

The Firebrand

FOR THE BROTHERHOOD ARMY OF THE CONQUERORS OF IGNORANCE AND SUPERSTITION.



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.

Vol. III. No. 19.

PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY, JUNE 13, 1897.

WHOLE No. 123.

Be Not Content.

Be not content; contentment means inaction;
The growing soul aches on its upward quest.
Satiety is kin to satisfaction;
All great achievements spring from life's unrest.

The tiny root, deep in the dark mold hiding
Would never bless the earth with fruit and flower,
Were not an unborn restlessness abiding
In seed and germ to stir them with its power.

Were man contented with his lot forever,
He had not sought strange seas with sails unfurled;
And the vast glories of our shores had never
Dawned on the gaze of an admiring world.

Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented;
There is a healthful restlessness of soul,
By which a mighty purpose is augmented
To urge men onward to a higher goal.

So, when the restless impulse rises, driving
Thy calm content before it, do not grieve,
'Tis but the upward reaching and the striving
Of the God [good] in you to achieve, achieve.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Constructive Anarchy.

V.

By J. A. ANDREWS.

The "revolutionary" side of the matter has yet to be treated of in the constructive aspect. We must expect some amount of conflict, some amount of appeal to the right of strength, to accompany any great social transformation, whether this violence is produced by the pressure of conditions which necessitate a change, or whether it arises in consequence of the change pressing upon the remains of the old system. Certainly, for avoiding a violent struggle in comparison with what would be inevitable if the change were left to originate in sheer necessity for present rebellion, there is great hope, if efforts are made to harmonize ways of life with new ideas as they develop; but it behoves us to consider in any case the creation of "revolutionary" possibilities.

The question has been discussed before in regard to the working up and encouragement of "revolutionary" activity. Kropotkin has written much on the subject in former years, and it amounts to this:—First reach the minds of the masses, and get them free of any real respect for what is to be revolted against; spread your idea of a change, so that it will at least be familiar if not yet accepted as a practical ideal; and then let every isolated act of revolt or half-revolt be made the most of far and wide, and let a few act boldly regardless of consequences, and before long there will be a revolution in full swing.

After all, it appears to me that this is only on the surface of the matter. We might have half the population Socialists, or Anarchists, under the present system, and be no nearer to a revolution, in any practical sense, than we are today. Why is it that popular disturbances are so easily put down, whilst a handful of bushrangers or brigands, with no greater fear before them, will hold unitedly for months or years against enormously greater odds in point of numbers and even of arms?

The reason is simple. The bandits are confident in their unity, because their interests are inseparable and absolutely identical. The people, on the other hand, are perhaps aware that their ultimate interests are identical, but the interests which they actually possess are not. There is no such thing as the solidarity of their every day life.

Solidarise the real life of the people, and if a revolution is needed the day after this solidarity is realized, it will happen.

Kropotkin has well pointed out the influence of solidarity upon courage, but rather from the sentimental point of view. It is easy to understand that a man will be carried on to bravery when he feels that he is fighting for those whom he deeply recognizes as comrades. It is also easy to understand that he will not be slow to defend his own interests when he knows that the interests of those around him are literally and identically his interests, and not merely similar to his. In defending his comrades he is (not indirectly and uncertainly but directly and certainly) defending himself; if they suffer he suffers in the same act; and he has no doubt about their being with him when he feels it necessary to show fight. This is why I affirm that if the practical life of the masses were solidified and the necessity existed for a revolution, it would immediately happen.

I say this: If the workers refused to accept the individual distinctions made between them by the property system; if the open producers, the wage earners of all degrees, and the unemployed, coalesced all their resources—their owned or rented dwellings, appliances, domestic stores, earnings and idle time—to equalize and try to lighten their burdens, to equalize and try to increase their enjoyments—it would be an immediate necessity, not by reason of hardship but by reason of solidarity, to cease payments to the land speculators. It would be an immediate necessity by reason of solidarity, to repudiate the claim of the factory lords to dictate who may work. As a logical consequence it would be an immediate necessity to repudiate their control of the products. It would be a necessity, all this—not a "need" but a "must needs" and a destiny. The necessity of it would be the possibility of it, the certainty of it, the fact of it. Once the workers transformed the social relation among themselves, the immediate transformation of society—the instant sweeping away of all their outer bonds—would be inevitable. It would be a fact already accomplished and only awaiting the next moment to become manifest. And this high-handed Revolution would be the least bloody, because the most irresistible.

The practical issues of fraternity are equality and liberty. It is necessary to begin at the right end; to develop fraternity by giving it a practical place as an element, not merely an accident, of ordinary affairs. Thus only will liberty become an element of social life; that which consists in the mere having put a stop to tyrannies is an accidental liberty. Fraternity cannot be practised further than it exists, and a merely formal solidarity is worthless; but the development of practical methods will show that fraternity has hitherto failed to operate,

simply because of error, and that there is quite enough of it to produce from enlightened self-interest effective solidarity. If action is the product of thought, no less is thought the reflex, more or less analyzed and elaborated, of environment, and habitual action tends to evolve the reasoned philosophy consistent with it. Hence the transformation of the practical relations between individual and individual—more than the revolt of class against class, since the classes arise from the system of relation between individuals, and since the transformation is itself a means to the revolt against those who reject it—appears to me the most important branch of Anarchist and progressive activity.

