



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

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THE FIREBRAND

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

The War Spirit.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound
 Parading round and round and round;
 To thoughtless youth its pleasure yields,
 And lures from cities, farms and fields,
 To sell their liberties for charms
 Of tawdry lace and glittering arms.
 And when ambitious voice commands
 To march, and fight and fall on foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound
 Parading round and round and round;
 To me, it speaks of ravaged plains,
 Of burning towns and ruined swains;
 Of mangled forms and broken bones;
 Of widows tears and orphans moans,
 And all that miseries band bestows
 the catalogue of human woes.—[Thomas Paine.

The war spirit has been extolled as the noblest quality of man. It has been made the subject of essays and philosophical dissertations. It has been one of the great themes of the poet and the noblest, and has been constantly shown on the stage. All of these great moulders of public opinion have for ages tried to impress upon their devotees the idea that the war spirit is the great moving and ennobling power that raised humanity above the brutes. The horrors of war have been described by some men of genius, but their voices have been drowned by the roll of the drum and the shouts of adoration raised to the conquering warrior. Military commanders have been given places in institutions of instruction; they have been petted and feasted in society as some sort of superior being. They have been put into positions of trust and influence, and the young taught to look upon them as worthy of unusual honor. So widespread is the war spirit that even religious bodies, going forth to spread a gospel of "peace on earth and good will toward men," as they have claimed, have adopted the organization and discipline of armies on a war footing. Everywhere this spirit of domination, of aggression, of rule or ruin, or "do as I say or I'll kill you," has warped the minds of men and turned energies that otherwise would have been turned to a better purpose. It has been the main stay of all forms of authority, and an ever ready safety valve to draw off the unrest of the people when the privileges of the parasites have been threatened.

In looking back over the history of the past we find all its pages stained with human blood. Everywhere the people have been taught to fight as a duty, and everywhere the ruling classes have caused the poor, deluded, honest, wealth producing people, to slaughter each other on the field of battle. Rivers of blood have flowed; millions of widows and orphans have mourned; the tenderest ties have been broken and the most endearing conditions of life destroyed because the war spirit dominated the

minds of men, and they, poor fools, flung themselves into the heat of battle at the command of some potentate—some pompous parasite. All this blood has been wasted: this loss of life was of no good to those who bled or to their dear ones.

In our own day the war spirit is inculcated as much as possible, at school and in church, by the press and from the rostrum. War scares are numerous, and military organizations are spread from one end of christiandom to the other. Not only the school children, but also the attendants at some of the Sunday Schools, are drilled in military tactics and squads of boys, too young to realize the awful gravity of what they are doing, go marching down the streets of our great cities, dressed in military uniforms, bearing guns, and stepping to the time of a snare drum. Long articles are written by eminent men to prove that the war spirit should be cultivated in the young. The ruling class begins to fear that the poor will quit fighting their battles for them. The idea is gaining ground that if Kings and Congresses want war they may do the fighting.

Workingmen begin to see that the militia is used against them, in their struggles with their employers, and much has been written and said concerning what can be done to correct this evil. Some have proposed that the workingmen join the militia, but in New York City members of Trades Unions are debarred from joining by the officers of the militia. In some places entire companies of militia, composed entirely of trades unionists, have been proposed. But oh, how few have seen that no matter how many trades unionists are members of the militia, they will be flung against their fellow unionists in case of strike or lock out. Pretty sight! Beautiful sight! men who have met in the Union, and called each other brother, brought out, gun in hand, at the command of a braggart bully, liable at any moment to be given the order, "fire," at their brothers, perhaps of the same "local." When will the Trade's Unions, and all their members refuse to belong to any military organization? When will workingmen see that military organizations are to keep them in subjections, and secure their robbery for the benefit of the parasites? When will people learn that war only brings anguish, destruction and death, and that all the desirable things of life come as a consequence of industry, never as a consequence of war?

