The War Spirit.

I hate that drum's discordant sound Parading round and round and round; To thump and thump it pleasure yields, And lures from cities, farms and fields, To sell their liberties for charms Of deadly face and glittering arms.

And when auditions voice commands To march, and fight and fall on foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound Parading round and round and round; I hate its thump, it spurs the Susan of burning towns and ruined savages; Of widows tears and orphans moans, Of hills and valleys, at whose feet I have stretched tired limbs to swell the catalogue of human woe.—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 nobles, 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 enabling 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 potted 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. Every where the people have been taught to fight as a duty, and everywhere the ruling classes have caused the poor, debased, and tyrannized workers to burden their backs and fill their bellies 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 enduring 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 potential—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 pulpit. War scares are numerous, and military organizations are spread from one end of Christendom to the other. Not only the school children, but also the pedestrians who have the misfortune to be in this parasitic class continue to burden the industry of labor, and uphold their privileges by inflating one section of working men against another section, and arousing the war spirit within them.

We, the producers, refuse to loogue the foul fiend of war to urge you on to self-destruction, to cause you to slaughter another in the interest of your common enemy. Refuse to fight.

HARRY ADAMS.

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 cause, but a succession of recurring phenomena gave rise to the same idea. The ancient laborer was a sun worshipper. The mystic Adidas of day wearing the red produced life and vegetation. The laborer planted his seed and the sun caused it to sprout, 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 field which occurred 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 hue. Minerva and Ceres, two great and celestial 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 emblematic of degree, of dignity, of freedom from stint 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, 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 errant 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 degenerate 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 dacoit-fights of the people fought for freedom. It was the flag of Spartacus, of Virilius, of Aristocles. It was not until the laboring classes who fought for freedom under the red banner, that 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
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 struggling desperately to keep from freezing to death. I want to express my sympathy and grief to all those who are受害 of the winter season. Though its inhabitants even in the summer, are deprived of all the charms of nature, and, as far as their pleasures are concerned, nothing more abhorrent to their senses than the thought of regret when winter comes and nature lies despoiled of every charm, still, the dreariness of desolate streets, the short gloomy days and cold lonely nights make their lives weary, sad, 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 heart-breaking 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 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 it has its victims; it has its tears and its cheers. While we shrink from the cold and are comforted, 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 poor man is the one who weep most bitterly at the mere thought of it. While we 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 despair.

One Year's Experience:

I am 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 fair that the names of those who serve us, bylne in the circulation of the paper, should be known to at least one year, to all who are interested 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 destinies right around us.

When last spring passed, I found me weak and suffering with gastralgia, due to close confinement over the type-case and editor's table. Luckily Comrade Morris rejoined us, as he relieved me of much work in the shop. A combination of circumstances made it possible for me to earn a few dollars and repair my health.

Last June on Comrade Isaac helped a friend to make hay, and thus earned a few dollars in the open air.

We started the press fund; and contributions to it came in quite satisfactorily, but donations to The Firebrand decreased. But we have good reasons, 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 $40.67 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 Comrade Isaac helped make beds in the mountains and picked and put up blackberries for winter use.

Later on all but me went hop-picking, but owing to a short supply of hops, and very low prices for picking, nothing was earned. The money got was not much more than paying the necessary expenses. When the others were away hop-picking, Comrade Abu and I increased the income of help made it easier to get the paper out and I managed to pay rent, housekeeper, over a part of Eastern Oregon, but during the campaign times I found it up hill work to get much attention to such subject like "labor." I carried my corn extracting too with me, and managed to make more than my expenses, but found difficulty in getting any paid subscriptions, to be in circulation. In circulation, I rode my pony to Spokane, Wash., where I visited my only sister. I found considerable radicalism in Spokane, and a number of the City Council enquiring for Anarchist literature, which I was able to read up on the subject. I adopted him with a number of pamphlets and took his subscription to The Firebrand. The sheriff of Spokane County paid for me for The Firebrand, and I secured a number of other subscribers. Owing to all the bills in town, except high priced ones, being in use I was unable to deliver a lecture, although a person willing to pay $1.00. W. J. Walker, owner of the Freeman's Labor Journal, secured me transportation to Portland on his advertising account and paid for the railroad, and again I returned to Spokane. I returned because of Comrades Morris' departure.