END.

One of Sage's Mortgages.

JOLIET, ILL., May 18.—Mrs. Elizar Sage, the wife of the man who obtained a \$50 loan from his uncle, Russel Sage, of New York, last February, has attempted to commit suicide from worrying over the debt. Elizar Sage had saved \$45 toward lifting the mortgage on his homestead and his wife had \$5. Brooding over the affair caused Mrs. Sage to lose her mind and last Saturday she was found hanging from a rafter in the shanty upon which New York's millionaire Sage had a mortgage for \$50. She was found in time to save her life. The money to cancel the mortgage was sent last night to Mr. Sage.

The above clipping is from the Seattle Times. A poor woman lost her mind brooding over a debt to a relative, and one many times a millionaire. Does it not seem that while people know of the absolute power, under present conditions, of the millionaires, they would seek a means to destroy this power, and in seeking the means discover that they themselves are one of the cogs of the machine that enables such men to bleed even their dear relatives? This woman knew the result if the debt was not paid, yet we find Mr. Sage's name attached to charitable lists "given freely" of course, and knowing this why should not this woman feel assured if the debt was not paid that Mr. Sage would open his big heart and say "Never mind"? No! "Business is Business you know," and under that rule it matters not whether of the same blood or not. Probably Russel needs the funds to fight the Goulds with. "If people would abstain from borrowing they would be better off" has been suggested. People will borrow if they can, as long as they can, if they cannot otherwise obtain what they want at the particular time they want it. If leeches were cut off from the supply of the producer there would be plenty for all without borrowing.

When a man cannot purchase his day's product with his day's wages he is compelled to borrow, at times, and his borrowing is from the share which has been withheld from him. As such conditions are continually growing worse, the borrower, finding larger rates to pay and lower wages, while at the other end, with the aid of improved machinery he produces more, thus adding a still larger proportion to the capitalist hoard, it is evident the time is short when it will be necessary to resort to plunder in order to subsist. It is even so now to an almost alarming extent, but the end is not yet. Mrs. Elizar Sage would make a good convert if her mind is not too far impaired. She should have The Firebrand. It may teach her that there is still a way out.

SAM SMALL.

NATURE'S LANDLORD. Every foot has a logical right to the soil.—I. G. Blanchard.

THE FIREBRAND

Published Weekly. Communicate in any of the European languages.
50 CENTS A YEAR.

Address all Communications and make all Money Orders payable to Box 94 Portland, Ore. or Sellwood, Ore.

Admitted as second-class matter at the Portland, Or., postoffice

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

Teaching Sexual Truths to the Children.

In last issue of The Firebrand Comrade Isaak calls attention to the fact, that not only the Freethinkers uphold the dogmas of creeds and custom, but that Anarchists often do the same thing, by the manner in which they bring up their children.

The question of teaching Sexual truths to children has been the subject of discussion in the Mother's Meetings here and elsewhere, and having given some thought to the question I ask a little space in your paper to present a few ideas, hoping that others may contribute thoughts on the same subject. I am aware that there are still many people who consider it indelicate, to say the least, for mothers to talk to their children in regard to sex matters, and the more ignorant our sons and daughters are, the more innocent they are supposed to be. But as so much suffering results from ignorance it is plainly the duty of parents to teach children the truth in all things, and especially in the most vital of all matters—that of sex. The reproductive function should be plainly explained to the inquiring child, not with jest or slighting comment, but with all due earnestness, dwelling on the sacredness of parenthood, the necessity for purity of thought and action; which by the law of heredity makes better the race. Children are much more capable of receiving such instruction that they are generally given credit for, and lessons learned in early childhood from the lips of a mother are never forgotten. How to do this is what bothers many mothers. I would say, teach from nature. Go to the flower, the plant, the fruit; show them the separate parts, the relations each to the other, explain the office of the pollen and how it fructifies and makes perfect the flower and fruit. From this go to the brute creation, explain as does the Latin that all life is from the egg. Step by step the inquiring mind is led and when it is far enough along to ask if human babies do not originate in the same way, any intelligent mother can in a natural manner teach the truth. She can tell how the human egg, too small to be seen by the naked eye is secreted within the mother's body, that it must receive the opposite, or male principle before it starts to develop; how it is nurtured by the mother while she loves it and prepares for its coming; how that often great suffering must be endured in order that a new being shall come into the world. All this and more if taught to young children causes them to reverence motherhood and the subject of parentage becomes sacred in their minds. A mother is a child's natural teacher, and that mother that keeps close to her children in their confidences, is held in higher esteem by them than any one else in the world. One little fellow expressed it this way when trying to clinch an argument with a playmate "but I tell you mother said so, and if my mother says so, its so if it aint so."

When to teach is often asked. I would say as soon as questions are asked. The child whose mind is matured enough to ask questions on this subject is old enough to be answered truthfully. As in all other matters, reason should be our guide.

Another phase of this subject I would like to touch upon. We should teach also that in children "quality should supersede quantity." There is much need of education in this direction and so long as our present marriage laws are in existence there will be abuses that cannot be rectified. Woman should be the arbiter of her own fate, should say when and how often she desires to become a mother, and above all should have the right to choose the father of her children. There would then be no such thing as an unwelcome child, and a healthy, happy race would be the result.

