



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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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.

Venus.

SWEETER than Houris' faces seem
In dreams of Eden, when the night
Grows late, and Love, behind the dream,
Pours on his pale purple light,
Is Love himself, and sweeter far
Than Love himself his mother is,—
The morning's blush, the twilight star,
The crown of all incarnate bliss.

The morning's blush, the twilight star!
When first the boy's fond heart awakes
He sees the glimmer from afar
And lo! the Morn of Venus breaks;
A decade and a half of night,
Then rosy colors flood the skies;
The mad, the passionate lovelight
Now greets him with its great surprise.

The morning's blush, the twilight star!
When old is he and past his prime,
And ashen-pale his passions are,
Sweet memories of olden time
Enchant him; even in his sleep
Haunt him the lips that he hath pressed,
And phantoms of his first love deep
Fall in a faint upon his breast.

The crown of all incarnate bliss!
I saw, as she reclining lay,
The loveliest lips red-ripe to kiss,
Her laughing lovelit eyes of gray,
The graceful arms, the Grecian head,
Her sculptured body white and sweet,
The marble mounts where Love hath fed,
Her rounded calves and dimpled feet.

And as I gazed upon this scene,
I thought of all the million years
That go to make the woman queen
Of Love and of our smiles and tears;
Of by what slow gradation came
This madding beauty, till today
Not to desire seems like shame,
And not to love means life's decay.

WILLIAM WALSTEIN GORDAK.

Direct Legislation.

PANACEAS are quite common in the minds of that class of persons who have become aware that "something is wrong," and have caught a glimpse of some proposed action that is calculated to correct the wrongness. Of late, however, attention has sought to be directed to direct legislation as the one great panacea for all human ills. This is due to the manifest evils of the representative system of legislation and the superstition that some sort of legislation is a necessity.

Legislation used to be left to the Sovereign, but it gradually dawned upon some that the Sovereign was as subject to self-interest, to morbid cravings and unreasonable desires as anyone else and so they concluded that if this prerogative of legislation was divided between the Sovereign and their noble selves all would be well. So they struggled and contended, and appealed to the populace to assist

them in compelling his Majesty to divide his power with them, and thus insure the "dear people" against undue rapacity and discrimination. They succeeded, but only proved that power in the hands of the noble was abused just as much as when solely vested in the Sovereign.

Noting the abuses of unlimited power, whether vested solely in the Sovereign, or divided between the Sovereign and his nobles, the more intelligent strove against the evils of it, and sought to limit their power by constitutions and legislative bodies. They struggled fiercely for this, promising untold prosperity and freedom to the people if they would compel the rulers to accede to this form of government.

Democracy next claimed attention, and promised more than had ever been promised before—no hereditary rulers, public officers the servants of the people, representatives of the people the law-makers, thus insuring that all laws would be in accord with the will of the people. The advocates of democracy painted their picture in glowing colors, inciting the poor and lowly to storm the strongholds of monarchy with resistless fury.

Democracy has been tried for many generations in some countries, and was the guiding star in the formation of our government. Its claims have been put to the test. It has been given a fair trial and now we find much to complain of, much to deplore here in the midst of a government that was founded on the democratic claims of "equality before the law," and a chance for every one to some day occupy the highest station in the land, for be it known that democracy does not contemplate the obliteration of a system of distinctions, but only seeks to make it possible for those out of the charmed circle of distinction to break in, as it were, and look down with profound contempt upon those who "havn't the brains" to get on top. Democracy as we know it has proven a dismal failure. Representative government has shown itself rapacious, foolish, cruel and far from what it was hoped and confidently asserted it would be. Thus another panacea has proven a nauseous mess.

Viewing the failure of democracy some men have attributed that failure to the representative system of law making, and would substitute direct legislation therefor, leaving democracy intact. They see only wisdom in numbers, and think that while the masses have not enough sense to choose men who will work for their interests, or to control the action of their "servants," yet they will be knowing enough to make wise and beneficent laws when they have the opportunity to make them by direct legislation. That is their method of reasoning. Direct legislation is pictured as the door that when opened will allow an entrance to the great house of public regulation where all our prosperity is supposed to originate and all our suffering is brought forth.

