off to land at the simple wharf, where only a few curious men lounged about to receive them. A grand looking man addressed them in a sonorous voice:

"Where is your governor? Where are your officers? Why is not one in authority here to meet us? Surely you must have sighted our ship long enough ago?"

Some one in authority! Who was it? What ought we do? We live with these magnificent creatures! Now they saw the lack of properly organized government, if never before. The few men on the beach consulted with one another and remembered that one of their number had a long time ago received an appointment as governor of the island, but that he had laid the papers away and kept on at work with the rest of them, not finding anything in his official capacity to do. He was hunted up now and brought with the soil of the earth still clinging to his coarse garments to do the honors of the island to the visitors. There was no display, no officers to parade, no public officers to show, no treasuries, no red tape, no militia, no jails to bring out for investigation; nothing but a few simple people, living quietly and contentedly among themselves, without laws or lawmakers. Naturally the visitors were shocked. What barbarism! What confusion! What anarchy! But they would soon change all this; indeed, they had come for the advantage of the country, open up islands and make the islands a part of the great new empire.

A government was at the advantage of the advantage of the empire; one of the most important parts of the great new body. It was settled; some by themselves, others by others. The scheme was established; a large body of laws, taxes and duties were made. A class would sit and deliberate as to what the class was to do one, and that was given over to good or ill. Thus thoroughly prepared, the new government began to avenge the wrongs done to the natives, to establish with systematic discipline the rule of the new order of things. Nothing was left to chance; all was complete their order. The various parts of the government, by which the island had become again, became a part of the great new empire.

Ten years had passed, and there was the improvement of civilization.

A great, beautiful growth of a country, of the simple and unpretentious, the humble growths of another. Great, rapid, and powerful, riots, hunger, want, hunger. The great and the small, the rich and the poor, the great man and his humble servant, all part of the same thing, the same work. The new order of things, the degradation, the rebellion, the anarchy throughout the land. But it was a good start.
all this; indeed that is what they had come for. They would organize a government, establish the authority of the mother country, open up a new market and make the island a source of revenue. All this as the great men proceeded to bring about.

A governor who appreciated the advantages of a privileged position, one from among them, was appointed at a high salary. Other officers were chosen, some by the people themselves; different departments were established; a financial system set up, taxes levied, arrangements for strict order and obedience were made. As it would require a class would be required to execute these plans on the others, the class was naturally a privileged one, and the land principally was given over to them to rent, sell or rent. Everything being thus thoroughly organized, ships began to arrive with foreign goods, and the island was supplied with stylish new materials, bibles, whiskey, and opium. Nothing was now needed to complete their onward march toward civilization, but a war and a spirit of patriotism and these would come in good time.

Ten years later, the promise of civilization was fulfilled.

A great, bustling, monstrous growth of a city stood on the site of the simple wharf. Palaces gleamed down one street and houses groaned in their shadow on another. Corruption, greed, power, riots in the city hall, want, hunger, petty thievery ran riot among the people. Pomp, plunder, piety, gilded vice and ostentatious charity reigned in the palaces; poverty, ignorance, degradation, bitterness, despair, rebellion reigned in the huts and throughout the despoiled lands. Peatle and drunkenness were how well known and the newly built jails were never empty. Officialism found plenty to do, and the workers when they saw their productions taken for rent and taxes constantly planned how they could escape the terrible specter—poverty. All were fearful; none were secure. But this was civilization, fostered under a strong government.

This is not an allegory, reader. It has happened several times in the history of the world.

Causes of Sex Slavery.

Still, I hold now, as I have ever held, that the economic is the first issue to be settled; that it is woman's economical dependence which makes her enslavement to man possible. The case is the bride being raped by her husband, only strengthens men in my regard. Let us examine the case (I believe you will agree with me, that that was, if it ever happened, an extreme case). I consider the man a saint compared with the girl's unnatural parents, who refused to rescue her from the clutches of some monster. What was she to do? Was asked, after her appeal to her parents fell on deaf ears. Perhaps the answer the same that might be given nine times in ten: Why, not having any means of making a living, she remained and prostituted her body according to law! Monstrous thought, but nevertheless true.