How can it be expected that women who are obliged to toil from dawn till dark, surrounded by environments that crush out all the finer impulses, insufficiently clothed and fed, should bring healthy, happy children into existence? Mere surface thinkers are wont to say that they wonder at the prevalence of vice and crime. They point to our numerous schools

and churches, and our organized charities and say the world is growing worse in spite of it all.

They fail to see that our country, rich in natural resources, is made bankrupt by vicious legislation. That a few hold in their hands the power to monopolize every form of wealth, while the many toil in ignorance and give the proceeds of their labor to support the very machine that is crushing them. Go to the tenement houses in our cities! Herded together in droves, driven to the use of stimulants for lack of proper food, the animal nature predominating, what can we expect of children born under such conditions? Conceived in lust, surrounded during their prenatal existence with every condition that tends to impurity, foul air, poor food, sights and sounds that degrade and demoralize; children entering the world in this manner only add to the hordes of criminals and insane that threaten our very civilization. And what are we christian (?) philanthropists doing? Well, we are building almshouses, asylums, hospitals and jails, while inmates are being manufactured faster than we can find room for them.

Here is a work for women to do. Don't you see the folly of legislating against vice and crime? Can't you see that every person is a product of his environment? Shall we not begin with the mothers teaching them that pure thought, pure lives and the knowledge of the truth imparted to the young is to be the Salvation of the race? We must learn how to generate and bring into the world a new race of beings whose bodies and minds have been moulded by the loving care of intelligent and free mothers, these mothers receiving the full co-operation of the fathers. Thought waves have already been set in motion, and the air is vibrant for freedom. We are able to sense the coming of the dawn that heralds the bright day of a broader and grander humanhood. A race of men and women, who having been generated under proper conditions will not need to be taught the doctrine of regeneration: Men and women who having learned to control both body and mind, obtain a clearer insight into the mysteries of nature, will go on in the work of improvement and the race will emerge from the present semi-barbaric state into a better and higher civilization.

MYRA PEPPERS.

Comment.

I THINK Comrade Isaak makes a mistake when he says he does not care for the occult, but cares for science. Occult means hidden, latent, unknown, and all that is now called science was once occult. It is the business of the investigator to find out the occult, to bring it from the realm of the unknown into that of the known and then classify it as science. All is natural. There is no super-natural, but the finer forces of the natural, because not understood, have been called super-natural, authoritative, and thus, in the hands of the superstitious or designing, have been made a curse. To do away with this authority-curse, we need to investigate—not worship the occult, the unknown.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

It would have been a mistake if I had said that I did not care for the occult, but did care for science in sex relations. I did not care, and do not yet, to discuss the "law of occult," as such "law" is only imaginary as long as it is hidden or unknown by Mrs. Waisbrooker and myself, but I simply asked what science would have to solve for us, and added that freedom would solve the question at issue.

I have no objection when people investigate the occult, but object most emphatically when the "unknown" or "hidden forces" parade as demonstrated facts, as it is practiced by the Christians, Spiritualists, Theosophists and Deists.

A. I.

State Socialism vs. Freedom.

HAVING been a State Socialist; having wandered through all the brambles and escaped into the open fields I desire to let the readers of The Firebrand know what I think I have learned, for, I believe not anything at all.

It was the horror of millions living, or rather existing in poverty while there was so much more than sufficient to give happiness, health and wealth to one and all, that landed me in the State Socialist camp. Poverty, to all but a comparatively favored few seemed to me to paralyze mankind. Rulers and priestcraft upholding the rulers and grinding man and woman and child in a hellish mill: anything to do away with poverty!

I cannot say that it was any one book or any one writer that led me out into "the open" as much as the writings and the words of State Socialists themselves. If I were to be asked (as I have been) what cured me of State Socialism, I could frankly answer (and have so answered) State Socialists. I learned (slowly enough) that under its reign there was no room on the face of the earth for a heretic!—there would certainly be no room, nook nor corner for me,—I must jump off or die—would really have to do so. Naturally, it occurred to me that I would not be the only rebel, and that several thousands of the best, wisest and most liberty-loving of men and woman would also have to jump or die or suffer an intolerable slavery. That was enough for me and I reached "the open."

I realized that such a reign would in time enslave the world; that our present social disorder is nearly absolute freedom as against the terror of State Socialism; that our present governmental tyrants are wise and even kind as against those who would follow: that a ruling power would grow to full life and being more terrible than any which has ever reigned on earth, and giving birth to a bloodier revolution than earth has ever known, if man was even to win freedom,—and how priestcraft would reign supreme and every hellish superstition be immeasurably strengthened and the bat-winged hold full sway.

A large share of the world's intelligence is, today, divorced from the Church. A truism. But what is a "truism"? Once I would have answered, "an undoubted truth" or a statement only disputed by an especially lunatic. Alas!—this holds good no longer. Today writers start with a "truism" as a text and long before the finish one could not distinguish it from a ring-tailed monkey or the fabled gesticulus of the mythological lion with a spear-head at the termination of its tail, with which to lash itself into a becomingly wrathful state. To a certainty, these writers can hardly be said to "hit the mark," but one reads on, curious perhaps to see where or what they will hit,—one desires to be "in at the death"—to witness the result—should be any.