When we have grown wise enough to banish the war spirit from amongst us: when all persons will refuse to use force against their fellows, then the power of the oppressor will be gone. No more could proud wealth rob patient industry and laugh in its face. Never again could the efforts of strikers be crushed by the militia. The power of the State would be gone, and the producers be enabled to maintain possession of their products. Then those who toil and create the wealth of the world could assert their power, and by combining their efforts raise themselves beyond all danger of want or privation, and forever place themselves in position to enjoy all the comforts, the luxuries, the arts and sciences. But as long as the war spirit sways men

as it does today; as long as men will take up arms against their fellow men; will march, and drill and obey the command of a "superior," just so long will the parasitic class continue to fatten on the industry of labor, and uphold their privileges by inciting one section of working men against another section, and arousing the war spirit within them.

Wealth producers! refuse to longer allow the foul fiend of war to urge you on to self-destruction: to cause you to slaughter one another in the interest of your common enemy. Refuse to fight.

HENRY ADDIS.

The Old Red Flag.

ONE of the curious facts of history is the adoption of red as a color typifying labor. Where or how this custom originated seems shrouded in considerable mystery, yet we can trace it to the remotest antiquity. Perhaps no one cause, but a succession of recurring phenomena gave rise to the singular idea. The ancient laborer was a sun worshiper. The great mysterious orb of day warmed the earth and produced life and vegetation. The laborer planted his seed and the sun caused it to sprout, to bud and to bear fruit. The rising and setting of this magnificent deity, which was believed to be a living, rational being, was accompanied by gorgeous crimson rays and clouds, the marvelous beauty of which enchanted the simple people. When they discovered that the fluid which coursed in their arteries was of the same bright hue, they naturally associated the color red with life, with fruitfulness, with labor. Hence, they adopted red as a color typifying their condition.

They clothed themselves in red or dun color; they arrayed their deities in garments of the same hues. Minerva and Ceres, two great and celebrated deities of heathen mythology, were much adored by the ancient working people. These deities presided over labor. Ceres was the goddess of agriculture and fruitfulness of the earth, Minerva the goddess of manual labor and protectress of working people. These two great deities were always clothed in flaming red.

In a similar manner white was the color adopted by the non-laboring, the ruling classes. White was emblematical of degree, of purity, of freedom from smut and toil. Often the pure white was modified by various shades of blue. These colors were always worn by the classes who kept their hands clean, by the non-producing classes—the priests and rulers. They had a great contempt for labor and for those who toiled. Their military banners were also of white and blue. For a long time fighting in serrated ranks, with implements of war, was considered an exclusively aristocratic privilege. It was not until the laboring classes were permitted to enter the army that the color red was seen in war.

A fierce prejudice has always existed against the red banner. It has been nourished and strengthened by the aristocratic ruling class, who hated red because it was the color under which the discontented plebian fought for freedom. It was the flag of Spartacus, of Viriathus, of Aristonicus. It was the flag of the great peasant's revolt in the sixteenth century. It was the flag of Putnam at Bunker Hill. And in all ages the love of the proletariat for the

crimson has been equal to the aristocrat's hatred. The Roman generals used to take cunning advantage of this affection of the poor people for their flag, by causing the vexillum or red banner to be thrown over into the enemy's camp at a moment of onset, well knowing that the soldiers would face any danger to rescue their cherished flag.

The early Christians, as long as they followed the simple life incident to their communes, adopted red as their color; and afterwards, when the power of the priesthood showed itself among them, and white was introduced as the garb of these non-producers, those who still followed useful crafts retained their ancient traditions and continued to wear red, brown, or dun-colored clothing and to carry the red banner.

Many of the ancient trades unions adopted red as their color and symbolized it in their flags and banners. Thus the Crispins, who founded the order of shoemakers, took the red flag as the emblem of their craft. They were followed by the tanners, the furriers, the glove makers, the bridle-makers and the weavers. Many other trades also later adopted the red flag.

The subject is intensely interesting, but lack of time and space forbids a more searching and thorough review. The red flag, typical of the bright rays of the rising and setting sun, of the color of the fluid which flows in the arteries of universal man, of the sacred ibex or red flamingo, which was worshiped by the ancient Egyptians, has a wonderful history, reaching back to the remotest antiquity. It has always been emblematical of manual labor, of warmth, of affection, of growth. It has also stood for rebellion against oppression and slavery, and has been borne by our fore-fathers over many a gory field while they fought for freedom.