It is argued by the promoters of direct legislation that the people will, by direct legislation, be able to mould all public affairs to their own liking; to absolutely control their own destiny, and that

they would do all things well. Just why the people will be so much wiser than they are now they do not trouble themselves to tell us. They speak as though the laws that would be made by direct legislation would be wanted by everybody—would be the actual will of all the people. What are the facts in the case? With direct legislation people would be no wiser than they are now. Every bigot who wishes to control the action of some one else would endeavor to get a law to enforce his particular hobby submitted to a referendum vote. Laws by the hundred would be sprung on a long suffering and unsuspecting public. The decrees of the majority would be as remorselessly used against the minority as the decrees of a despot ever were against his subjects. Laws enacted by direct legislation would not be the will of the people, but the will of a minority imposed upon the credulous majority by appeals to their emotions and passions; by deception and subterfuge. Even admitting that the majority would make the laws if direct legislation were the method of law making would that insure wise or just laws? Is the majority always right? Have the minority no rights which the majority must not interfere with?

The most ardent advocate of direct legislation will admit that the majority is composed of those who are ignorant, and yet they tell us that those persons can legislate wisely. It is another way of saying that compound ignorance is equivalent to concrete wisdom; that while one hundred men may be fools alone they become intelligent enough to make laws to govern themselves and others when together; that if ten ignoramuses vote one way and nine educated men the other, the way the ten vote is right, just and best; that the mob that rotten egged Wendell Phillips and dragged Garrison through the streets was wiser than Phillips and Garrison. It is a denial of all rights of the minority except such as the majority may see fit to sanction.

Direct legislation is no more desirable than the legislation of the Sovereign, or of the representatives of the people in Congress and the state legislatures. All legislation is folly; is an attempt to control the action of others; to limit the exercise of the will of the individual and subjugate it to a written rule that cannot by any means be suited to the needs of anyone.

All legislation, direct or indirect, is but the placing of obstacles in the way of progress and attempting to set a limit to human endeavor and activity. The ills we have suffered from legislation are not the result of that legislation being made by representatives, but are the result of legislation itself, and if two thirds of the people had voted for it the result would have been the same.

Folly alone marks the path of legislation and in Switzerland where direct legislation has been in full swing for many generations their laws are as foolish and oppressive as in other countries.

All the beauties which are held up to the gaze of the people while direct legislation is being recommended have been held before the eyes when con-

stitutions and democratic forms of governments were proposed. They are but hallucinations of the brain with no substantial reality back of them.

All legislation is a denial of liberty, a curtailment of opportunity, a destroyer of peace.

HENRY ADDIS.

Things and Thoughts

Men of research and justice, intelligence and goodness, it is but yesterday that you arose among us; and already your number is great and ever greater. If you were the whole public, I should not need to write; if you did not exist, I could not write. But you are a part of the public, without yet being the whole public; and that is why it is possible, that is why it is necessary for me to write.—N. G. Tchernichewsky.

ACCORDING to the Tennessee law code force must be used in order to constitute rape. "Fraud and stratagem, whereby the female is menaced to give her consent," do not constitute rape, even though the female be under the age of 10 years.

In contrast to the above occurs the section given below. The clause given above is conclusive evidence that the section below is not designed to protect the woman, but rather to preserve inviolate the husband's property right.

Sec. 6453 Tenn. Code 1896: "Any person who willfully and maliciously has carnal knowledge of a married woman, without her consent, under the semblance of her husband, or pretending to be her husband, shall be punished as in the case of rape."

THERE is really but one "argument" that can be brought against Anarchy, and that is that "people are not good enough for it." But the man who uses this kind of logic thereby admits that he is content with less than the best, and while claiming that he don't need to be governed, others do, and so will not apply the remedy for present conditions—liberty, Anarchy!

A CLEVELAND parson says Socialism can never succeed without religion. But that is all that can be expected of a gospel shark. A true social state (condition, not government) requires freedom. Freedom and superstition (religion) cannot be co-existent, as one nullifies the other. Hence it is obvious that the parson should have said "with" instead of "without."

ANOTHER man, of equal brilliance, says "the history of Socialism is a history of failures." That which has never existed cannot have a history. At least Socialism has not existed since history began, for history has consisted principally of records of wholesale force and fraud.