A large share of the world's intelligence is, today, divorced from the Church. Nothing can be plainer to a sane mind than that this "large share" would have no voice under the reign of iron-clad State Socialism—and no other State Socialism could exist. The small "share" influencing and on the side of the meanest, lowest intelligence, would rule, would be rampant, would be invincible. Hold on to Liberty's skirts! Indeed!—every bat-winged superstition flying today would tear the strongest grasp loose. Priestcraft would lead and have the uphand everywhere. Herbert Spencer may not have said just this, but he has said much more. State Socialists are not honest when they quote him. True it is that he has said the signs of the times point to State Socialism, but he would not touch it with a ten-foot pole. True it is that State Socialists quote the lamented William Morris, but, I say the author of "A Dream of John Ball" and "News from Nowhere" would not have touched it—even with reluctant hand. It will be easy as it ever has been to malign the dead lion,—was there ever a lion died that was not kicked—by some ass? The very knowledge—and he who runs may read—that State Socialists have rivaled the clergy and the press in lying as to Anarchism and Anarchists should enlighten all save the very dullest of the dullards. Can the reader not easily apprehend how and why State Socialism has become respectable?—and understand how many so-called liberal clergymen write more or less in behalf of the (possibly) coming of the worst tyranny earth can ever know.

The eternal cry of the State Socialist is, "more, more, more, legislation!"—not for less government but for more,—and theirs would be the strongest government ever built up by and through the foolishness of man. Poverty must be abolished forever and forever and the children of earth enter into their inheritance,—but, poverty must be abolished without entering into a worse slavery than the world groans under today, and, a slavery which it would be nearly impossible to overthrow.

I have said the Church would have full sway under State Socialism. The Romish Church claims for her primates and priests peculiar powers that laymen do not possess: they certainly do possess peculiar powers and privileges, in their ability to bleed millions and keep them poor, ignorant and superstitious. Nor is the Protestant Church free from its own peculiar juggling. It is quite true that Anarchism interferes with no one's religion, but it is also true, that given Anar-

chistic communities, the parasites could and would only be supported by believers and could not enjoy the special privileges and monopolies they now hold. Only those willing to be bled and taxed for their support in worse than idleness, could be so bled and taxed. I cannot see how State Socialism would even weaken priestly monopoly or destroy its special privileges and tyrannies,—nor do I think any one else can. Taxation, as we know it today, would have no place in Anarchistic communities, nor indeed under any conditions of true social and economic freedom,—that is to say, all taxation would be wholly voluntary, and self-taxation like self-redemption is not to be quarreled with.

The State Socialists claim they will win freedom through the ballot-box, ignoring the fact that for three decades at least, the masses have been steadily and constantly and joyously voting themselves into greater slavery.

I don't propose to take part in any quarrel as to voluntary Communism and Individualism. It is the dragon Monopoly, foul offspring of the State, which keeps men, women and children in poverty,—and the death of the monster means a close approach to equality of opportunities. Think it over.

CLINTON LOVERIDGE.

Happenings in London.

WINDOWS along the routs of the Diamond Jubilee procession are renting at fabulous prices. The craze is raging to such an extent that large stores are being pulled down to make room for gigantic stands, the receipts for their use are expected to pay all the expense of tearing down and rebuilding on a larger scale.

Frank Kitz, the speaker at Christchurch Hall, on April 5th, was extremely well qualified to lecture on the subject announced. "The beginning of the Socialist movement in England," there having been a time when, if you had said "the Socialist in London," you would have meant Frank.

He went back to the first Socialistic ideas which were produced at the beginning of this century and worked up to the times to which he took personal part—the days following the Commune of Paris, 1871. Then on to the formation of the Rose-street Club; the first really revolutionary Socialist organization in this country, from which finally sprang the Social-Democratic Federation. The stirring times of 1881 were briefly touched upon, the emigration into England of John Most, the production of "Freiheit" and its smuggling into Germany, its suppression after its outspoken comments on the assassination of Czar Alexander the Second. A cursory view of the later years and a strong appeal for greater attention to one of the best of the old means of propaganda, the distribution of leaflets and manifestoes on the social question, concluded his address.

JEWISH Anarchists held high revel on Easter Saturday. The Athenaeum, Tottenham-court-road, was the locality and some four hundred people dispersed themselves till three in the morning.

CAPITAL and Labor, a dramatic sketch, performed of course in Hebrew, was the only part of the festival which I had time to see and that was worth going a long way to witness. It is founded upon a true incident in Germany and has been done into Hebrew by Mrs. Green. A wealthy bourgeois manufacturer marries a second time and the new wife, hating his little son by the first wife, bribes one of the workmen to take him away and kill him. The boy is spirited away, but the workman's heart fails him and he himself adopts the boy who, live-and-leave, enters his own father's factory as a "hand." A ruffianly foreman's miserable tyranny at last drives the men to strike and the unknown heir becomes their leader. There is by this time a daughter of the house with whom both the foreman and the "hero" are in love. She sympathizes with the workmen and pleads with her father for them. He asserts that the dogs shall starve (for all the world like Lord Penthrwyn). In the end, however, he dies, and being told who his son is at the last moment, leaves him all his property. The workmen are called together after the funeral, and an amicable cooperative profit-sharing enterprise is constructed out of the property, and the curtain falls on unalloyed happiness, long continued applause, and the suicide of the wicked wife.

FRUMKIN, late editor of the Workers Friend, was a very humorous bad man, and Caplan's side whiskers and frock-coat, not to mention the truly dignified presence, stood him in good stead as the employer.