"Do you ask from whence I have come?
What means my blood-red folds,
The color that conquers the gloam
Eve the morn' of truth unrolls?
I come from my home in the sky,
Where the lightning strives for right
In the Voice of the Lord on high!
Midst gloom of the hireling's might."

WM. HOLMES.

One Year's Experience.

I sit this morning with the balance sheet of the last six months account of The Firebrand with its readers, and those who do the work of getting the paper out, before me.

Last year I wrote a short history of the paper from its inception to date. As we are working for all mankind it is but just that we make our affairs known, at least once a year, to all who are interested enough in their own welfare to be interested in the publication of The Firebrand.

We have not, perhaps, been called on to endure as much privation since the history of last year was written, as before, but that is due to slightly more favorable circumstances right around us.

When last spring opened it found me weak and suffering with gastralgia, due to close confinement over the type case and editors table. Luckily Comrade Morris re-joined us, thus relieving me of much work in the shop. A combination of circumstances made it possible for me to earn a few dollars and regain my health. Later on Comrade Isaak helped a friend to make hay, and thus earned some hay for the cow in the winter. We started the press-fund; and contributions to it came in quite satisfactorily, but donations to The Firebrand decreased, and, as the balance sheet shows, we have a deficit for the last six months, of \$122.87. We were obliged to borrow that amount from the press fund in order to keep the paper going, which leaves only \$40.87 in the press fund.

When wild blackberries were ripe Peter and myself took care of the cow and chickens and got the paper out, while the others went to the mountains and picked and put up blackberries for winter use.

Later on all but me went hop-picking, but owing to a short crop of hops, and very low prices for picking, nothing was made at it, the income not much more than paying the necessary expenses.

While the others were away hop-picking, Comrade Abner J. Pope joined us. This increase of help made it easier to get the paper out and I made a propaganda tour, on horseback, over a part of Eastern Oregon, but as it was election campaign times I found it up hill work to get much attention to any subject except "free silver." I carried my corn extracting tools with me,

and managed to make more than my expenses, but found difficulty in getting any paid subscriptions, to the paper owing to the scarcity of money in circulation. I rode my pony to Spokane, Wash., where I visited my only sister. I found considerable radicalism in Spokane, and a member of the City Council enquiring for Anarchist literature, as he desired to read up on the subject. I supplied him with a number of pamphlets and took his subscription to The Firebrand. The Sheriff of Spokane County, subscribed and paid for The Firebrand, and I secured a number of other subscribers. Owing to all the halls in town, except high priced ones, being in use I was unable to deliver a lecture, although a good many wished me to. W. J. Walker, editor of the Freeman's Labor Journal, secured me transportation to Portland on his advertising account with the railroad, and I gave him my pony. I returned because of Comrade Morris' departure.

On my return I found the home of The Firebrand moved to Garden Home, seven miles from Portland, where the Isaak family and Comrade Pope and the Gertz family, had started a little milk ranch, which was made possible by the money brought in by Comrade Pope. Comrade Morris had gone to Bay Center, Wash., and the work of the office was considerable behind. So far the milk sold, scarcely pays for the feed of the cows and horses, and the competition in the milk business is so fierce that the gaining of a considerable list of customers is very difficult. We now have the paper out on time, and can continue to do so if we do not enlarge it. We had hoped to enlarge it with No. 1 of Volume 3 but with a deficit for the last six months staring us in the face, we do not feel enthusiastic over the proposition.

As we have had to use some of the money contributed to the press fund to maintain the paper, and as many comrades advised us not to buy a press, and we can get our presswork done as cheap as we could do it, or cheaper and better, we have concluded to use the remainder of the press fund in purchasing material for the paper, and as soon as the income will justify, we will enlarge it to eight pages.

The Berkman relief fund Committee wishes me to come over there and help them. They sent me \$25.00 to help pay my railroad fare, but as the affairs of the office stand to-day it is impossible for me to get away from the place. If we enlarge the paper there will be more necessity than ever for me to stay. I would like ever so much to do what I can to help secure Comrade Berkman's release, and to stop at the principle cities along the way and speak and agitate, but cannot do it under the circumstances.

From the statement made above it is evident that the enlargement of The Firebrand depends upon the public interest taken in it, and support accorded it. We have worked hard, lived close, suffered privation and denied ourselves much that we craved, in order to keep the paper alive and make it more instructive and a better paper in every respect. We are not discouraged, but do not feel inclined to increase our work and suffering, by enlarging, until we are sure of enough money to pay the necessary expenses of the paper.