BUCKLE says of Comines, a historian of the fifteenth century: "He was an observer of no ordinary acuteness, and certainly displays a rare sagacity in his estimation of particular characters. But this was due to his own intellect; while the age in which he lived made him superstitious, and, for the larger purposes of history, miserably short-sighted. His short-sightedness is strikingly shown in his utter ignorance of that great intellectual movement, which, in his own time, was rapidly overthrowing the feudal institutions of the Middle Ages, but to which he never once alludes, reserving his attention for those trivial political intrigues in the relation of which he believed history to consist."

But all popular historians have shared with Comines in his erroneous belief, so I ask what history could prove against Socialism even had it existed. It would have been above the comprehension of the historians of the past and present, with very few exceptions.

AN acquaintance in this village has for some time (ever since his advent here, in fact) claimed to be an Anarchist, but the other day a comrade talked free love to him. He listened for quite a while and then broke out with: "Well, I thought I was an Anarchist, but I guess I ain't, for I don't want any such freedom as that." Plenty more Anarchists like him, though they won't all own up that their idea of Anarchy does not in any way include the first essential of Anarchy—freedom!

I SAW a beautiful rainbow the other day. Nothing remarkable about that; but it reminded me of a couple of Kansas farmers whose crops were nearly burnt out for lack of rain. A light shower fell—not enough to lay the dust—and was followed by a rain-

bow. One of the farmers remarked that the bible spoke of the rainbow as "God's promise that the world should be no more covered by a flood." Continuing, he said: "Seems to me the Lord is getting darned sarcastic to stick that thing up there today. Just look at them cattle; every critter of 'em chokin' for water."

THAT land and raw material shall yield the largest possible returns for the least possible amount of labor energy expended is to the business man, business; to the economist, economy; to the philosopher, common sense.

THE garden of the human mind is mostly like a garden full of sunflowers, but otherwise choked up with weeds—it shows up well a long way off, but if you get close up the weeds are painfully conspicuous. On the contrary a well-kept garden may not be noticeable at a distance but its beauty will bear a close inspection and will give more pleasure than pain. Draw your own conclusion from this.

AN acquaintance who calls himself an Anarchist recently remarked to me that "the theory of Anarchy is all right and may be practicable in a few hundred years hence, but at present we must use the ballot."

My reply was: "Indeed, perhaps your own theories as to the ballot may be all right a few hundred years hence, but at present they are no more practicable than mine, as you vote for reform and never get it. It is a will-o'-the-wisp dangled before your infatuated eyes by cheap politicians and office-seekers and you blindly chase it, much to the amusement of the politician, who loves you as the boy loves his dog that fetches a stick from the water, or as the monkey loved the cat."

THE same "brilliant" acquaintance remarked: "There will always be governments as long as there are men."

But as long as we have governments men will be mighty scarce; puppets and parrots are not men.

"And you will always have an army to uphold government."

But when the great bulk of the people refuse to recognize government there will be no government.

"Then some one will appoint himself King."

Perhaps, but a King without subjects will be held a madman and treated as one afflicted with disease. When men are free none will be so foolish as to bow to the self-appointed King. As Emerson says: "The State exists for the education of the wise man; with the appearance of the wise man the State expires."

ZADNAK THE DREAMER.

Free Love and Prostitution.

A YOUNG reader asks me to explain the difference between free love and prostitution.

Prostitution is the sale of sex favors, indiscriminately, or under cover of marriage, as a means of livelihood: the surrendering of ones self, sexually, for other considerations than that of love and mutual desire. If done promiscuously for a living it is a matter of commerce, as much so as the sale of book-keeping ability, or potatoes. If done under cover of marriage for home and social standing, for a living and good clothes then it is a form of slavery rather than commerce.

Free love, as it is called—there can in reality be no other kind—is the free expression of the subtle and tender emotion that links us together, and infuses a sweetness into life such as nothing else can bring. No one can prostitute herself by freely following the promptings of this sacred emotion. What tenderness and lofty sentiments cluster around that world moving and irresistible power, love? Yet designing priests have taught us to look down upon it as vulgar, and that it must not be a guide to our action until they have given their sanction, and the tax eating politician has said, "stay, until I have had my fee." Free love is simply the free and unhampered expression of that strange but delightful attraction which draws us closer together and perpetuates the race.

Is there any connection between free love and prostitution? They are as far apart as the opposite poles!