Mrs. Marx's wicked stepmother was a very interesting piece of acting, and Mrs. Green, who played the true hearted Socialist daughter, had a touch of Yvette Guilbert about her as she stood clad in a pretty Yellow dress, in the glare of the footlights swaying in tremulous passion. The play of most of the actors was uniformly good and well earned their plaudits.

BARCELONA and the atrocities committed there upon innocent victims of the new inquisition are arousing

considerable comment amongst all sections of the advanced community in London, and a committee comprising delegates from all advanced bodies has been formed to spread the news of the horrors far and wide. A big demonstration is being arranged for and the press is being bombarded with accounts of the fiendish mutilations and ghastly tortures which are marking with a trail of blood the last days of the Spanish monarchy.

ROGER PRIDE, a young Socialist, poet and prose-writer, died of consumption at Liverpool on April 13, aged 24. Although possibly he was not known outside the circle of English Socialists, he was a genius which ere long would have made its mark in the world. To the whole advanced movement he is a sad, sad loss.

TOM REECE.

Note and Comment.

READ on the fourth page the true story from Boston.

We think it prudent to issue only four pages this week, hope though that it will not be necessary to be so cautious in the future. In connection with this I will mention, that we would not only be able to issue eight pages regularly, but could also increase our printing material, which would enable us to print pamphlets, if only half of the subscriptions were sent in that are due. This also would please not a little some of our zealous comrades, who so liberally have supported the propaganda.

COMRADE Emma Goldman writes that some of the statements in the report of her meetings at Providence, by L. L. L. were not correct and wishes them corrected in The Firebrand. The statement that she was going to Philadelphia for a ten days engagement for open air meetings is incorrect, as open air meetings are not held in the city of brotherly love. The meetings that were to be arranged for her have been postponed until fall on account of hot weather.

In the report of the Berkman Fund, it is said that \$2.00 were paid Endres for endorsing a resolution. This Comrade Goldman says is a mistake. He was paid \$2.00 for the time he lost from his work, while he took the manuscripts of the resolution down to the meeting of the Bakers Union, not the Central Labor Union. Comrade Goldman wished these corrections made in order to avoid any misunderstanding, concerning these statements among the comrades.

The Group Proletariat was credited with \$17.50 donation, in The Firebrand of May 23d, which was an error as it should have been credited to Group Firebrand, New York City. This is a small group that was formed for the purpose of helping circulate The Firebrand, and they have done splendidly. We are sorry the error occurred and shall endeavor to prevent any such errors in the future. It gives us much encouragement to know this group, and hope that other groups for the same purpose may spring up and follow the splendid example of this group.

THE plutocratic press is praising Mr. Carnegie, who again intends to sacrifice one million for charitable purposes, but these papers are not in the least anxious to let the world know that a great number of workmen, who produce Mr. Carnegie millions in his shops, are working 10 hours for 80 cents. It is an easy matter to rob thousands of poor laborers of their products and then be "charitable."

Mr. Spreckels is another robber—beg your pardon—philanthropist. Since the Salvation Army intends to colonize the inhabitants of the slums some where in the West, Spreckels' heart is bleeding from pity and offers for this noble (?) purpose 6000 acres in California, i. e., mind you, if the colonists are willing to raise sugar-beets. He promises also, according to the "Buffalo Arbeiter-Zeitung," to buy all the beets they can raise for \$4.00 per ton. All we would like to know now is, how much profit he calculates to receive for his generosity. "What fools we mortals be!" A poor man that steals a loaf of bread for his children is imprisoned as a dangerous criminal, but when he steals and robs right and left by the millions, he is praised and worshipped as a philanthropist.

In Italy an Anarchist, Frezzi, has been found dead in the penitentiary and the police has reported "suicide." But as the doctor found a rupture of the backbone, collarbone, skull and the laceration of the liver and wounds all over his body, the Socialist and republican deputies thought it necessary to ask the Attorney General about the cause of Frezzi's death. The answer is characteristic: "As a man I probably could say more about the case, but as an Attorney General I

must confine myself to the official report, and await the result of the judicial examination." Now if this comrade had killed one of his murderers, our Individualist friends would not hesitate to write a treatise to The Firebrand, showing how foolish a man he was and above all, that he was not an Anarchist. But as this poor human being could not defend himself and was murdered by brutes, they will not say anything about it. I say dynamite is too good for such brutes!

A. I.

Stimulus to Labor.

OUR friends, the Individualists, are so imbued with the commercial idea that they cannot conceive of any productive labor being performed except from the hope of reward. Nay, Comrade Crane, it is not the hope of reward only which stimulates a person into any voluntary action. Let the comrade remember: I speak of voluntary action, and the knowledge gained by experience deriving pleasure from producing.

I am a gardener and raise plants, not so much because I expect to sell them, as because I love to raise them; it is an actual pleasure to me to see them grow and expand, be it flowers or vegetables. I take pleasure in making a tasteful decoration for an entertainment or lay out a park for some wealthy citizen. And if our present society did not compel me to charge a fixed sum of money for my work, if I was assured of a good living anyway, I would like nothing better than to give my labor freely to anyone who enjoyed the products of my skill.