We hope for the best, and our faith is sufficient to urge us on to continued and constant efforts to continue The Firebrand and increase its usefulness, and we trust the comrades everywhere will do what they can to assist us, by increasing the circulation of the paper, by financial contributions and by moral support. As to financial support I would say: If as many as two thirds of those who have subscribed would pay their subscriptions we would not be under the necessity of borrowing from the press fund. We would also feel secure in enlarging the paper. It seems that the comrades surely could do that much, when we are doing as much as we do.

When a comrade can be found who will do the work that I now do, correct copy, read proof, answer correspondence etc., I will make an eastern propaganda trip. I know it is desirable that a native American should make a lecturing tour in the interest of the Anarchist propaganda, and I am anxious to make it, but my first concern is The Firebrand, and I can not go away until I know that it can come out uninterruptedly. The mechanical work of the office is secure now, as comrade Isaak and his son Abe can now set type and make up forms in good style and quite quickly considering every thing, and there are two girls now learning to set type and that helps along. If there is any comrade who can do the work I have spoken of doing myself, who wishes to help The Firebrand permanently, he or she can best do so by joining us. Comrade Pope says we lack the female element, and it is a fact that we are short of

women, and if some sister who can, will join us and thus secure the regular appearance of The Firebrand in good style, we will soon have it eight pages, and I will spend most of my time traveling and agitating, for Comrade Berkman's release, for The Firebrand, and for the cause in general.

HENRY ADDIS.

Winter in a Metropolis:

WHILE writing these few lines for the readers of The Firebrand, I feel that the stormy nights are here at last. I know that many men, women and children are dying from cold, and that many more are driven to despair. There is something very pathetic about the winter season in a large city. Though its inhabitants even in the summer, are deprived of all the charms of nature, and, so far as nature's beauties are concerned, they have nothing to regret when winter comes and nature lies despoiled of every charm, still the dreariness of desolated streets, the short gloomy days and cold lonesome nights make their lives weary, stale and burdensome. The snowy streets of the large cities are reddened with the blood of the poor. The good hearted men and women fill the columns of our newspapers with heartbreaking appeals for charity's holy cause (?). But the bloody war of capitalism and greed knows no limit,—it still moves on successfully and gloriously.

And yet the poor devil of a vagrant is not frightened. Death has no horrors for him. Besides, this is so much like the years gone by. Every winter has its victims; it has its tears and its cheers. While some shrink from the cold winter season, others welcome it with open arms. It is to some a blessing and to some a curse. The well clad, well housed, and well fed delight at the approach of the storm, while the naked, hungry and homeless poor weep most bitterly at the mere thought of it. While to some the winter nights fill the air with music and the heart with joy, to others these cruel nights fill the air with agony and the heart with pain. While some find the great quantity of oxygen only a stimulant to eat, to drink, to dance and be happy, others find it to be their enemy; that which prematurely sends them into the cold grave. Some have their cheeks reddened, their blood heated and their pulses quickened, while others are quietly freezing to death. While some have their feelings hurt from rambling abroad, others have their entire existence circumscribed. Such is the story of every winter and this one is no exception.

The night of the 16 of December has made its record in New York. While the Metropolitan Opera House was packed with those of great wealth, and those of comparative riches, the streets were promanaded by the homeless poor. While some sat at the fireside looking about their costly chambers and felt secure from the merciless cold, others were either in a hallway or on a sidewalk, ending their miserable existence by the cold taking their last breath. While some have had their feeling of sympathy more aroused and were more sensible to the charms of each other's company, others felt as helpless as if they were caught out in a blizzard on the plains of Dakota. A New York newspaper editor speaking of that stormy night says: "The thermometer fell not very far below the freezing point, yet the wind that reddened the cheeks and raised the spirit of the lusty, was cold enough to kill." And the result as reported in the next morning's "Journal" is a demonstration of the truth of the editors statement. Here are some of the facts as reported, read them and laugh if you can: Louis Bressler, tailor, no home, found frozen to death in a hall. Michael Beekly, found unconscious in the snow, will recover. Thomas Brennen, street cleaner, overcome by the cold, while on duty, and taken to the hospital. Chris Schiaterback, overcome by cold and taken to the hospital. Lizzie Stout, no home; found unconscious in the snow and sent to jail as a vagrant.