On my return I found the home of The Firebrand moved to Garden Home, seven miles from Portland, where the Isaac family and the Gerts 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 keen that it is not to the 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. I must, of course, be able 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 not 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 press work done as cheap as we could do it, or cheaper and better, we 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 here and help them. They sent me $25.00 to help my railroad fare, but as the affairs of the present-day to-day are so upset I can not get away from the place. If we enlarge the paper there will be more necessity than ever for me to stay. I would like very much to do my part to help secure Comrade Berkman's release, and to stop at the principle of capitalism along the way and speak and agitate, but cannot do it without 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 work to do, we have suffered privation and denied ourselves much that is necessary. 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 feel the need for more work and more effort, by enlisting, 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 continue, and constant and constant hope 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 will pay their subscriptions we would not be far from the condition 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 so much as we do.

When a comrade can be found who will do the work that I do, correct copy, read proof, answer correspondences, etc., I will make an early and prosperous trip. I know it is desirable that a native American should make a lecturing tour in the interest of the Anarchist propaganda, now, but my first concern is The Firebrand, and I can not lay away until I know that it can come out uninterruptedly. The main object of the work is now secure, as comrade Isaac and his parents work and make the forms in good style and quite quickly considering everything, and there are two girls now learning to set type and that helps and saves comrade who can do the work. I have spoken of doing away with anything which will help to help The Firebrand permanently, he or she can be taken by joining. 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, this secure the regular appearance of The Firebrand in good style, we will soon have it eight pages, and I will spend whatever of my time that is left after the Comrade Berkman's release, for The Firebrand, and for the cause in general.

Henry Adams.
beceived by the newspapers and charitable institutions, of man, woman and children whose need was most pressing. Scores of agents have sent to investigate these cases and have reported 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 report told a story of misery that would wound to the heart and wept in all the pictures of want and wretchedness that fill our large cities is enough to fill our hearts with hatred and contempt for the State and its present institutions.

"The home," says one of the reporters, "which death was reaching with both hands so frightfully to grip the heart... Women, children and babes, garments for winter, sugar, salt, and coffee were being loaded in wagons from the door of the wholesale store." 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 out-stretched to the charitable alms? Must every man who sits down at a decent dinner always think of the starving? Must we always see idleness in a rodeo and industry in a rug? Must there, in the midst of superabundant wealth, men and women and children of all conditions be in 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 "not in their right room?" It is simple: because the people at large are superstitious; because they expect some from God, others from the State,—that which must come from themself. DALLAN DOYLE.

New York, N. Y.

Industrial and Sex Emancipation.

"Will not industrial emancipation bring about sex emancipation in the eight districts?" J. T. H. Green.

Des Moines, Ia.

Not necessarily. If industrial slavery was the cause of sex slavery it would, but unhappily sex slavery is the cause of industrial slavery, and the causes must be removed before sex slavery can be abolished. Industrial emancipation would give the opportunity for sex emancipation, but even in a condition of industrial slavery the best women could be emancipated if people were mentally enslaved on the sex question.

Sex freedom can exist, even to-day, when superstition revere for wormwood ideas of "purity" and "decency" is more alluring, by those who profess to have outgrown them.

In my opinion sex emancipation must be advocated side by side with industrial emancipation in order to be successful, for it is in that manner that 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 slavery can be real-
A Big False

Sons four years ago an idea originated with the publishers of the Twentieth Century Magazine to organize a company to introduce 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 profit it believed that the new enterprise should be diverted and put to a better use than to fill the pockets of the present social parasites, and become an instrument of social salvation.

The surplus, as it was said, was to be utilized to establish other kinds of industries on the same co-operative plan, so as to absorb industry after industry until the needs of the entire family should be met. It is this ides and competition, and with it the noncooperating para-

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

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

Part of it was spent in preliminaries (homing) to gather all the true fat fees, to look up some insurance

The idea behind the whole plan was to make a successful insurance business, and to the same time make a successful social plan.

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 disgracing the people. The number of applications for the time and the political campaign, and the co-operation was worked

Since the organization of the Twentieth Century Co., I have never seen any account of its affairs, to show the scattered stockholders the condition of the affairs of the Company. The officers of the Company seem to believe that whatever is done is done to the whole of us 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 that.

E. F. Rossetree.

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 Federation Oroset" 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 them have continued more than a couple of months; most of them have given a clear reason for the whole of them.

The bakers of some cities likewise declare a strike, but I do not have the present strike reform, it contended itself with asking for Sunday rest.

In Buenos Ayres, besides this relief, $41 a month increase in the pay. In Rosario they limited them-self so to 13 weeks, but the pay.

And always the case, the employers refused to grant either the one thing or the other, so the said companies consultar the days of a struggle for unani-