"That may be," will friend Crane say, "but what about the miners?" I have talked with miners and they told me that, of all labor in the world, they liked nothing better than to work in a good clean mine. It has a certain fascination which grows on a man, and he is not happy at labor except in the mine. Admitting that many men would not work in the mines if they were not compelled to, it is also a known fact that not half of the mining would be necessary if it was not for commercialism and monopoly, as nearly all heat necessary can be attained from electricity and water.

The same is the case with sailors; they also take their life in hand, almost every hour, but to be on a good ship out on the ocean seems to be far preferable to them than to be on land.

Every worker, if he labors at a calling which he likes, takes pleasure in the products of his hand or brain, and not only that, but experiences pleasure while he produces, and that is the stimulus we Anarchist Communists depend on in a free society.

The so-called distasteful work will mostly be performed by machinery or performed voluntarily—if it is deemed necessary to do the work—by the members of that district. If the Individualists say that certain men will have to perform the distasteful work in order to earn their living, then they admit that these men are slaves to that extent.

CHAS. DOERING.

The Letter-Box.

J. C., Chicago, Ill.—Yes, the paper has been sent regularly to R. We were glad to hear that The Firebrand has burned your social democratic cobwebs away. Our best greetings.

O. H., Chicago, Ill.—We received \$8.75 from the group for pamphlets and have ordered 100 copies "Why we are Anarchist" from London. Thanks.

F. S., New York.—No, it is not any body's business what methods I employ in resisting invasion, or when and where to resist—it is strictly my own affair. If you find it "out of place" or "imprudent" that is your business. And when I sometimes lose more than I gain, as you say, by "defending my natural rights," that is again my business. If it had not been for individual initiative we would not have developed out of the woods. I am waiting for your criticism.

Propaganda Fund.

Lee, \$1.50 Taylor, Cohen, each \$1.00. Goldinsky, 75c. Gollier, Albrecht, Oliver, Brown, Andrews, Warner, Lifshutz, Horwich, Franklin, each 50c. Cotton, H. Coffin, M. Coffin, Fleming, Olders Umbach, Miller, Kessler, each 25c. Barns, 20c. Bruehlhede, Conway, each 15c. Williams, 10c.

Wellenbrock's Relief Fund.

Previously acknowledged, \$ 18.70.
Anna Marcus, 1.00.

The number printed or written on the wrapper of your paper shows that your subscription has been paid up to that number.

Sunday Experiences in Franklin Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Tenperweek, accompanied by the three little Tenperweeks, went out through Franklin Park yesterday, and during two short hours committed more infractions of the law than they would be able to pay for out of the savings of a year.

Not that the Tenperweeks are wicked people. Perish the thought. On the contrary, they are mild and law-abiding. Mr. Tenperweek does nothing more desperate than tear calico six days of the week. Mrs. Tenperweek has no more of the independence of the "new woman" than befits the wife of a calico teazer. And the three children take after their parents.

It seems strange, therefore, that such people should disregard the laws, but it is even so. It happened in this way: On Saturday night, when Mr. Tenperweek came home he said to his wife:

"My dear, if tomorrow is sunny and bright, we'll take the children and go for a walk in the park. It will do us good to get out into the fresh air."

"I think that's a real good idea," coincided Mrs. Tenperweek. "And wouldn't it be a good thing to make a little outing for the day and take a lunch with us? We could then have a late dinner and it would save the trouble of getting an extra meal. The children would want something to eat."

"Surely," responded Mr. Tenperweek, heartily.

So they listened to the sermon, and then attended Sunday school, and immediately afterward started for the park.

"Ah, how fine this is!" said Mr. Tenperweek, throwing out his chest and taking in large breaths of air, as he passed the portals of the park gate. "Thank God, we live in a free country, where all people stand on an equality, and where a man can do as he pleases." And, in an ecstasy of patriotism, he began to sing:

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I —

"Stop that singing," said a hoarse voice, breaking in on the song; "don't you know that's against the law?" And a big policeman stood frowning on little Mr. Tenperweek.

"Against the law? No," he answered. "I didn't suppose I was disturbing anybody. There isn't a person within a quarter of a mile of me."

"That's all right," replied the officer. "It don't make any difference if there isn't anybody within 20 miles of you. Singing in the parks is forbidden. And so is orating. You were delivering an oration to your wife when I came up. That is against the rules, too."

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Tenperweek. "Silence!" thundered the officer. "Why do you persist in breaking the law? Don't you know that whistling is forbidden?"

"Oh, on Sunday. I never thought of that. I beg your pardon."

"On any day," corrected the officer.

"What!" demanded Mr. Tenperweek. "Do you mean to tell me that I, a free-born citizen, cannot whistle while walking through the parks, if I choose to do so?"

"That's exactly what I mean to tell you." Then the officer approached a green sign which was suspended nearby and read as follows:

"No person shall preach, or pray aloud, or make an oration, or harangue, or political or other canvass, or sing, whistle, or talk in a loud tone, or play a musical instrument, or display a flag or banner, or discharge or have possession of any firearm, or move in a military or civic parade, drill or procession."

"There!" said the officer, "I trust that a word to the wise is sufficient."

"Thank you," said Mr. Tenperweek, in a subdued tone of voice.

"There's a fine of \$20 for each offence, so that you have already broken \$60 worth of laws."

"Oh, Lord!" said Mr. Tenperweek.