These were some of the out-of-door victims of cold and poverty that have been reported in the morning newspapers. What about those whom the stormy night could not kill? What about those fireless and foodless homes, with shivering and famishing woman and children in them? What about that vast army of wanderers who have escaped public notice? Hundreds and thousands of names have

been received by the newspapers and charitable institutions, of men, woman and children whose need was most pressing. Scores of agents have been sent to investigate these cases and have reported that nearly all the cases investigated were genuine, and "in many instances the suffering of young women and poor children was pitiful." Every word of the reports told a story of misery that would make you weep, if you can weep it all. The pictures of want and wretchedness that fills our large cities is enough to fill our hearts with hatred and contempt for the State and its present institutions.

"The homes," says one of the reporters, "into which death was reaching with both hands were so frightful as to grip the heart. Women, children and babies, gaunt with hunger, blue and stiff with cold were imploring from us charity."

But this is not new. It is always so in a large city. And the larger the city the more and deeper is the poverty. Is there justice, freedom and equality under a system like this? Is this all civilization can do? Must the shivering palm always be outstretched imploring from the charitable alms? Must every man who sits down to a decent dinner always think of the starving? Must we always see idleness in a robe and industry in rag? Must there, in the midst of superabundant wealth, men and women and children, blameless and faultless always suffer the pangs of hunger and cold? Why are thousands spent upon luxuries while so many industrious wealth producers are freezing to death, because they are unable to pay for a warm room? The answer is simple: because the people at large are superstitious; because they expect some from God, others from the State,—that which must come from themselves.

DALLAN DOYLE.

New York, N. Y.

Industrial and Sex Emancipation.

"Will not industrial emancipation bring about sex emancipation?" J. T. R. Green.

Des Moines, Ia.

Not necessarily. If industrial slavery was the cause of sex slavery it would, but unhappily sex slavery is the result of other causes, and these causes must be removed before sex freedom can be attained. Industrial emancipation would give the opportunity for sex emancipation, but even in a condition of industrial freedom sex slavery would exist if people were mentally enslaved on the sex question. Sex freedom can exist, even to-day, when superstitious reverence for worn-out ideas of "purity" and "chastity" have been outgrown, by those who profess to have outgrown them.

In my opinion sex emancipation must be advocated side by side with industrial emancipation in order for it to be realized in connection with industrial emancipation. Sex slavery is horrible, and yet many who claim to be free thinkers are its most ardent upholders. Thus we see that we must be truly free mentally before sex freedom can be realized.

HENRY ADDIS.

An Appeal to all Comrades.

ARDENTLY desirous, like yourselves, to turn our activity and talents in the right direction for the propagation of our Ideal, we have come together, a few comrades, under the name of "Free Initiative", and we have accepted a task that we have begun to accomplish. Now, enlarging our sphere of action, we appeal to all who may take interest in our Ideal to help us with our enterprise: the foundation of a Free Communist experimental colony.

For the last two years a few adherents of the Ideal, after having secured all the information necessary to its success, have come to the conclusion that its realization would be of immense utility to the propaganda in their vicinity. The American takes interest in practical work, but very little in theories; he makes allowance for surroundings, laws and means.

At New castle, England, a colony founded last year is the object of attention and study, and cannot fail to enlighten and to help our propaganda, which must assert itself in all its forms; for each plan of action may find within us sympathies that will help us to find means of activity in accord with our sentiments, or our preferences.

Like all consistent Anarchists, we are convinced that

the capitalistic state will only give way to another social system during a revolutionary period, and through violent means. We do not, then expect to change the social system through this colony; we know that the free will of individuals will only materialize, even after the revolution, in proportion with the consciousness of those individuals, and we believe that the colony is a useful and educating means to that end.

Our intention is to make this experiment with various elements, or to build a colony with comrades of all nationalities. Here almost every foreigner speaks English. We will then be able to spread and harmonize our ideas in various circles that we often notice have very peculiar conceptions of our ideal and even sometimes absolutely deviate from it.