As to the effect freedom would have on the young let me call attention to the fact that curiosity leads the young into trouble. Where there is knowledge there can be no curiosity. When children associate

freely from the cradle up they learn self control, and are not annoyed by curiosity and strange, unaccountable longings. When they are kept apart, and ignorant of their own and others sex natures, they are very apt as soon as they do get together, to become excited, "loose their heads," allow curiosity to get the best of their judgement and get into trouble.

The young fellow does not take the desire of the girl into account, and the girl yields to please her lover, not realizing what she is really doing, and feeling herself disgraced as a result. On the other hand, if they know themselves all is different. They may be together anywhere or at anytime and curiosity will not disturb them, nor will they get excited and "loose their heads." He never will intrude where he is not desired, and she will never agree to it unless she strongly desires, and loves him.

HENRY ADDIS.

Anarchy.

BUT this word, one says, awakens in the mind the idea of a negation of order, it reminds us of disorder, of chaos.

Let us try to reach an understanding about it: What order is meant here? Is it the harmony, of which we Anarchists dream? The harmony, which will evolve freely out of human relation when mankind will have ceased to be divided in two classes, of which the one is victimized by the other? The harmony, that will evolve spontaneously out of the community of interests, when all men will form one family,—when each will work for the common welfare and all for each? This order is evidently not meant. Those who accuse Anarchists of destroying "order" do not refer to the harmony of the future, but the so-called order of the present society. Let us consider this "order", which the Anarchists oppose.

The order of to-day is a state, in which nine tenths of mankind labor to satisfy the luxury, the pleasures, the excessive passions of a small number of idlers. This "order" means the privation of nine tenths of every condition of a wholesome life and of a reasonable development of the mental faculties. The degradation of those nine tenths of mankind to the level of beasts, the diminution of the minimum of existence, that men do not even dare to think of the pleasures produced for men by the study of the sciences and by the creations of the artist—that is "order".

This order means misery and hunger, the present ordinary state of society. You recognize it in the Irish peasant, who dies from hunger,—the Russian peasants in a country where one third of the peasants die from diphtheritis, typhus and hunger because of the great want in the midst of heaps of corn, that are one after the other exported. Look at this "order": the people of Italy are forced to leave their blooming country, to hunt around the universe for jobs to dig out a tunnel, where each one's life is in danger. This "order": the land is taken from the farmer and transformed into pasture-grounds for the young cattle that shall serve as food for the rich. The land is rather kept idle than opened for use to those who only wish to cultivate it. "Order": Women throw themselves away for money to feed their children,—children themselves are obliged to labor in factories, or else die from want,—buds hardly awakened to life. The laborer is degraded to a machine. This "order" produces the spectre of the revolting laborer at the gates of the rich, the spectre of the people in revolution against their rulers. "Order": A small minority subjects the majority and trains their offspring to live in the same style, to maintain the same privileges by stratagem, corruption, violence and massacre. This "order" is the constant war of man against man, profession against profession, class against class, nation against nation. It is the cannon, which in Europe never ceases to roar, the devastation of the fields, the murder of whole generations (on the battlefield), the destruction of riches perpetrated in a year, while it required centuries to accumulate them.

This "order" manifests itself by the enslavement and enchaining of thought, the degradation of the human race by means of the sword and the whip,—it manifests itself in swift death by sudden breaks in mines, or by explosions and similar accidents, by which hundreds of miners are victimized each year in consequence of the avarice of the owners. If the miners make demonstrations against such negligence, they are shot down or bayoneted.

This is the "order" which caused the massacre of

the Paris Commune,—the death of 30,000 men women and children, which torn by grenades lie buried under the Paris streets. The same "order" sealed the fate of the Russian youth, that lies buried in prisons in Siberian snow, and of which the very best, noblest and most virtuous ones were assassinated by the hangman. That is what the "world" calls "order."

And what do they call "disorder"? They apply this name to the revolt of the people who rise in indignation against such a degrading "order," when they break the chains, destroy the bastilles, in order to make a better future possible, the sublimest event of history.

Disorder means here the indignation of the minds at the eve of revolutions, it means to upset systems sanctified by the inactivity of preceding centuries, it means the growth of a flood of new ideas and bold inventions,—the solution of the problems of science.

This "disorder" goes along with the abolition of the ancient slavery, in the rise of communes, the end of serfdom, the aspiration towards abolition of our economic servitude.