How many women do you think might submit to marriage slavery if it were not for wage slavery? I have too much faith in the purity of my sex, to believe there are any considerable number of them, who would submit to men's domination, if it were possible for them to make an independent living, without having to submit to the debasing factory rules of today? I personally know a half dozen women, who have lived with their husbands, have no love for them; they can find no avenues open to them, whereby they can enter and make an independent existence; hence, having to choose between two slaveries, I e. wageslavery or marriage-slavery they choose the latter at least objectionable. These are in brief my views upon the sex question, and it is for this reason I have never advocated it as a distinct question.

LUCY E. PARSONS.
The Bitter Truth.

The Bitter Truth: It's bad enough, but directions may take it. No matter how bitter it may be, the world needs a series of doses of the bitter truth. What bitter truth the people of this vicinity have been treated to lately has come in small, broken and sugar coated doses.

The regular plutocratic press may find our presentation of the truth rather bitter, for they have carefully avoided the truth for so long that they cannot relish anything to which they are such total strangers. It will be like one accustomed to sweet-meats trying to eat fresh olives.

There is not a paper in Portland, and but few in the world, that dares to tell the truth on every subject and at all times. Some of them never tell the truth if it can be avoided. Others suppress the truth when telling it would militate against their interests. Others lie by so doing they hope to strengthen the position they hold or the cause they advocate. But we have used a regular diet for so long that anything less strong is unpalatable.

We don't like sugar coating and pro-potions to leave all sugar out of the doses we prescribe for sick society.

We have been told that we are a free people, prosperous people, happy people etc., and have been expected to believe it. The truth is we are an enslaved, poverty stricken and miserable lot. Nowhere, except in France, do we have such power as is constantly exercised by the police of the large Eastern cities of the United States. Nowhere, and perhaps in Switzerland, do people die of starvation as quietly and unprotestingly as in our Eastern cities. Everywhere in the United States complaint is heard from all the people save the privileged classes and a few few who hope some day to be numbered with the millionaires.

The bitter truth is, few nations are less free, less prosperous or less happy.

Fifty-two percent of the people own only a very small percent of the wealth they have created, while nine percent own seventy-one percent of the total wealth of the country. The next man that tells you we are a prosperous people asks what constitutes prosperity. The public sinkhole commonly called the public treasury, is so stricken with poverty that the borrowing of gold is said to be necessary, semi-occasionally, in order to keep it from becoming bankrupt. We are a lot of paupers.

As to being free, when a man cannot sell a load of hay or a widow take in washing without being fined for it, which is the case in many of our cities. The bitter truth is, we are free to die of starvation, and that is about all the freedom there is left us. We are not free to commit suicide—that is prohibited by law.

Who is happy? Happy people are just like hen's teeth—exist only in imagination. Suicide (in spite of the law), divorce, insanity and every other evidence of unhappiness are constantly on the increase, while the expression upon the faces of those you meet is far from indicating happiness.

All wealth is the product of labor. It is time the laborers claimed their own.

That which may properly be claimed may properly be taken.

If cleanliness is next to godliness it is a pity the "committee of one hundred" tax-dodgers do not try to become godly.

The dear clergy are playing into the hand of the ring, as usual. DeLashmit is out of the ring of our big houses on North Fourth street must be emptied, and those of Corbett and Falling on Second, Taylor and Fourth streets must be emptied. So the dear clergy make war on "White Chapel," and the girls move. I believe the Bible says something about wilful adulteries.

If nobody had too much everybody would have plenty.—Ingeroll.

Help yourselves—there is plenty for all—HENRY ADAMS.

God, Government and Greed.

Names exist, only is a Latin proverb, meaning that a name is an indication. It has given the publishing committee of this paper no little concern to find a name which will clearly express its tendencies. Comrade Addis suggested:"The Red Flag," it being a symbol of universal brotherhood. "Free Society" was favored by myself, while Comrade Morris favored "Dive's Lament," our object being to give the oppressed an opportunity to express their views and wishes. "The Bitter Truth" was also favored by some, but Mrs. Squire, woman like, had made up her mind that the baby which soon would make its first entrance into this cold and wicked world of ours should come into it with a fighting name—a name which indicates aggressiveness and would strike terror to the hearts of evil doers, and therefore decided on "Firebrand."

So be it. May it burn until the last vestige of oppression has disappeared. Let it be a true beacon to those who desire the dark and troubled waters of terror, but striving to reach the light of truth. May it brand, as with a mark of Cain, all those who exploit and oppress their fellow man. Be it a merciless destructor of all the lying, degrading and enslaving superstitions about the sanctity and holiness of God, Government and Greed.