We intend to publish, in several languages, as soon as possible, a paper that will be specially devoted to the propaganda of our ideal. But our most important aim, the one that decided us to act, is to adopt and raise in this colony the children of comrades who, for their devotion to Liberty have become the victims of the bourgeois society; to insure these children education and a model of the lives for which their fathers fought. It often occurs that when the father is in jail, or executed, the children are placed with, or taken by societies of religious malevolence, or are left to become street runners. We want these children to be ours, to belong to all.

This general review will suffice to indicate the motives that prompted us to undertake this work.

The Free Initiative Colony has leased for two years, with promise of sale, a farm of 225 acres of which about 100 acres are in good soil, that has already been tilled, is well situated, and irrigated by three rivulets; the other 125 acres consist of timberland on an adjoining hill. A brick house with fifteen rooms, and other buildings necessary to a farm are all in good condition. The general opinion is that it is one of the best farms in this piece of country, adjacent to the village of Camp-gaw, New Jersey. It is situated forty miles from New York, and is two miles from the house to the railroad station, and 14 miles, by road to Patterson. This proximity to a large city, of 100,000 inhabitants, is one of the practical conditions deemed by us necessary to success. We have in Patterson about 100 comrades of different nationalities who take an interest in our ideal, and who buy the products of the farm, and will help according to their means and initiative; for its precisely on the initiative of each that we base our hopes. The New York comrades now seriously interest themselves in furthering this project, of which they had the initiative, and they are trying by all means to help the first comrades who, having accepted the ideal, are working as pioneers. In fact, we consider that to avert a failure it is of absolute necessity that those who are to make the first start in the colony, should be certain of moral and effective support from groups or individuals. Consequently we appeal to all who favor our enterprise to agitate in the papers, by individual propaganda, by meetings, societies or other means, the public opinion of this colony, and this not in a transient manner, but constantly and continually, and above all, as our name indicates, let us be helped by the free initiative of each.

Last month, in New York, a preacher in a church spontaneously received from his auditors for the benefit of a blighting work undertaken by missionaries in Asia, the fabulous sum of \$125,000. Every one was giving; jewelry, money, everything. Those people had faith in their ideal. We who claim everywhere that the ideal for which we strive is the most perfect and beautiful ever conceived, shall we not show our faith in our ideal?

The forgoing is as much of the manuscript sent in as we could make out, owing to the fact that it was written in pencil, and had been blurred beyond deciphering. We could make out that they want books, pamphlets, and papers in all languages sent to be placed in their Library. The only name we could decipher was: Michel Dumas, 427 Grand St., Paterson, N. J., to whom all inquiries and communications should be addressed.

"The Old and the New Ideal."

In all my studies of propositions and reading of books, all educational, there is no one that gave me such genuine enjoyment and satisfaction as this one.

I find in this volume exactly and correctly expressed, put in proper language, all that I have conceived of how to realize Anarchist-Communism.

Since wife and I agreed to dissolve our (unfortunate) legal union, and regard each other henceforth as friends and comrades, some eighteen months ago, without applying to the courts, I have felt the wisdom of this act in a decidedly advantageous manner, and found the application of the following theory the most correct one:

That, to benefit mankind in general, I must be congenial, and to be congenial, I must be surrounded by sympathetic friends of both sexes, and enjoy sexual intercourse in perfect freedom from possession, and, while love is a powerful agent in the adjustment of our mutual interests in society, this love can never be something for the exclusive possession of a mate.

I can see the perfect feasibility of the proposition that, to be successful reformers, we must first reform by abolishing all of our superstitions and prejudices in all matters, and then, while enjoying the advantages of sexual liberty, through the forming of "New Ideal" associations we will at once, on the proposition that the appetite is stimulated while eating, be stimulated with a desire for more freedom, not only in sex matters, but also in every other matter pertaining to the dealings among the individuals in society.

I, myself, have been searching for a long time for the means, since I conceived the necessary premise, for the abolition of wage- or any other slavery. Slavery depends upon every individual's desire to abolish it, which involves the necessity for every man and woman to become manly and womanly, whereby an opportunity can be afforded to every comrade to persistently help break down the barriers, as we find them in the way.