This "disorder" means the rising of the revolting peasants against their priests and masters, to take their share of the sunshine of life. It means the "France" which destroyed royalty and gave a deadly blow to the servitude of all Western Europe.

This so-called "disorder" means epochs during which whole generations stood up in constant war, in order to end the servile relations of the past, sacrificing themselves to prepare a more worthy condition for humanity.

These are epochs in which the genius of the people takes an irresistible rise, pushing forward with giant's steps, without which men would have remained in ancient slavery, degradation and misery.

This "disorder" makes room for the noblest aspiration to evolve, for the sublimest self-sacrifice, it is the kind (poem) of the most admirable love of man kind.

Is the word "Anarchy", that expresses the negation of the order mentioned, recalling the most wonderful events in history,—is it not well selected and fit to designate a direction of thought, that aims at the conquest of a better future?—Translated for The Firebrand from Paroles d'un Revolte.

Note and Comment.

Not content with controlling what information may or may not pass through the mails, Congress has made it an offense, punishable by a fine of five hundred dollars, or five years imprisonment to send by express, or to give or make known, directly or indirectly, any contraceptive. I want to gamble that such information will spread faster than ever. It will be told from lip to lip, communicated by hieroglyphics, signs and symbols. Persons who would probably pay no attention otherwise will now have their curiosity aroused and seek the information out of curiosity.

ROLLIN A. WHITTECK informs us that he will supply anyone who may desire them with copies of his late father's books, Value and Bomb. Those desiring them should address him at 886 N. 23d. St., Philadelphia, Pa.

We are in need of the following numbers and will be glad if any of our readers who may have them to spare will send them to us. Of Vol. I the following Numbers:

- 2, 3, 4, 5, 11, 20, 22, 23, 29, 30, 31, 43.
- And of Vol. II:
- 10, 13, 15, 16, 22, 27, 30, 39, 44, 46.

We have received quite a number of names of men who want correspondents, some of whom do not want their names made public, so we have concluded to pursue the following plan: Send in your name and address and it will be placed on our correspondence list, and the names of the others sent to you. So far only one woman has sent in her name, and we would be glad if a number of others would send theirs in, for they do not have to correspond with any of the men if they dont want to. No harm can be done and a greater amount of sociability, and a clearer understanding all around may result. If you wish the names of others please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

It was mentioned in connection with the notice of the mass-meeting in Haymarket Square, Chicago,

that comrade John Cerwinsky, was arrested for distributing hand bills and copies of The Firebrand, his fate is told by a Chicago daily, July 12th as follows:

John Cerwinsky, whom the Desplaines street police arrested Sunday for distributing anarchistic literature at the Haymarket Square labor demonstration, was fined \$5 and costs yesterday by justice Sabbath. The fine was suspended later, as it was shown that the prisoner was a hard working man. In the case of Patrick Smith, who was arrested at the same place for refusing to move on when ordered to do so by the police, justice Sabbath entered an order of dismissal.

Echoes from Foreign Countries.

SPAIN. As it is almost impossible at present to publish periodicals, our comrades have commenced printing pamphlets for propaganda.

The comrades in La Corsina published the "Consequences of the State", by Lores, "A talk about Anarchist-Communism" by Malatesta, "Anarchy is order," by Belleguarne and "Socialism at the Congress in London," by A Hamon.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC. One of the Anarchist publications the "Autonomia" announces the appearance of two more periodicals within the next few weeks. *El Libertaria*, and *La Protesta Humana*, both in Buenos Aires.

FRANCE. In view of the humbug explosion, where everybody was laughing at the ridiculous make-up of the parisian police, now the authorities want to make it serious, and arbitrarily arrested over sixty comrades, with no reason nor excuse. The pretended bomb to kill president Faure was a small iron tube filled with gunpowder about 25 metres from the place where his carriage passed. There was also an old dagger and a pistol laying close to the tube.

As Mr. Faure wants to play martyr, like his comrades in Italy and Russia, he ordered 150 detectives on bicycles to watch his precious (?) body at the time he drove to inspect the troops in Longchamp, gathered on the national holiday, for commemorating the fall of the Bastille.

So we must not be suprised if we shall hear again, of acts of personal revolt against that stupid and hypocritical complot which we call police, and whose special business is to annoy people who have the audacity to think otherwise than the pumpkins at the head of the once revolutionary government.