In order to subjugate a people successfully, to make them willing to serve out of rebels, out of men and women fighting for their freedom, the rulers of this world have ages ago learned the lesson that it is absolutely necessary to enslave the minds of the people first, to direct their thoughts and ideas into such channels as will best further their ends. For this reason was the greek invention of the sacredness of the holy trinity, God, Government and Greed; and woe to those who dared to rise up and question the authority or doubt the truth of these "revelations," or actually revolt against them. With fire and sword, with gibbet and gallows have they been exterminated from the face of the earth. From the far away dawn of history in the traditions of men we read of rebellions against the authorities and their cruel oppressions. Even the very heavens, the celestial abode of the gods, have not been free from this ever raging battle between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, freedom and oppression. The uprisings, the revolts of the slaves of the ancient empires, tell their story; the persecution of those who assailed the beliefs in the gods, the death of the Christian martyrs, Hypatia, Giordano Bruno, the burning at the stake of Innumerable heretics, of witchcraft in our own country, up to the recent hangings of Spies, Persy and others in Chicago, the shooting down of the railroad workers in the wholesale imprisonment of attempted garrotting of the anarchists before the hanging of Paddock, the hatred of the Commune in Paris, the gullible Havelock, Vaillant, Henry and others in France, the wholesale burnings and incarceration of Socialists and anarchists in Italy, the same in Russia in the sad fate of the Nihilists which the rounding up of all men and women suspected of rebellious ideas in all countries clearly show that our masters fear more than the dissemination of word by word or deed antagonistic to the holiness of God, Government and Greed. It has been on the corpses of the slain, with the blood of the martyrs, that the power of the master has been upheld by brutal force.

Greed is what it is, but the only unscrupulous men who have power in common with the power of the master are the men who deny its existence, the absolute rulers of the universe is said to hold the life and every living being, nay, of the master in his hand, is the power all the tyrants on earth. "Our Lord, the grace of God, queen of the second, by the grace of God, Emperor of Germany," down to every official from the club-swinger to the great and glorious commoner, the murderous activities which have wrought in the name of God, has been drenched and saturated with the blood of those slain for Government—what is it but a conspiracy on the part of the mighty, the few, to exploit the weak, the many? To plunder the gains, the vast wealth of the State, with its courts and army, millions of dollars of wealth, and men who are, is always at the mercy of the Freedom has been banished from the earth; republics and monarchies can be null and void, and men can be branded as the rabble against it.

Greed, or the acquisition of property—what is it but the end of the former two? The
which soon would make us sick of this world and our own country, up to the death of Spies, Parsons and their comrades in Chicago, the shooting down of the wholesale imprisonment of strikers, the hanging of the anarchists in Spain, the shooting of Pallas, the atrocities committed after the overthrow of the Commune in Paris, the gullying of Ravachol, Vaillant, Henry and Santos in France, the wholesale banishment and incarceration of Socialists and Anarchists in Italy, the same in Germany, the sad fate of the Nihilists in Russia, in short the hounding and persecution of all men and women suspected of rebellious ideas in all countries, prove clearly that our masters fear nothing more than the dissemination of ideas by word or deed antagonistic to their greed of the holiness of God, Government and Greed. It has been erected on the corpses of the slain, cemented with the blood of the martyrs of freedom and upheld by brutal force.

God! what is it, but the creation of unspeakable wrong who have inverted their demon with the power of even punishing after death with unspoken. The world of our fathers will not bow down before it, who deny its existence. God, the absolute ruler of the universe, who is said to hold the life and death of every living being, nay, of the universe itself, in his hand, is the prototype of all the tyrants on earth. “Victoria, by the grace of God, queen of England,” and so on, down to every official from the president to the club-swinging policeman in this great and glorious country of ours. Immense atrocities have been committed in the name of God; the earth has been drenched and saturated with the blood of those slain for his glory.

Governments—what is it, what it has been, but a conspiracy of the rich, the mighty, the few, to exploit the poor, the weak, the masses? To protect their ill-gotten gains, the vast machinery of the State, with its courts and judges, the army, militia, sheriffs and policemen, is always at their command. Freedom has been banished from the earth; republics and monarchies, presidents and emperors have joined hands to uphold this institution; relentless persecution, imprisonment and death has been and is the fate of those who rebel against it.