"Sir, I fear I will be obliged to arrest you," said the officer breaking in on his soliloquy. "Haven't I just read to you

a section of the park laws in which praying aloud is expressly prohibited? Don't mention the name of the Lord here."

"Maria," said Mr. Tenperweek, after the officer had departed, "I feel weak; won't you open the lunch basket?"

Mrs. Tenperweek said "Certainly," and, with a napkin spread over a park seat, had a very neat table set in a short time.

"Ah," said Mr. Tenperweek, as he bit into the wing of a chicken, "isn't this pleasant! Just think of the privileges we are guaranteed in this great country of ours. Here we are, 'monarchs of all we survey,' enjoying ourselves in a manner that kings might envy, surveying this broad domain of the people, to which we, as a part of the people, have an undisputed right. While we sit here and watch them, our children, can play tag or sail their toy boats in the water, and enjoy themselves to their heart's content."

"What's the matter, dear?" he asked, breaking away from his train of thought, as Virginia Augusta came up to him, crying.

"That old policeman took our boats away," she said, between her sobs.

"What were you doing?" "Sailing them in the pond."

"Nothing else?" "No, sir."

"We'll see about this," he said, starting in the direction of the policeman, with blood in his eye. "See here, sir, is it a violation of your rules for an innocent child to sail a chip in the pond?"

"Yes, sir."

"What!" "I said it was."

"Say [sarcastically] do you charge a man if he breathes here?"

"No, not unless he breathes too loud. What's this?" he asked, arriving at the bench on which the luncheon was spread — "a lunch?"

"Certainly. Is that against the rules, too?"

"Most decidedly. Take it up right away, or I will be compelled to do my duty. You've broken \$40 worth of rules since I last saw you. Listen to this," he added, reading from the green poster again:

"No person shall, except in a place provided therefor, bathe, skate or fish, or place in the water a boat or raft, or play ball or any other game or sport, or have possession of or drink any intoxicating liquor, or eat any food, or drop or place and suffer to remain any piece of paper or other refuse."

"We can sit on the grass or walk on it?" queried Mr. Tenperweek.

"No."

"And we can't whistle or sing or play?"

"No."

"One would think your park was a state prison, instead of a public place of recreation. Why don't you introduce the lockstep and the chaingang?"

"Don't get fresh, now! Here [to the children], get off that fence. No one is allowed to sit on a fence. Sit on the benches."

"I guess the best thing I can do is to sit down here and have a nap; then I will, in all probability, not be bothering anybody," said Mr. Tenperweek, in desperation.

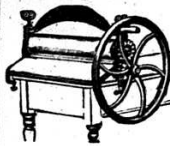
"I guess you won't," said the officer, "unless you want to pay a fine of \$20. The children broke the law when they sat on that fence, and now if you go to sleep on this bench you are liable to another fine. Here is the law:

"No person shall go within the shrubberies, or upon the turf bordering the same, or upon the turf bordering the walks, or sit or stand on a balustrade, wall or fence, or stand or lie down on a bench or seat, or go to sleep."

"Maria," said Mr. Tenperweek, "let's go home. I thought the parks belonged to the people, but I guess we've wandered on to the laws of some of the park commissioners." — Boston Herald.

This is a charming example of government and municipal ownership, is it not? A. I.

WANTED — FAITHFUL MEN and women to travel for responsible established house. Salary \$780 and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The National Star Insurance Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



MANGLES

— FOR — FAMILY AND HOTEL USE.

An ordinary family ironing can be done on the "RACINE" Mangle in twenty minutes, without heat or fuel.

NO FUEL. NO HEAT. NO SCORCHING.

Prices within the means of every family. Made in six styles, and ten sizes, for Families, Hotels, etc. Every Mangle Guaranteed.

Send 2c stamp for new illustrated Catalogue, with prices.

THE RACINE MANGLE CO., Racine, Wis.

WHEN ANSWERING THE ABOVE ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION THE FIREBRAND.

The Old and the New Ideal.

A Solution of that part of the Social Question which pertains to Love, Marriage and Sexual Intercourse.

By Emil F. Kuedebusch.

THE MOST MASTERLY WORK ON THE SEX QUESTION IN PRINT.

It is written in language that anyone can understand, and yet is not offensive to the most refined.

Don't fail to read it. You can't afford it.

Price: Paper 50c. Cloth \$1.00.

CONTENTS: Our Freethinkers and Christian Morality. Explanations. Our Children. Our Young Men. The Preventive Check. The Girls. Love. The Value of Marriage and the Free Love Movement. The Happy Marriage of Today. How long will Love Relations last in a Free Society? Jealousy and Possession. The Old and the New Ideal. Ethical Views on Coition. Love and Friendship in a Free Society. The Ideal Society. The Number of Children in a Free Society. Undesired Children. Licentiousness. The Sense of Shame. Obscenity. Prostitution. Crime and Disease. Erosivity. An Appeal to the Women. Woman's Emancipation. The Social Question. The Propaganda.

APPENDIX:

Introduction. The Criticism of a Leader. The Charm and Beauty in Exclusiveness. Women vs. Man. The Weakness of Woman. "Calling Names." Criticisms of Socialists and Anarchists. Tolstoisim. A Paradox. My Hopes and Fears.

SEND ORDERS TO THE FIREBRAND.

The Firebrand Library.

In lots of ten or more, five-cent pamphlets furnished at three cents each.