ITALY. The persecutions in that country are just as infamous as ridiculous.

Our comrades in Macerata intended to publish a weekly paper with the heading of "La protesta Humana." They could get no printer independent enough to do the job, so they went to the next small place a couple of miles from Macerata where there is also a printing office. As there were several boys who meet together at supper time in the restaurant, so they felt quite happy and sociable, but the gendarmes were watching them, and before our friends started back to Macerata they were arrested, and the copies of the paper taken away under the pretext that they were disturbing public peace and order. In spite of this the comrades are determined to struggle with the publication of "La Protesta Humana." The "Religious Pest" by John Most was translated and printed by the comrades in Turin, but it did not take long before the priests found fault with the pamphlet, and so they ordered their servants, the guardians of the public security, to confiscate the ungodly writing. Say! Church and State. There are yet over sixty comrades in the "forced domicils" on the islands in spite of the expiration of that exceptional law, but law cuts no figure in the hands of the governors.

SWITZERLAND. A congressman, a member of the Commission of public works of Geneva, knew by his position where it was intended to built the new power house. He went and bought the property on his own account, and then sold it seven times dearer to the city. The country council of Geneva voted 1500 francs for the expenses of three "experts" to view a small piece of land next to Asniere whereon to build a railroad. An excursion for a couple of hours in the afternoon for 500 francs! Such are the ways of the model Republic.

A. KLEMENCIC.

The Situation.

"CENTRALIZATION" WORKING HAVOC AMONG BUSINESS MEN—A SOCIAL REVOLUTION PREDICTED.

Hon. D. Sllis Cohen has just returned from a seven weeks' visit to the East, but has nothing very encouraging to speak of excepting the crops. These, he says, will be unusually large and superior in quality from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard. The prices, also, he predicts, upon information received, will range as high as any quoted within the last five or six years. But the great problem now to be solved, he says, is the disaster arising from the centralization of trade in the large cities, which is sapping the ambition of the young business men there.

"Monopolies and trusts now are making money faster than ever," says he, "while those outside of their pales can hardly make ends meet. But, there is any quantity of money—tons of it—seeking safe investment, which cannot be found."

"What is your estimate of safe investment, according to the idea of the Eastern capitalist?" was asked of Mr. Cohen.

"Where they can get three dollars' gilt-edged security for one."

"Don't you think that the operation of a protective tariff law will change these conditions?"

"Not the slightest," emphatically and decisively answered Mr. Cohen. "The tariff is not the potent factor in the restoration of a prosperous state of affairs as we always were led to believe. I have discussed the tariff with quite a number of prominent and intelligent republican manufacturers and importers, and they were unanimous in the opinion that no kind of tariff will cut a figure in decimating the existing distress of the country. Some even go to the extreme of throwing the ports wide open to free trade, as a matter of experiment."

"The Eastern labor muddle is another subject not easily grasped by one not on the scene. It is a menacing, national octopus, invading some of the soundest intelligence in the country, seeking nothing more than a fair chance to subsist. One Sunday afternoon I attended one of those monster labor meetings, remaining there from 2 to 8:30 o'clock in the evening. I listened to men whose utterances were plethoric with wise suggestions such as one does not hear from the political rostrum, and which I felt were spoken for no purpose of demagogism."

"Thousands upon thousands of the most distressed men and women listened to them, and while the speakers had no intention to cast a firebrand into their midst, I dread to contemplate the ultimate result. I am certain that we are on the eve of a social revolution unknown to modern history, and which no legislation can thwart. In truth, I fear that we have reached a crises in the gigantic magnitude of the distress of our people that no legislation can well neutralize."—The Evening Telegram.

Mr. Cohen is a well read and thoughtful man, but not an alarmist nor calamity howler. The actual conditions of affairs, and the logical outcome of such conditions, however, impressed him very strongly, and caused him to express himself thus. It is a great pity that more of our well-to-do people cannot see and realize actual conditions as clearly and forcibly as Mr. Cohen. In Portland's last city election Mr. Cohen was the republican candidate for mayor. Ex-Governor Pennoyer was the candidate on the Democratic, Tax-payers and Populist tickets. Pennoyer still thinks that silver legislation will cure our financial ills while Cohen knows better, and says so.

H. A.

Literature.