Greed, or the acquisition of private property—is it but the offspring of the former two? The earth, the mother of us all, has been divided among the few, and the words hold good to the present day with the many. Foxes have their holes and the birds of the air their nests, but the man of the man has not where to lay his head. Greed, the mother of private property, has turned men into ferocious beasts. Instead of all working for the good of all, the many work and fight like brutes for the destruction of each other. In vain do they seek an escape from this heartless struggle, seek for an opportunity to exercise their better and nobler aspirations. It cannot be. The institution of private property holds them down. There is no hope but in the complete overthrow of the system. Though Nature is ready to supply all our children with an abundance of all the necessaries and so-called luxuries of life, man cannot make use of them so long as this superstition holds his mind in bondage.

Therefore, let us wage an unrelenting war against the superstition of the sacredness of life, the holiness of God, Government and Greed.

EXCELSIOR SLAHS

A Muzzled Press.

Muzzle the press, and freedom dies.

We have reason to believe that every press in Portland is either partially or wholly muzzled. What better evidence can we offer for that than the Simon case? Simon dared make a new city charter and refused to have it inspected, and not one of our great daily papers made any comment, and that Mr. Corbett, the chairman of the “committee of one hundred,” indicated such a crime against the people? This should be positive evidence to every thinking person that Corbett is the Tallyrand and Simon the Napoleon; or, in other words, that Corbett makes the ballot whilst Simon fires them.

Now the question arises, How long will the people stand the Corbett-Simon shooting, or how long will they sit still and swallow the Corbett-Simon sugar-coated pill?

We think, Mr. Corbett, that you kicked over what would have been your other nice, well filled bucket when you called Simon our master. If he be master what be we? Slaves!

The two men named are as inseparable as the Siamese twins, and as American citizens must rise up and destroy this system that makes slaves of the many and masters of the few. This we must do peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must.

Senator Ingalls was right when he said in the United States Senate, January 14, 1851, “When discontent changes into resentment, and resentment into exasperation, one volume of a nation’s history closes—and another opens.” We bet not in all age of discontent, when such damnable schemes as the above are being perpetrated upon the people by the ring at the seat of government, and it is done in the name of statesmanship. Call it by its right name—speculators speculating in the people’s hearts’ blood. For when you take from a man that which sustains life you take his life.

It seems but yesterday I heard the cannon’s roar and witnessed the ravages of shot and shell, men falling like autumn leaves, with no tender assistance, no friendship, no mother, sister or loved one to give one drop of water to quench the dying thirst or to close the eyes in death. All this was done to wipe out two words, Master and Slave. And now we hear the word Master falling from the lips of one who doubt not has an evergreen spot in memory for Lincoln and thinks of him as the first master of the grand old party. And yet Lincoln surrendered his life that the right of property in man should die. But the new masters cry, Let us have our property added to ten fold, even though human beings perish!

Yes, property more sacred than life. Ye lovers of all sorts of gains, ye robbers and despisers of the people, beware! Or we will not only repeat the never dying words of Patrick Henry when he said, “Give me liberty or give me death!” Yes my friends, death! Better a thousand times be dead heroes than living slaves, shall be our motto.

Shall we allow this charter to go to the legislature and there hope, as the editor of the Leader says, that it won’t be rushed through? No, let the people rise up like men and say this charter shall not go through; the will of the people shall rule and not the will of the few. We have no time to wait hoping. We must be up and doing—don’t lose a day. Let Freedom her loud drums be beating and calling her sons to the fray. MARY E. SQUIRE.
The Labor Movement of the World.

SO FAR AS IS KNOWN TO THE WRITER

In our own country, the strike of the employees of the surface roads in Brooklyn is attracting general attention, by the stubbornness of the men and the extraordinary brutality of the authorities. The usual tactics are employed by the men to gain their ends—obstructions on the tracks and threats of violence. The workingmen must either submit and be willing to take the places of strikers. The corporations have called to their aid the municipal, state, and federal authorities; and the police, militia, and regulars are beating and shooting the idea into the workingmen that they must either submit and be willing to arm themselves in self-defense, or work for the destruction of primitive man-club and stones. In time of peace prepare for war. If the money yearly squandered in the salaries of so-called leaders, who are generally in league with the enemy, and for delegates to labor powwows, was used to buy arms and ammunition the workers would control the country tomorrow, and instead of merely a slight increase in the pittance allowed them by their masters, they would enjoy all they created.