- Expropriation. By Peter Kropotkin..... 05
- Anarchist Morality. By Peter Kropotkin..... 05
- Anarchist Communism. By P. Kropotkin..... 05
- Anarchism: Its Philosophy and Ideal. An Appeal to the Young. By Kropotkin..... 05
- By P. Kropotkin..... 05
- The Commune of Paris, by P. Kropotkin, and An Anarchist on Anarchy. By E. Reclus (one volume)..... 05
- Anarchy. By Enrico Malatesta..... 05
- A Talk About Anarchist Communism. By Malatesta..... 05
- Anarchist Communism in Its Relation to State Socialism. By Agnes Henry..... 05
- Anarchy on Trial. Speeches by Paris Anarchists..... 05
- Common Sense Country. By Bevington A Plea for Anarchist Communism. By W. H. Duncan..... 05
- Socialism in Danger. By D. Nieuwenhuis On the Definition of Crime. By H. Hamon Social Conditions and Character. By "Ireland"..... 05
- Religion and Labor. Parts I & II. By Fox, Social Democracy in Germany. By G. Landauer..... 02
- Liberty Lyrics. By L. S. Bevington..... 05
- Evolution and Revolution. By Elisee Reclus..... 05
- Bases of Anarchism: Historical, Philosophical and Economical. By W. Holmes God and the State. By Michael Bakounin The True Aim of Anarchism. By Steine Revolution. By S. H. Gordon..... 05
- Let us be Just. By W. Tcherkesoff. [An open letter to Liebknecht]..... 05
- Grandmother's Lessons to Men, Young and Old. By Lois Waisbrooker..... 05
- Wants and their Gratification. By H. Addis Albert R. Parsons' Book on Anarchism, Its Philosophy and Scientific Basis. German and English Editions; handsome-ly bound in cloth 30 cents; paper..... 15
- The two books last named are slightly damaged, but readable.
- My Century Plant. By Lois Waisbrooker. 1.00
- The Triumph of Death. By Gabriel D'Annunzio. Cloth..... 1.50

The Wherefore Investigating Company.

By LOIS WAISROOKER.

A THRILLING and deeply interesting story, intending to show the wrong, and the inevitable bad results of monopoly in land. It is one of Mrs. Waisbrooker's best and most powerful works. A Splendid missionary book of 313 pages.

LEND A COPY TO YOUR CONSERVATIVE NEIGHBOR.

Regular Price 50 cents. OUR PRICE 25 CENTS.

THE FIREBRAND'S AGENTS.

- The following named persons will receive and receipt for donations for The Firebrand.
- Chicago, Ill.** C. Pfuetzner, 239 W. Taylor St. P. Vandres, 302 Garfield Ave.
- New York City.** I. Rudash, 30 Stanton Street. A. Levin, 340 Cherry St.
- Buffalo, N. Y.** F. Koblbeck, 622 Jefferson St.
- Philadelphia, Pa.** L. Rabotnik, 731 Flower St.
- Bay City, Mich.** W. P. Borland, 2405 Center Ave.
- Baltimore, Md.** E. B. Morwitz, 1141 E. Lombard St.
- Providence, R. I.** J. H. Cook, 45 Winter St.
- London, Eng.** E. Leggat, 23 Eyre Rd. London E. Th. Cantwell, Freedom Office, 127 Ossington St., Euston Road, N. W.
- Glasgow, Scotland.** Wm. Duff, 5 Nethsdale Gardens, Crossmyloof.

International Turn-Verein meets at 1524 Ave. A, New York City.

The New Generation, 605 South Third St., Philadelphia Pa., open every evening.

The German Group, Chicago, Ill. meets every Friday, 8 o'clock P. M., at 535 Blue Island Ave.

Anarchist Headquarters in San Francisco 1232 1/2 Folsom St. Open every evening from 7 till 10 P. M.

The Independent Educational Club meets every Sunday evening, at 7: 30 p. m. at 1927 E St., Tacoma, Wash.

The Peoples Union, a free discussion club, meets every Sunday evening at 925 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.

International Group Free Initiative meets at 144 West 28th St., New York, on Thursdays and Saturdays at 8:30 p. m.

Radical Literature of all kinds, including English periodicals, can be found at the news stand of comrade I. Rudash, Cor. Essex a 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.

The New Era, an advocate of the principles of Anarchy, or absolute freedom of the individual in all things. A four page monthly, 10 cents per year. Address: Lake Bay, Wash.

Group New Generation meets every Saturday at 56 Orchard St., New York City. Lecture at 8 o'clock p. m. pamphlets in English, Hebrew and German languages can be had at the meeting.

Wendell Phillips Educational Club will meet every Sunday, 3 p. m. at 45 Winter St., Providence, R. I. Pamphlets in English, German, French, Jewish and Russian languages on hand.

Delincke Listy is an eight page Anarchist weekly paper, published in the Bohemian language at New York City, 402 E 71st St. by the International Workingmens Association of America. Send for sample copy.

The Group Proletarian meets and delivers lectures every Friday night at 8 o'clock in the New Prospect Hall, 48 Orchard St., New York. Pamphlets in English, German and Hebrew languages can be had at the meetings.

The San Francisco Anarchist Club. Headquarters at 1232 1/2 Folsom St. will hold regular weekly agitation meetings every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock in the Universal Hall, 812 Pacific St. Free Discussion.