THE ADULT is a journal for the advancement of freedom in sexual relationships, No. 1 of Vol. I of which has reached us. It aims to pursue much the same course as has been pursued by Lucifer, and is the organ of the Legitimation League. It is a sixteen paged, neat magazine, published monthly at 16 John St. Bedford Row, London, W. C. England. Price twopence in England or five cents in the United States. Send for a copy and see how you like it.

The Letter-Box.

- J. F., New York.—The pamphlet "Anarchy on Trial" is not on hand at present,—all others are sent. Tell us what you would like to read and if it is possible for us you shall have it.
- J. S., Cincinnati, O.—"Evolution and Revolution" and "Anarchy on Trial" will be sent as soon as we receive them from London.
- C. F., Brownville, N. Y.—The book "The Chicago Martyrs" will be sent as soon as we receive them from London.
- A. S., Chicago.—Your communication would occupy nearly one page of The Firebrand and so with our limited space we must reject it on account of length.
- Estella Mansburn, Philadelphia, Pa.—We do not doubt your earnestness and would be glad if you would communicate direct with this office, and we assure you that all you write will be kept in the closest confidence. We may be able to put you in communication with some one in Philadelphia who can help to make the question clear to you.
- B. T. & W., Chenoweth, Wash.—The spuds, cucumbers and squashes received in good order. We will avail ourselves of your generous offer and draw on you for squashes and spuds when we need them. If any of you should ever get down to Portland dont fail to come out and see us.
- J. W., Coal City, Ill.—We do not issue The Firebrand in the Bohemian or German languages. Write for sample copies of the Delnicko Listy, 40 E. 71 St., New York, John Miller F. O. B. 346, New York, or Pochoden, 702-704 Loomis St., Chicago, Ill.
- L. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—In our motto the word monopoly does not mean complete State Socialism, but the control of land, and the means of production, beyond the power of the controller to use, personally, thus depriving others of access thereto and compelling them to compete for the opportunity to use them, and making price of products and wages a necessity. In the absence of monopoly, in this sense, price and competition could not exist, but all being free to use all natural resources at will, and seeing the advantages of united effort they would produce and consume in common. That is the meaning of our motto.

Propaganda Fund.

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In Memorium

"The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall."—Tennyson.

On Monday, July the 11th, died one true lover of freedom—William Whittick of Philadelphia. He was, by birth and training, an Englishman, probably a Londoner, for we have heard him say that he worked among the poor of "St. Giles" at "leaving souls," until he gradually became convinced that it was the bodies of the poor that cried out for help rather than their souls. The fact that our comrade had passed through what is known as the "christian phase of thought," was in evidence all the time. His writings, even on the money question, his public speeches, and even his personal conversation, teemed with theological phraseology. Doubtless time was when he was just as "earnest" a christian as the William Whittick of our acquaintance was an earnest freethinker. Anarchist, for earnestness was this man's prime attribute, the keynote of his character. Whittick "objurgated" modern christianity, it is true, but quite as frequently by pointing out its wide departure from the principles of its founder, as by exposing its false assumptions. He never ceased to eulogize the "Man of Nazareth." The freethinker Whittick adored as a man, Him whom Whittick the christian had worshipped as a God, and so long as the ranks of Athelism are recruited by converts from christianity, so long will the Jesus of christian myth be worshipped in the only true sense of the term, for, so far as the supreme object of his adoration is concerned, once a christian is always a christian,—

"Can a mother's tender care
E'er forget the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be
Yet well I remember thee."

Where his "Ideal Jesus" was concerned, Mr. Whittick remained true to his first love. Emigrating to new fields of thought, or escaping from the ruins of its old habitations humanity carries its fetiches along with it.

The play of Whittick's freethought did not permit itself to be confined within the narrow limits of antagonism to religious superstitions. He was much too conversant with principles, to lose sight of the same in the dust and stew kicked up within the usual restricted application of the same. The man understood certain basic underlying principles of freedom, and proceeded forthwith to apply them impartially, not only to religious, but to political and social beliefs. He laid the axe vigorously to the root of the tree of authoritarianism. He was inclined to this, first by the order of his mind, and in the second place, by the rather unusual extent of his general culture, for, without doubt, Mr. Whittick was one of the most cultivated men in that small group of radical thinkers, who make up the fellowships, leagues, etc., which are the redeeming element in the most prosaic city on earth (of its size).