Since the destruction of the orange crop in south Florida by heavy frosts, an army of about 1000 men, who expected to find work at orange picking, are said to be marching north and committing depredations—what is they are helping themselves. If this army was armed it would be quite sufficient to start a little revolution for a change.

The flint glassworkers, nothing daunted by the failure of former strikes, are engaging in a new movement. The worthies note the advisability of protesting by striking against a reduction of wages. Let the pluto's take note that the spirit of resistance is far from being dead among the workers. They are inexperienced, have not the use of means, but they'll learn after awhile.

Everywhere are laws being proposed for the suppression of vagrancy. The enemy, a second Cossack, army might use something stronger than staves and flags of peace as a means of persuasion.

France seems to be ready for a revolution or a coup'd'état. The moneybags want a dictator, an emperor to protect them from the reds, and the reds are determined to send their taskmasters to school and set themselves free. The silkweavers near Lyon are on strike and conflicts with the authorities are the order of the day. The French may be the firebrand by which the whole world may be set aflame. The conditions are favorable for it everywhere.

Our cousins the English are picking and growing as usual and bottling up their wrath for future use, when they, after once having got the notion thoroughly imbedded in their brain, will make a clean sweep, and send in the sea all the parasites, who are at present sucking their blood.

The Italian government has dissolved all Labor-Unions, educational and benevolent societies imprisoned and deported several thousands of men; the effect of which will be that the hot-blooded Italian, instead of depending on leaders and organisation, will more zealously than ever spread the gospel of freedom and prepare for the coming revolution.

In Germany the Government, under orders of Billy the Fool, is pushing a bill in the Reichstag to increase the power of Government to check the revolutionary spirit among the masses. Even the old hidebound, Social Democracy is trying hard to get back to its former position, as a purely Labor movement instead of a middle class party into which it has degenerated.

Russia is quiet at present, but it may be the quiet before the storm.

EZEKIEL SLAUS.

Parasites Oppose Vagrancy.

The Prates' Bugle advocates more stringent laws for the suppression of vagrancy. The proposed law in California, according to which it will be a misdemeanor if more than three men hunt their way and bums their chuck, is not strong enough to suit the old owl in the tower. It wants a fence around the earth and every man tied to a picket rope. Soak your head awhile old Granny, and then read up in English history, the treatment of vagrants during the reign of Queen Mary. You like to have your name coupled with Pole, Bonner, Jeffrey and the rest of the forever infamous crowd, don't you?

Your blasted bigotry blinds your blooming brain, Scotty, old boy, otherwise you would see, that according to Karma, as the Theosophists call the law of cause and effect, you must first remove the cause of this evil, you complain of, before it itself will disappear, and the cause, sunny, is enforced idleness, brought about by your friends and supporters, the Putes. Catch on!
Independent or Semi-Slavery
Which?

"There are some people," said my friend to me, "who must have a boss.

Is it true? And if true is the condition natural or acquired? If the latter, will these persons who walk with a chair and gain the courage for independent action so long as support is them before them?

We act in accord with our thought. Arrogance and cunning have never yet been allied with sufficient wisdom to both rule and feed the world. As to the divine instrumentality in the upholding of bosses, whether of hereditary oraries, the chases of the "people," commercial magnates, or "holy men," that is, still, with many, an open question.

In this age what we choose to democratize is the fashion. The democratic tendencies of the times intrude themselves into everything in cynical and pathetic ways. We are democratic in our obsequiousness and in our robberies. The road to greatness is open to all, you understand. The black magic of profit in trade, profit in labor, speculation, politics, priesthood, rent, interest, etc., is our common inheritance—have we lost the ability to use it?

Did the readjustment of social conditions imply merely the sweeping away of a distinct class in existence, such as is apparent in the system of chattel slavery to the dulness of vision, the task would be comparatively easy. But the tangle commercialism has drawn us into is a difficult one to straighten out. There is no idea tangible or intangible, not object animating which the trade jargons do not buy and sell and "corner." The combination that controls the land, the means of production and distribution, has the world at bay. It is gloriously superciliously, as policy or practice directs, accord to some of the human race the privilege of laboring and living, and denies it to others; thus we have the employed and the unemployed. The interests of these people are identical; but the workers are so mystified by the intricate connections to which they are for the time being bound that they do not, as a rule, recognize the fact. The employed who are not wage laborers are engaged in a small way, doing a part or all the work themselves, in the same lines of business as the managers of industries. They trade, hold small notes bearing interest, possess an extra house, farm or store which they rent, speculate, etc., etc. They indulge in similar but petty excursions, cheats and tyrannies; in truth, they are provided with enough rope to hang themselves.