We cannot consistently preach freedom and the enjoyment of life, unless we set an example, thereby creating a desire in those around us to do likewise.

The Old and the New Ideal, by Ruedebusch, does outline a way out of our present misery; able to carry it out as soon as it is comprehended by the individual, and I would advise every lover of Liberty to get a copy at once and set to work to emancipate himself, for it is never too late to mend. The New Ideal is complete as it gives all needful hints to go about it. It offers the best solution of how we can work together in a perfectly voluntary manner without reserve or distrust among its adherents. I offer to work with any one who feels inclined to do so. In conclusion I suggest to form classes composed of both sexes, each one having a volume before him and by a competent comrade lead a discussion of the whole, so as to get a perfect understanding of the subject.

I hereby extend my hearty congratulation to Comrade Ruedebusch for his ability to furnish the key to solve the social question. "In love we trust!"

C. L. BODENDYKE.

Correspondence.

A QUESTION.

When Mr. Holmes reviewed Tandy's "Voluntary Socialism," he criticised the part relating to the punishment of invaders. He pointed out the difficulty of deciding some cases and asked whether he would be imprisoned if he went around without an undershirt in order to toughen his skin.

I then told him while his argument might apply to the difficulty of dealing with doubtful cases it did not cover cases which were clearly invasive, and asked him what would be done with a murderer in his Commune. This is the reply.

"Cohn's query as to what they would do with murderers is only less puerile in degree. It is presumed that a community of people having sufficient intelligence to achieve liberty would be able to carry out administrative details in such a way as to preserve it."

Now the question is not one of administrative details and the necessary intelligence to apply them, but one of principle. Mr. Holmes and many other Anarchist-Communists never miss an opportunity to sneer at the idea of juries, trials, and the restraint of invaders, and his argument is such that it implies an objection to any restraint of invaders. My question having been entirely ignored I will ask it again. What will be done to a murderer by the Commune? HENRY CONN.

A Fin.

And the star-spangled banner O long be it posed O'er the numberless fools with eyes and ears closed.

But stay, can you see by the light of the dawn The reddest of banners?—the New Day is won.

GILBERT LOVREDAK.

A Big Fake.

SOME four years ago an idea originated with the publishers of the Twentieth Century Magazine to organize a Stock Company, for the purpose to enter, first into the insurance business on the co-operative plan and to compete with the present corporations for the enormous profits which they are making. And which profits by proper manipulation of the new enterprise could be diverted and put to a better use than to fill the pockets of the present social parasites, and become an engine for their annihilation.

The surplus, so it was said, was to be utilized to establish other kinds of industries on the same co-operative plan, so as to absorb one industry after another until the whole industrial system should be covered and thus competition, and with it the nonproducing parasites entirely annihilated and the social millennium inaugurated.

The idea was grand, in fact so great (like all great schemes) that the object behind it could not be seen, which was to raise sufficient capital to start some one in business, and at the same time to have a solid list of subscribers, and thus to secure the success of the enterprise, for every shareholder will naturally support and work for the benefit of the enterprise of which he is a part owner.

For that purpose a company with \$30,000 capital was organized and the readers of the Twentieth Century were invited to subscribe, which invitation was liberally responded to, and the capital raised.

Part of it was spent in preliminaries (hoodwinking) to pay lawyers fat fees, to look up some insurance charters, so the new concern would be of good quality and sound title, something good that could stand before the law! Not finding the genuine article, the project was abandoned for the time being with much sorrow for the patiently waiting subscribers, who were urged to support and to work for the success of the paper.

To show that they were in earnest, some kind of a fake labor exchange was inaugurated, evidently for the purpose of making it a failure, and disgusting the people with any further effort in that direction. To cap the climax, that magazine which was started to further and advocate co-operation, and for which it was supported, went up to the collar for silver in the last political campaign, and the co-operation was worked presumably for the benefit of some office seeker. The editors, knowing that co-operation and silver, or any kind of money, are two distinct things and that the former cannot be inaugurated through political machinations.

Since the organization of the Twentieth Century Co., I have never seen any account of its affairs, to show the scattered stock holders the condition of the affairs of the Company. The officers of the Company seem to fear to disclose the weak points to the enemy, and not to give him a chance for an attack. If that is a sample of socialist rule, then may providence deliver us from it. I don't want any of it in mine.