The man whose death we record, wrote several books. He had an idea, and he was devoted to it. He was consumed by a passion to make it as plain to others as it appeared to him. Herein the man touched greatness, ethical greatness that is. At this point he stepped within a charmed circle, for it is not so much the value of the idea (though by that we may

gauge the intellectual caliber) that determines the worth of the man, as the spirit in which he holds it—the ends which he proposes it shall serve.

All who knew Mr. Whittick knew about the "invariable unit," and his definition of "value"—knew about the fervor with which he advocated the adoption of his plans, the brilliant future that he predicted as the result of such action. Many looked upon him as a dreamer, poet, enthusiast. So he was, this friend of ours, who has stepped out. Men listened to him half comprehendingly, thought maybe there was something in his ideas. Or they listened with half-concealed contempt and dubbed him crank. Or they didn't listen at all.

He had many faults, Mr. Whittick had, exactly the same kind of faults we have too, that was the reason why we were so impatient of them. He was hot tempered and sharp-spoken, but he never failed to be sorry about it. He quarrelled with his friends occasionally, but whether he was in the wrong or they, he was equally willing to make it up. And oh! how grateful he was for a little attention, for a few flowers taken to him, a poem, a patient listener to a few sheets of his manuscript, an occasional visit, for all the little things that cost us nothing at all—save a little humanity.

Mr. Whittick was, as we have said, a cultivated man. A glance at the few and well-chosen books that filled his shelves, one look up and down a page of anything he has written, both tell the same story—in the latter, graceful references to classic myth and christian story abound. His poems are not very good, he never pretended to anything beyond amateurship, but his taste in poetry was of a high order. He was a lover of Shelley and that of itself is no mean test of a man's discriminative faculty. We have never heard him discuss as to whether Whitman was most a poet or a philosopher—he simply "accepted" him.

Whittick was too large natured, sympathetic, too fully conscious "that there are more things in heaven and earth than we ever dreamed of in our philosophy," to be cut entirely loose from the theistic idea or "consciousness." He always retained a "feeling" that there is an element, perhaps, in the universe, that in some way correlates with the psychical element in man. An old freethinking friend of his, who is "touched" with spiritualism officiated at his funeral. This friend expressed a conviction "that the essential Mr. Whittick" was present in the room listening to his remarks.

We thought, could that "essential" for one moment occupy that cold body lying in the casket, how the lips would widen and the eyes glisten with the old genial smile, the gay laugh, at the idea of the activity going on when the motor had stopped. But spirit or no spirit, our dear friend spiritualized during his long, painful, trying sickness. Such a hopeless sickness too! And aggravated by unfavorable conditions. He carried all, yes, all the burdens that he was so anxious to help lift off the shoulders of his fellow-man. We know that. And the more he suffered the further he walked into the dark valley—the valley of the shadow—the more he was filled with love for humanity. For, let all who knew William Whittick, let those who read these words know, remember, that the man was a true humanitarian—a lover of his kind. However it was in the beginning, whatever baser admixture of motive instigated him in his literary work and public efforts, in the end he was consumed with a desire to better men's conditions. The last time he



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attended the meeting of the Friendship Liberal League we call to mind how he looked and how he spoke: Pallid, gasping for breath, with the look of appeal that grew on him with his sickness, he said: "I would willingly give up my life this moment to see men's eyes opened to the truths I have tried to point out to them. Oh! if they could see them as I see them!"
"Thy life, poor soul," we said within ourselves, "thy life is not worth a month's purchase."
But he has escaped, he has laid the burdens down. As we think of him and what he has borne, we are reminded of the words of the immortal dirge, of the Shakespeare whom Whittick knew well, and loved even as he knew. "Read me the dirge from Cymbeline," said Tennyson with dying lips. Oh matchless words, that shadow forth a peace which passeth all understanding. Our friend has entered there into, they alone indicate how man, the victim of man, of circumstances, of nature, may escape from the tormentors. It comforts us, this dirge does, for it is we who feel regret, and not the dead man. It comfort us in our thought of him:

Fear no more the heat of the Sun
Nor the furious winter's rage,
How thy earthly task has done
Home has gone and ta'en thy wages.

Fear no more the frown of the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak.

Fear no more the lightning's flash
Nor the all dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure raab,
Thou hast finished joy and moan.

—Cymbeline.

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