Now the question is: Will they use the rope for the purpose the powerful expect and intend it shall be used? A revolution is upon us. Those200 reaping at the present "order" desire a better one in its place. We wish to be civilized; can that in which the doing degrades one portion of our fellows produce results that will be civilizing to the other? How can the elevation be permanent that does not last? Must one part of humanity overwork and endure privation that the other part may have leisure for culture?

Is any of the old methods of accumulating wealth to be retained? Accumulations of wealth mean control of bread, and the control of bread means control of individuals. Shall we assume that mankind, regardless of sex or nationality, has a right to walk about? Suppose some stranger falls, do they not do so now, never having had the opportunity to do otherwise? If it be better to depend upon society as a body, giving it and from it receiving, or upon individuals who have power to give or to withhold? Which will be the most productive of brotherly feeling, the free union of efforts as equals, or the working for wages with its ever present implication of the inferiority of the working man? Have we the ingenuity to produce and exchange the necessities and comforts of life with no political supervision? Without courts to enforce, contracts could be broken with impunity. Children would reign. Would a contract which was mutually beneficial be broken? And if one of the contractors received benefits to the detriment of the other, ought it not to be broken? Does the institution require a system of law? When will the fear of everlasting punishment and the fear of the law be unnecessary to preserve order? What shall be our new declaration of independence?

VIROQUA DIES.

Special Announcement.

The publication of The Firebrand is undertaken by a voluntary association of a number of persons of radical ideas in this city; they agreeing to furnish "copy" and see that the printer gets something for his labor. In this association are no constitution, rules, officers, privileges, duties or dues. It is a free association. The Firebrand has not even an editor, in the ordinary sense. No person is vested with the power to exclude those ideas which do not agree with his own. We do not believe in a censorship. We have aimed to establish an untrammeled press.

The persons interested in this venture are of very limited means—working people—and few in number. Therefore we appeal to all who see in it an opportunity to further the great cause of human freedom and happiness, not only to become subscribers, but to donate what money they can toward increasing the circulation by free distribution. Such persons as do this will be regarded as members of this association on an equal footing with every other member; and we assure them there will be neither inducements nor opportunity to trim their literary contributions to fit any person's ideal.

All monies received will be accounted for in these columns.

THE COMMITTEE.

An altruist colony at Gibsonville, Mich., has a treasury of $21,665. Net profits during six months were $113,800, being 17 cents per hour for each member. Membership costs $250, with carriers at the home and care in old age.—Coast Seaman's Journal.
Significance of Our Time,
Translated from Der Arheit Tafel (The Poor Devil) by Erekli Slama.

But our age is the age of arm and electricity. What formerly could not be produced in centuries is now done in decades. Therefore do we demand in moral and social respects rapid progress also. We are materialists, and if we ourselves cannot see the dawn of better days, it shall at least illuminate the existence of our children.

How can we help along, accelerate this progress—be the impotent, the isolated? Well, the remedy is a very simple one. It consists of the few words of our poet, applied not only to individuals, but to a continuously further and further extending circle of people: the same words.

Never will I leave off from the truth.

There is nothing more detrimental to progressive endeavors than half-truth. There is nothing more dishonorable to a true heart than a compromise. Whose heart would become inflated as the example of Giordano Bruno if he heard the church is, after all, a step in the line of progress? Will I free it to its extent, for there I can perish on what I came for? And would Ulrich von Hutten be the pride of the Germans if he had died as the champion of a protestant prince?

We live in the age of hypocrisy, of the conventional lie.