E. F. ROTHSHECK.

Tacoma, Wash.

The Strikes in Argentina.

THE FIREBRAND of Dec. 18 gives a brief notice of the recent strikes in Argentina. I find the following summary of this movement in "La Federacion Obrera" of Rosario, Argentina, for Oct. 24, and think it worth copying.

"Almost all the unions of the principal cities of the Argentine Republic have declared strikes during the past months of August and the current. A great part of these have asked the eight-hour day, and very few are those who have obtained it.

"The bakers of some cities likewise declared a strike, but as this union cannot for the present ask that reform, it contended itself with asking for Sunday rest.

"In Buenos Ayres, besides this relief, \$15 a month increase in the pay. In Rosario they limited themselves to asking weekly instead of monthly payments.

"And always the case, the employers refused to grant either the one thing or the other, so that the said comrades, after twenty-one days of a struggle which for unanimity and enthusiasm should serve as a model to almost all the other unions, have surrendered to their executioners. But we are wrong; it was not a surrender but a prudent retreat.

"For the said workmen, since the strike ended, have hardly worked a Sunday, but on the next, that is, the 20th of the present month, without waiting for the permission of the employers—they did not work, and that

was all; and, as we understand, they mean to do the same every Sunday when the employers want to rest, and when they do not want to rest too.

"If any angry capitalist turns off his men, he will take others; the said comrades have lost nothing by that.

"Splendid example.

"What they would not perhaps have obtained in two months of struggle, they will obtain with the greatest ease by the system adopted.

It goes on to say that the only reason why the other unions do not take the same way of getting their eight hours is because they have not the necessary unity of action and do not properly understand their power; but that the success of the bakers is certain.

If the Argentine bakers are really so thoroughly united that they can get Sunday rest by the method described, then theirs is the model union of the world. In any case the experiment is interesting, and its result will have an instructive bearing on the great question of how to get what we want.

STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

The Firebrand Account.

For six months from July 1, 1896, to January 1, 1897:	
Received subscriptions and donations.....	\$238 98
Expenses:	
Paper and Presswork.....	\$158 50
Postage.....	34 55
Rent.....	12 00
Type, Galley, etc.....	59 90
Stationery, twine, etc.....	4 80
Wrapping paper.....	2 40
Light.....	1 75
For our own use.....	88 45
	\$356 55
	Deficit \$127 87

ACCOUNT OF PRINTING-PRESS FUND.

Received donations.....	\$150 67
Profit on pamphlets.....	12 60
	Total \$163 07
Covered the deficit.....	127 87
Cash on hand.....	\$40 20

The Letter Box.

TO SOME CONTRIBUTORS.—Your articles are postponed on account of a lack of space. They will appear in future numbers.

J. P., Drill, O.—The money received all right. The names are in the list now and we will send them several copies for distribution. Thanks.

A. S., New York City.—We sent you all the back-numbers except Nos. 2, 10 and 16, which are all exhausted. Of Vol. I we have only one copy of each number left for our file.

L. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—J. H. Morris is about 200 miles away from Portland, trying to earn a few dollars, and is in such a position that he cannot write very well. Your address is changed.

M. S., Jersey City, N. J.—The article about the French colony started in New Jersey appears in this issue. We are not opposed to co-operative colonies at all when carried on in the way Comrade Andrews advises in last week's issue. Back numbers can only be sent by express. You will guess the reason.

Receipts.

From Milwaukee, Wis., \$7.00. Hankik, \$1.00. Pehallow, Levy, Miles, Titus, Holup, Baumies, Proiser, each 50c. Lovelidge, 10c.

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Baltimore, Md.—E. Morwitz, 1141 East Lombard Street.

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The Peoples Union, a free discussion club, meets every Sunday evening at 930 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

International Group Free Initiative meets at 64 Washington Street, New York City, every Monday at 8:30 p. m.

Radical Literature of all kinds, including English periodicals, can be found at the news stand of comrade I Rudasch, Cor. Essex & Division Streets, New York City.

Pamphlets in English, Hebrew and German languages can be had by out of town stand-keepers and comrades, by addressing A. Levin, 340 Cherry St., New York City.

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