The educated world has seen a revolution within itself, but the uneducated world, identical with religion, is a mighty factor in social life, compromising the existence of the masses—call it tolerance. The honest thinking ones know that at this day the commonplace system of exploitation, the crassified is being driven to its climax, but instead of flatly condemning injustices, as their duty, they make a compromise with the existing conditions and say, since a thorough change would bring about the overthrow of society and with it the making away of our present means of existence, therefore let us introduce for the present the commonplace reforms, with which every one can be satisfied. But why not cut down the tree if it is rotten? And what folly to prop up anew and water and fertilize the tree which only bears rotten fruit! Will you wait until it annihilates you in its fall? Never shall you leave off from the truth! And yet you are not ashamed to borrow arguments from your worst enemies. Whenever an enraged people demand in immediate and thorough renewal of an evil, you will answer them with those words behind which since time immemorial, the enemies of progress have hid their Jesuitical wolves head, and say: The people are not ready for it. And there are still really some well-meaning persons who believe that good can come out of such compromises, which, as History proves, are insinuate and damnable.

To assert arguments, which the spirit of lies has brought forth, will forever serve the lie. It is with that same as with the marble slabs which were presented by the popes, during the existence of the papal states, to different churches of other countries. These marble slabs had been quarried during the reign of the roman emperors by political offenders exiled to Africa—be condemned alas! meta!—the same as the present in Russia be paraded to Siberia. The marble slabs had been brought to Rome in such large quantities that no use could be found for them and they were left being on the ground in the environs of the city until they sank down by their own weight and were covered with the scaffolding, which, as not then tyranny clasp hands with religious lie? And is it different if one tries to keep down the growing demand for justice with the arguments which have been the refuge of tyrants and priests?

Truth about Switzerland.

[Concluded from 1st page.]

finds herself at present occasionally in a rather oppressed condition, which manifests itself most clearly in the existence of large emigration.

In 1834 the number of emigrants was 9568 persons.

The Sun of the 30th of December, last year, brought news of twenty-one quicksides during one week in the City. Geneva, nearly all of which left a note stating that they sought death on account of starvation.

All these things show clearly that you may theorize about what is about this or that way of social reform, but the fact remains that where there is legal owner-ship there is exploitation; where there is exploitation there is government, and where there is government there is rich and poor, oppressors and oppressed.

One fact, therefore, stands out clearly above all others. First free yourself from prejudices handed down by tradition. Do not regard a written title higher than the natural right to exercise your abilities. Make the land, and the tools where with to work it, the property of none and the right of all. Then, and then until when, will people have the liberty to strive for comfort and happiness at will. Then will authority stumble from its pedestal, be relegated to the collection of past ideas. Then nothing will be regarded higher than individual freedom, and only to yourself will you look for authority to control your actions.

HERMAN EICH.

The Mail and Express says "the suffering people of Nebraska are being advised to use prairie dogs for food," and the Inter Ocean says "they (the dogs) are not bad eating." It will remembered that last summer and fall hogs in Indiana were fed on wheat! Hogs eat wheat; people eat dogs (they did last winter in Michigan); throw up your hat for "civilization!"—Freeland.

The nereoid superficiality of so called sermon in those days of triumphant pietism is equalled only by the arrogant conscience of most old party editors. Scarce one sermon in a thousand in the past two week has told the truth about the mission of Jesus in this world, and one editorial a million—while making a puerile use of Christian Precepts—has dared to defend an oppressed people against an insolent pietism. It is clearly true that most ministers are moral towards and most editors intellectual emigrants. —Freeland.

The Secular Union and Turn Verein will hold a joint celebration of Thomas Pain's anniversary at Turner Hall, corner Fourth and Yamhill streets, on Sunday, January 19th, at 8 o'clock p.m. Mrs. Barker, Miss Nettie Ondo and others will speak; good music will be rendered and after the regular program those who wish will engage in a social hop. Gents 25 cents; ladies free.

The King of England beheld him, and said, "Thou art a true Valentine."
He stands uncrowned on the Salt, philadelphia.

His colors are not down.
Nur dower of my soul.
This chief and my father
By custom and right.

This manmouth,
By aversities.
On ignorance.
Who go to work.
He deals in coal.
In mortgage.
And all that.
He blackens.

Worldwide then
It has fallen.
The high(?)
His looks was fine.
He chooses it.
The wars for.
And missions.
Parades, and.

His humble, i.
We find, and
Shall we on it.
That power.
Sure, bankruptcy:
Though we.

If in the final
This moment.

Queen Margaret:
A golden bicycle.
Of course when the
Will be so busy enjoy
think of the staving
ly treated quarry
Cruelties go hand in